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Am I lonely?
Upset? Confused? Yes.
t I'm a tough cookie....
I never said I didn't
vant to have children.
I did and I do
and I will!" P. 331

JEN FINALLY TALKS!

And talks and talks. And cries. And talks...

BY LESLIE BENNETTS
PHOTOS BY MARIO TESTINO

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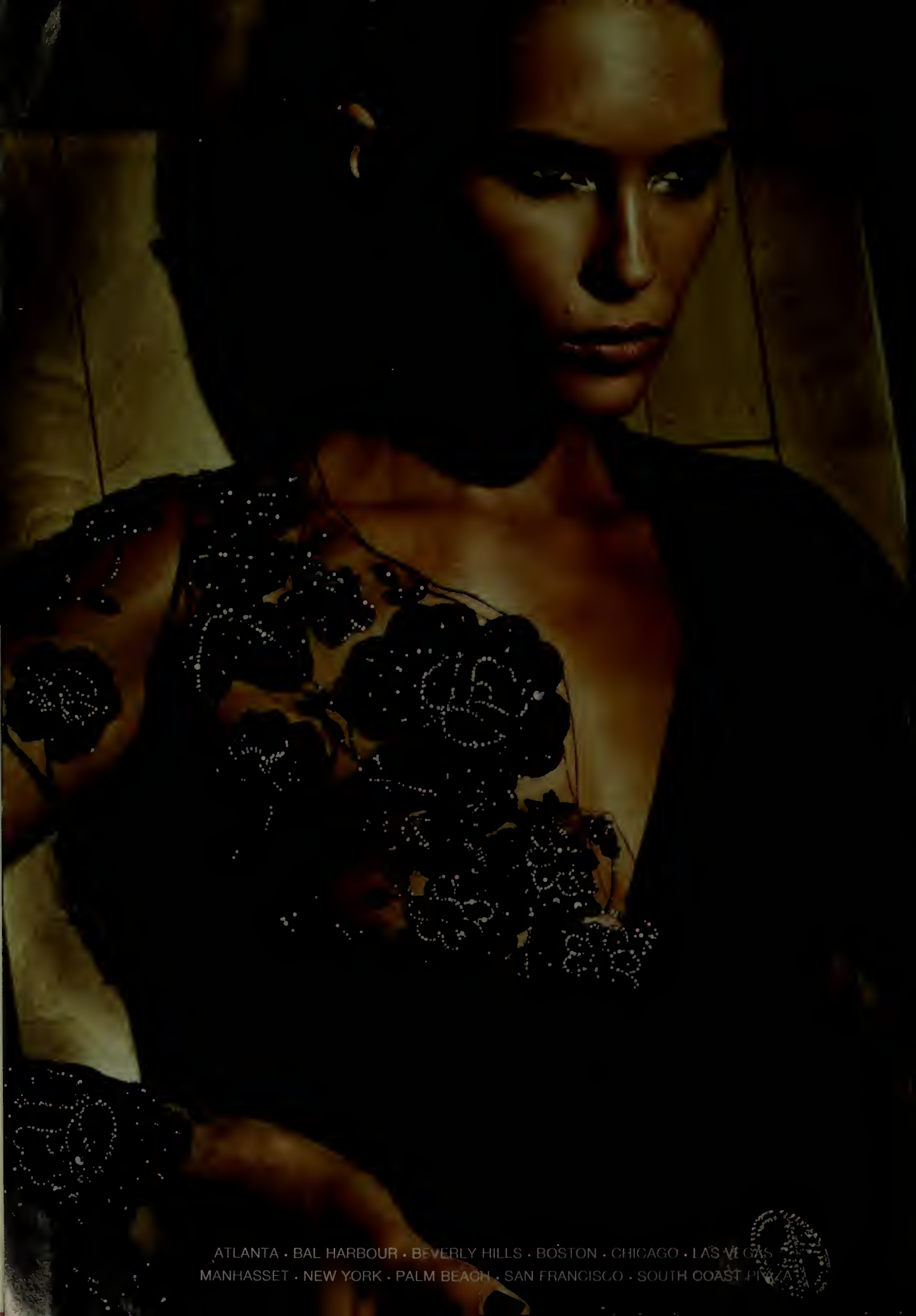

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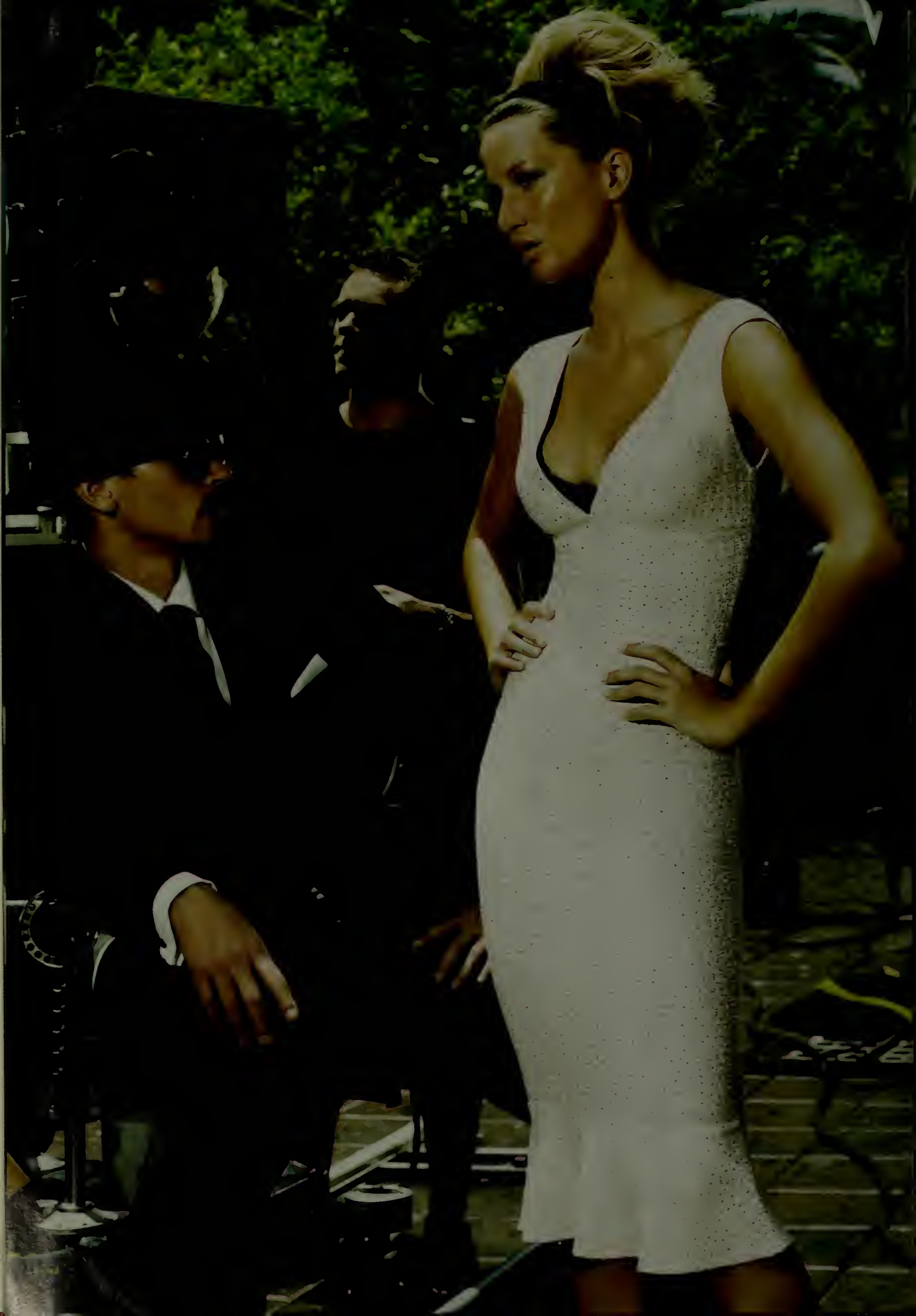
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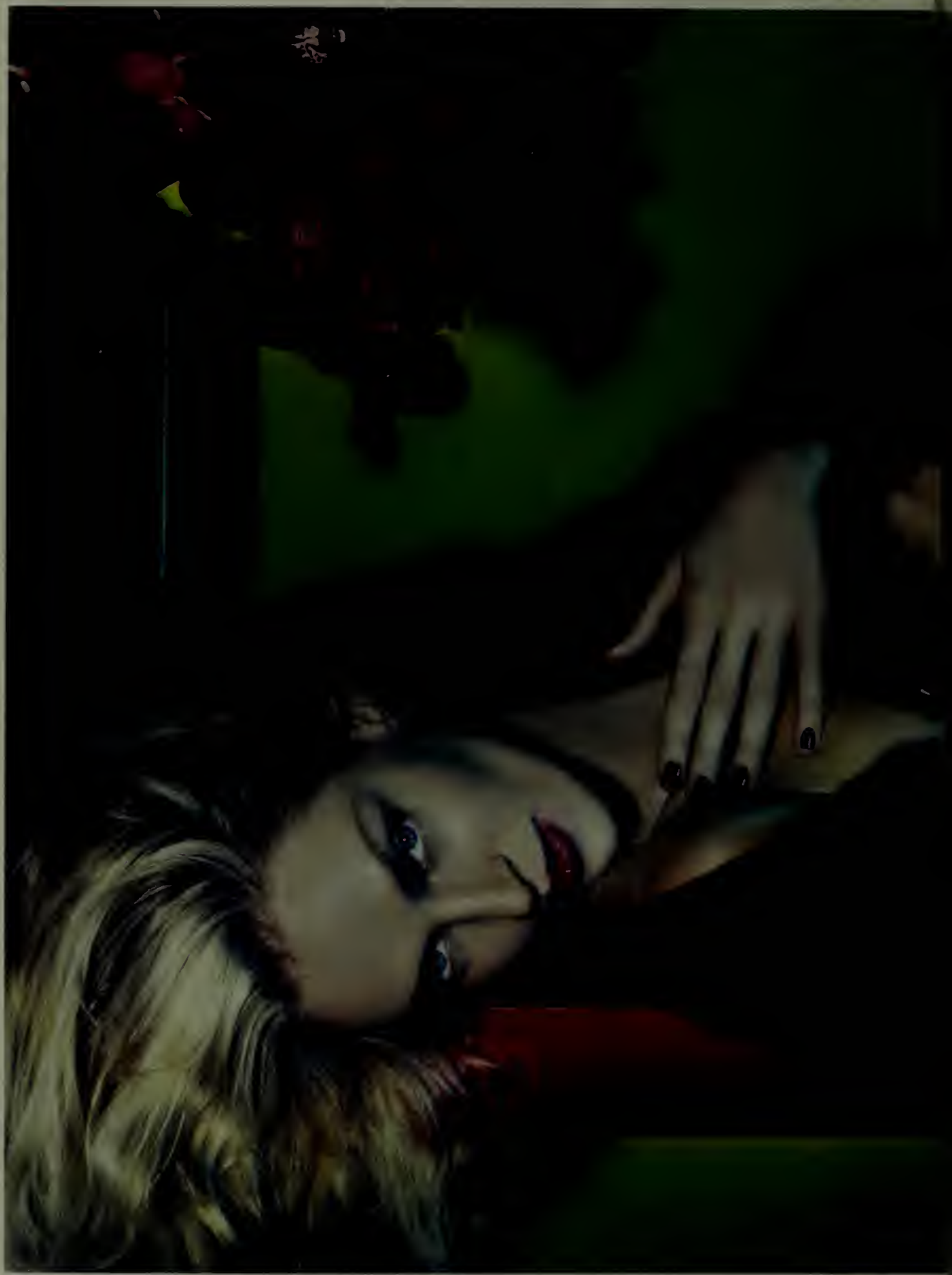

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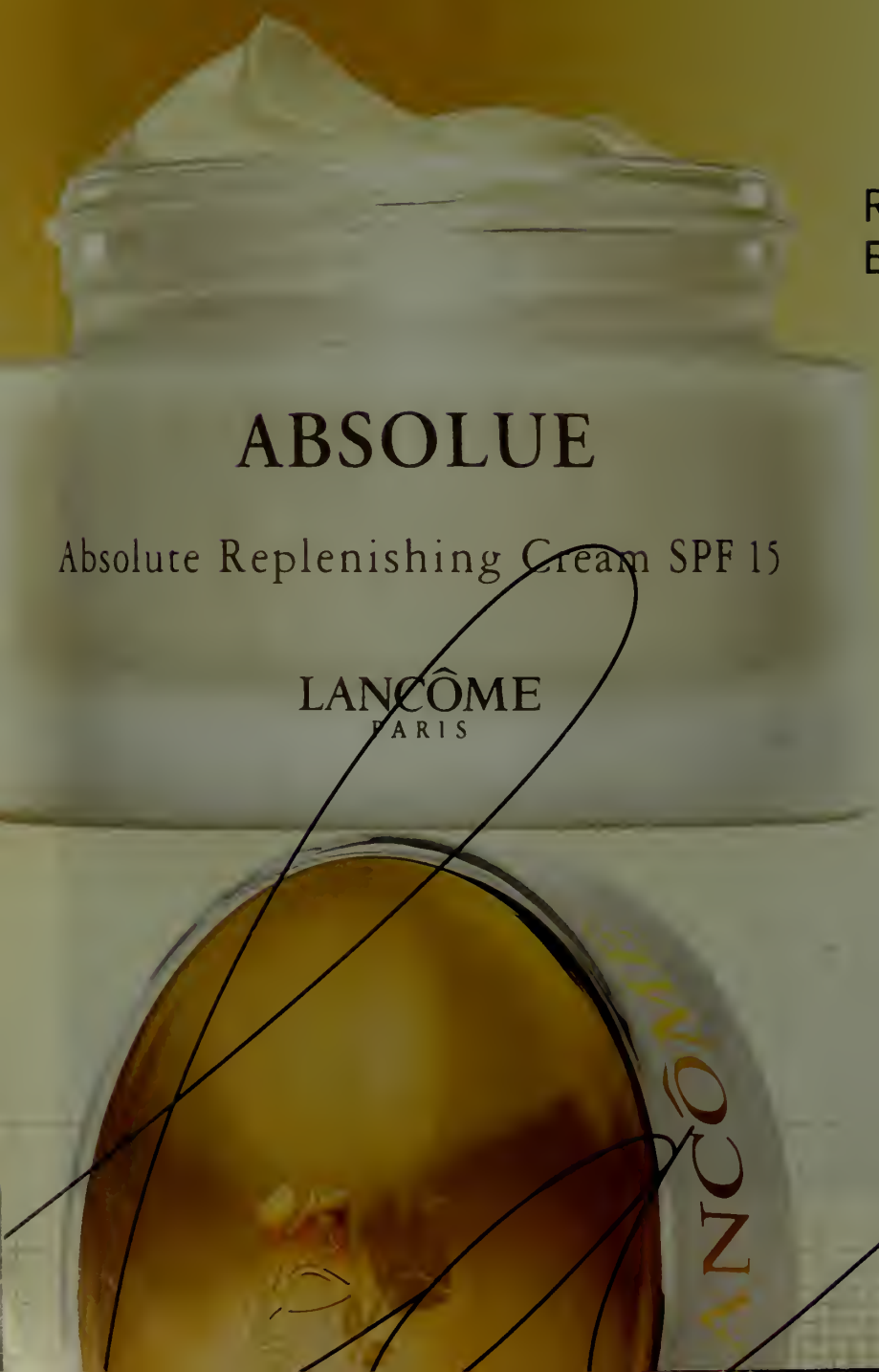


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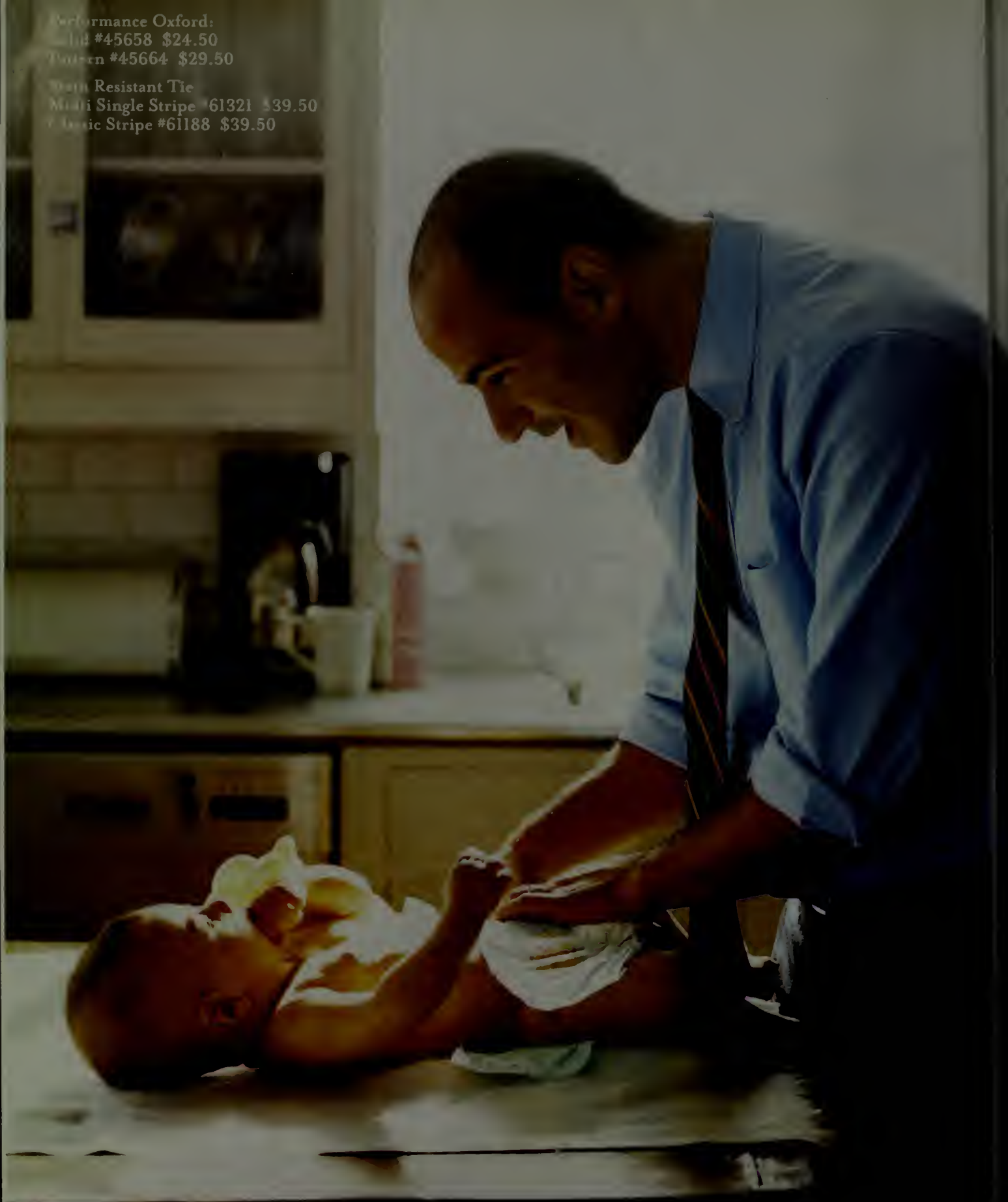
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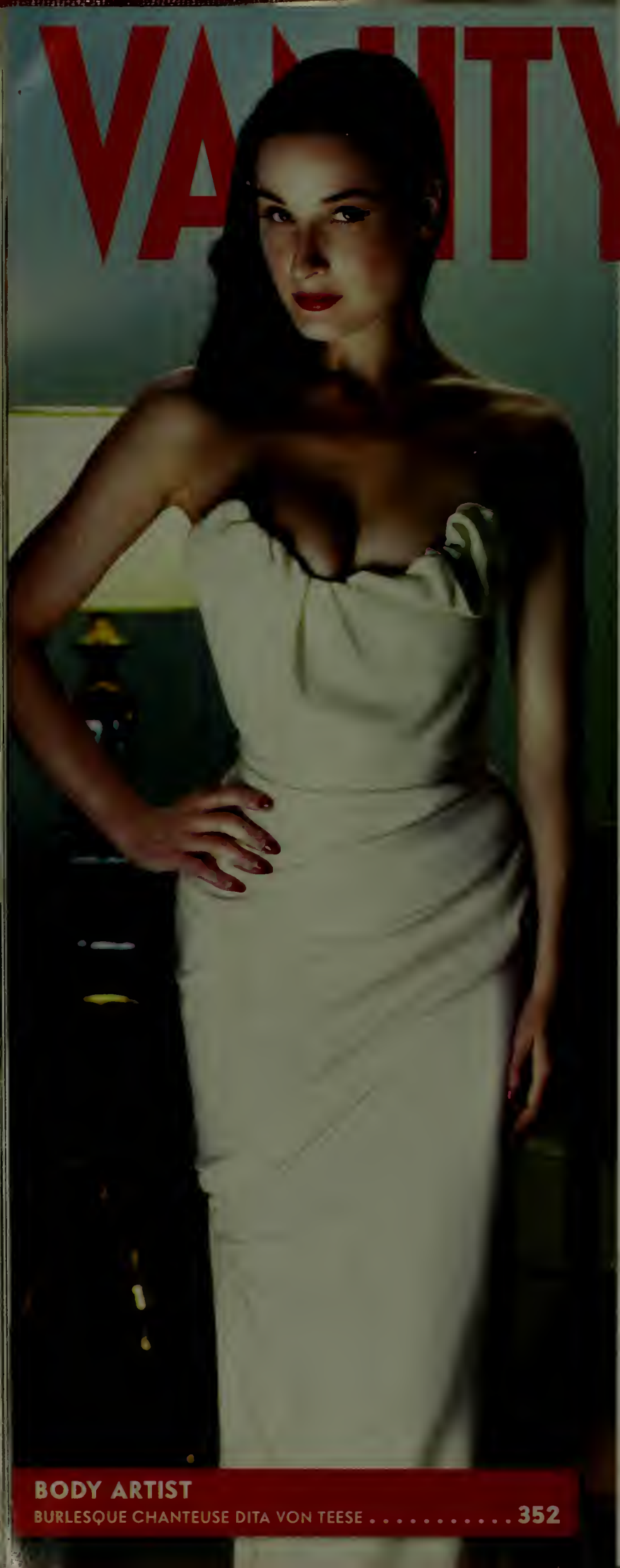
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- CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS ON U.S. PRISON ABU
- CELEBRATING "DEEP THROAT"—AND WHISTLE-BLO
- WEB INTERVIEWS: COPPOLA, MOODY, RUSHD

FEATURES

331 THE UNSINKABLE JENNIFER ANISTON The silent center of a Category 5 media hurricane, Jennifer Aniston is finally speaking out. In Malibu and Chicago, where she's filming *The Break-Up,* Aniston opens up to Leslie Bennetts about why she is divorcing Brad Pitt, the shock of seeing him with Angelina Jolie, and how she's dealt with the pain. Photographs by Mario Testino.

340 THE WIDOW'S STORY On her wedding anniversary, Marian Fontana took her son to kindergarten and hurrie to meet her husband, Dave, a New York City firefighter whose shift had just ended. The date was September 11, 2001. In an excerpt from her memoir, Fontana looks bac at the days of horror and heroism that followed. Photograph by Gasper Tringale.

346 A WEISZ CHOICE Tom Munro and Michael Hogan spotlight Rachel Weisz, who is loved and lost (by Ralph Fiennes) in the film version of John le Carré's thriller *The Constant Gardener.*

348 BETTING THE BANK After Morgan Stanley's $10 billion merger with Dean Witter in 1997, lawsuits, plunging stock prices, and a management exodus nearly brought the financial giant to its knees. Eight former executives pinned the blame on C.E.O. Philip Purcell and vowed to stop him. Vicky Ward reports on the Wall Street war that ended Purcell's reign. Photographs by Harry Benson and Todd Eberle.

352 ONE GLOVE AT A TIME Wayne Maser and Jim Windolf spotlight Dita Von Teese, whose exquisite burlesque act is all the rage.

356 TWO WILD AND CRAZY MOGULS In Tallinn, Estonia, the caffeine-fueled geeks behind the file-sharing phenomenon Kazaa are busy ramping up Skype, a free, wireless, Internet-based phone service. Brett Forrest finds Skype's Niklas Zennström and Janus Friis one step ahead of Google, Yahoo, and the other big guns. Photographs by Jonas Karlsson.

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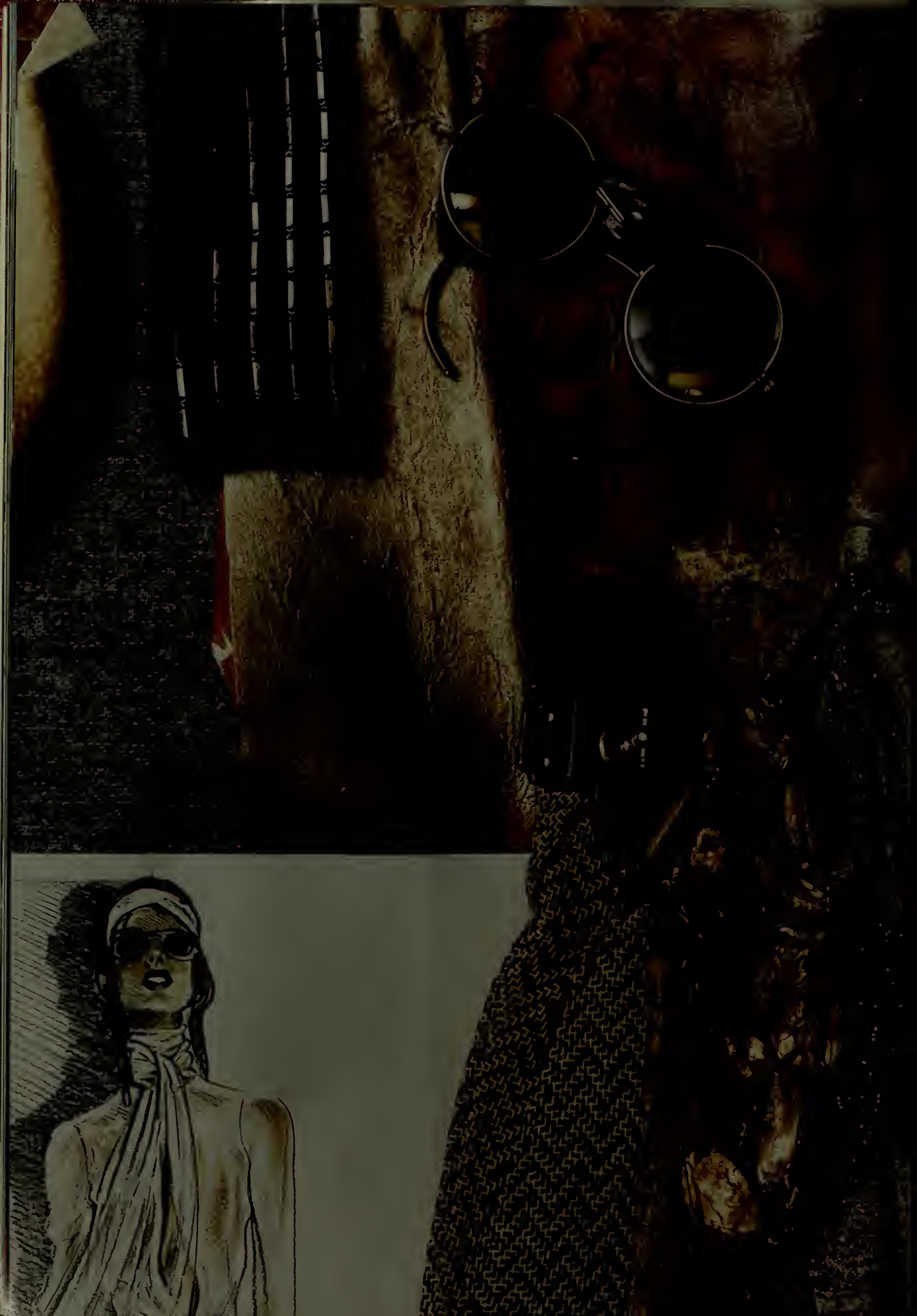
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BURLESQUE CHANTEUSE DITA VON TEESE 352


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36

360 SENTIMENTAL BEAUTY Designer Cath Kidston tapped into London's nesting instinct with her homemade prints and housewares. Now she's got shops in New York and Santa Monica, and a big following in Japan. Laura Jacobs meets the queen of comfort chic. Photographs by Chris Craymer.

366 WAR OF THE WORLDS When heavyweight champion Joe Louis and former titleholder Max Schmeling entered the ring at Yankee Stadium in 1938, it was America against Germany, black against white, freedom against Fascism. In an excerpt from his new book, David Margolick delivers a punch-by-punch account of the fight to end all fights.

FANFAIR

189 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Nothing like a dame—Edward Helmore on Eric Boman's coffee-table book. Hot Type. Victoria Mathers's Maldives holiday. Bruce Handy gets nostalgic for *The Outsiders;* Krista Smith celebrates Killer Films. Tamasin Day-Lewis on the Temperley sisters; A. M. Homes on the occult. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks. Kristina Stewart Ward's international social calendar. Michael Hogan on L.A.'s the Like; Aaron Gell on artist Marcel Dzama. My Stuff—Nacho Figueras; Christine Muhlke highlights Chanel beauty.

COLUMNS

230 MY RED-STATE ODYSSEY A lot of ink has been spilled into the chasm between "blue" and "red" America, but Christopher Hitchens's journey below the Mason-Dixon Line separates NASCAR clichés from the South's true passion. Illustration by Eric Hanson.

240 DEBBIE DOES BARNES & NOBLE With X-rated talents such as Jenna Jameson, Traci Lords, and Jerry Butler baring their inner selves, James Wolcott dissects a new literary genre: the porn-star memoir.

250 DID SOMEONE SAY SAFRA? In this month's diary, Dominick Dunne learns that a closed case—the 1999 death of billionaire Edmond Safra—has been raising eyebrows again, thanks to a novel, *Empress Bianca,* and a true-crime book, *13 Mystères de la Côte.* Photograph by Lloyd Ziff.

256 ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROVE Enough with the sanctimonious twaddle about protecting sources, writes Michael Wolff: Karl Rove's leak to *Time* was the tip of a nasty iceberg, and the media helped suppress the biggest story of Bush's presidency. Illustration by Philip Burke.

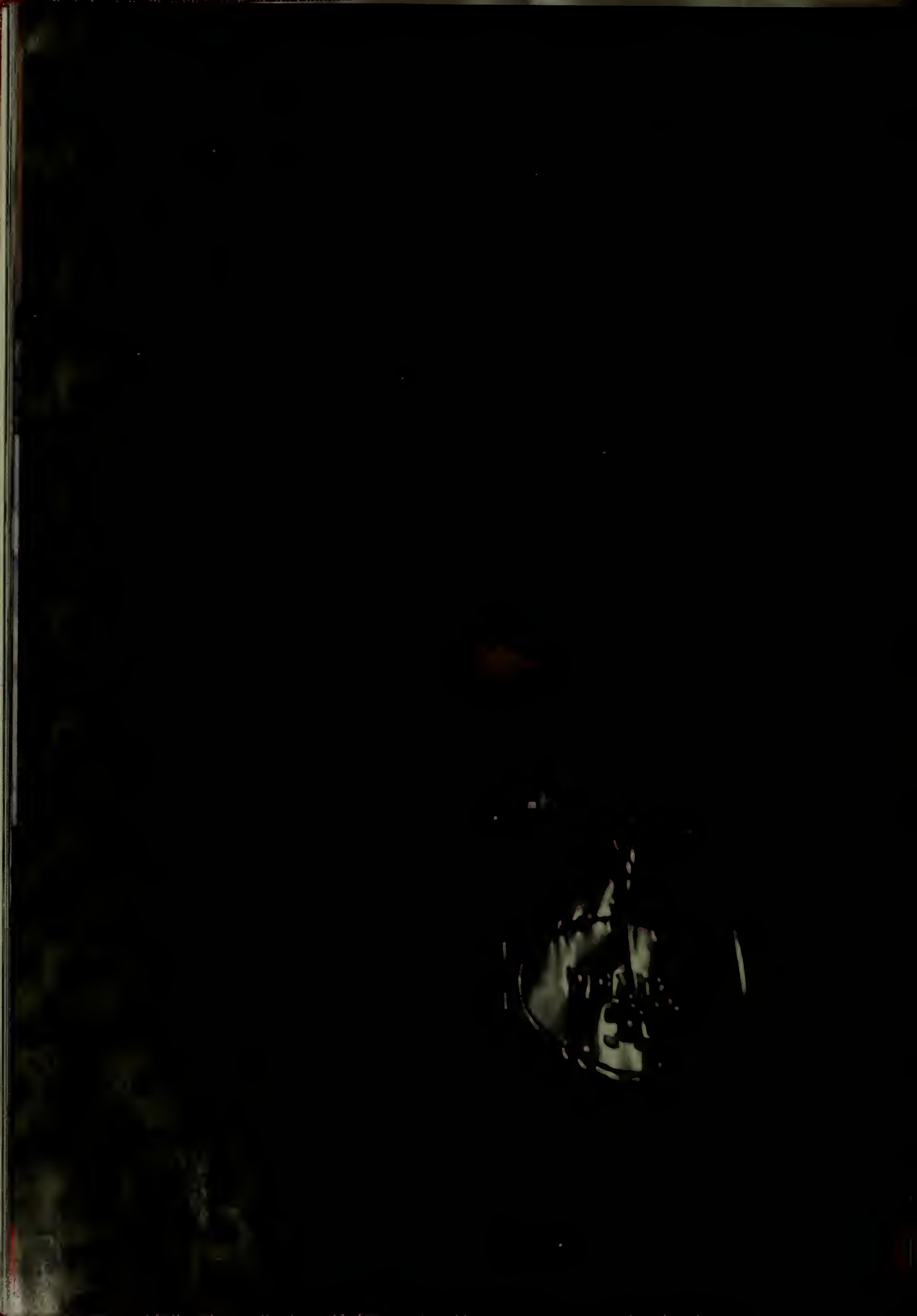
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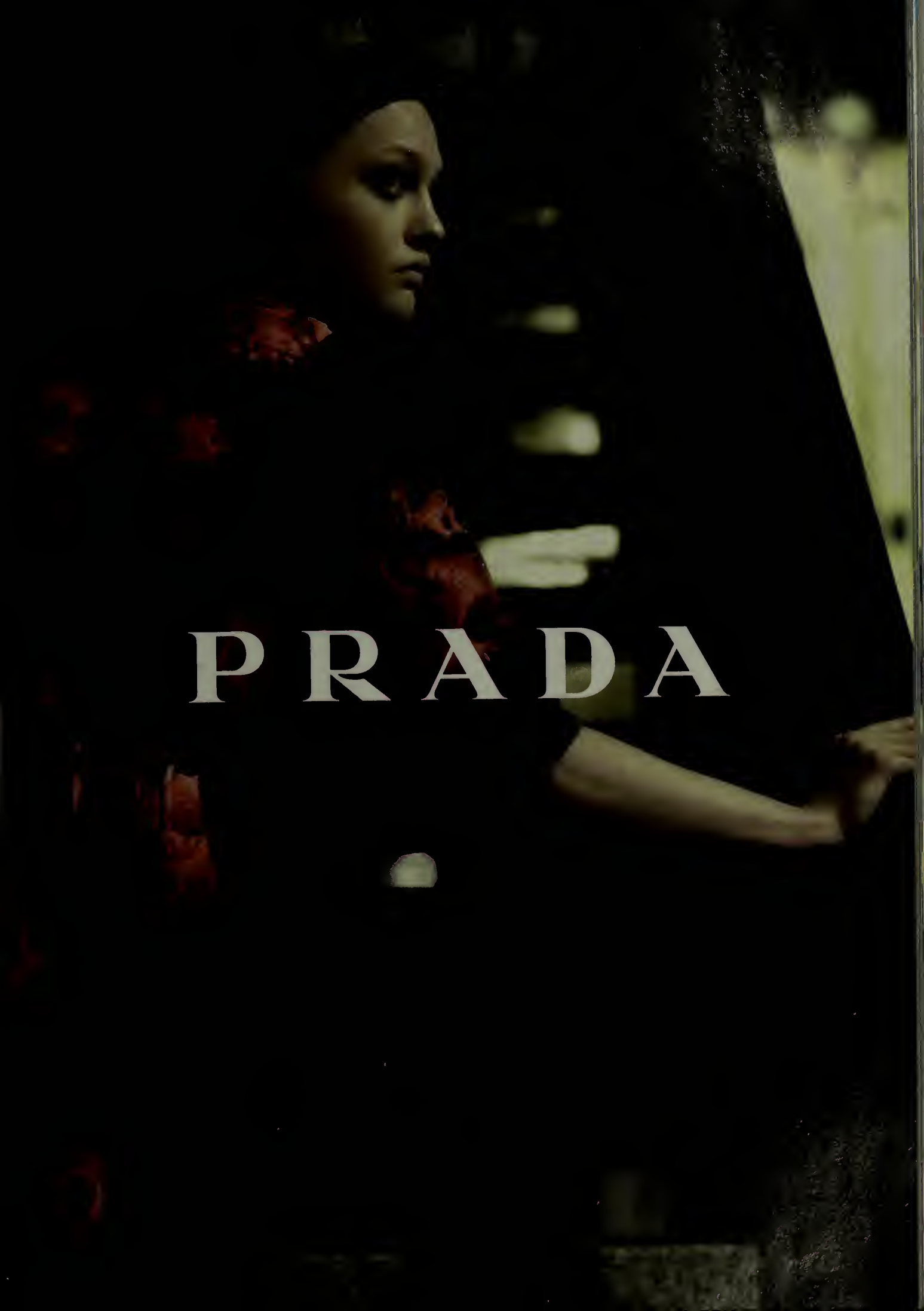
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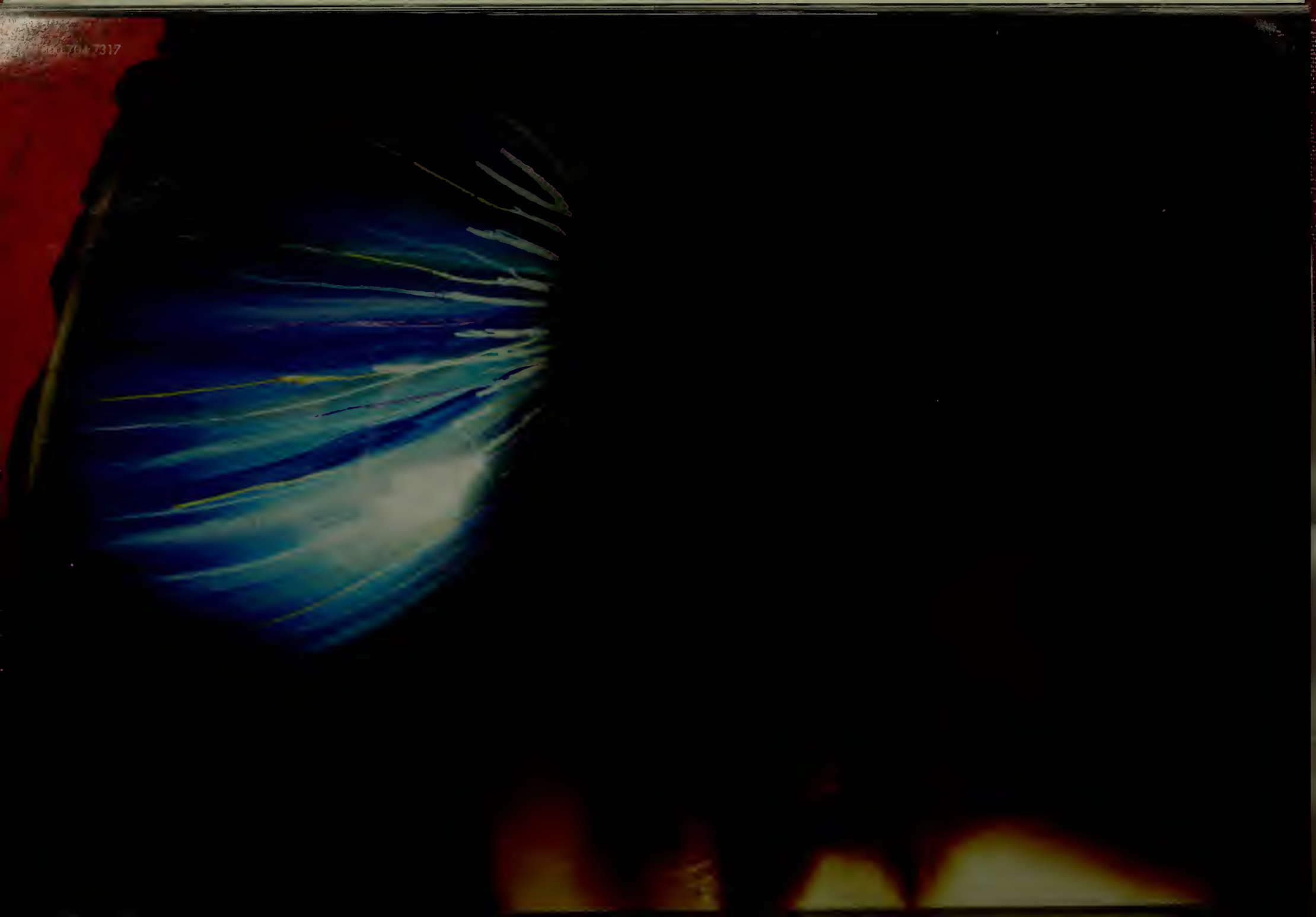
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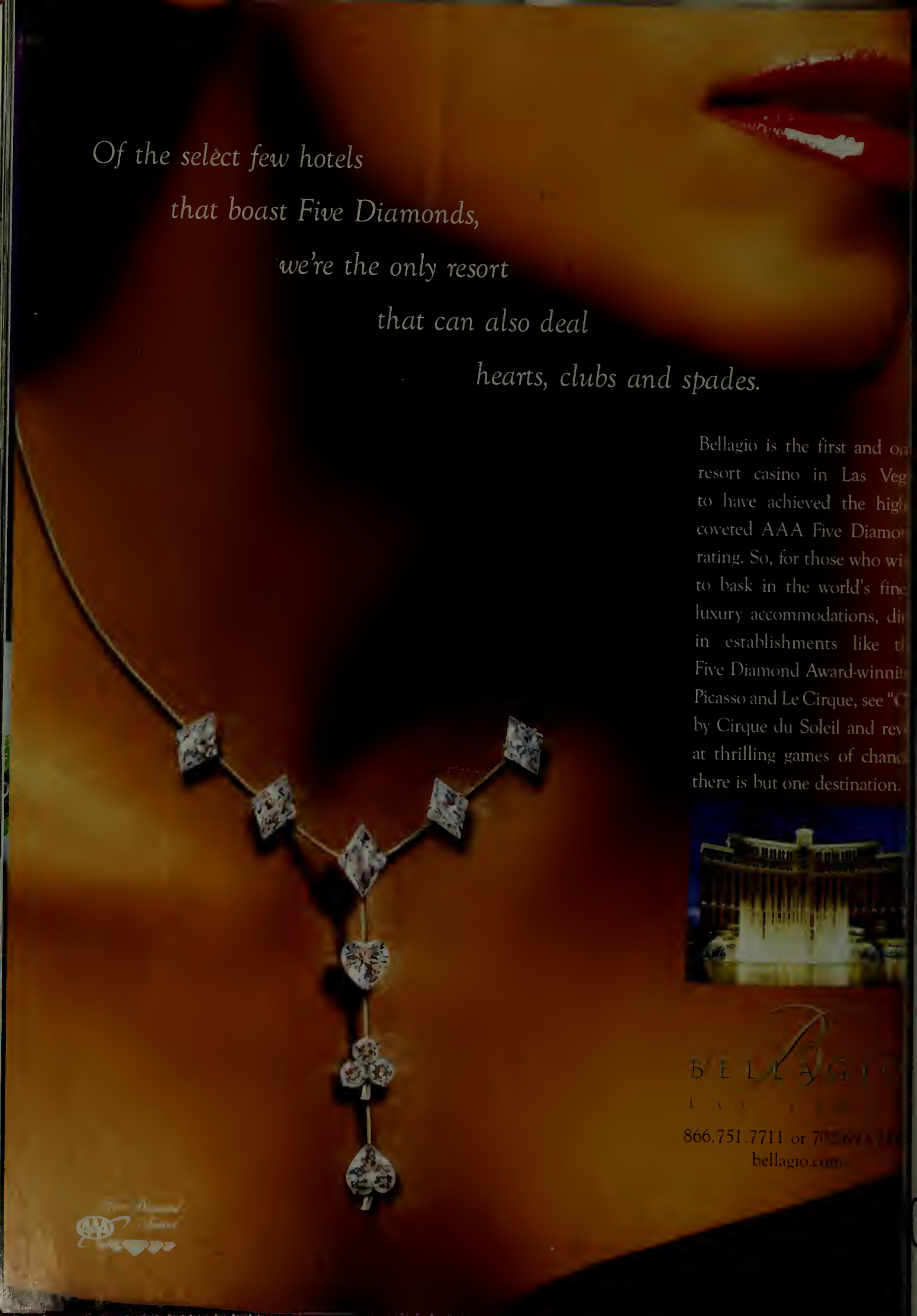




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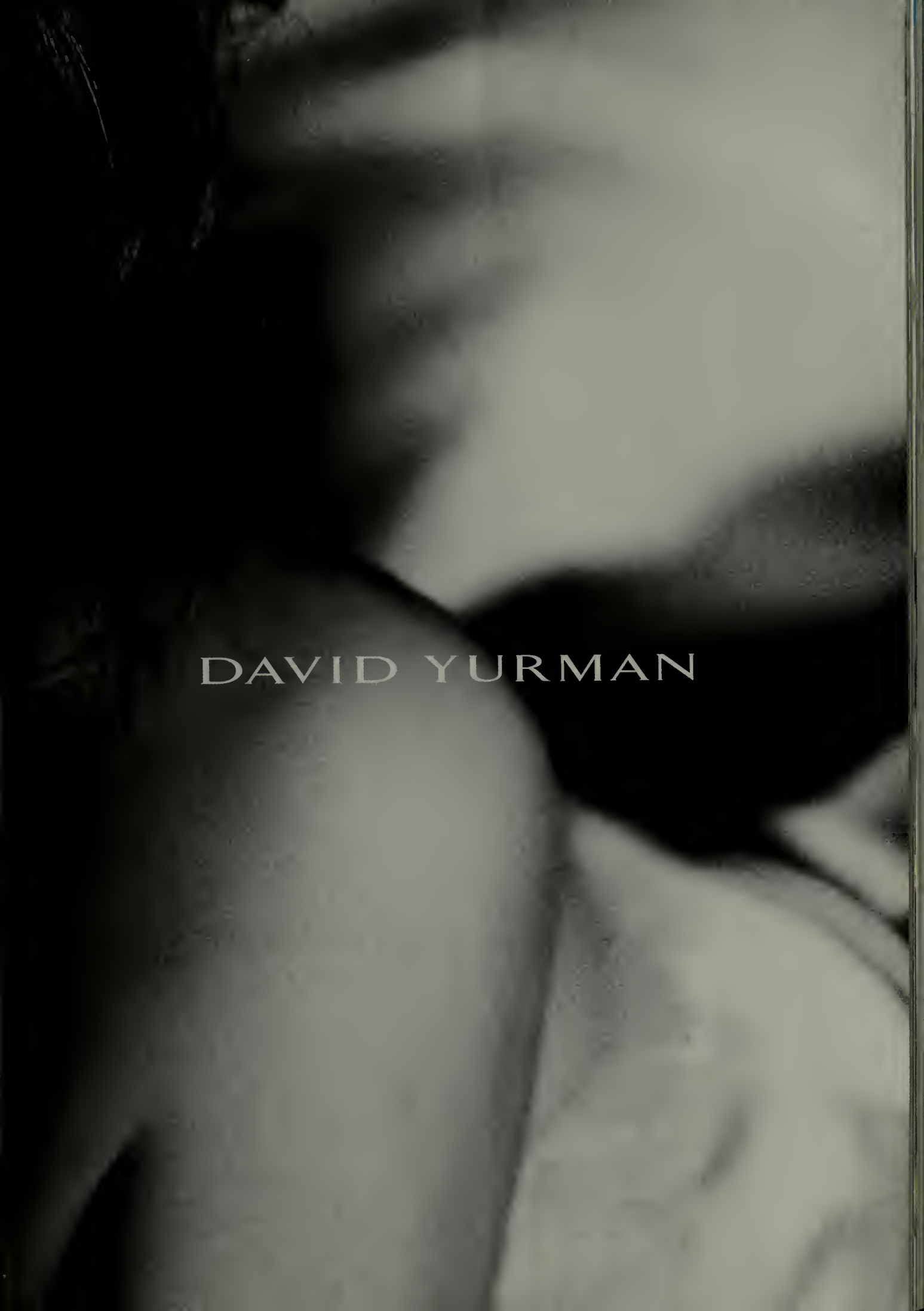
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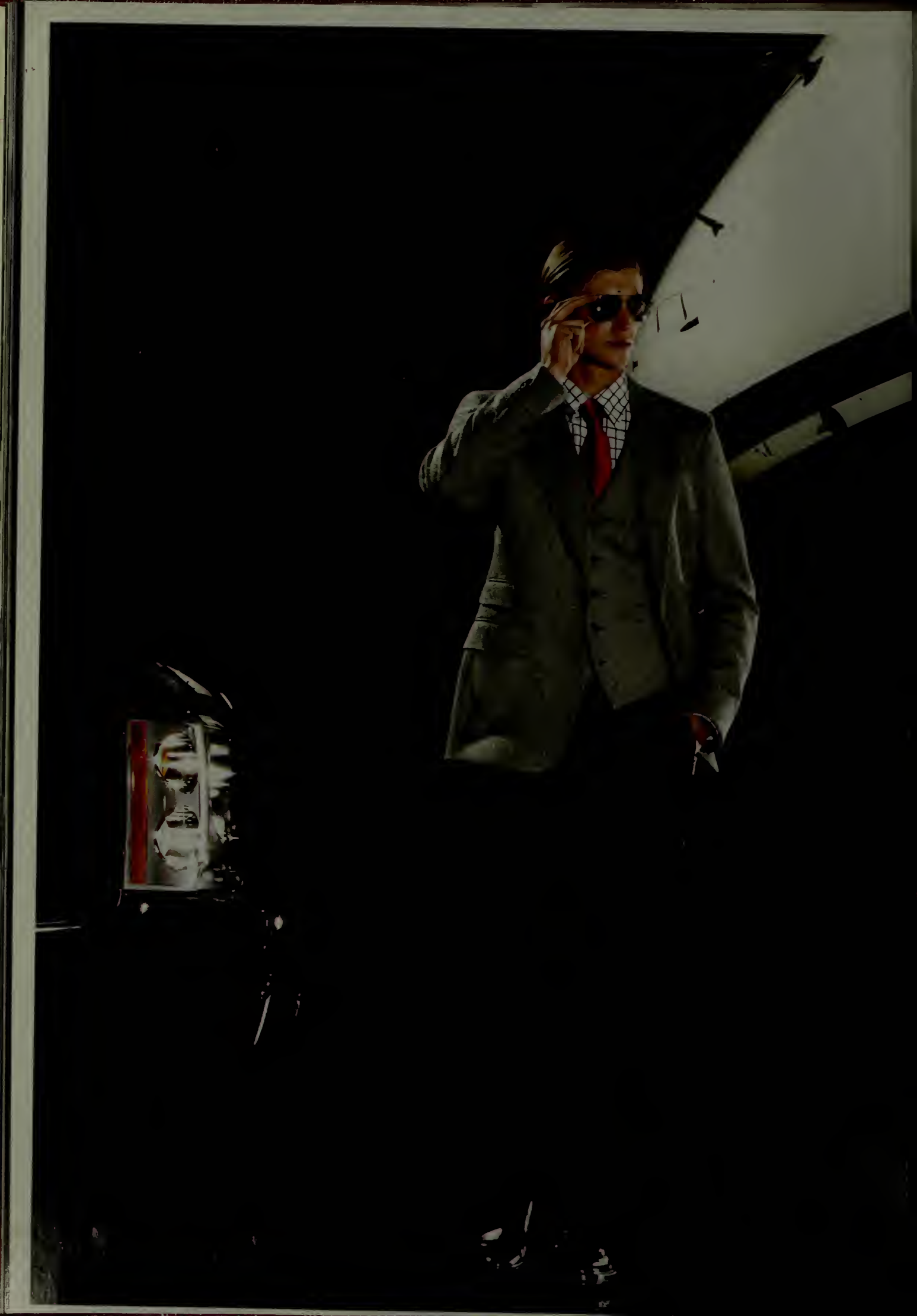
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VANITY FAIR

September 2005 n°



SENSE OF SCHMELING
A DETAIL OF *V.F.*'S AUGUST 1933 COVER 366

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

264 AN INCONVENIENT PATRIOT Naturalized Ameri Sibel Edmonds went to work as an F.B.I. translator afte 9/11. But she says she was fired for sounding the alarm about a colleague's suspicious behavior, then silenced b the "state-secrets privilege." As Edmonds prepares a Supreme Court appeal, David Rose reveals why she's such a threat to the status quo. Photographs by Henry Leutwyler.

284 L.A. CENTURY Matt Tyrnauer leafs through Tim Street-Porter's new photography book, *Los Angele* an eyeful of the architectural fantasies that could only have happened there.

303 THE RECRUITERS' WAR It's a different kind of hell for military recruiters "trolling" strip malls and high schools in an increasingly desperate effort to fill their quotas. With army and Marine sources, Michael Bronn lays bare a system of manipulation, fraud, and, in one case, fatal pressure. Portraits by Harry Benson.

SPECIAL SECTION

FOLLOWING PAGE 286

THE 50 GREATEST FILMS *Noir* (*Chinatown*), romantic (*Casablanca*), thrilling (*North by Northwest*)— and even downright idiotic (*Old School*): *Vanity Fair* lists the 50 (plus one) best films of all time, A to Z, with the scoop on how and why.

VANITIES

321 KILCHER RISING STAR Ed Coaster gushes about his very public romance with statuesque saloonkeeper Amy Sacco. Wisteria Lane's resident hunk, Jesse Metcalfe, blushes for George Wayne.

ET CETERA

94 THE 2005 *V.F.* ESSAY CONTEST
128 EDITOR'S LETTER
136 CONTRIBUTORS
156 LETTERS Weighing "Deep Throat"
228 PLANETARIUM Switch off the cell phone, Virgo
400 CREDITS
402 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Karl Lagerfeld

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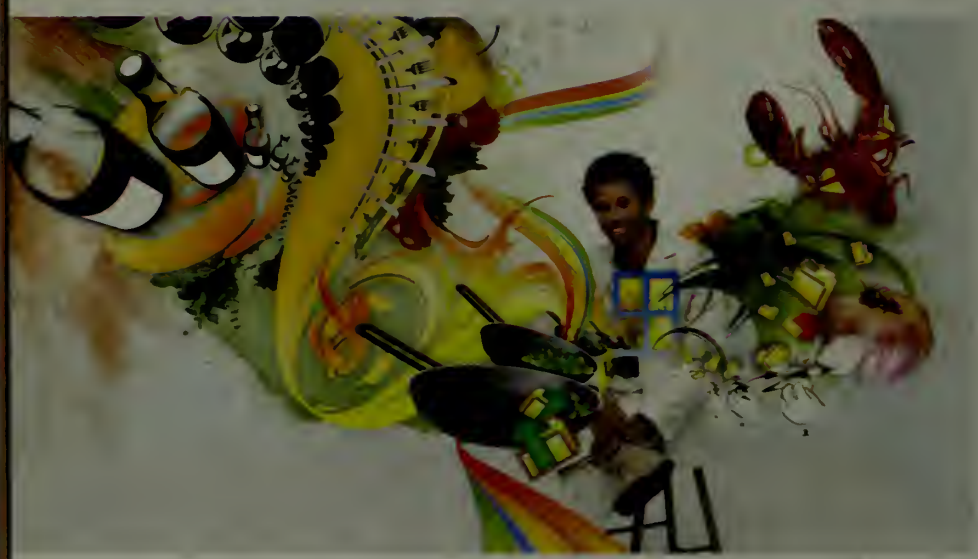
James Morsden, Jesse Bradford, Glenn Close, and Elizabeth Banks with *Heights* director Chris Terrio.



Alexandra Popazian of Giorgio Armani Parfums and Bonnie Borest of Optimedia.

HEIGHTS PREMIERES IN NEW YORK

On Monday, June, 6, 2005, Armani Black Code and *Vanity Fair* teamed up to sponsor the New York premiere of the new Sony Pictures Classics release *Heights*, held at the Paris Theatre, and an exclusive after-party at Frederick's. The VIP evening drew the film's stars, including Glenn Close, James Marsden, and Elizabeth Banks, as well as celebrities such as Michael Musto, Famke Janssen, and Sam Waterston. Guests enjoyed Bombay Sapphire cocktails and took away gift bags filled with Bombay Sapphire items and a bottle of Armani Black Code.



START SOMETHING AMAZING AWARDS

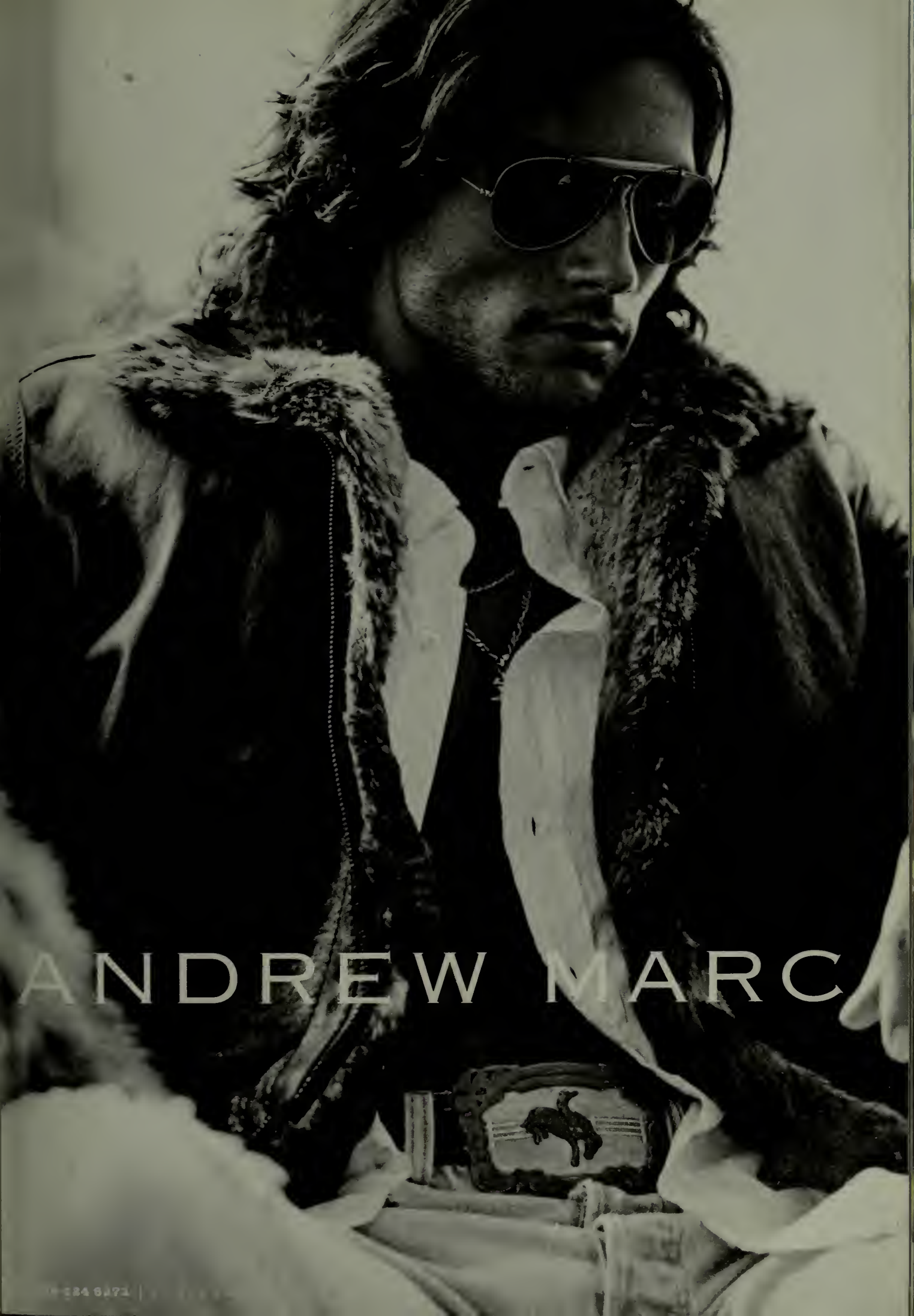
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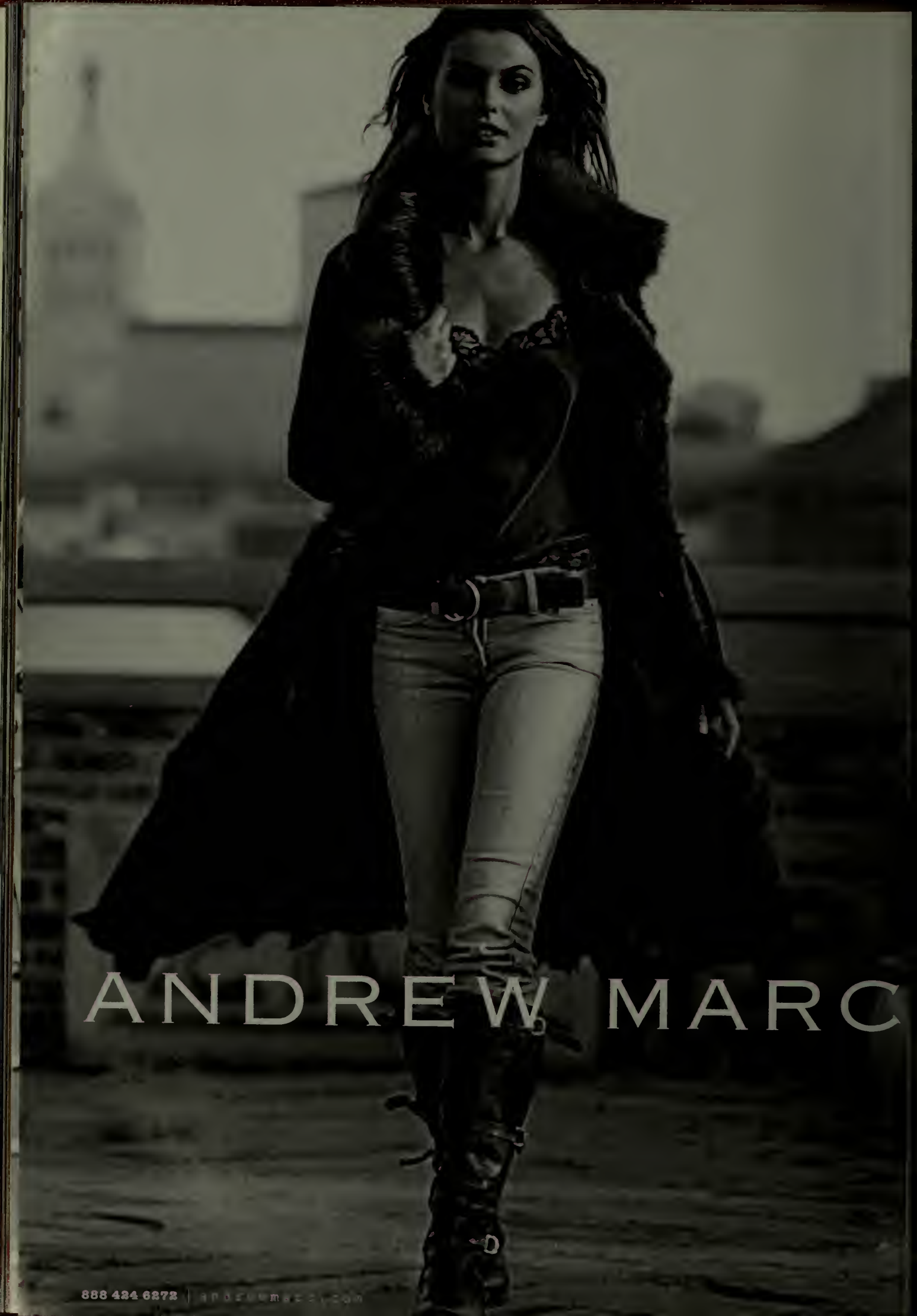
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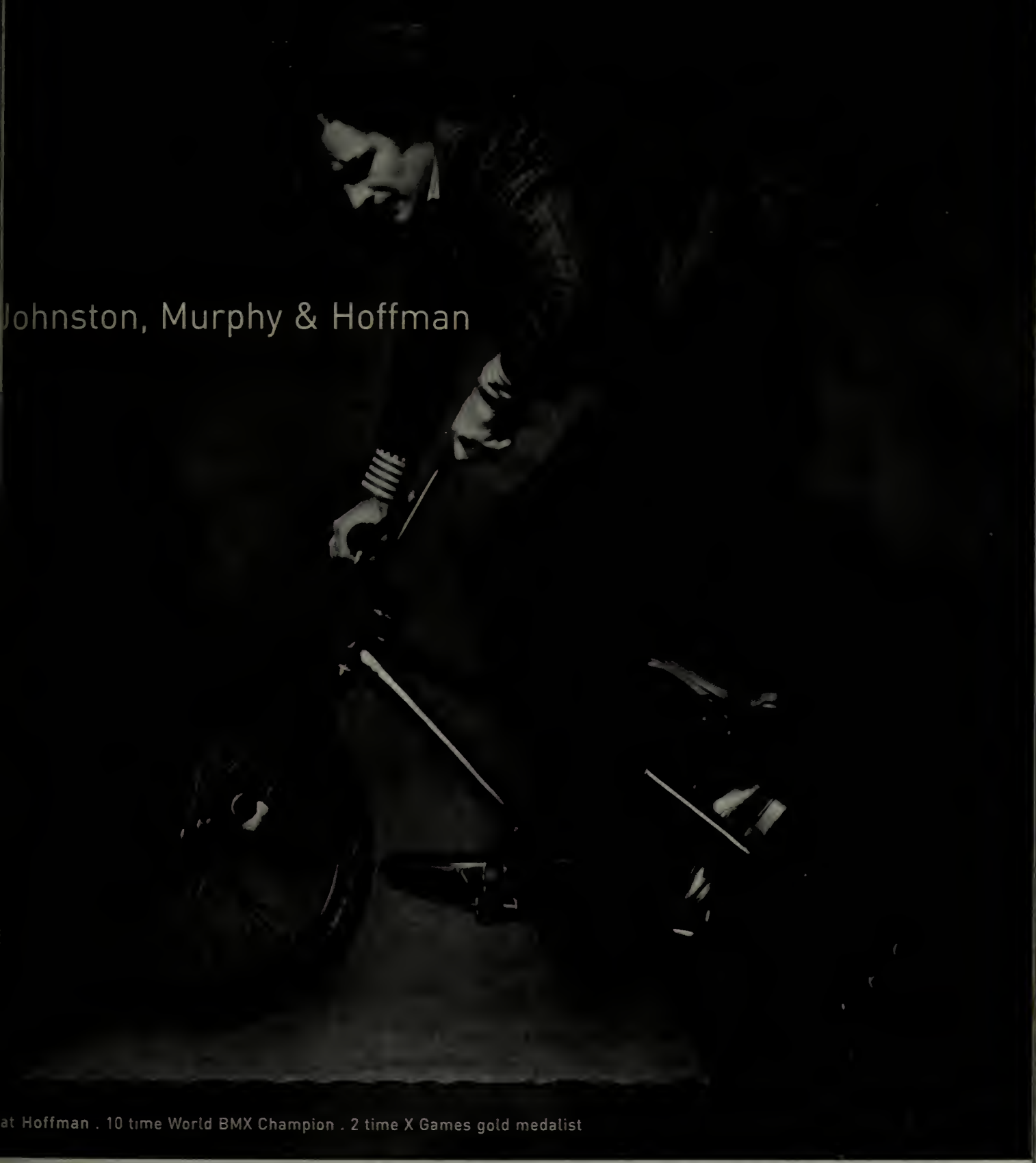
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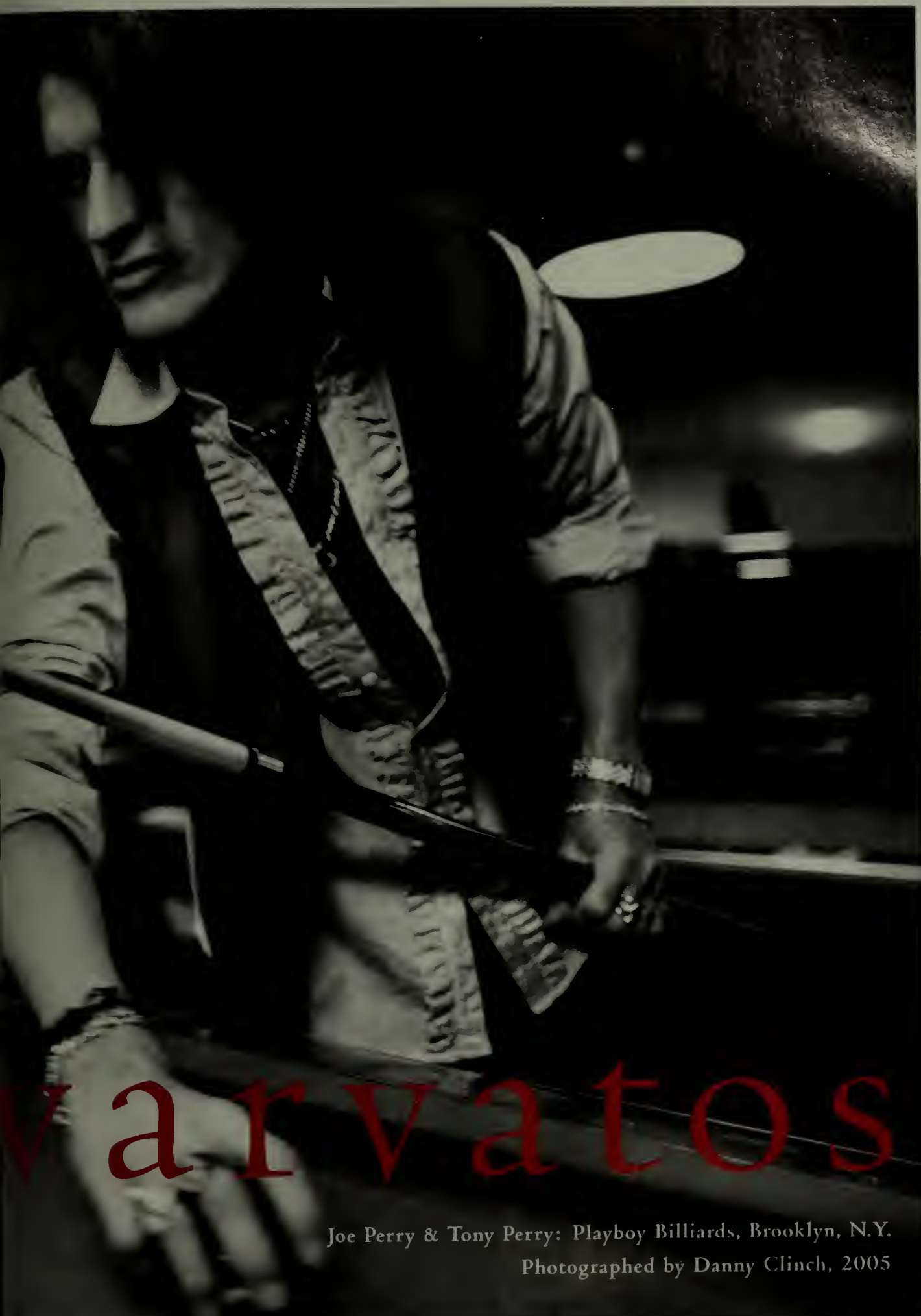
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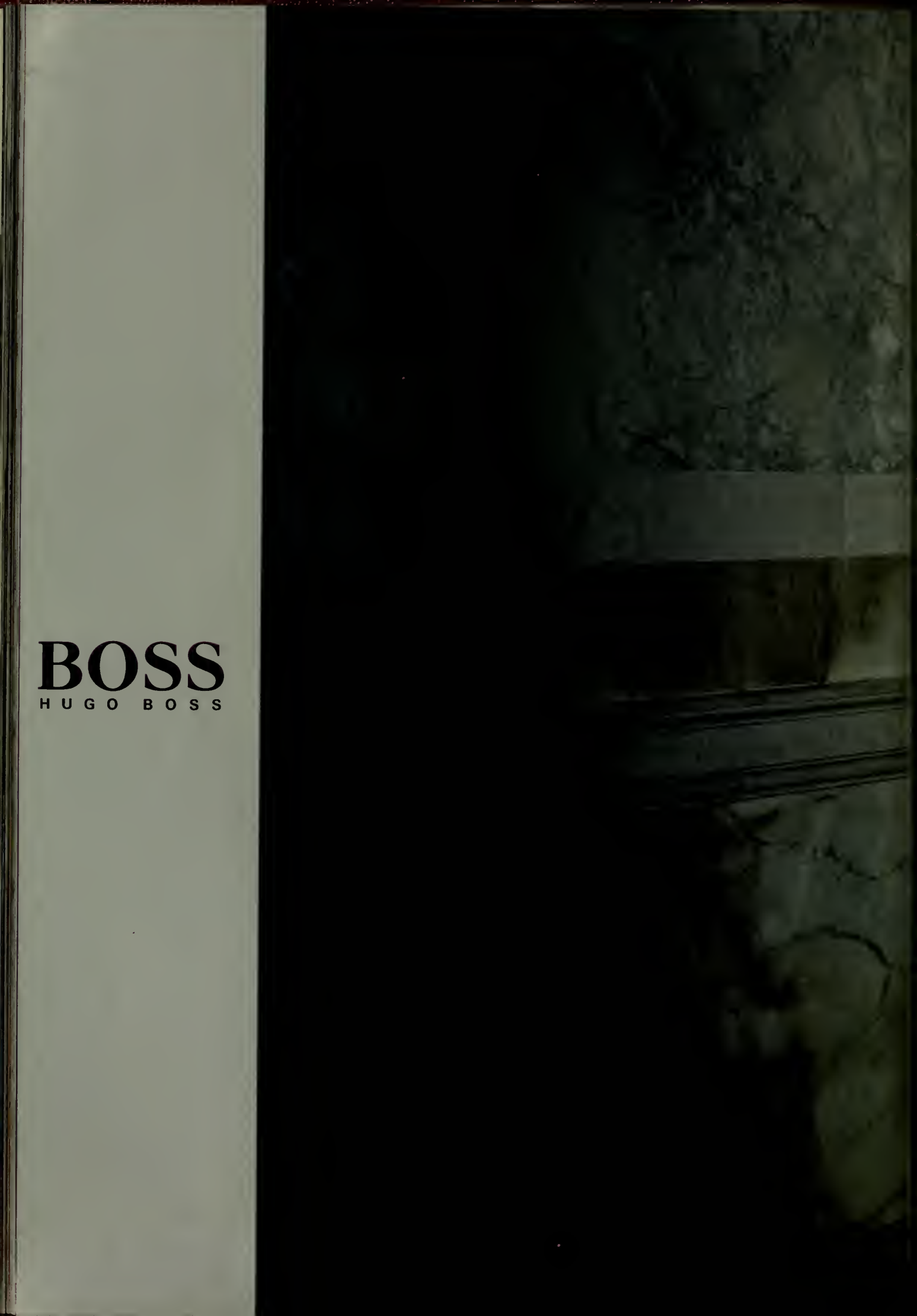
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Adrienne Vittadini at the Riverside Square Mall in New Jersey.



Doreen Salerno of Adrienne Vittadini with Susan Fales-Hill.

FASHION MEETS LITERATURE

On March 31, 2005, Adrienne Vittadini at the Riverside Square Mall in New Jersey and *Vanity Fair* hosted an exclusive reading by Susan Fales-Hill, acclaimed author of *Always Wear Joy: My Mother Bold and Beautiful.* An intimate group of fashion and literature enthusiasts gathered at the Adrienne Vittadini store to meet the writer, sip champagne, shop the Adrienne Vittadini collections, and take home copies of *Always Wear Joy* with their purchases.



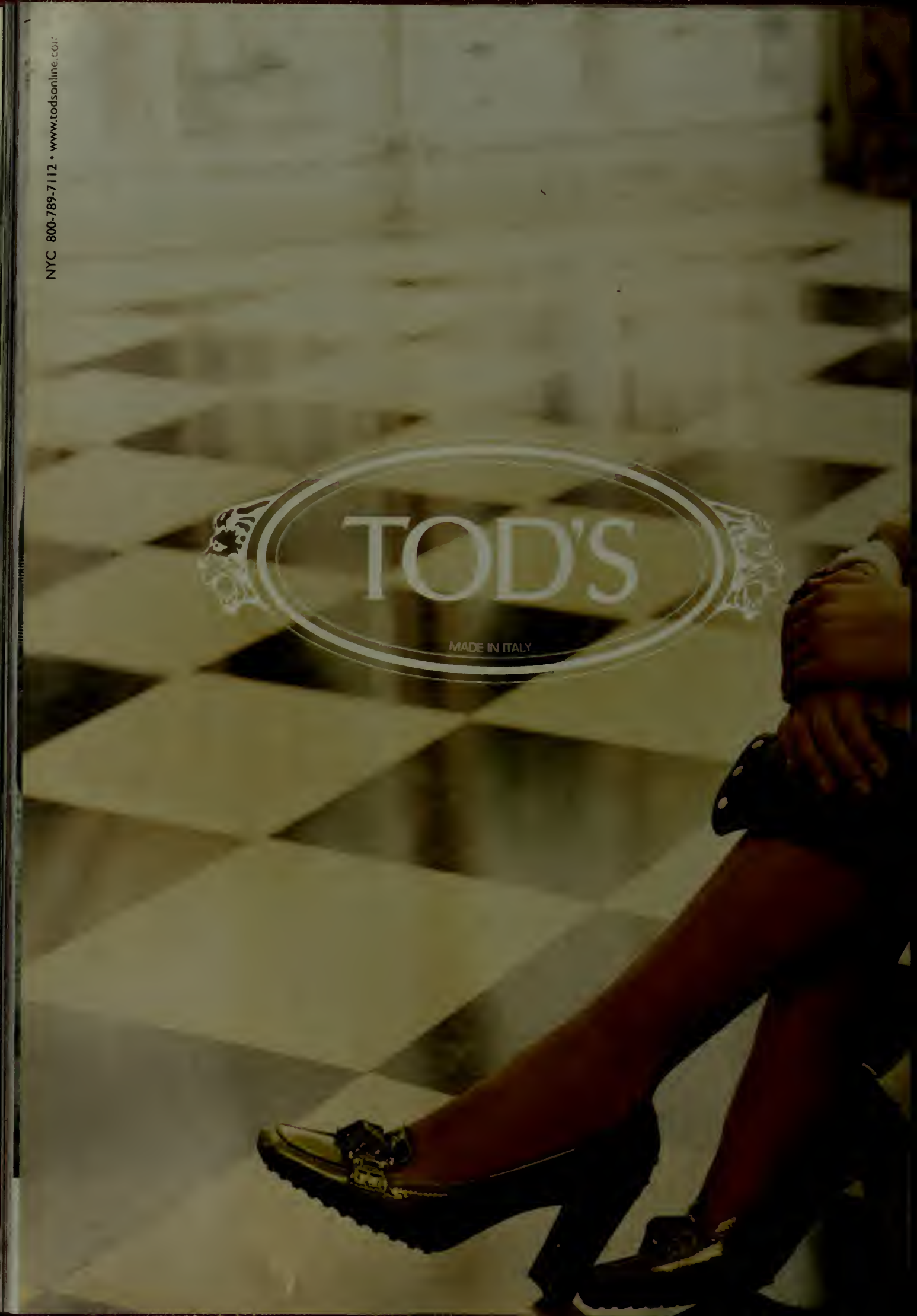
A CLASSIC TURNS 100

The talent. The beauty. The smoldering mystique. Greta Garbo is a classic who took herself out of Hollywood and left her audience forever hungering for more. This September, upon the 100th anniversary of her birth, Turner Classic Movies returns this elusive icon to the spotlight. The month-long tribute features the world TV premiere of the new original documentary *Garbo*, from filmmaker and cinema historian Kevin Brownlow, on Tuesday, September 6, at 8 PM ET. For details and schedules, visit turnerclassicmovies.com.



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WAR PROTEST, DES MOINES, IOWA, 1968.



SPRING BREAK, SOUTH PADRE ISLAND, TEXAS, 2004.

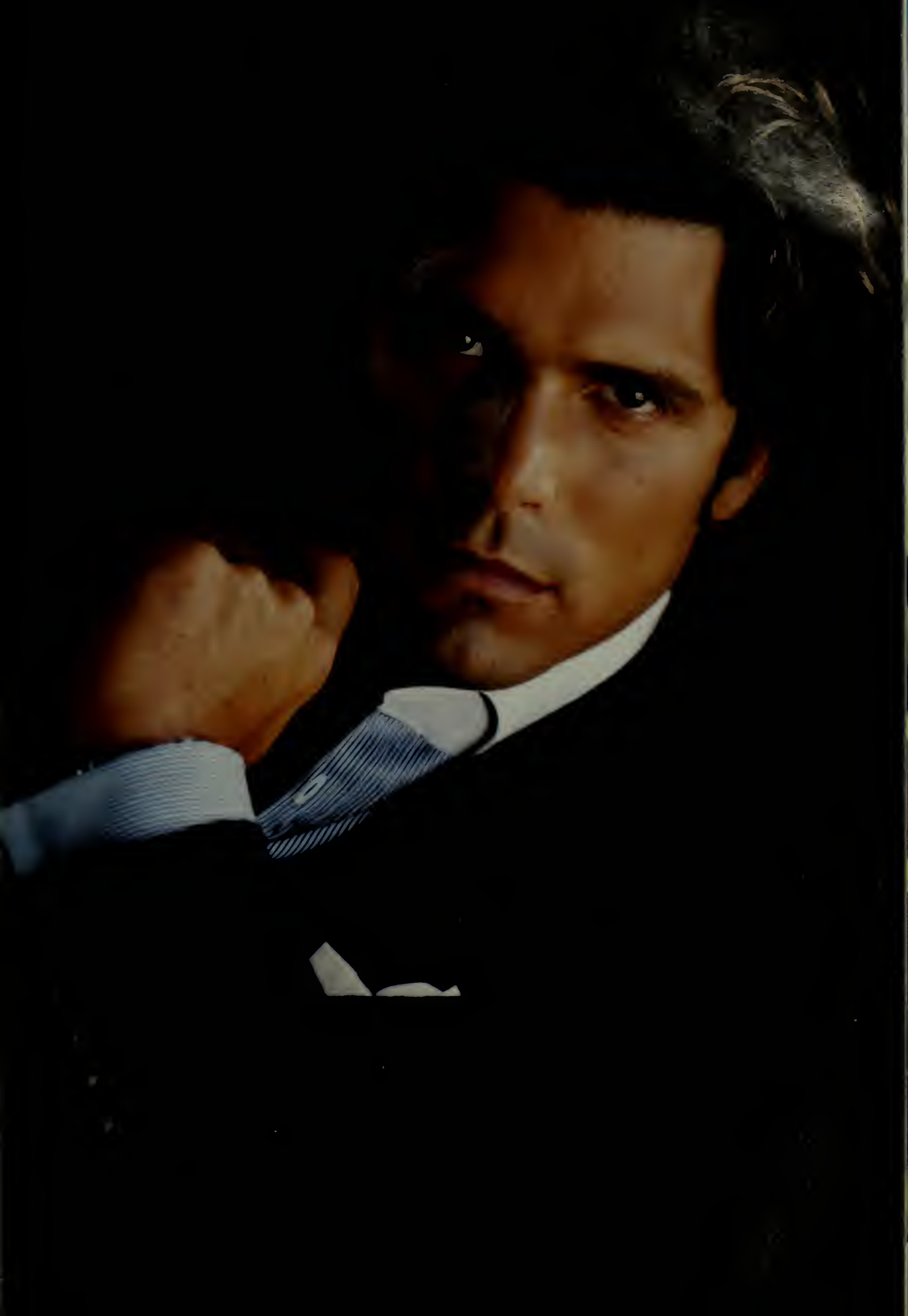
What's on the minds of America's youth today?

More than 30 years ago, young people across the country staged sit-ins for civil rights, got up and protested against a misguided, undeclared war, and actually gave a damn if a president lied to them. Although a lot has changed since then, there are still racial divides, and America is once again mired in a largely controversial war. Back in the 1960s and 70s, a similar climate motivated great numbers of young people to act, organize, and take to the streets in defiance. Today it seems as if younger Americans are content to watch their MTV, fiddle with their game players, follow the love lives of Brad, Jen, Jessica, and Paris, and assume the hard work is being done for them by others. What has changed? Is it simply that we do not have motivating factors such as a draft or Kent State to bring us together, to anger us? What is going on inside the minds of American youth today?

THE 2005 VANITY FAIR ESSAY CONTEST

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In 1,500 words or fewer, explain what is on the minds of America's youth. The grand prize is $15,000, a week at a writers' retreat in Tuscany, and a Montblanc Meisterstück 149 fountain pen. Second prize is $5,000 and a Montblanc Bohème fountain pen. Third prize is $1,000 and a Montblanc StarWalker Fine Liner. All entries must be received no later than September 30, 2005. For details, rules, and conditions, please visit www.vanityfair.com.



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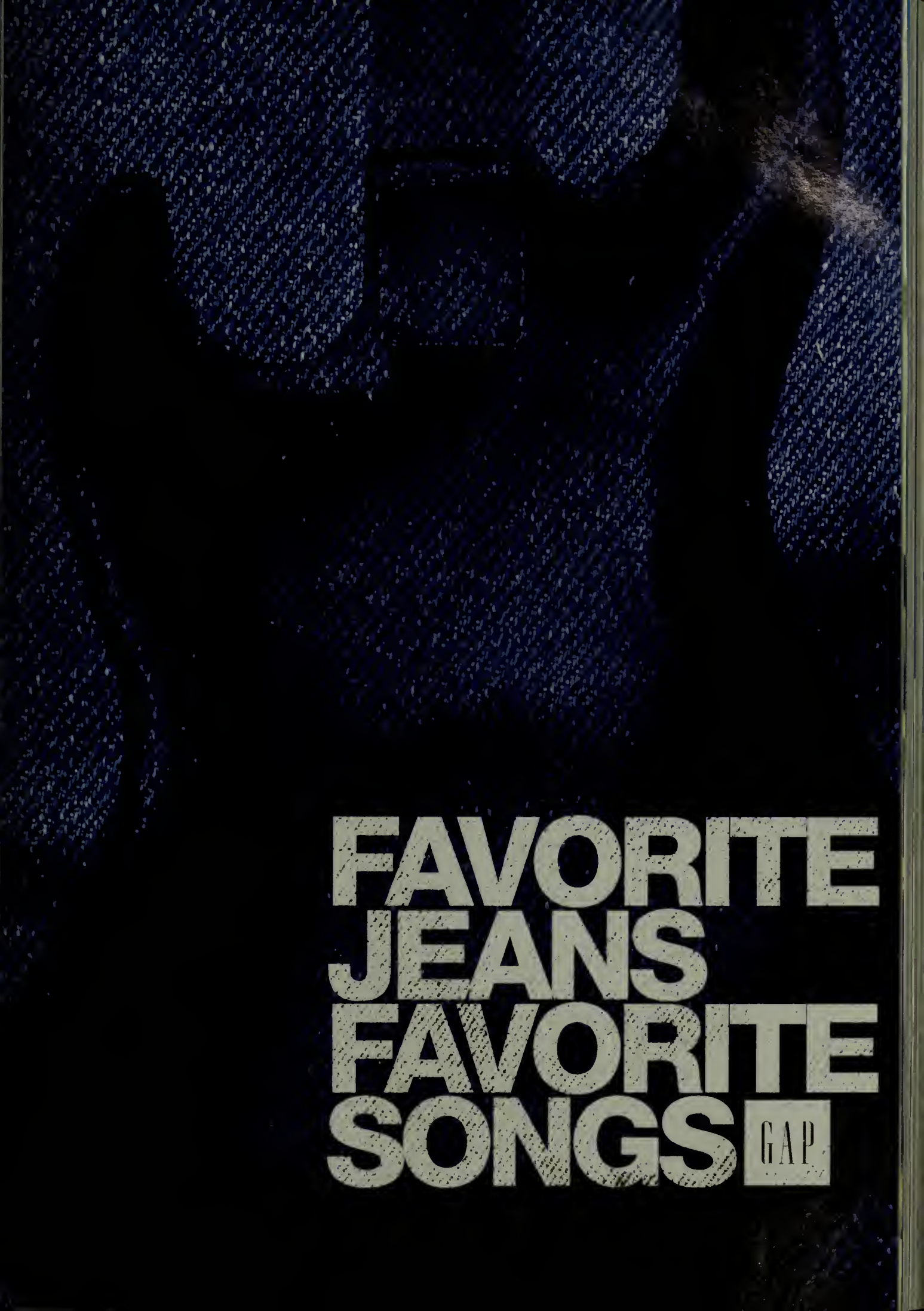
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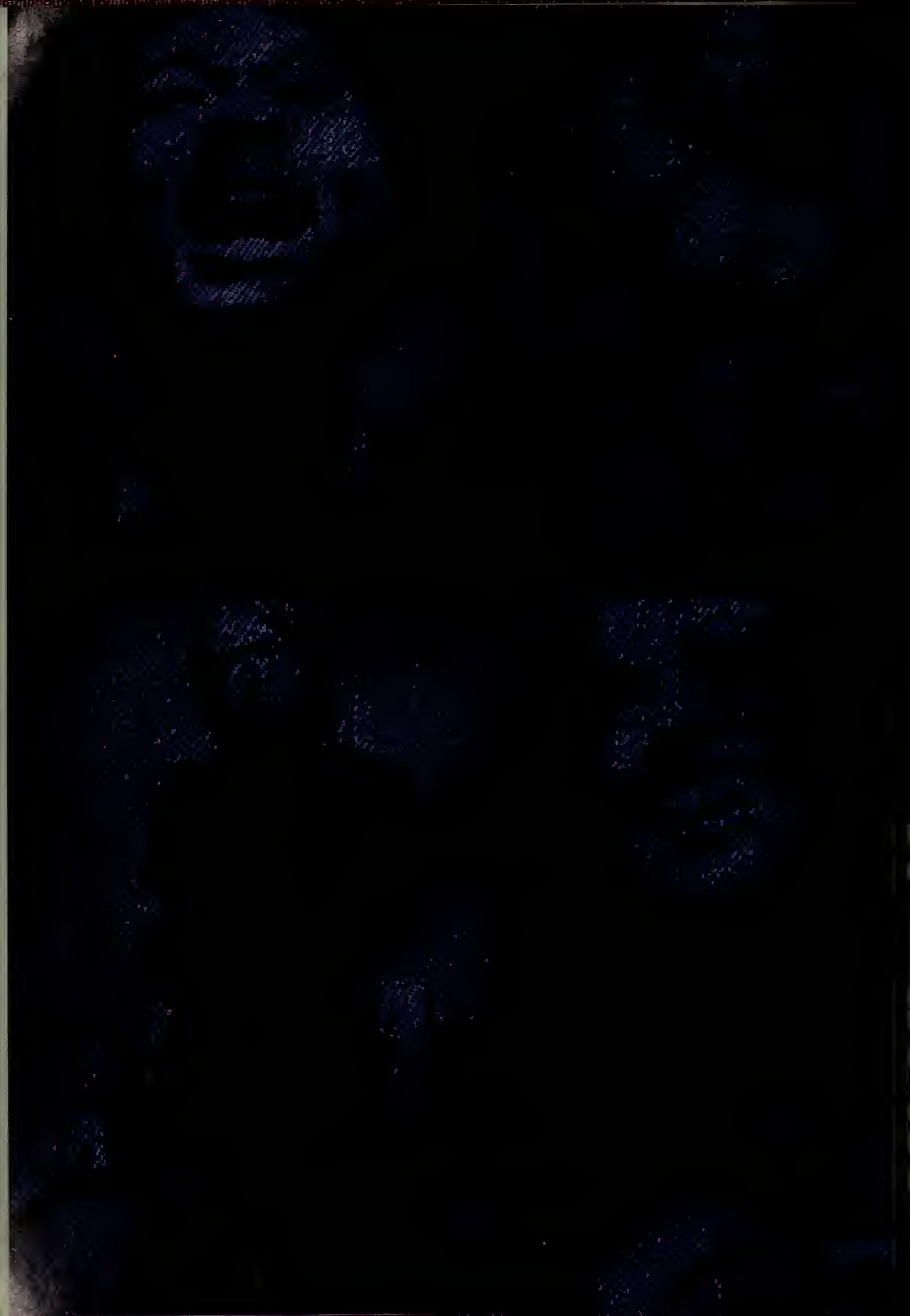
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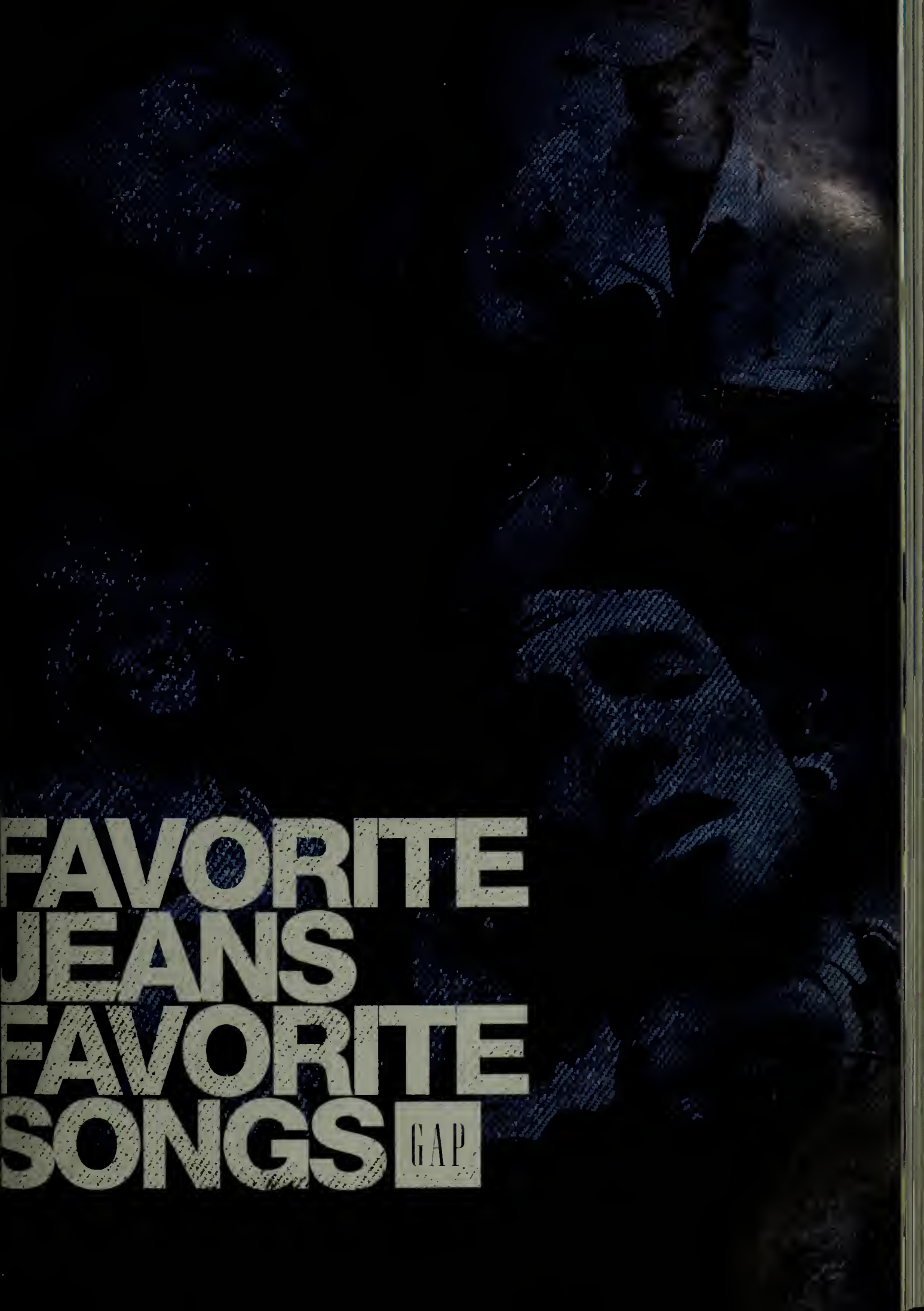
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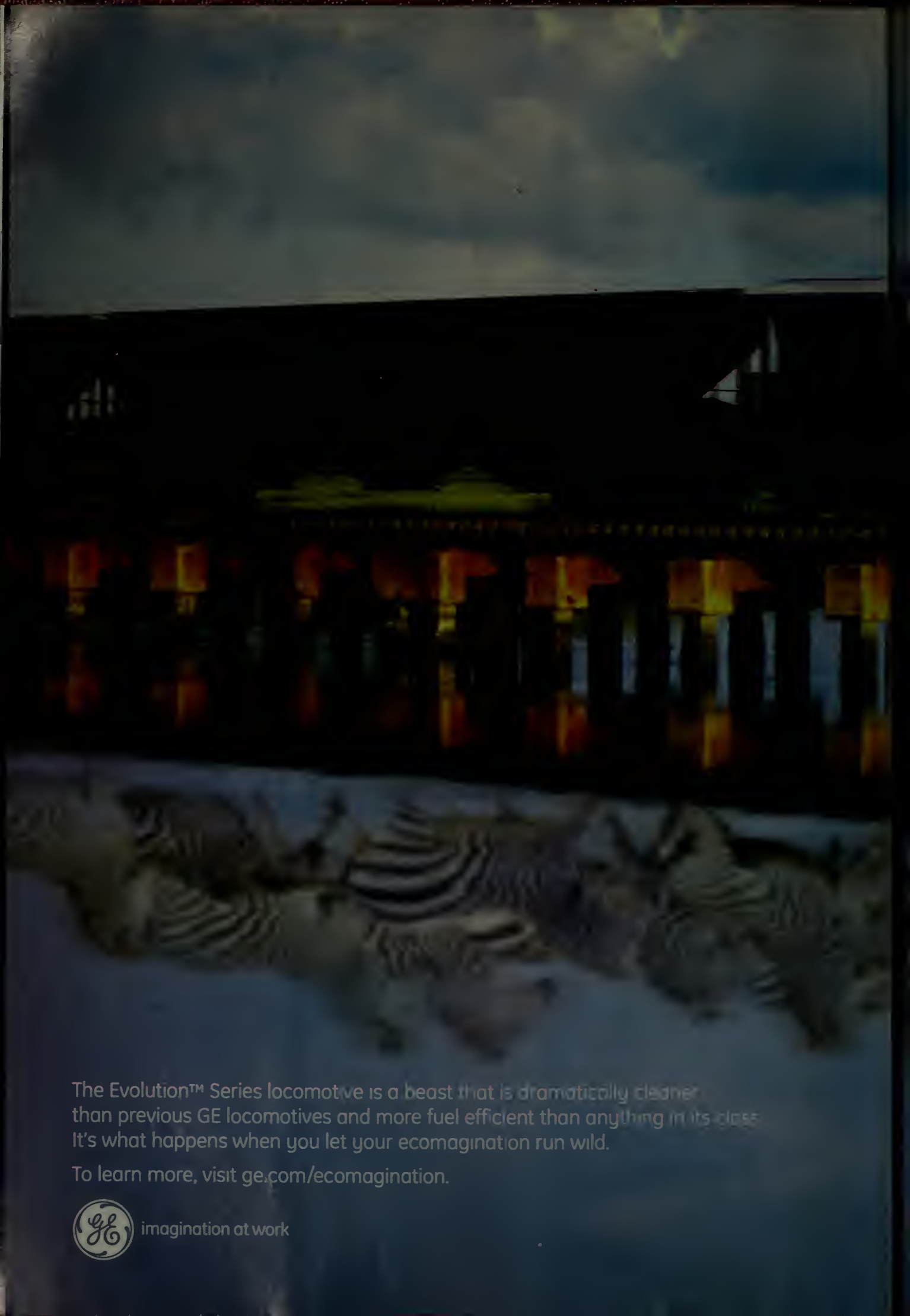
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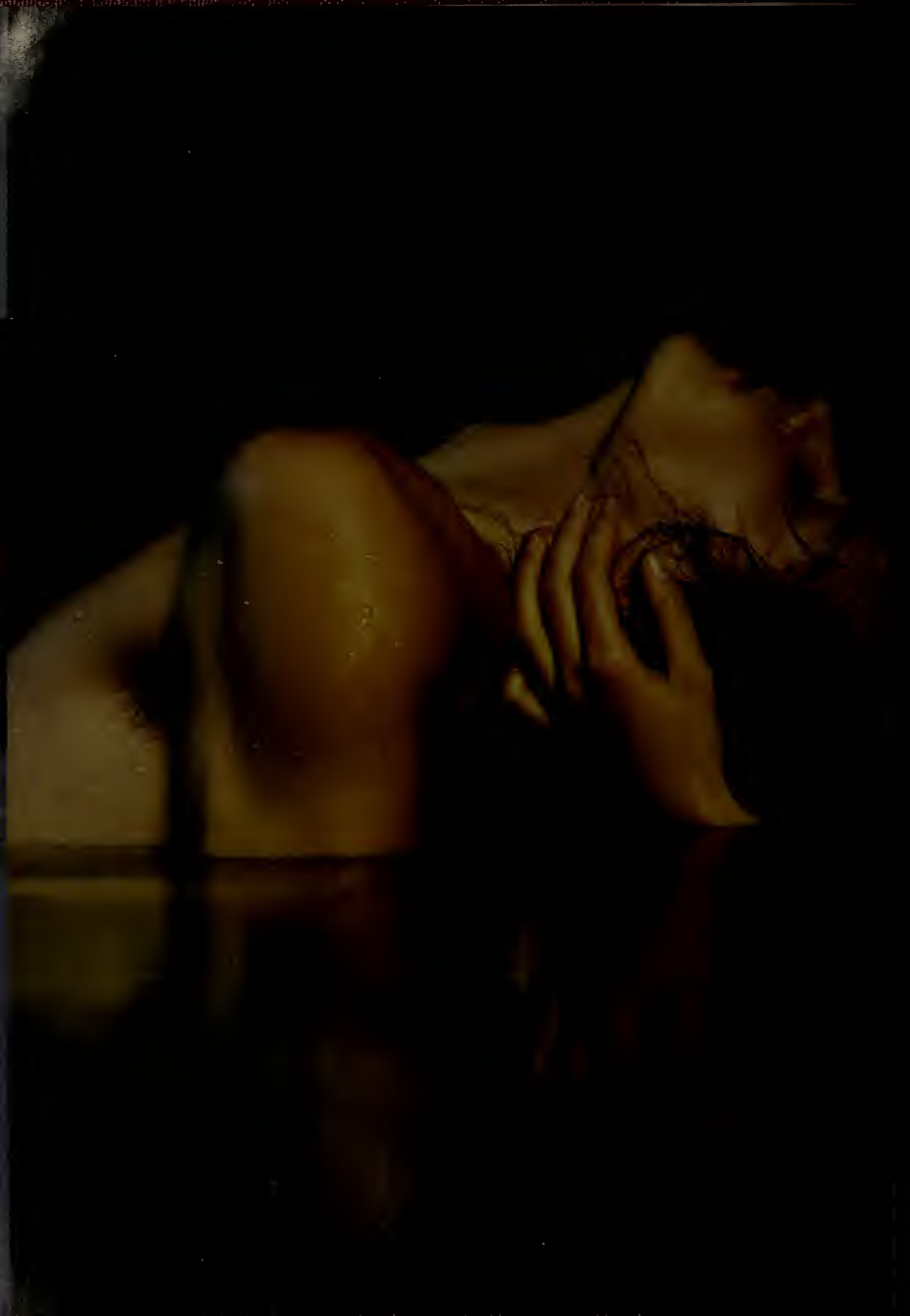


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Politicizing Terror



When terrorists set off four bombs in Central London on July 7, the U.S. Department of Homeland Security raised its color-coded alert level to orange for America's mass-transit systems. The last time the terrorist alert had been raised from yellow to orange was in August 2004, just three months before the presidential election. It stayed orange until November 10, eight days after the presidential election. Skeptics who believed this alert was politically motivated—that is to say convenient for the president—had cause for suspicion. It would seem to have been a safe political bet that voters all weirded out by alarms of impending attack would be much more inclined to retain a sitting president—especially a self-described "war" president—than an untested combatant. And, as we know, the bet paid off.

Former Homeland Security czar Tom Ridge remained the dutiful Bush & Co. team player throughout his tenure. Once he left the organization, however, he became increasingly forthcoming. "More often than not," he told *USA Today* earlier this year, "we were the least inclined to raise [the alert level]. Sometimes we disagreed with the intelligence assessment.... There were times when some people were really aggressive about raising it, and we said, 'For that?'"

The heightened alert that truly raised eyebrows was last August's, when financial institutions in New York, Washington, and Newark, New Jersey, were pinpointed as the targets of supposed al-Qaeda threats. This certainly got people who work in those buildings all jiggy. The orange alert came just three days after the Democratic convention, conveniently brushing news of it to the inside pages of most newspapers. And it came the day before First Lady Laura Bush and her twin daughters were scheduled to drop by the Citigroup building in New York, one of the structures specifically mentioned in the alert. The visit, not surprisingly, went off without incident. Do you really think a dent would put his wife and da in harm's way, even during the fi of an election? As expected, th pages of many U.S. newspape next day ran photographs of th ladies braving the dangers of O ville, and American voters we with the sort of image Britons l the Queen Mother when she v London's East End as it was bei eled during the German Blitz of War II. Never let it be said that Bush is not the president's chief

In this issue, Michael Wolff tackles the growing hoo-ha over second-greatest asset, Karl Rove. The scandal, known var as Rovegate, Leakgate, or C.I.A.-gate, is proving to be a ical whodunit in search of a catchy title and a third act. The White House has a warranted reputation for riding out this s scandal. But in the White House pressroom, normally a placid of approval-seeking koi fish, there are traces of blood in the w

Because the plotline of this drama is relatively simple, and b the story actually involves journalists, the Washington press appears to be on the hunt. Did Rove or his colleagues illegal Valerie Plame to reporters as a covert C.I.A. operative in order act revenge on her husband, former ambassador Joe Wilson? V had run afoul of Rove after he undercut a cornerstone of the a istration's rationale for going to war against Iraq by debunkin White House's claim that Saddam Hussein had attempted t chase uranium yellowcake from Niger. The Justice Depart appointed prosecutor looking into the matter has sent one nalist to jail for not telling him who told her about Plame. is Judith Miller of *The New York Times,* in the Joan of Arc r a lifetime.) *Time*'s White House correspondent Matt Cooper, was willing to make a similar stand, had his position compli when his boss, Time Inc. editor in chief Norman Pearlstine, d ed that the company was not above the law and therefore c erated with the prosecutor, handing over Cooper's notes. V takes the position *Why should a journalist go to jail to protect Rove?* And he makes a pretty convincing meal of it.

The rub in the relationship between the major news busin and Washington is that 30-plus years ago—when the press was ing the government by publishing the Pentagon Papers, or runnin Nixon administration to ground during Watergate—the three netw and their news divisions, along with Time Inc., were by today's dards owned by mom-and-pop operations. Now they are all m cogs in the machinery of far-flung entertainment complexes that rely on federal permission to complete their extensive growth p The owners of these media properties bask in the glow of prestige jewels give off. And their quality helps raise other ships in the porate armada—the big-time media equivalent of the articles in *boy.* This being the case, the people who own these assets, which democracy virtually amount to public trusts, should realize that st ing up for the principles of those assets—journalists' being allowe protect their sources, for one—is not just a cost of doing busir In the long run, it is good business. —GRAYDON CA



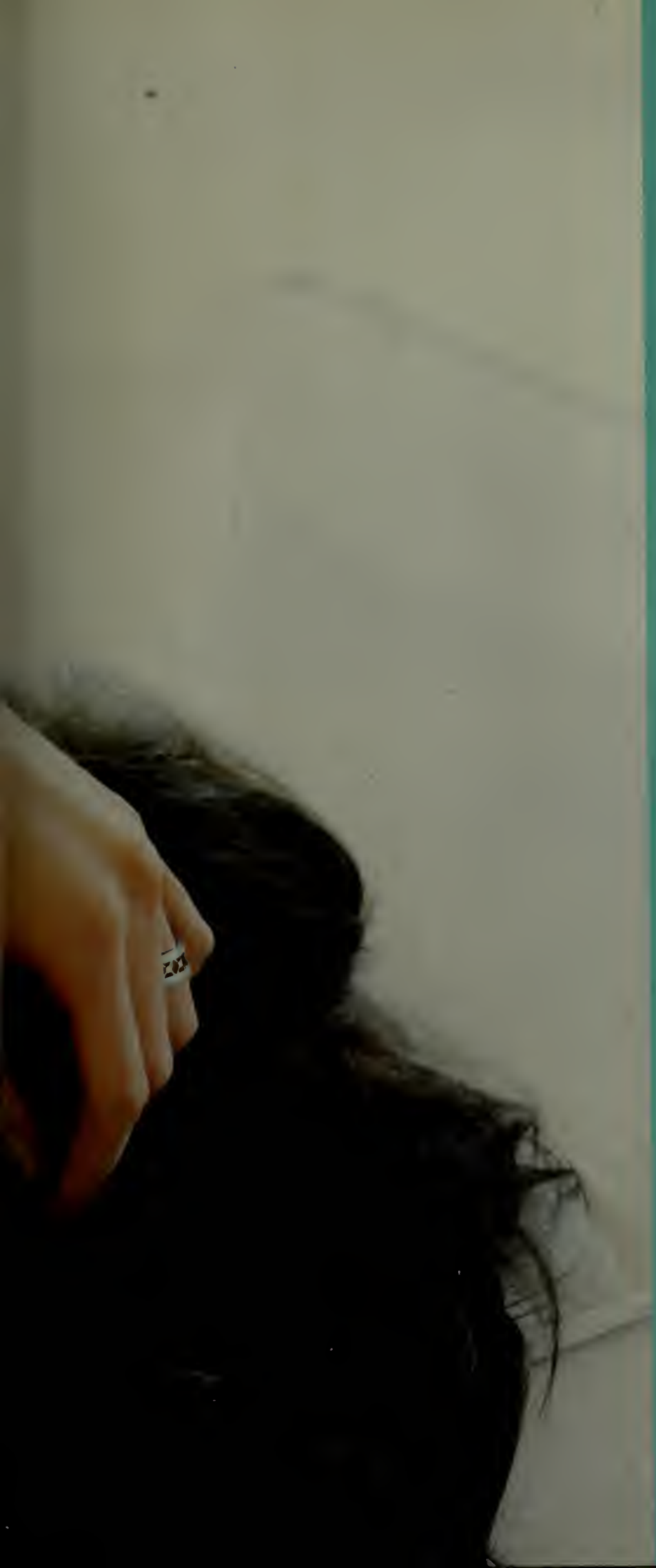
Revealing Beauty

ON THE COVER
Jennifer Anistan wears a pajama tap by Frette. Hair praducts by Kérastase Paris. Makeup praducts by Lancâme. Hair by Orlanda Pita. Makeup by Gucci Westman. Manicure by Gina Viviano. Set design by Bill Daig. Styled by Sarajane Haare. Photagraphed exclusively far *V.F.* by Maria Testina in Malibu, Califarnia, an June 16, 2005.

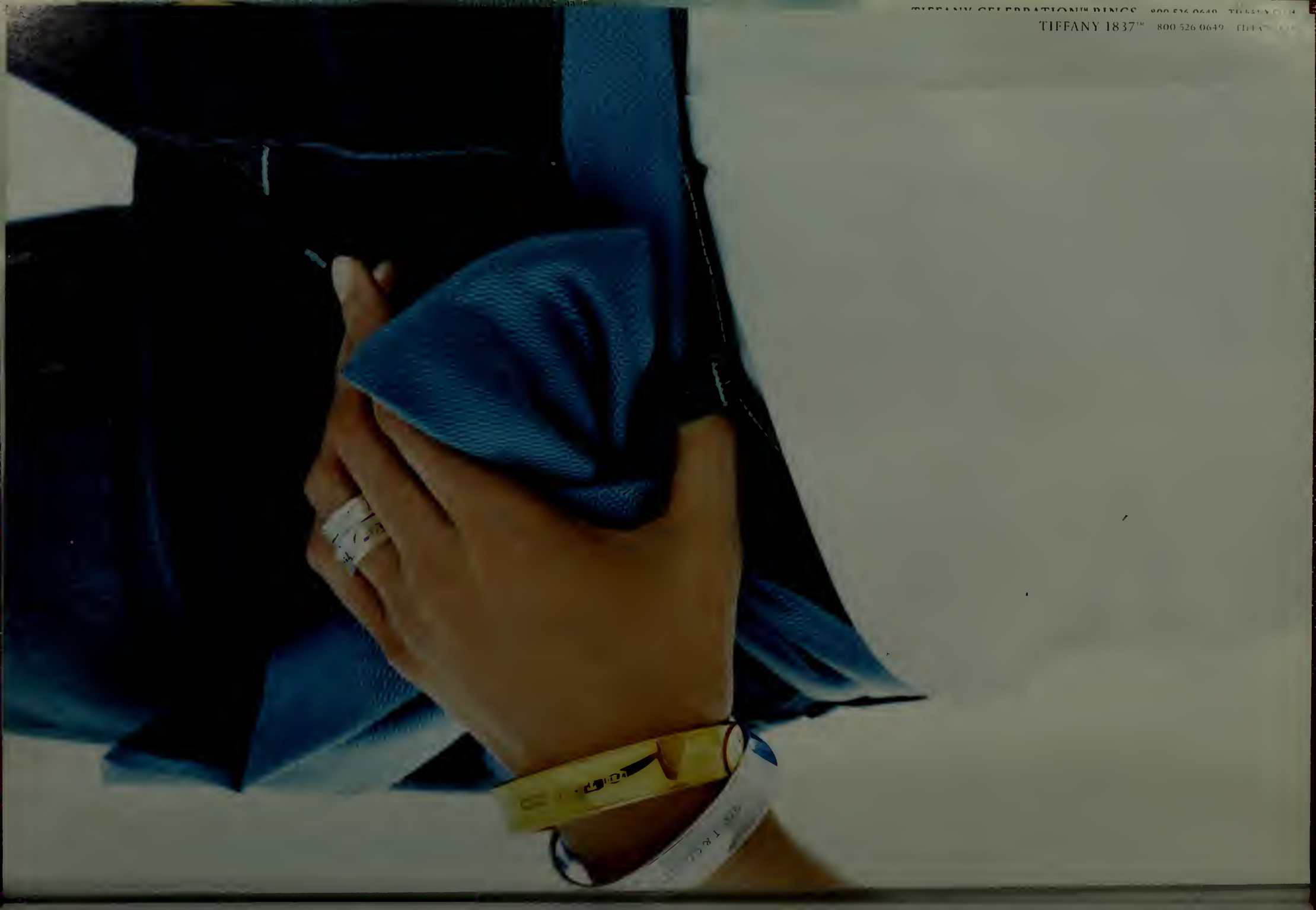
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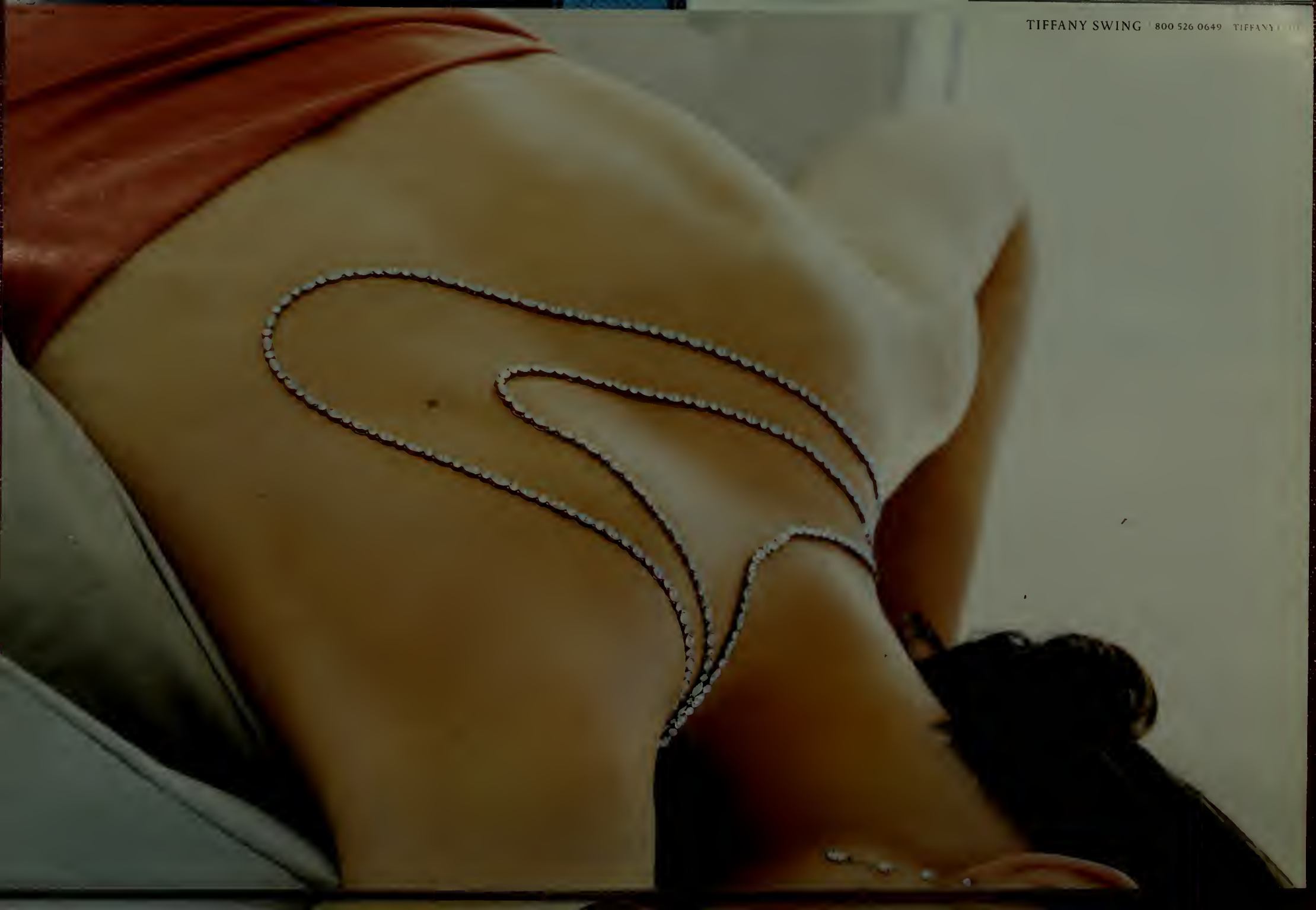




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ADAM WHITEHEAD

MARIO TESTINO, whose iconic images have included pictures Princess Diana, Madonna, Cameron Diaz, Gwyneth Paltrow, Keira Knightley, and Prince William, photographed Jennifer Aniston for this month's issue. "I have been given the opportu to shoot Jennifer several times for *Vanity Fair,*" he says, "and s has never looked as good as she does now. There was an intin on this shoot which allowed me to get something unusual." B Lima, Peru, but based in London since the late 70s, Testino h established himself as one of the world's foremost celebrity photographers. His books include *Front Row/Back Stage, An Objections?, Alive,* and *Party,* and his work was the subject of touring exhibition, "Mario Testino: Portraits," which premiere the National Portrait Gallery in London in 2002. As well as shooting for magazines such as *Vanity Fair, Vogue,* and *The F* Testino has also been a creative force behind provocative ad campaigns at Gucci, Burberry, Ralph Lauren, and Calvin Klei



After losing her husband, an F.D.N.Y. Squad 1 firefighter, at the World Trade Center on 9/11, **MARIAN FONTANA** was propelled to the fore as an advocate for the firefighting community, forming the 9/11 Widows' and Victims' Family Association. The group is actively involved in the 9/11 memorial process. "We just got a grant to open up a visitors' center and museum, located on Liberty across from Ground Zero," Fontana says. The project will ground in March 2006. "Right now we are organizing t slated to start in October or November. We wanted to prov firsthand account by residents, retired firefighters, and p who were actually at the site." An excerpt from Fontana's upco book, *A Widow's Walk* (Simon & Schuster), begins on page



HUGO BURNAND

Leaving her post in London to join *V.F.* as a monthly contributing travel editor, **VICTORIA MATHER** arrives with a résumé that includes work as a reporter for the BBC, CBS, and NBC; film critic for *The Daily Telegraph;* and travel editor for *Tatler.* At *Tatler,* Mather created the annual *Tatler* Travel Guide, including the "101 best hotels." She brings her expertise to *V.F.* for the first time this month, taking readers on a journey to one of her favorite places: the Maldives ("Marvelous Maldives," page 198). "I love anywhere I don't have to wear shoes," she says. The negative side to visiting all these fabulous destinations, Mather explains, is the airports. "They are hell nowadays. Private jet is the only way upward."



DANIEL MILLER

In his first articl for *Vanity Fair,* **MICHAEL BRON** a former produc for *60 Minutes I* looks at the incre pressures facing military recruite ("The Recruiters War," page 303). and the sometim tragic effects of their profession. Not normally pr to complain, these career soldiers felt compelled to express th misgivings, considering the country's current recruiting crisis. "The military is the core of all these guys' lives, and it's no sm thing for them to criticize it," Bronner says. "Most of them told me they've loved the military and most of what they've d there. They spoke with a strange mix of pride and shame."

CONTINUED ON PAG



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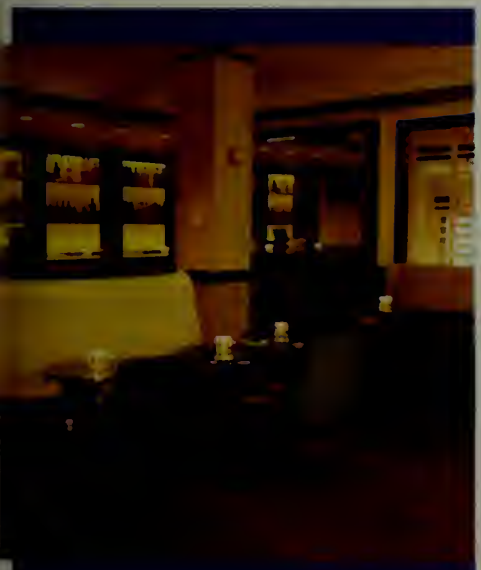
Benny Shobtai, Di MODOLO president ond C.E.O., Stocey Cooper, David Duchovny, and Anton Yelchin.



The stars of *House of D*: Robin Williams, Zelda Williams, Téo Leoni, ond David Duchovny.

AN EXCLUSIVE AFFAIR

On April 10, 2005, Di MODOLO and *Vanity Fair* joined forces to host a celebrity-studded screening of *House of D*, the new Lion's Gate Films release written and directed by David Duchovny, and an exclusive after-party. Held in New York City, the VIP event gathered more than 300 guests, including *House of D* cast members David Duchovny, Téa Leoni, Robin Williams, Anton Yelchin, and Zelda Williams, as well as Robert De Niro, Jane Rosenthal, Ellen Barkin, Griffin Dunne, Ben Stiller, and Christine Taylor.



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Tony Ponturo of Anheuser-Busch announces the winner of the 2005 Budweiser Filmmaker Discovery Award.


Mott Nie, the winning filmmoker, occepts his oward.

SALUTING FILM

On April 28, 2005, Budweiser's Tony Panturo presented the 2005 Budweiser Filmmoker Discovery Aword to Matt Nie in honor of his documentary, *Good Stuff: The Story of o Mon, o Dream, ond o Whale Lotta Kites*. More than 350 guests gothered ot New York's Tribeco Roaftap for the celebrotory event, hosted by Budweiser, TriggerStreet.com, ond *Vonity Fair*. The crowd enjoyed Budweiser, cocktoils, ond hors d'oeuvres, os well as music spun by o D.J., while saluting o talented young filmmaker.

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Vanity Fair's Matt Tyrnauer, who read from the winning essay.



Denise Scala, Montblanc director of marketing communications, and Jan-Patrick Schmitz, Montblanc North America C.E.O.

EXTRAORDINARY ESSAYS

On March 23, 2005, Montblanc and *Vanity Fair* joined forces to celebrate the 2004 *Vanity Fair* Essay Contest. More than 120 guests, including Museum of Modern Art Junior Associates members, made their way to the Montblanc store in New York to fête the contest's winners. Montblanc C.E.O. Jan-Patrick Schmitz and *Vanity Fair* editor-at-large Matt Tyrnauer hosted the event, toasted the essay contest, and mingled with the crowd.

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 136



Nearly five years ago, contributing editor **LESLIE BENNETTS** interviewed a newly married Jennifer Aniston for the May 2001 cover. She met her again last year when profiling Aniston's then husband, Brad Pitt. This month Bennetts revisits the star under very different circumstances. "This has been a terrible year for Aniston, but she's handled it with enormous grace and self-restraint," she says. "She hasn't been given enough credit for how classy her behavior has been, despite outrageous provocations." Bennetts is certain Aniston will end up wiser and happier in the long run. "She's gone through this ordeal with her head held high, her values securely in place, and her self-respect intact. She has a lot to feel proud about."



LESYA MALSKAYA

Three years ago, **BRETT FORREST** arrived in Moscow for a short trip and decided to stay. "I came on a visit—you know, Red Square, the books, the Soviet crack-up. I had r idea what went on here among wh they call the *Zolotoye Molodyozh*– the Golden Youth," Forrest says. "When I was fortunate enough to drawn into it as some element of international flavor, there was no w I was heading back." He shares his itch for travel and spontaneity with subjects of his piece this month, the creators of the file-sharing compan Kazaa. Forrest is also writing a no based on his experiences in Eastern Europe, which is tentatively titled *Moscow Is Hell.*



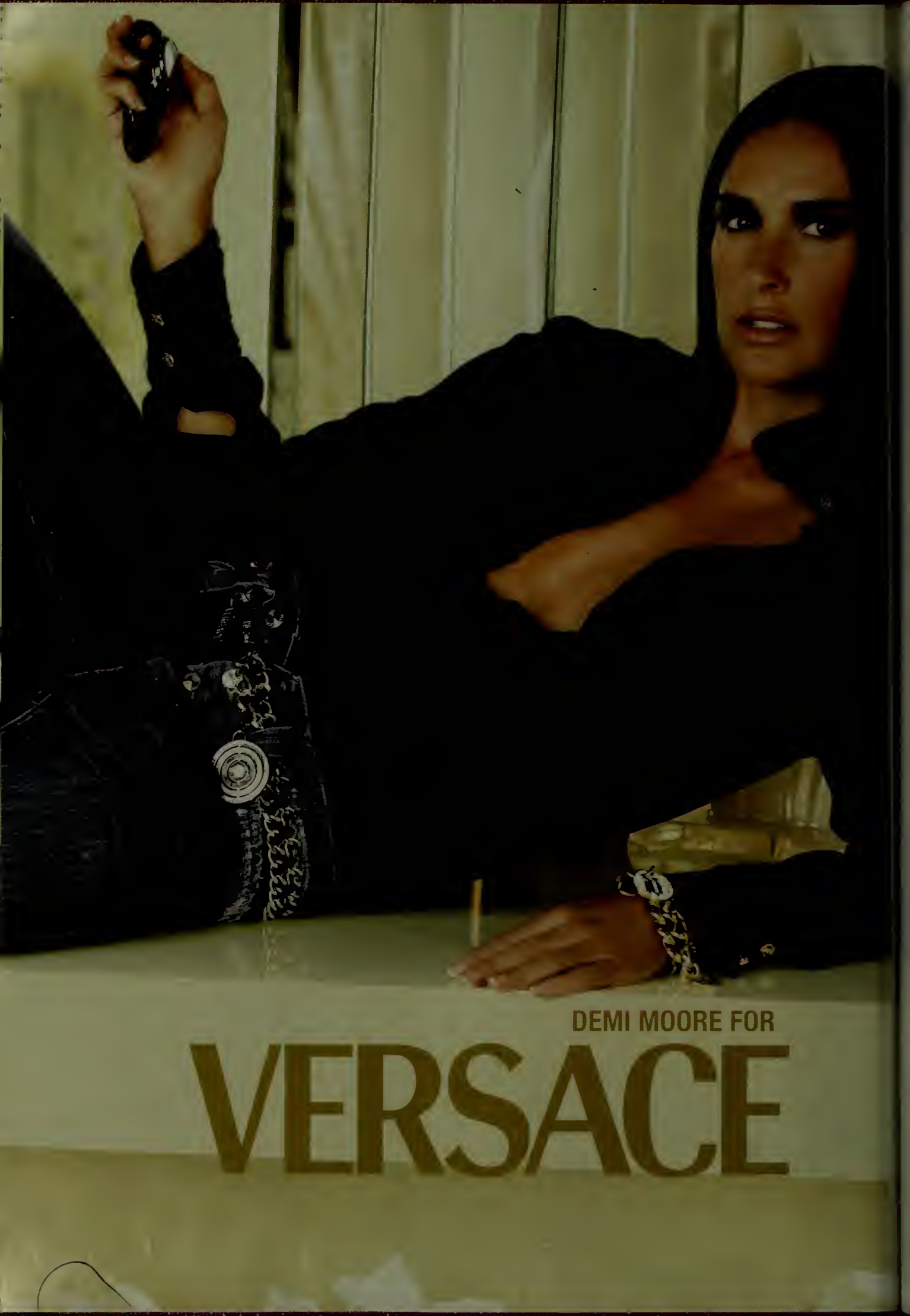
Though contributing editor **LAURA JACOBS** has written about dozens of designers, she was unfamiliar with the work of home-décor guru Cath Kidston. But as she headed to London for this month's piece "Sentimental Beauty," on page 360, Jacobs considered her innocence a blessing. "I came into it completely open to the product, and I could look at it with a clear eye." Upon their meeting, Jacobs instantly understood Kidston's empire. "It's the houses of Cath's childhood reborn in a contemporary way. She's attracting every generation, and they're all drawn to different aspects of line." Jacobs, who has been writing for *V.F.* for more than a decade, took notic Kidston's personal approach to business as well. "Empire building doesn't drive her. wants a shop that excites people—a shop people will never forg

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PHOTO BY JOAN MARCUS

Christopher Sieber as Sir Galahad and Sara Ramirez as Lady of the Lake.

CELEBRATING *MONTY PYTHON'S SPAMALOT*

On Thursday, March 3, 2005, *Vanity Fair* hosted an exclusive New York theater evening highlighting *Monty Python's Spamalot*, the Tony Award–winning medieval musical comedy based on the movie *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. VIPs and members of the production, including Christopher Sieber, Steve Rosen, John Du Prez, and Hugh Vanstone, turned out for the event, which began with a dinner at Bond 45, followed by a performance of the play.

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144



According to contributing editor **DAVID MARGOLICK,** a few decisive minutes in history can serve as the best window for understanding an era. Such is the case with the 1938 heavyweight bout between Joe Louis and Max Schmeling, the story of which is excerpted this month from Margolick's latest book, *Beyond Glory: Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling, and a World on the Brink* (Knopf). "That battle encapsulates many of the themes that have always interested me: civil rights, sports, Nazi culture, World War II, New York City, the politics of the 1930s, and the relationship between Jews and blacks," Margolick. "Like *Strange Fruit* [his book on the anti-lynching song that Billie H... made famous], this is about two minutes of history. It's a fascinating notion: focusing... very small chunk of time and then writing about all the emanations fro...



GASPER TRINGALE

Having covered parties in Havana, Saint-Tropez, Marrakech, and Gs... for *Vanity Fair* in the past, **KRISTI... STEWART WARD** had no problem... turning out this month's internatio... social calendar, which appears o... page 214. "Today's jet-setters don't mind changing time zones to atte... big party," she says. "They're soci... gypsies who grew up migrating al... the same flight patterns." A Morm... from Orange County, California, s... says that "this was not exactly sec... nature for me—though it's not har... to get used to it." Stewart Ward is writing a book on the economic ... social history of the jet set. Newly married, she divides her time betw... Los Angeles and New York City.



In writing about the American South, contributing editor **CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS** had to show considerable restraint ("My Red-State Odyssey," page 230). "The clichés are lurking in the keyboard, waiting to spring up on the page," he says. "One must be careful not to indulge the stereotypes, while not missing the fact that some southerners are rather proud of them." An established inhabitant of Washington, D.C., Hitchens realized only recently that he lived south of the Mason-Dixon Line—and had for years. "I've always liked southerners," he says, "and it may possibly be a kinship, an odd cousinhood of being British." Being British, as well as a longtime U.S. resident, placed Hitchens in an ideal position to write his latest book, *Thomas Jefferson: Author of America* (HarperCollins), with an eye toward fairness.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152


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CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 150



MATT HOLYOAK

As a journalist with an affinity exposing unsettling realities, contributing editor **DAVID RO** has a particular admiration for those who seek to do the s in their respective fields, such former F.B.I. translator Sibel Edmonds, the subject of his a "An Inconvenient Patriot," w he met while on tour for his bo *Guantánamo: The War on Hu Rights,* last November. "When started as a writer in Britain 25 years ago, one saw America as much more open," Rose re "It was a better climate for tho who wanted to draw attentio wrongdoing in or by officialdo Now it seems things have cha



When contributing photographer **HARRY BENSON** traveled to the United States with the Beatles in 1964, the Scottish lensman never made his return flight home. Instead he stayed Stateside, freeze-framing American history—from pop and movie stars to politicians and civilians—with the snap of a shutter. This month, the former *Life*-magazine staffer captured the subjects of Michael Bronner's story, "The Recruiters' War." "I've done military stories, and every military story has been very military. General Schwarzkopf even allowed me to travel with him in his helicopter d the Gulf War," Benson says. "But this was different. It was a sad story. All of the p were passionate about the military, but their passion had turned into des A mother was proud to have her son a Marine, but then everything turned aw



MARK SCHAFER

Assistant editor **FRED TURNER** has shepherded some of the most memorable articles to be printed in this magazine since he arriv in 2002, as deputy to senior articles editor Do Stumpf. "Whether it's d research or talking with the writers, it's fascinatin be involved on a story from concept to publicat to know the story behind the story and to help mold it," says Turner. As an inveterate outdoorsman—he rowed on the Harvard lightweight crew team and is an avid mounta climber—Turner remembers working on Ned Zeman's ASME-nominated piece. "The Man Who Loved Grizzlies," with particular fondness. Combining his insatiable thirst for adventure with his passion for journalism, Turner aspires to write about the wilderness and teach environmental history.


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WEIGHING 'DEEP THROAT'

Mark Felt: American hero or snitch?; Edward Klein's excerpt infuriates; Tehran is no Mexico City; Rove casts a spell; split over Jackson; and more.



THE ULTIMATE WHISTLE-BLOWER W. Mark Felt, photographed on April 29, 2005.

Mark Felt is a great man ["I'm the Guy They Called Deep Throat," by John D. O'Connor, July]. He is a true American hero. He stood up for what is right and just in unjust times. Who knows what stunts Richard Nixon would have pulled in the remainder of his second presidential term? People such as Felt make me proud to be an American.

SAUDIA J. ABDULLAH
Chicago, Illinois

I AM THANKFUL to Mark Felt for finally admitting he was "Deep Throat." "Courage" and "patriot" are words that will always be linked to his name.

JAN ZOCH
Denver, Colorado

MARK FELT WAS, is, and always will be known as a snitch. He passed on confidential F.B.I. information to two reporters who made a good living from it. As an F.B.I. agent, he was supposed to be trustworthy. He is not the hero everyone is trying to make him out to be.

DAN FOWLER
Skippack, Pennsylvania

THE DAY MARK FELT was identified as Deep Throat, I heard a radio commentator wonder how many Americans cared. I wonder, too. Last year, I submitted a letter to a popular magazine—not a newsmagazine per se but one that regularly draws upon the events of the day. One of the magazine's editors called. She was baffled by a reference to "Deep Throat" in my letter. "The Watergate source," I clarified. Awkward silence. It shortly became apparent not only that this young editor was utterly ignorant of Bob Woodward's garage informant, but also that she had only the dimmest notion of what "Watergate" referred to. Sure, it's been more than 30 years, but holy cow.

DAVID ENGLISH
Somerville, Massachusetts

DOES MARK FELT'S daughter, Joan, w by my calculations, was approximately years old when Nixon resigned, hones expect anyone to believe that she did recognize Bob Woodward's name, even ter he identified himself as a journal from *The Washington Post*? Please!

LORETTA RAI
Santa Monica, Californ

AS A DEVOUT FOLLOWER of Waterga I was deeply disheartened to find out th Deep Throat was nothing more than angry, frustrated F.B.I. protégé of J. Edg Hoover's. I had, for all these years, hope that he would turn out to be someone great character, such as Daniel Ellsber who risked going to jail for 115 years t bring us the truth about the Vietnam Wa He really is an American hero. Mr. Felt not. He is a man who betrayed the citizen of this country by engaging in "black bag practices while working for the F.B.I.

Moreover, Mr. Felt's admission obvi ously caught *The Washington Post*, Bob Woodward, and Carl Bernstein complete ly off guard. For this deliberate snub h should be most ashamed. These men stayed faithful to the arrangement they had witl Mr. Felt for 30 years. They deserved better.

DAWN PIZZORNO HANSEN
Las Vegas, Nevada

I AM THE WHISTLE BLOWER in the case o "American Taliban" John Walker Lindh As a Justice Department ethics attorney, I advised against interrogating Lindh without his counsel. After the F.B.I. questioned him anyway, I advised that the intervie might have to be sealed and used onl for intelligence-gathering purposes. I wro more than a dozen e-mails regarding th legality of Lindh's interrogation.

After I inadvertently learned that th judge in the case had requested copies o the Justice Department's internal correspo dence and that this court order, which was deliberately concealed from me, was only selectively complied with—only two of my e-mails were turned over—I tried to correct the situation. I discovered that my e-mails were missing from the office file, and went to great lengths to resurrect them from m computer's archives in order to give them to my boss. Then I resigned.

Months later, CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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Look for the special insert in this issue for a sneak peek at some of the iconoclasts featured on the show. Then check out the November issue to learn more about these and other personalities.

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LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156 when I heard the Justice Department still making public statements that it had "never" taken the position that Lindh was represented by counsel, I disclosed my e-mails—which contradicted the Justice Department's statements—to *Newsweek*.

Public servants have a duty to leak. When wrong things are being done right before your eyes, when you are an unwilling or unwitting participant, when your complaints through internal channels fall on deaf ears, when the agency itself is part of the problem, as in Mark Felt's experience and in mine, then a free and independent press is the answer, and a legally recognized, time-honored way to blow the whistle. Thank you, *Vanity Fair,* for giving Mark Felt the credit he is due.

JESSELYN RADACK
Washington, D.C.

SIDING WITH HILLARY

I HAVE BEEN a loyal *Vanity Fair* subscriber for 20 years. I love your magazine and normally read it cover to cover. I was appalled, however, by the inclusion of the excerpt from Edward Klein's book about Hillary Clinton ["Hillary's Way," July]. Basically, the book is nothing more than a hit piece on a distinguished senator who has devoted many years of her life to public service.

To run an excerpt from this book is, frankly, beneath the dignity of your publication. You can do much better, and I hope you remember that for future issues.

JEFFREY STEWART
Los Angeles, California

I CANNOT refrain from expressing my sincere disgust with your decision to excerpt Edward Klein's Hillary Clinton screed. Badly written, laughably researched, and utterly scurrilous, the book isn't fit for print, let alone to be showcased in your magazine.

RICHARD BRAUN
New York, New York

MAY I EXPRESS my deep disappointment with your poor choice to include an excerpt from Edward Klein's book. It's bad enough that you would publish such drivel, but to hype it so gleefully on your cover, as if you had some great scoop, was pathetic.

BARBARA ILLES
Santa Monica, California

AS AN ELECTED OFFICIAL, a former chief of staff to U.S. senator Pat Moynihan, and a former press secretary to D.C. mayor Anthony A. Williams, I have mud-wrestled hundreds of reporters on a wide range of issues for nearly 25 years. During this time, I have never come across a journalist who began research on a book with such a firm and pre-determined point of view.

When Edward Klein spoke with me, I could sense his disappointment when I could not confirm the many salacious and negative allegations that he had so meticulously collected.

I am sorry to learn that I have been recognized in the acknowledgments section of the book. I am a strong supporter of Senator Hillary Clinton's. I think she is a terrific senator and one of the finest political minds in modern politics. New Yorkers are lucky to have her in their corner.

The Ed Kleins of the world keep good people from wanting to get involved in public life, lest they be subjected to the kind of trashing that he has become so famous for.

TONY BULLOCK
Washington, D.C.

I AM EXTREMELY UPSET that you chose to promote the trashy book on Senator Hillary Clinton. What a dishonor to a brillant public official. I do not understand why the mainstream media allow these kinds of smear campaigns to flourish.

AMY GLASS
New York, New York

I WAS VERY DISAPPOINTED to read an excerpt from Edward Klein's book on Hillary Clinton. As a subscriber, I have come to expect a much higher standard of reliability and credibility in your articles.

SCOTT McNABB
Ada, Michigan

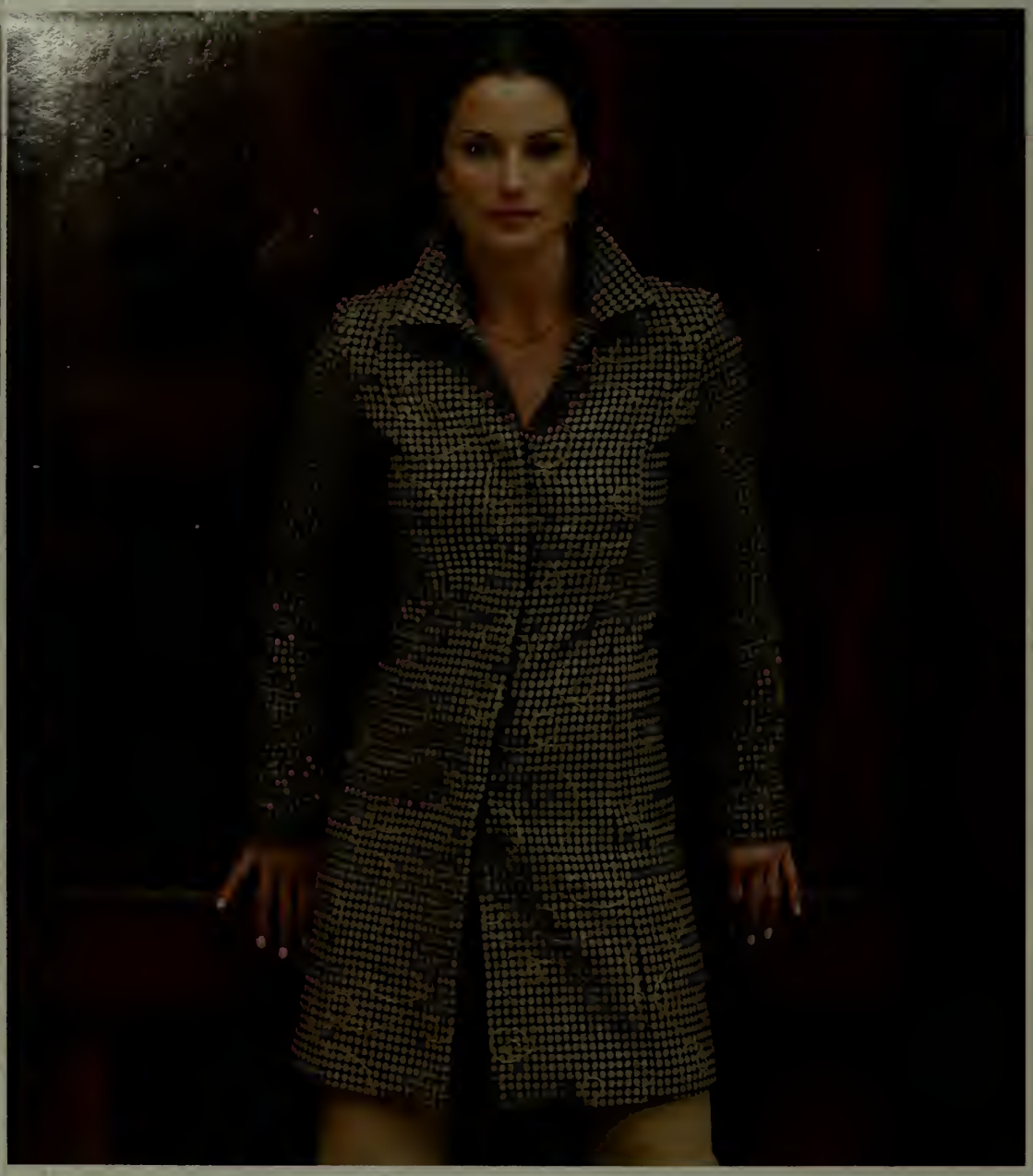
I AM a (generally very satisfied) subscriber. I know that many people will register their disgust with your stooping to print from this execrable book. I just want to make sure I am among them.

JOHN WOODING
Kew Gardens, New York

EDWARD KLEIN RESPONDS: More often than not, critics on shaky ground prefer to hurl invective rather than deal with substance. And so it comes as no surprise that my detractors have avoided engaging with the substance of the excerpt in Vanity Fair, *which dealt with the unflattering opinion held by Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and his wife, Elizabeth, of Hillary Clinton. I interviewed Liz Moynihan—a woman whom I have known for more than 30 years—on September 17, 2003. According to the transcript of our conversation, when I told Liz I was writing a book on Hillary, the first words out of her mouth were: "I can't stand her."*

I interviewed Tony Bullock on two occasions—March 2 and March 11, 2004—and he confirmed that the Moynihans indeed had a negative view of Hillary. "Pat wasn't pleased by the idea of Hillary CONTINUED ON PAGE 174

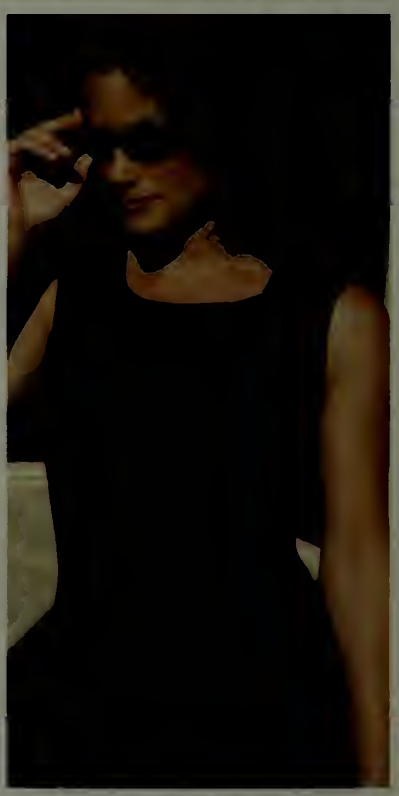

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168 *running for his seat," Tony told me. "In fact, Liz said, 'How's that going to work? She's not from New York.' Liz and Pat waited to see someone [in the Democratic Party] pop up to run against Hillary. But no one did."*

As for Tony Bullock's Pecksniffian lecture about my trashing public figures, this is what he had to say to me about Hillary's personal relationship with Charles Schumer, her fellow Democratic senator from New York: "Schumer and Hillary are jealous of each other and their staffs don't like each other. There is a lot of tension there. Hillary has what Chuck has always wanted—the admiration of the media. She has a certain stature and elegance to her; she can be very funny, has an intellectual quality. Chuck is a hardworking, constituent-service guy. He would like to be more like Pat Moynihan than Al D'Amato, but he will end up being like Al."

A QUESTION OF IRAN

I AM WRITING TO COMMENT on a recent article by Christopher Hitchens entitled "Iran's Waiting Game" [July]. I would like to thank Mr. Hitchens for writing about how Iranians truly feel both inside and outside of Iran and what they want for the future of their country. In today's Western media, astute articles like his are, unfortunately, a rarity.

My first comment is about Mr. Hitchens's apparent fascination with meeting a Khomeini. Iranians do not regard Hossein Khomeini—whose grandfather was an inhumane terrorist and Islamist Fascist with complete disregard for Iran and its people, culture, and heritage—with such awe.

My second comment is with respect to Hossein Khomeini's concerns about Mr. Reza Pahlavi's potential claim to the throne. In short, nobody cares what Hossein Khomeini thinks, nor is he in any position to ask whether Pahlavi's descendants should give up their claim to the throne. Regardless of any mistakes that dynasty might have made, its kings did help build Iran, not the Islamic Republic of Iran. Ultimately, it is for the people to decide what political capacity certain individuals will have in the new Iran once they have removed the Khomeinis from their soil.

SHEDA VASSEGHI
Washington, D.C.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS'S piece about his last visit to Iran brought me to my knees. Never has a piece written about the current state of Iran reverberated so strongly or been so deftly accurate. His grasp of our beautiful, complex, tormented, and dying "Persian soul" brought tears to my eyes. Having returned to my homeland this past November for the first time in 19 years (I was nine when we escaped), I, too, breathed the same polluted air while sitting in traffic for hours as I drove around Tehran. And I, too, bore witness to a city of immense culture, history, and beauty that seems to have stood still since February 1979.

N. NAZHAND
Washington, D.C.

I WAS DISAPPOINTED that Christopher Hitchens, in his Iran piece, did not mention Canada's Zahra Kazemi, who was murdered in prison in Tehran in July 2003. Ms. Kazemi, a journalist, was taking pictures outside a prison when she was arrested. She died two weeks later after being horribly tortured. The Iranian government, after claiming for months that she died from a stroke, has not allowed her remains to be sent back to Canada, nor will they allow a neutral forensic examination of her body. Is it any wonder that the young people are disillusioned with their "government"?

BETH SALE
Crystal Beach, Ontario

THANK YOU, Christopher Hitchens, for writing such a perceptive and heartfelt article on Iran. It is obvious that you have a high regard for its heritage and ancient culture. Like you, I wish there were more Persia and less Iran in my own country today.

LADAN M. RAFII
Ottawa, Ontario

I WAS APPALLED at Christopher Hitchens for comparing Tehran to Calcutta and Mexico City. Mexico City is one of the world's most sophisticated cities. It has great restaurants, hotels, museums, and historical attractions. Your sister publication *Condé Nast Traveler* recently raved about Mexico City's renaissance. The city's current government has cleaned up the air quality, restored hundreds of buildings in the historic center, and eased traffic congestion. I can only believe that neither Mr. Hitchens nor your editors have visited Mexico City lately. They should make the trip—now!

JAMES CLARK
Chula Vista, California



KEEPING A WATCHFUL EYE
A view of Iran's capital, Tehran, with a billboard featuring Ayatollah Khomeini, February 7, 2000.

THE ROVE OBSESSION

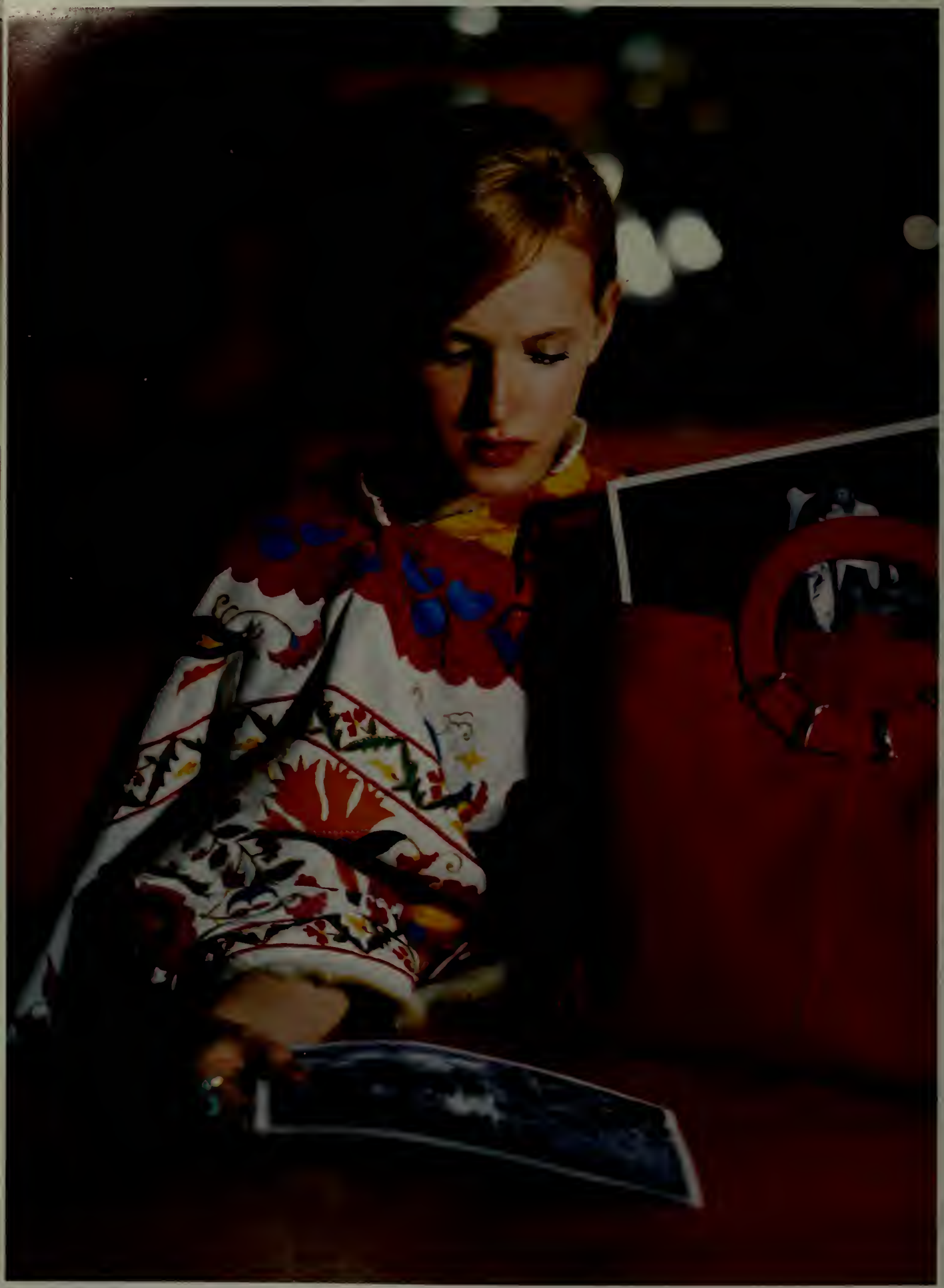
I THOROUGHLY ENJOYED Michael Wolff's article "The Power of Rove," in your July issue. I had the pleasure of meeting Karl Rove this past May. Having worked with the College Republicans in his youth, Mr. Rove graciously accepted the request of the Montana College Republicans to speak with us privately for CONTINUED ON PAGE 180



kate spade

NEW YORK

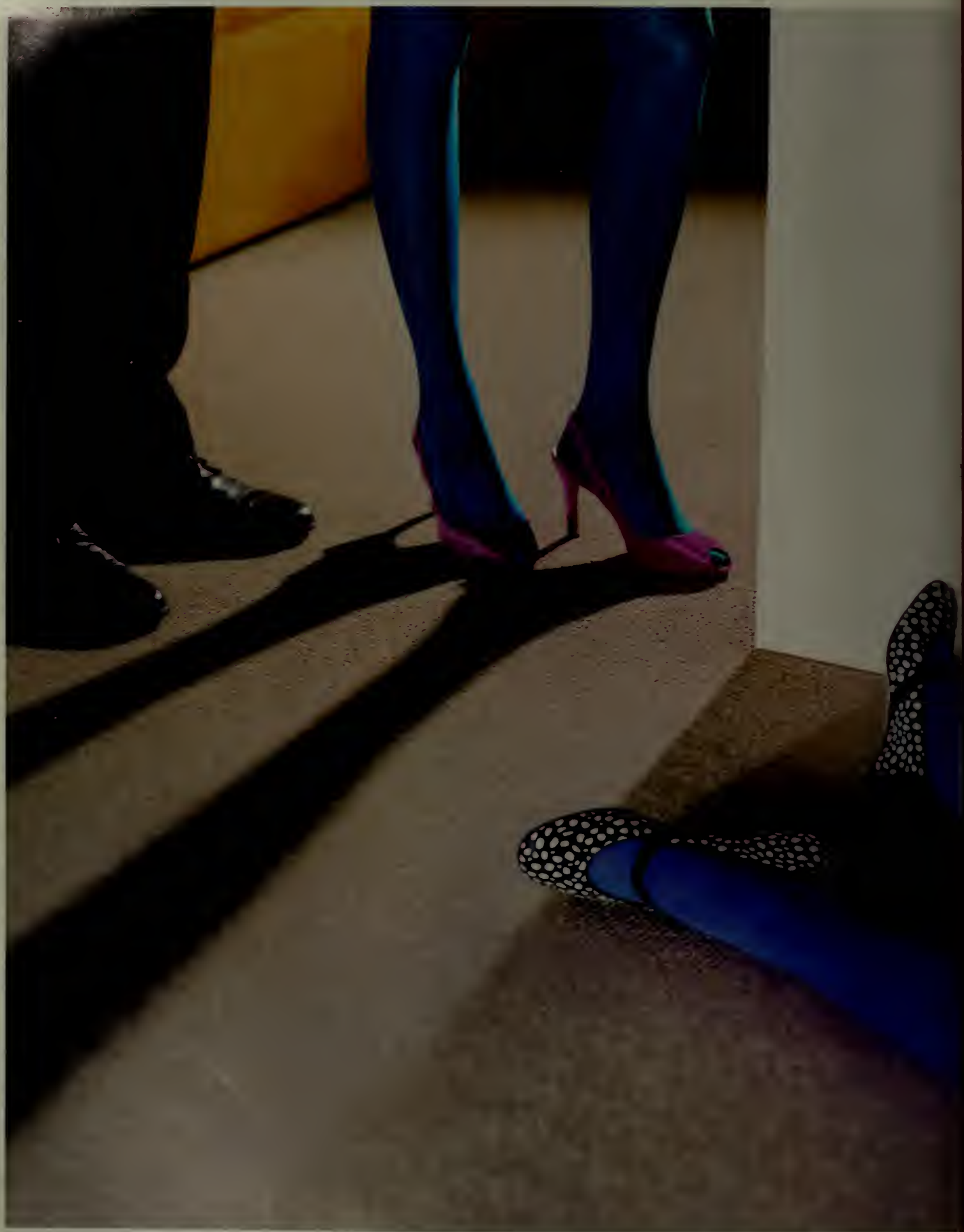
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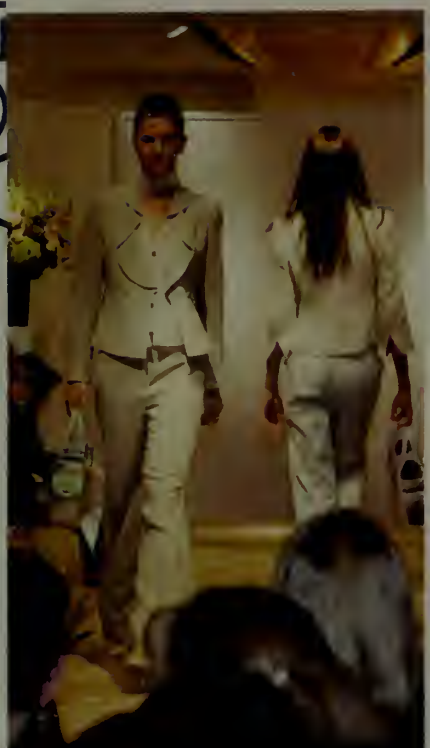
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Models show off fashions from the Spring 2005 bridge collections.



Guests enjoy the stylish event.

UNVEILING SPRING FASHION

The third floor of Lord & Taylor on Fifth Avenue in New York City was the site of an exclusive fashion preview on Thursday, April 7, 2005. Hosted by Lord & Taylor and *Vanity Fair*, the event drew more than 300 guests for a runway [illegible] the Spring 2005 bridal fashion collections. Cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, [illegible] shopping, and the chance to win a $500 wardrobe from a featured designer completed the [illegible]

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 174 a few moments before our annual Lincoln-Reagan Day Dinner. I was taken aback by his charm and his passion. As someone who has become rather skeptical of President Bush, I attempted to take everything Mr. Rove said about his employer with a grain of salt. This became impossible. Over the half-hour that he spent with us students, and through the course of his speech to the 200-plus attendees during dinner, I became enamored and enchanted. Never before have I seen this kind of straightforward, intelligent charm. How refreshing to read Mr. Wolff's point of view—exasperation and admiration. His description of Rove as "strictly out of Ayn Rand" was spot-on. I haven't been this inspired since *Atlas Shrugged*.

SABRINA HOLLAND
Butte, Montana

AS LONG AS KARL ROVE continues in the role of master puppeteer of public policy in this administration, the American public, not just Democrats, should be afraid—very afraid.

CARYL J. FRAWLEY
Louisville, Kentucky

MICHAEL WOLFF'S PIECE on Karl Rove feeds the liberal compulsion to blame someone, anyone, for the shriveling support for their ideas. They simply cannot accept that it's due to their weak candidates, their anti-Americanism, their anti-family initiatives, their U.N. coddling, and their anti-religious rhetoric. No, instead they blame Rove.

Is it that difficult for them to come to grips with the fact that conservatives actually uphold the values they profess, and vote for the candidates that best exemplify them? Or do liberals honestly believe that 62 million Bush voters were simply mesmerized by Rove?

MICHAEL J. NELSON
Minneapolis, Minnesota

BEYOND THE VERDICT

TALENT, STAR-STUDDED SUPPORT, expensive attorneys, cadres of henchmen who do his bidding—all of this aside, Michael Jackson is still nothing but a pedophile who preys on young boys ["C.S.I. Neverland," by Maureen Orth, July]. Give it another 5 to 10 years, he'll be back on trial again for the same reasons. Obviously, the man does not want to take no for an answer. Stay tuned.

J. MICHAEL OLSON
Houston, Texas

MICHAEL JACKSON'S acquittal must have surprised many of Maureen Orth's readers. But it was the weakness of the prosecution's case, not Jackson's celebrity, that led to the verdict.

Orth omits critical information favorable to Jackson throughout her article. She neglects to mention anywhere that the accuser testified that he was molested after the Martin Bashir documentary had aired, when the focus of the world was on Jackson. She also fails to tell readers that the accuser's testimony about the dates and number of times he was allegedly molested differed markedly from what he had previously told investigators.

While Orth's brand of journalism is certainly popular, is it really fair to omit key facts when a man is on trial and his life, reputation, and family are on the line?

CAROLINE ZANE
Rochester, New York

MAUREEN ORTH RESPONDS: My article states that the accuser's mother testified that Michael Jackson had his assistant call her "out of the blue" to invite the family to Neverland, where the boy was filmed by Martin Bashir for the documentary without her knowledge; she did not learn about her son's appearance until after the documentary was aired in Europe and she was contacted by tabloid reporters. I also report that there was no further contact with the family until Jackson summoned them to Miami for a press conference that never took place. Thus it is implicit that the molestations would have taken place after the documentary aired.

As for the accuser changing his story about the times and numbers of the molestations, the prosecution changed the time line of the molestations from the first charges to the indictment after they found more evidence, principally the rebuttal video, to narrow the time line. The boy always said he distinctly remembered being molested twice; he was vague about other times he felt had occurred, mostly because he was drunk from liquor he said Jackson had plied him with. The prosecution went with the two molestations he said he remembered in detail.

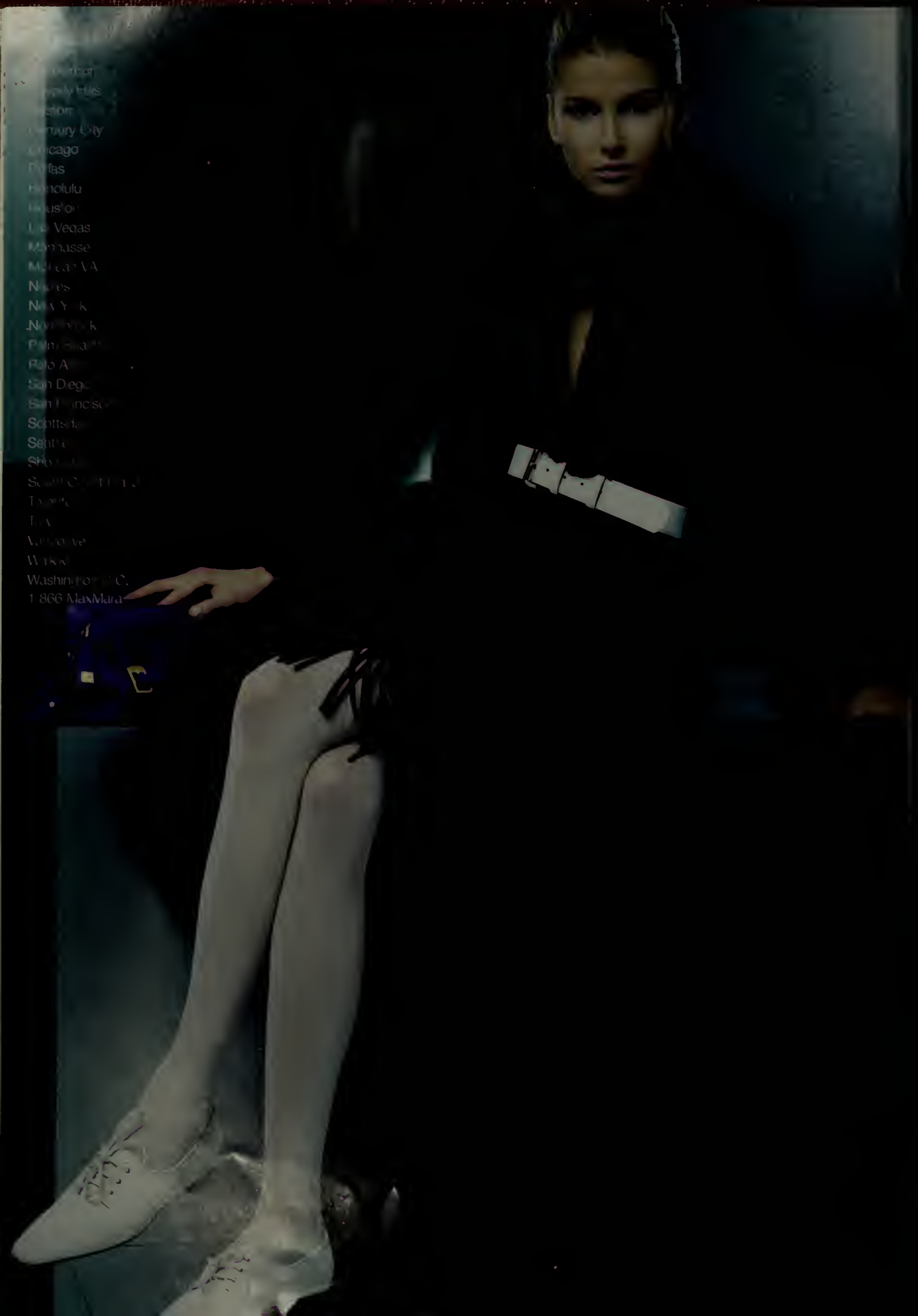
THOUGH I WAS DISAPPOINTED by Maureen Orth's story, I would like to commend the photo editor for the collage of Jackson photos that accompanied the article. The collage offered a persuasive interpretation of the events.

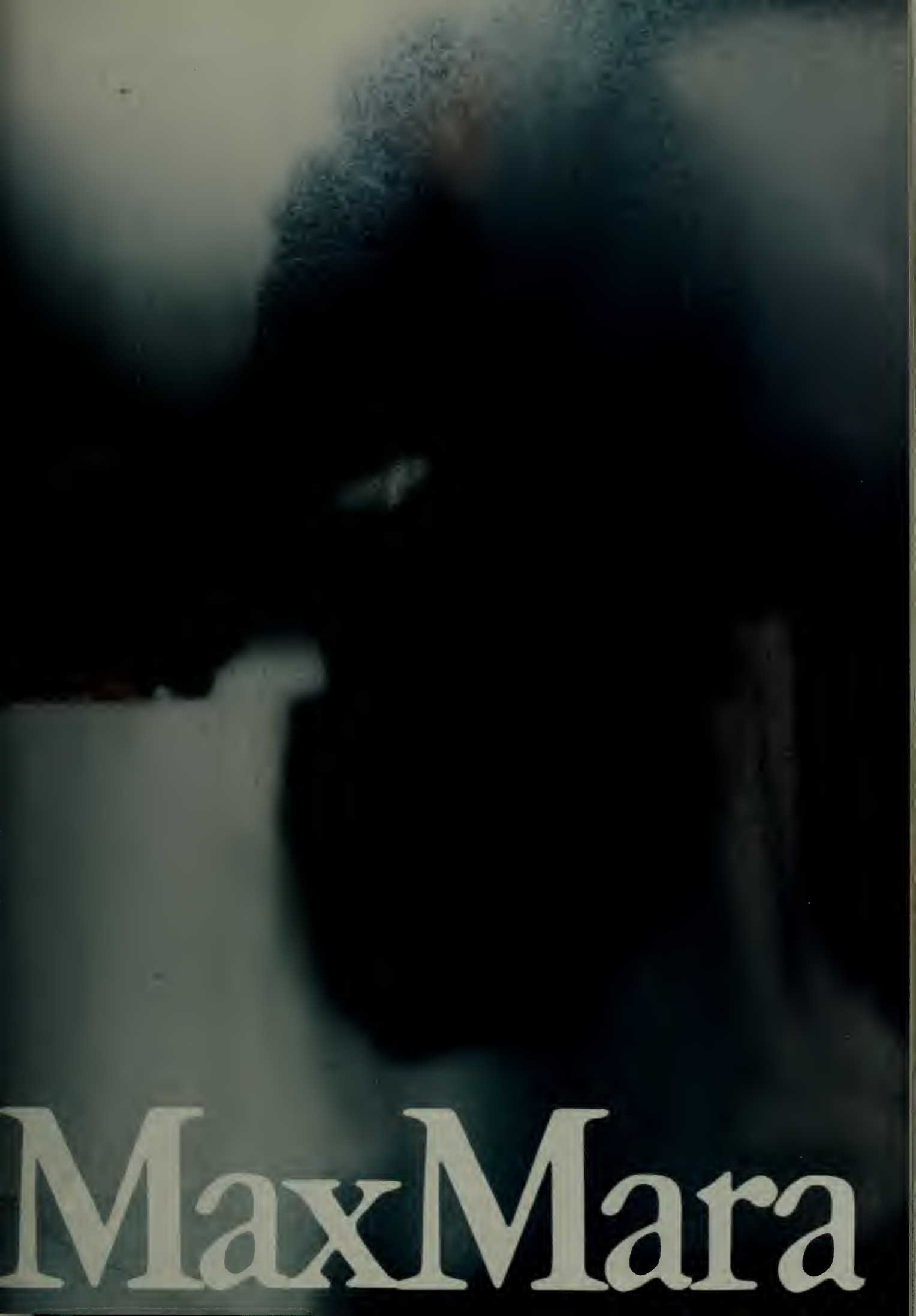
JACQUELINE C. JONES
Dillon, South Carolina

SLAVES TO CHOCOLATE

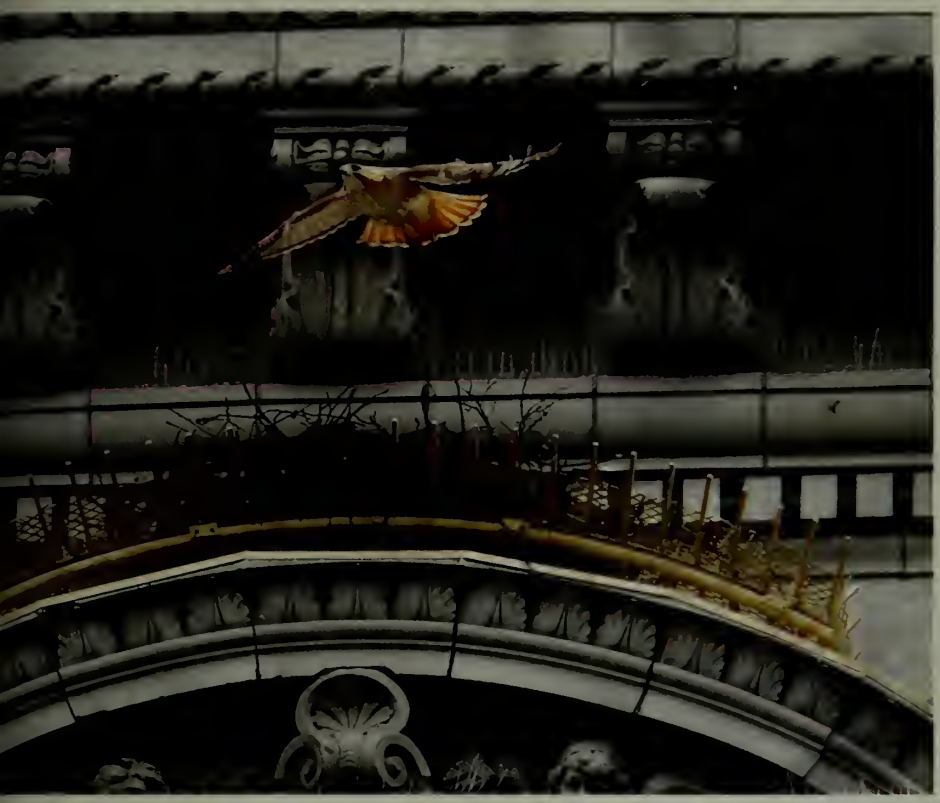
READERS OF YOUR JUNE EXCERPT from Michael Finkel's book *True Story: Murder, Memoir, Mea Culpa* ["The Journalist and the Murderer"] may be left with the mistaken impression that the worst forms of child labor, including child trafficking on cocoa farms in the Ivory Coast, are exaggerated. Unfortunately, this is not the case, and I would like to clarify some of the facts surrounding this CONTINUED ON PAGE 185


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TAKING FIFTH
Pale Male rebuilds his and Lola's nest on the façade of the apartment building at 927 Fifth Avenue, in Manhattan, February 16, 2005.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 180 important issue.

According to a 2002 independent study, funded in part by the chocolate industry, there are at least 200,000 child workers laboring in hazardous and inhumane conditions on Ivorian cocoa farms. A significant number are the victims of child trafficking. Official bodies, including the United Nations Security Council, the International Organization for Migration, the International Labour Organization, and the U.S. State Department, have corroborated these facts.

The situation for trafficked and migrant children in West Africa is complicated by the fact that they are often unaware of the transactions involved in their movement. While some children do migrate willingly, there is no question that both groups find themselves working in exploitative situations.

Along with other organizations, Save the Children Canada has been instrumental in exposing and responding to the problems of child trafficking, exploitation, and abuse in West African cocoa production. Working closely with U.S. and Canadian chocolate-industry leaders, government officials, nongovernmental organizations, and media, we are strengthening child-protection policies and mechanisms, re-integrating and educating affected children, and addressing the root causes, such as poverty, of the vulnerability of some children to trafficking.

Save the Children Canada is supportive of children expressing their thoughts to the media, if they wish to share them. From our experience, we have learned that listening is the key to successfully interviewing children. A child may have a true story to tell, but there is no point in telling it to someone who is not listening. In this case, Finkel appears not to have listened well enough to the children he *said* he interviewed.

RITA S. KARAKAS
C.E.O., Save the Children Canada
Toronto, Ontario

FIFTH AVENUE'S BOLDFACED BIRDS

YOUR ARTICLE ["Ruffled Feathers on Fifth Avenue," by Frank DiGiacomo, July] about the actions taken against Pale Male and his mate, Lola, almost made me ill. What is wrong with these self-important people that they could not find a way to enjoy these hawks, who were merely trying to nest and raise their young?

This is a sad statement on the rich and out-of-touch, who don't seem to care that there are other inhabitants of this earth besides themselves.

NANCY ROBERTS
Houston, Texas

IN HIS ENTERTAINING and engrossing article, Frank DiGiacomo writes that *Le Monde* "dubbed Pale Male New York's 'faucon fétiche,' or hawk fetish."

A "faucon fétiche" is a fetish hawk, not a hawk fetish. The 1973 Petit Larousse French dictionary defines "fétiche" as an



IT'S "THE BEST PARTY ON THE WEB."

—The Independent (U.K.)

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From James Wolcott's must-read blog to the "Daily Dose" of must-click links (to vital sites for gossip, news, culture, and opinion), from Michael Lutin's horoscope to a freewheeling online forum, VanityFair.com has gathered all the style, all the dish, and all the fun on one A-list site.

"object or animal to which are attributed supernatural powers; beneficial to the owner." Clearly, *Le Monde* was describing Pale Male as a talisman of New York.

RICHARD HARRIS
Los Angeles, California

"RUFFLED FEATHERS ON FIFTH AVENUE" is just another example of some people who have too much time on their hands. I read *Vanity Fair* for the human-interest stories that delve deep into the lives of people, famous or not. Thirteen pages on red-tailed hawks was a waste of time and space. Get a grip, people—they're just birds.

JAN LINTON
Ponchatoula, Louisiana

I WAS RIVETED by your article on Pale Male. I found it to be absolutely fascinating—so detailed, so well researched, and very well written. I even tore out one of the beautiful photographs to keep.

JIMMY CANNON
Los Angeles, California

A CLASS ACT

I READ WITH INTEREST and admiration Graydon Carter's tribute to Henry Grunwald ["A Saint, More than Less," May]. Mr. Grunwald was a member of the board of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, which publishes *Opera News,* and was a longtime member of our publications committee. His tact and elegance—and the consummate grace with which he gave advice—will be sorely missed by everyone here. He was a class act, and your essay captured him perfectly.

F. PAUL DRISCOLL
Editor in chief, *Opera News*
New York, New York

ALL ABOUT NICOLE

THANK YOU for Ingrid Sischy's nuanced and thoroughly engaging portrait of Nicole Kidman ["Spellbound," July]. I must, however, take issue with the text on your cover. With a subject as fascinating as Ms. Kidman (and a writer as insightful as Ms. Sischy), why did *Vanity Fair* feel it necessary to misrepresent the contents of the article? Unless my copy was missing a page, Ms. Kidman never "bares her soul about . . . Tom's new flame." Quite the contrary. The Nicole Kidman depicted in your article is the last person from whom one would expect this sort of lowbrow disclosure. As Ms. Sischy herself notes, "Kidman is too careful, and too disciplined, to have addressed the subject [of Tom and Katie's public displays of affection] directly." The only possible reference to the new couple came, by the author's own admission, during a much broader discussion of "set-up photography," when Kidman reflects, "In terms of your life, if you start to exploit it, then what's real, and what's not? What's yours, and what isn't?" This is hardly baring one's soul.

Ironically, while praising Ms. Kidman for her integrity and professionalism, *Vanity Fair* had no qualms about misrepresenting her comments.

LAURA TOWNSEND
Chicago, Illinois

THANK YOU for the incredibly pleasing article "Spellbound." I feel at peace knowing that a writer has finally been able to portray Nicole Kidman's beautiful soul.

MARQUELLE OLSON
Phoenix, Arizona

OLD ENOUGH TO DRIVE, OLD ENOUGH TO WRITE

I SAW the announcement of your essay contest in the August issue of *Vanity Fair.* I am 17 years old (going on 18 in October), and the subject "What's on the minds of America's youth today?" intrigued me. As an "American youth," I thought that it would be the perfect topic for me to write an essay on. However, I was discouraged to read that entrants must be over the age of 18. Why create an essay topic that focuses on America's youth if you're not going to give the youth a chance to respond? No offense, but you cannot learn what's going on in the minds of young people from middle-aged adults. By not allowing us to write on this subject, you are closing the door on the chance to hear our voice.

LEILA KANDRET
Cape Canaveral, Florida

CORRECTIONS: On page 125 of the July issue ("Hillary's Way," by Edward Klein), the chronology of the revelation that Hillary Clinton has a Jewish relative was incorrect. The existence of Clinton's Jewish stepgrandfather was made public prior to Clinton's onstage embrace of Suha Arafat. On page 104 of the June issue ("London Calling [and Dishing]," by Dominick Dunne), we incorrectly reported the kinship between King Edward VII and Prince Charles. King Edward VII is Charles's great-great-grandfather.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to FAIR@neodata.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair.*

A new look of firmness and spring for skin.



NEWS: The power to firm skin in a new, improved formula that feels lighter, absorbs faster.

PROOF: 77% who tried it saw new firmness or elasticity in just 4 weeks.

FACT: Copper, a natural collagen-building mineral essential for firm skin, diminishes with age. Visibly Firm® with Active Copper® is clinically proven to gently replenish copper.

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30 Days in the Life of the Culture



Ivana Good Time

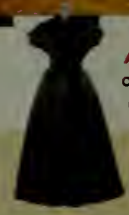
Ivana Trump in 1992 at the Mar-a-Lago estate in Palm Beach, Florida. This is one of many images captured by photographer Eric Boman in his new coffee-table book, *Dames*. For more, turn to page 206.




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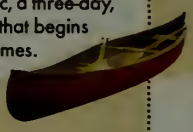
30 THINGS TO DO IN September



1 **ADORE** Dior. An exhibition marking the 100th year of **Christian Dior's** contribution to fashion continues at the Musée Christian Diar, in Granville, France.

2 **SCREEN** movies in the Rockies. The annual Telluride Film Festival starts today.

3 **PADDLE** the 72nd annual International Canoe Classic, a three-day, 120-mile race on the Saint-Maurice River, in Quebec, that begins today. Look out for **Serge Corbin,** who has won 25 times.



4 **ADD** to your collection. The Sousolito Art Festival, which features more than 1,200 artists, ends tomarraw in California.

5 **WEAR** white. After Labor Day, fashion dictates that you put it all away until Memorial Day. Happy Labor Day.



6 **GO** from rags to riches. The *Pretty Woman: 15th Anniversary Special Edition* DVD is released today.

7 **CHOW DOWN** on a Kobe-beef slider or a snapper taco at the Stanton Social, the cool new restaurant in town on Manhattan's Lower East Side.

8 **OPEN** a book. Today is International Literacy Day.



9 **DON'T** be afraid to let it all hang loose. Jeremy Irons introduces *Madame Butterfly* at the New York City Opera.

10 **COMBINE** your travel needs and cinephilia. The Salenta International Film Festival opens today in Tricase, Italy.

11 **HONOR** the 9/11 victims by celebrating universal humanity during the third annual music festival sponsored by the September Concert Foundation in New York City.

12 **SING** "It's a Small World" in Chinese. Disneyland Hong Kong opens to the public today.



13 **GO BACK** to the Mushroom Kingdom and re-save Princess Peach Toadstool. Nintendo's Super Mario Bros. was released 20 years ago.

14 **TAKE** cover. First staged in 1929, **R. C. Sheriff's** *Journey's End*, an anti-war play about life in the trenches of World War I, opens today at the New Ambassadors Theatre, in London.

15 **TALK** trash with the cast of *The Great American Trailer Park Musical*. The production, starring a few of Broadway's heavyweights, opens at New York's Dodger Stages.

16 **SEE** the brazen comedy trio the Nellie Olesons at the Cavern Club Theater, in Silverlake, California. It's high-octane high camp.

17 **WISH** you owned **Teri Hatcher's** dress. The 57th Annual Emmy Awards take place tomorrow night at Shrine Auditorium, in Los Angeles.

18 **MOO.** The 20th anniversary Farm Aid Concert, featuring **Willie Nelson, Neil Young, John Mellencamp,** and **the Dave Matthews Band,** hits the stage at the Tweeter Center, in Chicago.

19 **PRAISE** television's daytime goddess. *The Oprah Winfrey Show* begins its 20th season today.

20 **RELIVE** it. "Legends of Rock," an exhibition of photographs of such icons as **Mick Jagger, Janis Joplin,** and **Carlos Santana,** continues at Rutherford, California's Mumm Napa Winery.



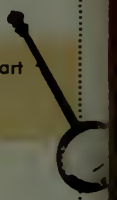
21 **GRAB** a stein and oompah-pah. Munich, Germany's 172nd annual Oktoberfest is in full swing until October 3.



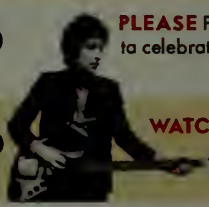
22 **LACE UP.** Attend the Gala Preview party for "Icons of Elegance: Influential Shoe Designers of the 20th Century," at the Boto Shoe Museum, in Toronto.

23 **BE** swept away by the genius of **Bernard Herrmann** and **Leonard Bernstein!** Don't miss the American Film Institute's "100 Years of Film Scores," at the Hollywood Bowl.

24 **STRUM** with **Steve Martin** as he hosts a "Banjo Jam" as part of the sixth annual *New Yorker* Festival, in Manhattan.



25 **PLEASE** Plácido, and join him to celebrate the L.A. Opera's 20th season.



26 **WATCH** **Bob Dylan** give his first full-length interview in 20 years, in **Martin Scorsese's** film biography *No Direction Home* on PBS.

27 **BREAK** your heart. **Donny Osmond** plays rock 'n' roll tonight at the Hallam FM Arena, in Sheffield, England.

28 **MARVEL** at **Isca Greenfield-Sanders's** exhibition of oil paintings and watercolors, which incorporate anonymous family snapshots, at the John Berggruen Gallery, in San Francisco.



29 **ATTUNE** your ears. The Los Angeles Philharmonic's Opening Night Gala brings Beethoven back to the Walt Disney Concert Hall tonight.

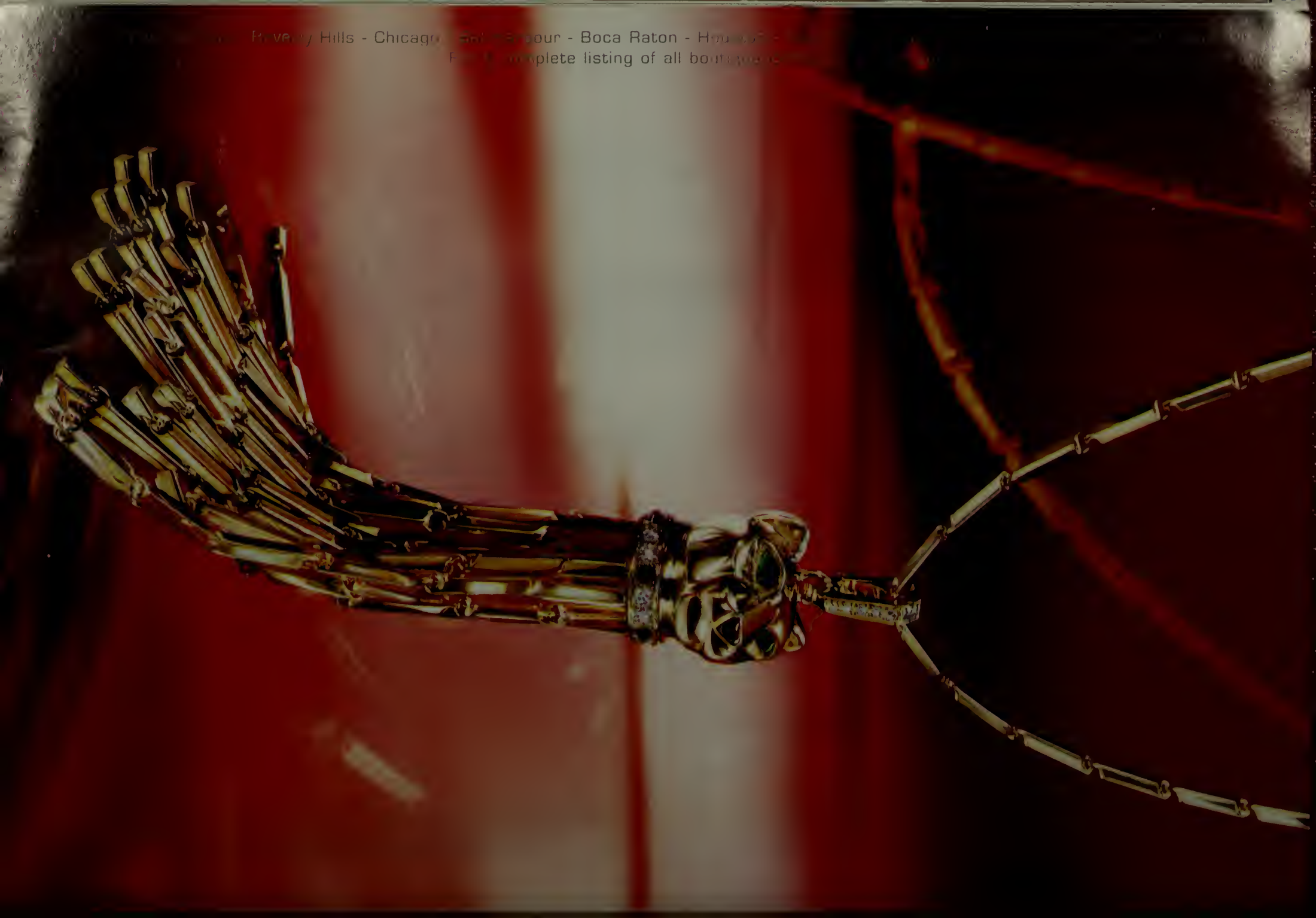
30 **STEP** into an altered environment. Sculptor **Martin Westwood** deconstructs a car showroom especially for the Tate Britain's Art Now series.

Take a walk on the wild side



Beverly Hills - Chicago - [illegible] - Boca Raton - [illegible]

For a complete listing of all boutique [illegible]




Collection Panthère de Cartier
Cartier

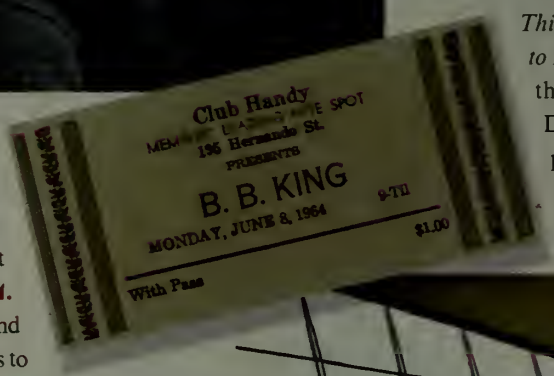


From top: author J. R. Maehringer, a Club Handy ticket from *The B. B. King Treasures;* the Trans World Airlines terminal at what was then called Idlewild Airport, from *Eero Saarinen;* a photo by Amanda de Cadenet, from *Rare Birds.*

I offer you the most heart-thumping, blood-stirring new fiction of the season. A sweeping multigenerational mini-series guaranteed to Nielsen through the roof sets souls, tempers, and ambitions aflame in **Rick Moody's** sublime and truly American tale *The Diviners* (Little, Brown). The unequivocal master of historical fiction, **E. L. Doctorow,** is back; this time he's on *The March* (Random House) in the Civil War era. Readers will fight *Tooth and Claw* (Viking) for **T. C. Boyle's** newest pack of rogue short stories. Despondent over the loss of his leg, **J. M. Coetzee's** *Slow Man* (Viking) searches for comfort and meaning in the universe. **Salman Rushdie** continues to delight in *Shalimar the Clown* (Random House). **Wade Rubinstein's** richly imagined debut novel, *Gullboy* (Counterpoint), is set in Coney Island and stars a hero who is part boy, part bird. Paging Jonathan Livingston Seagull! Your dream pen pal is here!

Also this month: In his gimlet-eyed memoir, *The Tender Bar* (Hyperion), **J. R. Moehringer** lovingly and affectingly toasts a boyhood spent on a barstool. **Tracy Kidder's** memoir of the Vietnam War, *My Detachment* (Random House), captures the workaday reality of war the movies miss. **Nick Foulkes** tastefully tailors the life of Edwardian gentleman and luxury-goods tycoon *Alfred Dunhill* (Flammarion). Shrimper turned activist **Diane Wilson** was labeled *An Unreasonable Woman* (Chelsea Green) for fighting the giant chemical company polluting the waters of Texas—then she won. Nudge your darling tot into the land of Nod with **Geoffrey Kloske** and **Barry Blitt's** magical *Once upon a Time, the End* (Atheneum). *Quelle* bliss.

And in short order: **Hilary Spurling** sketches the life of *Matisse the Master* (Knopf). Flowers, celebrities, and rock stars are among the *Rare Birds* (Powerhouse) captured by photographer **Amanda de Cadenet. Lynn Freed's** essays take on *Reading, Writing, and Leaving Home* (Harcourt). **Jayne Merkel** builds up the great modernist architect *Eero Saarinen* (Phaidon). After reading 100 novels **Jane Smiley** expounds on *13 Ways of Looking at the Novel* (Knopf). Director **Norman Jewison** rewinds through 40 years to capture how *This Terrible Business Has Been Good to Me* (Thomas Dunne). **B. B. King,** the elder statesman of the blues (with Dick Waterman on backup), shares pics, music, and mementos that make up *The B. B. King Treasures* (Bulfinch). Oh, honey child!

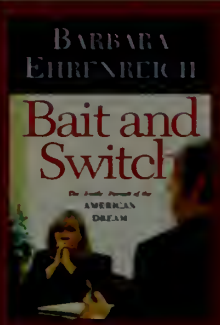


HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

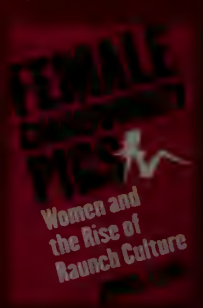






In *Bait and Switch* (Metropolitan), **Barbara Ehrenreich** once again exposes the threadbare moral fabric of America's workplaces, though this time it's job-seeking white-collar workers who are getting nickel-and-dimed—scammed by career coaches and even evangelical job-search ministries—only to end up in debt and unemployed.

New York magazine writer **Ariel Levy** strips the Girls Gone Wild culture of its cuteness in her provocative *Female Chauvinist Pigs* (Free Press), arguing that post-feminist poster girls such as the Playboy Bunnies offer only faux empowerment.




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Marvelous Maldives

VICTORIA MATHER TRAVELS TO THE SPECTACULARLY REMOTE ISLANDS OFF THE INDIAN COAST



PARADISE FOUND
Clockwise from top left: Soneva Gili restaurant and bar; spa by Espa at Reethi Rah; aerial views of Huvafen Fushi.





My butler's name is **Saddam Hussein** and he makes a mean Bloody Mary. I am lying on fat pillows in the prow of a full-bellied wooden boat, and ahead, across Tiffany-blue sea, lies a castaway paradise, **Reethi Rah,** an island resort (owned by One&Only) with 12 perfect sickle beaches of pashmina-soft sand. Below me are more than 30 varieties of butterfly fish, from the Teardrop to the Gorgeous Gussy. Around me are 1,190 fantasy islands, making up a nation that is 99 percent water and 1 percent lotus-eating, for the Maldives are an archipelago of coral specks in the Indian Ocean, one of the least polluted seas in the world, where miracles happen.

First, the Maldives survived the tsunami with comparatively little damage. For a country that, it is estimated, will be gone by 2100 due to global warming, where no atoll is more than six feet above sea level, this seemed extraordinary. Yet it is partly because the Maldives are a vast submarine mountain range, with atolls rising steeply from the deep, each island with its own protective fringing reef, that the Maldives did survive. The writer **Richard Curtis** (*Four Weddings and a Funeral*) told me that when he was here the water rose so high that he suddenly saw his baby son, Spike, splashing in water up to his chin, but fortunately the water never gathered momentum because the reefs protected the island from crashing waves.





Second, the Maldives most notably produce fish and coconuts, yet they have more Krug, more iPods, more wireless technology, more butlers, more Bose sound systems, more cold towels, more-more-more per fantasy island than seemingly anywhere else in the world. They started with nothing and have become everything that is luxurious: it is a sensational secret. The combined thread count of the Frette sheets would be in the millions.

Imagine arriving at Male airport, stepping straight onto your dhoni, that wooden boat which is the leitmotif of the islands, and being handed an iPod (all your favorite music already on it), Bose headphones, and a split of Moët with a straw. You are, magically, in your floating bedroom, with a shower, with a Frette-swathed bed, with Saddam the butler—aged 19, with a groovy spiked haircut and telepathic powers about one's desires—en route to an adorable island resort, **Dhoni Mighili,** where each of its six dhonis is twinned with a simple beach bungalow (not so simple, actually—four have their own pools),



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should you ever wish to leave the boat. Whoever previously heard of a double-bedroom holiday? Saddam comes with you, buttling like no one has buttled since Jeeves. (Saddam Hussein is as common a name as John Smith around these parts.)

The **Huvafen Fushi** resort is pure **James Bond**—with a $750,000 wine inventory that includes Château Pétrus, fiber-optic-lit pools in the water villas over the seas, and red Smeg fridges that can be stocked with any champagne, from Krug to Cristal. This is sexy. When did you last have 12 different flavors of coffee to choose from, including *volluto, arpeggio,* and *ristretto,* all of which sound like the arias you can access on your iPod docking station in the bedroom?

Which brings us back to the Reethi Rah hotel, the king of the heap, the blank canvas on which the new, non-tsunami-intimidated fantasy is painted. The creation of billionaire **Sol Kerzner,** the hot spot to which **Jade Jagger** *had* to go, it is the island of the perfect sickle beaches, with perfect Japanese food and 10 coconut-tree climbers to make sure no nuts from 14,000 coconut trees fall on your head. Dom Pérignon is the champagne by the glass at the bar; Tapasake is the hip Japanese restaurant (Nobu, eat your heart out). The Espa health center is philosophical-nutritional. The gym includes one of the first kinesis studios in the world; the divemaster is a blond god; the restaurant Fanditha is perfect Saint-Tropez. Post-tsunami, life's cracking on.

The point of the Maldives is that, because they've been left alone, no temples/Prada outlets, they are brilliantly up for the contemporary sybarite. The **Soneva Gili** resort has a new, private rock-star reserve with a waterslide. Here, we're in the world of finding Nemo therapeutically—head down and you're bonding with clown fish, head up and it's sushi.

ISLAND-HOPPING

Clockwise from top left: Saneva Gili restaurant and bar; Reethi Rah; the spa at Huvafen Fushi; water villa at Reethi Rah; Lagaan Bungalaw Bath at Huvafen Fushi.





MALDIVES FACT BOX

(pronounced "Mauldeeves")

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Dhoni rates start at $700
www.dhonimighili.com

Huvafen Fushi
Room rates start at $660
www.huvafenfushi.com

One&Only Reethi Rah
Room rates start at $700
www.oneandonlyresorts.com/oao/reethirah

Soneva Gili
Room rates start at $740
www.sixsenses.com/soneva-gili

FLY

Emirates Airlines flies between New York's J.F.K. International Airport and the Maldives' Male International Airport via Dubai. J.F.K.–Dubai: 12 hours, 50 min.; Dubai–Male: 4 hours, 10 min.

Qatar Airways has a superb first-class section and flies between London and the Maldives via Doha. London–Doha: 6 hours, 50 min.; Doha–Male: 4 hours, 45 min.





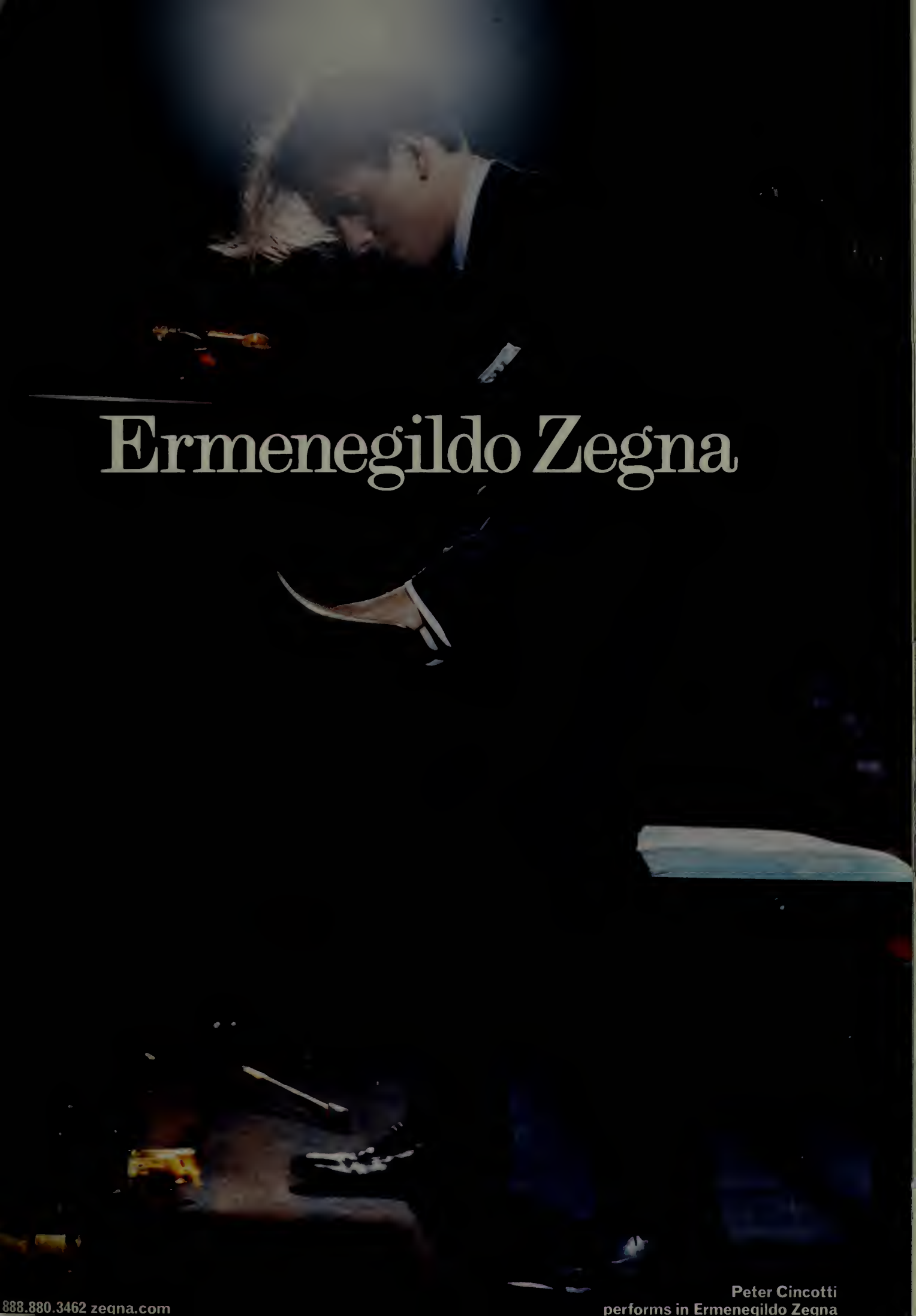
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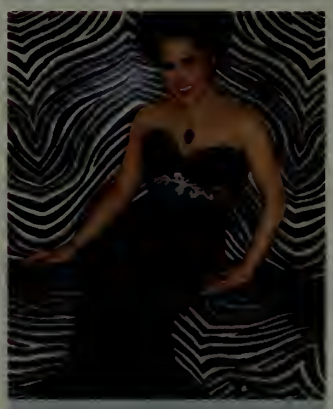
Great Dames

ERIC BOMAN'S WOMEN OF SUBSTANCE AND STYLE

"Botanically speaking," says photographer **Eric Boman,** "a dame is on the other end of the scale from the shrinking violet." And he should know: between stints as a fashion, garden, and interiors photographer, Boman has been capturing the likenesses of accomplished women for nearly three decades. In *Dames* (Vendome), his aptly named first published collection of portraits, Boman's subjects are found doing, or not doing, things in their natural habitat—stretched out on sofas (**Alba Clemente** and **Inès de la Fressange**), striding across closely cropped lawns (**Carolyne Roehm**), arranging flowers (**Barbara de Kwiatkowski**), and, as is destiny for some, feeding chickens in a taffeta ball gown (**Sandy Pittman**). These women are not the product of a stylist's imagination, though many appear to be facing into a headwind of hair spray. Of **Barbara Walters,** Boman says, she's "not someone you can push around too much." And there's **Dewi Sukarno,** wife of the Indonesian strongman, who "has one expression she likes, so she gives it to you all the time." Being a photographer has allowed Boman, born in Sweden, to explore widely—"I wanted to be a small fish in a big pond because the swimming is so much better," he explains. And dames hold a special fascination for men who are not interested in them romantically. For those who are, he points out, they "can be quite a handful."

—EDWARD HELMORE





LEADING LADIES
Jackie Collins, *top,* and Dewi Sukarno, *above,* from Eric Boman's *Dames.*

A Cut Above

CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF KILLER FILMS

Independent-film pioneer **Christine Vachon,** 43, knew making movies was her calling when she saw **Todd Haynes's** experimental 43-minute film, *Superstar: The Karen Carpenter Story,* depicted with Barbie dolls. "It was so funny and heartbreaking and provocative and so unlike anything I'd ever seen, it kind of showed me what was possible. I pretty much told Todd, 'I want to be your producer.' " In 1995, Vachon partnered with fellow producer **Pamela Koffler** to form Killer Films, and in 2001, **Katie Roumel,** a former unpaid intern, joined them as a third partner. The dynamic trio has worked with *auteurs* as diverse as Haynes, **Robert Altman, Todd Solondz, Mary Harron,** and **John Waters,** and has produced the award-winning films *Velvet Goldmine, Boys Don't Cry,* and *Far from Heaven.* This month, Killer Films will be honored with a retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. Over the past decade, the company has stayed true to its manifesto—to produce visionary independent films—making Vachon as synonymous with Sundance as **Robert Redford** is. "First-time films tend to be the culmination of an insane amount of passion and drive," explains Vachon, a champion of ingenue writer-directors. "Watching a first-time director finally get their vision put on celluloid reminds me why this whole process is so great."

—KRISTA SMITH



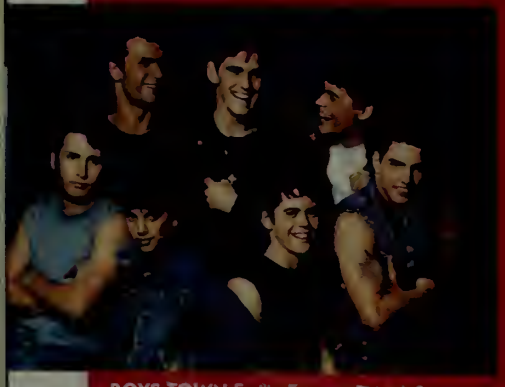
ON SET
From left: Christine Vachon, Katie Roumel, and Pamela Koffler of Killer Films.

Outside Flashback

PONYBOY AND SODAPOP RETURN TO THE SCREEN

Having recently re-edited and improved his botched masterpiece *Apocalypse Now,* **Francis Ford Coppola** now answers no one's prayers by touching up one of the more curious works in his canon: *The Outsiders,* his faithful 1983 adaptation of the young-adult perennial about teenage class warfare written by **S. E. Hinton** when she herself was only 17. It showed: young hoodlums read *Gone with the Wind,* have wussy names like Ponybay and Dally, and are dreamy in every sense of the word. Still, the book has a hothouse teenage integrity, which Coppola honored by shooting the film, set in Tulsa in the early 60s, as if it were the swooniest and most important of 50s melodramas. As the late **Vincent Canby** put it in *The New York Times,* "Think of a remake of *Rebel Without a Cause* directed by someone under the delusion he's **D. W. Griffith** shooting *The Birth of a Nation.*" Of course, that delusion (and wasn't **Nicholas Ray** under the same one while directing *Rebel*) is what gives the movie its not inconsiderable charm. The new version, now called *The Outsiders—The Complete Novel,* adds 22 minutes of footage to modest effect. The real draws are (a) a new soundtrack of vintage rock 'n' roll that gives the movie a hormonal, crotch-level backbeat it badly needed, and (b) the chance to revisit a cast of young pups in various states of discovery who, for better or worse, went on to dominate 80s Hollywood: **Matt Dillon, Rob Lowe, Patrick Swayze, Diane Lane, Emilio Estevez, Ralph Macchio, C. Thomas Howell.** In a small part, **Tom Cruise** backflips off a couple of beat-up cars as if they were Oprah's couch. Did he subsequently cure those buckteeth with vitamins and exercise? **(Rating: ★★★)**

—BRUCE HANDY



BOYS TOWN Emilio Estevez, Patrick Swayze, Ralph Macchio, Matt Dillon, C. Thomas Howell, Rob Lowe, and Tom Cruise in Francis Ford Coppola's *The Outsiders.*



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KRISTEN MCMENAMY PHOTOGRAPHED BY JUERGEN TELLER

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Alice's Wonderland

TEMPERLEY'S LATEST VENTURE

"I always made stuff," says designer **Alice Temperley.** She is sitting upstairs from her Notting Hill studio in the apartment she shares with her husband, **Lars von Bennigsen,** managing director of Temperley London. There isn't a stitch of space that's not cluttered with hangings, shoes, boots; lavishly embroidered, bejeweled, and beaded dresses spill from wardrobes; long velvet sofas are clad in Alice's appliquéd cushions—everywhere profusion, exotic color, organized chaos. "I had big sacks of remnants from Liberty and made quilted waistcoats for my brother and hats with chickens on them. I sold beaded earrings out of the cider shop at my parents' farm starting when I was 10. People felt so sorry for me they bought them!" Temperley's more recent clients, including **Gwyneth Paltrow, Sarah Jessica Parker, Scarlett Johansson,** and **Kate Winslet,** are drawn not by pity but rather by her whimsical and romantic creations. The business she started out of a hotel room five years ago with her husband and her sister, **Mary Temperley,** has skyrocketed from annual sales of $250,000 to $8 million. As well as preparing for her first New York show, Alice is working on expanding her signature eclecticism to a line of home furnishings, and this September will see the launch of her new venture with Penhaligon's, for whom she has designed the ultimate travel kit, including bag, vanity case, clock, and wallet. The rich, plum-colored leather is hand-embroidered and appliquéd in black and gold with Art Deco details, and each piece "will be an object to treasure." Next the Temperleys will open a shop in L.A. Alice and Mary look like country girls—their beauty more wildflower meadow than cultivated—and their designs are a reflection of their homespun style. Despite her celebrity fans, Alice says, "We're *real* people dressing *real* people. We have a vision and we want longevity." Lars knows the secret of their success. "Alice can change the way women feel about themselves in the way **Coco Chanel** did," he says. "It's what a great designer can do, and she's only at the start."

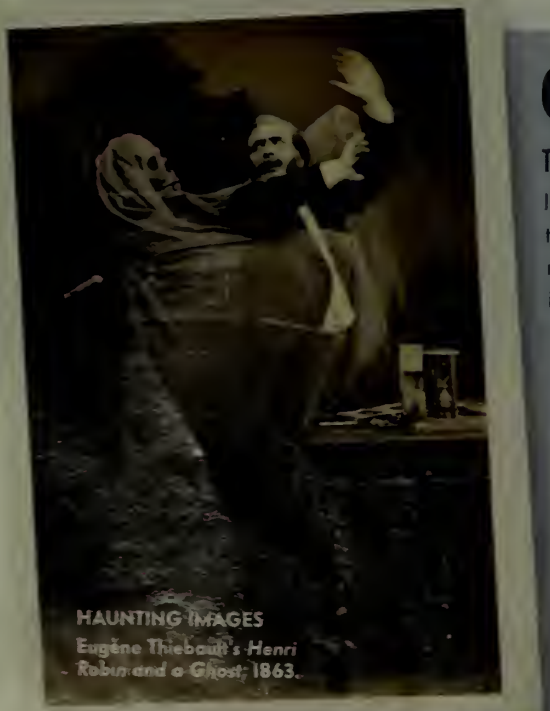
—TAMASIN DAY-LEWIS



FAMILY BUSINES
Alice, top, and Ma
Temperley, photographe
in London, June 30, 200
Far left, luggage from th
new Penhaligon's line a
o moose head tro
their atelie

WORLD BEAT

Call on your own private butler at **Paris's** new, ultra-modern Hotel Sezz (6 Avenue Frémiet).... **Rome's** hot spot of the moment is Red (Via Pietro de Coubertin 30).... Sip exotic Asian-inspired cocktails and soak up the **Sydney** skyline at China Doll, perched on the Woolloomooloo Wharf (6 Couper Wharf Road).



HAUNTING IMAGES
Eugène Thiebault's *Henri Robin and a Ghost,* 1863.

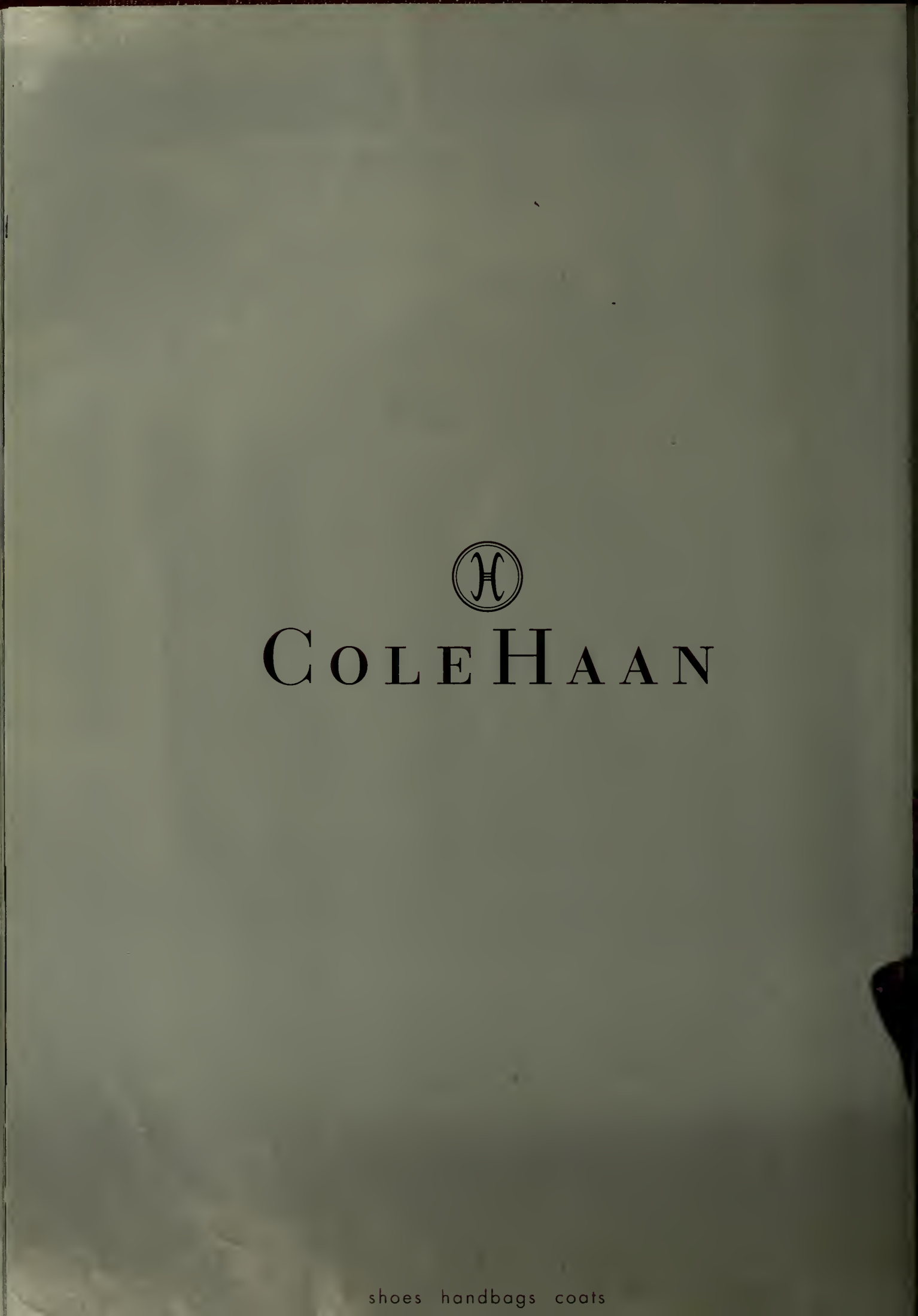
Ghost Show

THE MET HIGHLIGHTS PHOTOGRAPHY'S DARK SIDE

Is it magic or manipulation, paranormal phenomena or phooey? "The Perfect Medium: Photography and the Occult," which opens at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art later this month, presents images from the 1860s to World War II, an otherworldly illustration of the intersection of photography, spiritualism, and technology. The chemical magic of the darkroom collides with the New Age era, delivering images of auras and ectoplasm, and raising questions about photography's relationship to the truth. Divided into three sections, the exhibition begins with the Spiritualist movement, which began in the 1850s and embraced the idea that the dead are able to contact the living. The "vital forces" section depicts thoughts, feelings, and dreams—often using a photographic plate without a camera. "In the mid–19th century, photographers were associated with magic or alchemy—creating mysterious images that had never been seen before," says **Mia Fineman,** research associate at the museum. "At the beginning, people didn't know what photography could and couldn't depict." With the perfect combination of chemistry and hocus-pocus, the final section focuses on séances, experiments with telekinesis, levitation, and the production of ectoplasm. "Whether they are genuine or fabricated records of phenomena," says **Pierre Apraxine,** the exhibition s head curator, "these images disturb."

—A. M HOMES


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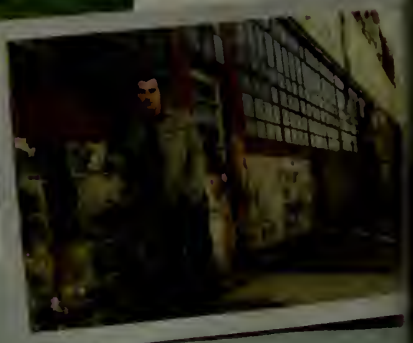
LISA ROBINSON

Holla Back

RESPECT, REPRESENT, REMIX



From top: Kanye West, Gavin Rossdale, Sheryl Crow, and Richard Hell.



When the biggest names in hip-hop (in the words of *Be Cool*) "stop hating, start participating," the results are this month's hottest tracks. **Kanye West,** utilizing the talents of legendary producer Jon Brion, Jay-Z, Common, and Jamie Foxx, and sampling Shirley Bassey, Otis Redding, Etta James, and Ray Charles, defies the doubters with the fantastic *Late Registration,* his follow-up to the Grammy-winning *The College Dropout.* **Mary J. Blige** got together with the Game for the hugely popular download "DA MVP," and worked with Dr. Dre, the Neptunes, and the Black Eyed Peas' Will I Am, for her forthcoming *The Breakthrough.* Houston rapper **Paul Wall's** *The People's Champ* has guests T.I. and Freeway. Eminem produced and, along with D12, Nate Dogg, and Talib Kweli, shows up on *Bulletproof,* the debut from Detroit rapper **Hush.** Self-admitted redneck **Bubba Sparxxx** (whom Eminem has referred to as the *other* talented white rapper) releases his country-flavored *Space Mountain,* on Big Boi's new label. **Juvenile's** *Reality Check* features rhythmic, explicit lyrics and contributions from Ludacris and Brian McKnight. Jay-Z introduces his new R&B star, **Teairra Marí,** on her *Roc-A-Fella Records Presents Teairra Marí.* **Blackalicious's** *The Craft,* the group's first CD in three years, has guests Floetry and George Clinton. And, perhaps the most sampled musician of the last 20 years, **George Clinton** and **the P-Funk Allstars** release the two-CD *How Late Do You Have 2 B B 4 U R Absent?,* with appearances by Prince and Bobby Womack.

For his first recording following his marriage to Gwen Stefani and the breakup of his band, Bush, Gavin Rossdale opted *not* to put out a sappy, sensitive solo disc; instead, **Institute** is hard, heavy, guitar-based rock. **Sheryl Crow's** *Wildflower* has catchy songs, impeccable production, and sparkling vocals. Fresh from their "rivalry" with the more "artistic" (read volatile) Brian Jonestown Massacre in the hit documentary *Dig!,* **the Dandy Warhols** drop some of the irony and step it up with the sexy, feedback-tinged *Odditorium or Warlords of Mars.* **Black Rebel Motorcycle Club's** *Howl* is a timeless, joyous ode to rock, blues, and gospel. On *Electric Blue Watermelon,* **the North Mississippi Allstars** get back to what they do best: raw, rocking blues with a crazed edge. **Charlie Sexton** has been touring with Bob Dylan for the past three years and the influence is obvious on *Cruel and Gentle Things,* the first disc in 10 years from the Austin guitarist. Booker T. & the MG's guitarist Steve Cropper gets production credit for *The Soul Truth,* the new one from astounding blues singer **Shemekia Copeland.** Famed Jamaican duo **Sly and Robbie** team up with **Sinéad O'Connor** for *Throw Down Your Arms,* an album of roots-reggae covers. *Also out:* **Carly Simon's** gorgeous *Moonlight Serenade,* her Richard Perry–produced album of standards; **Sigur Ros's** sweeping, ethereal *Takk;* **Sonny Rollins's** live concert recording *Without a Song (The 9/11 Concert);* and *All One,* the new album from **Krishna Das,** a four-part mantric suite with a 70-person choir and a 20-piece orchestra.





An indispensable education for all you fans of the Strokes, Interpol, and the Yeah Yeah Yeahs is **Richard Hell's** *Spurts*—21 of his "greatest hits" with various bands, including Television, the Heartbreakers, and the Voidoids. Also edifying: re-issues of **the Stooges'** early albums. *No Direction Home: The Soundtrack* is the seventh in **Bob Dylan's** Bootleg Series and accompanies Martin Scorsese's long-awaited, two-part *American Masters* Dylan documentary. In addition, *Bob Dylan: Live at the Gaslight 1962* will be conveniently on sale to baby-boomer caffeine consumers at Starbucks. **Rosanne Cash** releases three expanded CDs from the past 25 years. *Try for the Sun: The Journey of Donovan* is a three-CD/DVD set, and *The Essential Frank Sinatra with Tommy Dorsey and His Orchestra* includes 44 tunes that helped define the big-band era.

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Opening Season

THE RETURN OF FALL HERALDS CHARITY BALLS, POLO MATCHES, PHEASANT SHOOTS, AND MORE THAN ENOUGH EXCUSES TO START COCKTAILING AT NOON. KRISTINA STEWART WARD ROUNDS UP THE SEASON'S INTERNATIONAL SOCIAL CALENDAR



Scotsman W. Anderson throws a hammer in the Braemar Gathering, 1966.

September 3, Scotland

The **Braemar Gathering.** For 900 years, large Highland men in kilts have been competing in a testosterone-filled day of Scottish-clan sports. Tossing the caber, throwing the hammer, putting the stone, sprinting, and long leaping are among the offerings taken in by guests—including members of the royal family, who show up in native attire and grimace through a day set to an interminable bagpipe soundtrack.

September 8–11, Blenheim Palace, England

London may have just nabbed the 2012 Olympic bid, but the British horsey set has the jump on hosting an international sporting crowd. For the first time in eight years, England will preside over the **European Eventing Championships,** allowing local nabobs to take in world-class dressage, show jumping, and cross-country racing.



Above, jumper in the Germon Grond Prix Dressage in Homburg, Moy 2005; right, Argentineon polo ployer in the World Cup Polo, 2001.

September 18, Greenwich, Connecticut

The whistle blows at the annual **Harvard-Yale polo game** at Conyers Farm. Any players wishing to trash-talk must do so in iambic pentameter.

September 19, New York City

The preppy set, including a number of Rockefellers and Roosevelts, dress up in slinky gowns and crisp tuxedos and discuss trust funds and winning the genetic lottery at New York's most blue-blooded of fund-raisers, at the **Museum of the City of New York.**



Doyssi Olorte de Kanavos, Stephonie Winston Wolkoff, Renee Rockefeller, ond Louren Shortt ot the New Yorkers for Children golo at the Mondorin Orientol, Time Worner Center, April 1, 2004.

September 21, New York City

Melissa Etheridge performs at the **New Yorkers for Children** gala, which this year honors **Russell Simmons** and is chaired by **Oscar de la Renta** and **Jerry Seinfeld.**

September 30, Los Angeles

Gertrude Stein has nothing on the ladies' luncheon that the **Natural Resources Defense Council's Elizabeth Wiatt** has made into an annual event.

October 1–9, Saint-Tropez

Les Voiles de Saint-Tropez is the classic sailboat regatta created by **Patrice de Colmont,** owner of celebrity-soaked Club 55 and a man not afraid to tell **Jack Nicholson** he'll be waiting an hour for his favorite table to be vacated by **King Juan Carlos of Spain.** Patrice uses his considerable pull to gather international mogul-sailors for this annual event.



Yacht Velsheda skippered by Ronald De Wa in Les Voiles de Saint-Tropez, 2

October 15, Kailua-Kona, Hawaii

Ironman is the punishing half-day competition comprising a 2.4-mile swim, 112-mile bike ride, and 26.2-mile run. It was dreamed up in 1978 by a group of Hawaiian runners who were debating which category of athletes—swimmers, cyclists, or runners—was the most fit. It seems that they decided all of the above. About a dozen "Half Ironman" races now play out worldwide over the course of the year.

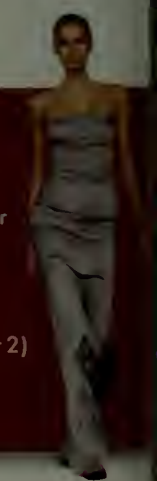
October 15, the Plains, Virginia

Washington, D.C.'s denizens mix it up with 30,000 others at the **International Gold Cup** horse race, where Thoroughbreds compete for the crown-shaped trophy donated to the event in 1903 by **King Alfonso XIII of Spain.**

The Catwalk

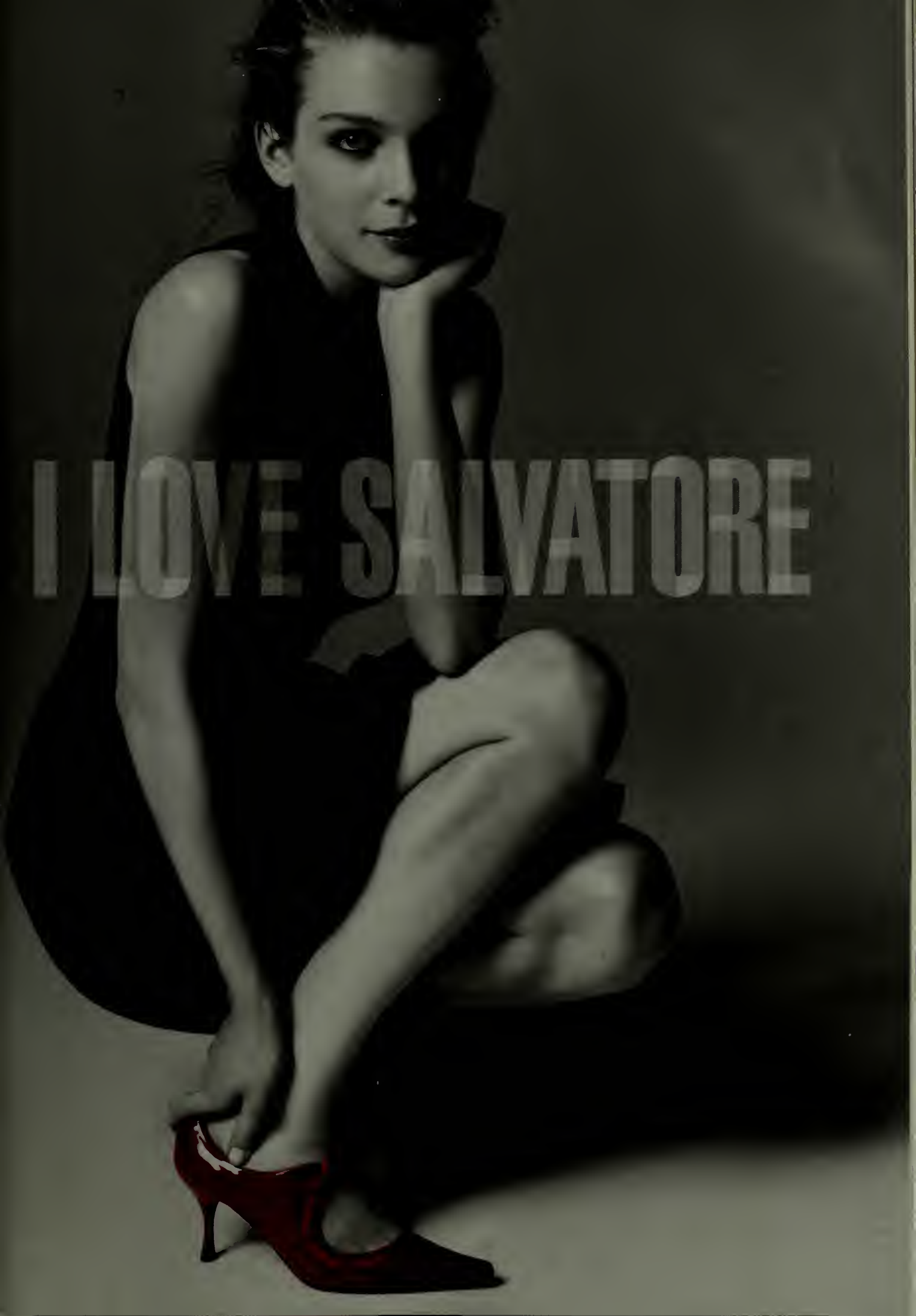
Fashion reigns for 40 days and 40 nights on the five-city tour of ready-to-wear collections:

- New York (September 9–16)
- London (September 18–22)
- Milan (September 24–October 2)
- Paris (October 3–11)
- Los Angeles (October 16–25)



Fall 2005 Calvin Klein Ready-to-Wear collection.

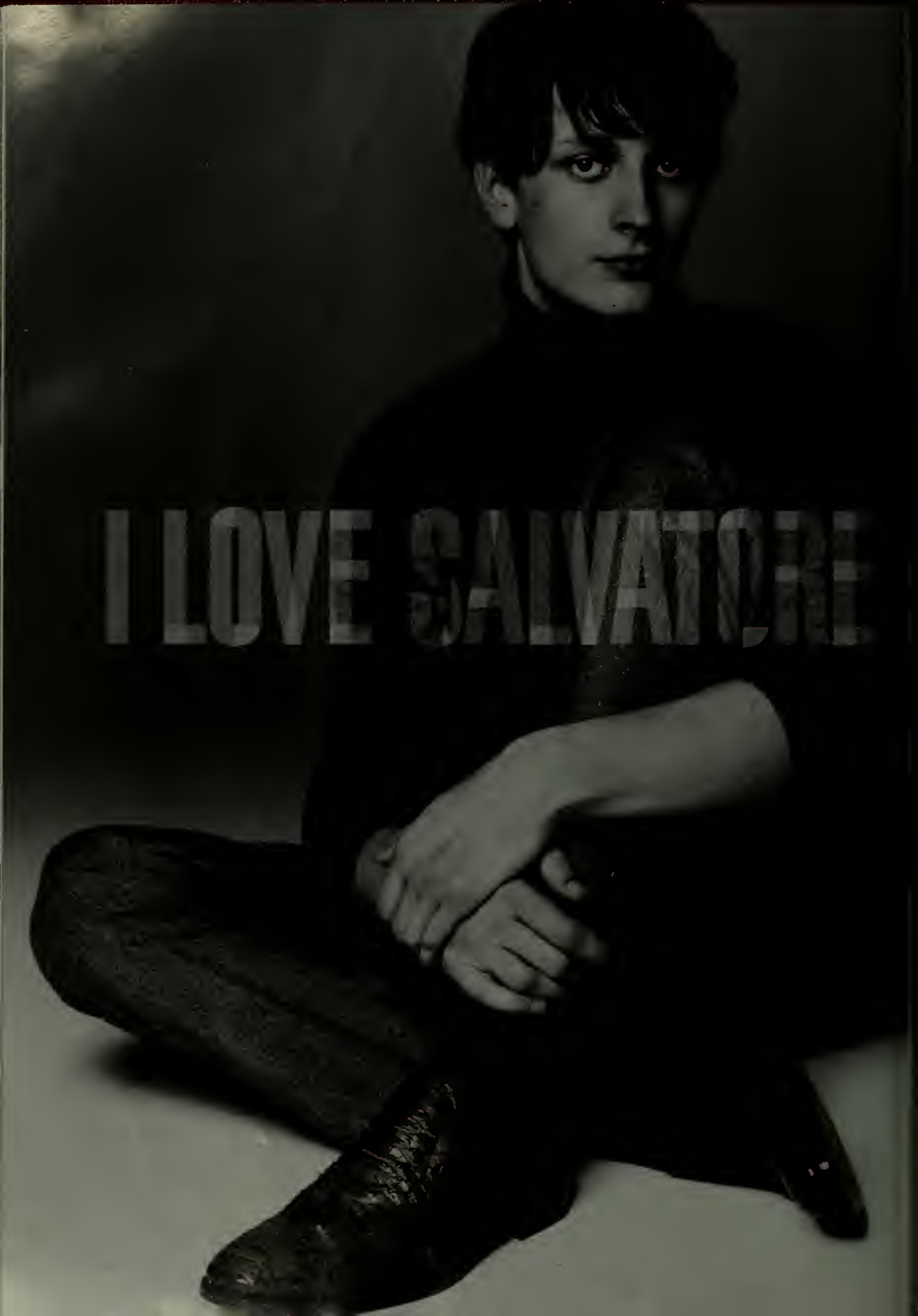
CONTINUED ON PAGE 220


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FANFAIR



Members of a rowing team, 1949.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 214

October 22-23, Boston

Hunky Ivy League rowers converge on Boston's Charles River for the **Head of the Charles,** a weekend of *Preppy Handbook* without irony. On the sidelines, corduroyed young men hook up with girls in pearls; think of it as America's version of European royal-family inbreeding.

October 26, New York City

Monaco's **Prince Albert** succeeded his father earlier this year as monarch of the pint-size principality and, in so doing, justified the intense social climbing that has long fueled his family's New York–based charity event, the **Princess Grace Foundation Awards.** Mothers with eligible daughters have been pawning off their spawn to the newly enthroned prince for years now, and they think it's high time Monaco crowned a new American princess.

October 31, Hollywood

Jacqui Getty's annual **Halloween party** set the stakes high last year, with the SoCal society swan cajoling 400 guests, most of them celebrities, into dressing in stageworthy costumes. **Heather Graham** went as **Wonder Woman, Lisa Eisner** as **Phyllis Diller, Kirsten Dunst** as an Amish girl, and no fewer than two Johns and Yokos staged bed-ins.

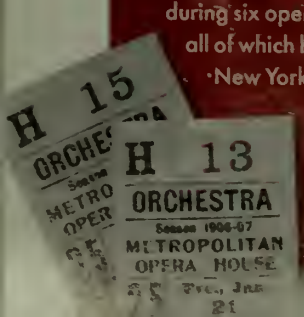
November 6, New York City

Two million New Yorkers line the streets for the **ING New York City Marathon,** which takes over the city with 30,000 runners pumped up on carbs from the Tavern on the Green pasta dinner the night before. **P. Diddy** famously ran the race two years ago (DIDDY RUNS THE CITY), and sponsor ING—in an effort to make sure nobody upstages this year's event in the flash department—has added fireworks to the pre-race evening roster.

Figaro, Figaro, Figaro

The fat lady sings and skinny, couture-clad women listen during six opening-night opera performances, all of which have gala parties:

- New York (New York City Opera, September 7; Metropolitan Opera, September 19)
- Los Angeles (September 10)
- San Francisco (September 10)
- Chicago (Lyric Opera, September 24)
- Houston (October 22)

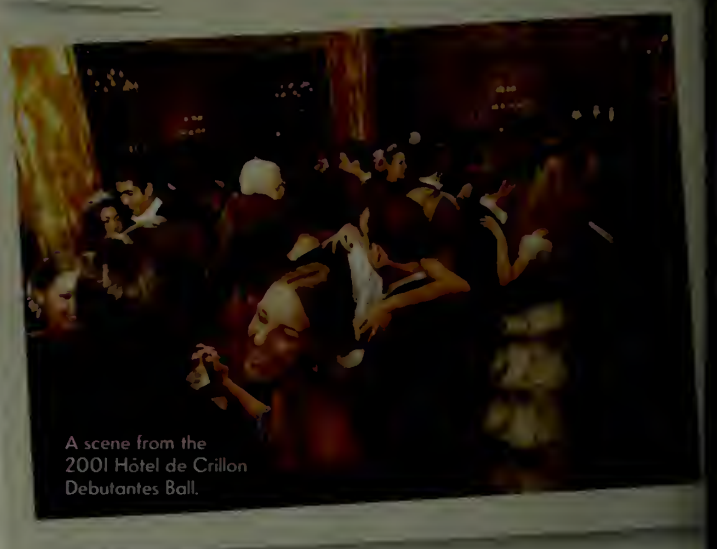


November 19–December 10, Palermo, Argentina

Argentina's most famous exports (those rakish heartthrob polo players) take time off from the paycheck polo circuit to return to the motherland and trounce one another in the sport's premier annual competition: the **Argentine Polo Championship.** (No fat-cat patrons are allowed to muck up the game; this is for real players only.)



A ga ce annua Yale p



A scene from the 2001 Hôtel de Crillon Debutantes Ball.

Late November, Paris

The **Debutantes Ball** at the Hôtel de Crillon seems to have cornered the global market on the patrician auction block most commonly known as the debutante ball. About two dozen teenagers are presented in couture ball gowns before a handpicked crop of 300 suitable suitors and the girls' boldfaced-name parents. This year's offerings are rumored to include **Ashley Bush,** sister of **Lauren Bush,** who debuted in 2000, as did daughters of **Gloria von Thurn und Taxis, Mariel Hemingway, Silvio Berlusconi, I. M. Pei, Patty Hearst, David Tang,** and **Anna Wintour.**

November 26, London

Scottish reeling season (yes, there is such a thing) runs from September through May, with the London Reels, PGT Reels, and Hampshire Reels all bowing to the **St. Andrew's Ball,** at Banqueting House, as Lord of the Dance. Unless you already know the Inverness Country Dance, the Strip the Willow, and the 15 other regimented dances, you ought to stay on the sidelines or buy the unintentionally hilarious cribnotes: *The Swinging Sporran Reel Guide.*



A world from Mississippi, a young man listens to Delta blues on the BBC. He feels its intent. Appreciates its ethos. Unwilling to just mimic those legendary riffs, he takes a hand at reworking them; and at 17, Eric Clapton takes his passion for blues to London. Over 45 albums later, the end of his career is nowhere in sight. Just like Mississippi's delta from the center of Ripley.



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FANFAIR

Like Teen Spirit

L.A.'S THE LIKE PLAYS PEDIGREED ROCK



TOO COOL FOR SCHOOL The Like (Z Berg, Tennessee Thomas, and Charlotte Froom), photographed in Malibu on July 1, 2005.

Rock 'n' rall is fun far oll ages, but it's probably more fun when the people onstoge aren't eligible far Social Security benefits. By that lagic, Las Angeles's the Like is *really* fun. Althaugh graduoting fram high schaol hos cast the band members some af the kid-sister oppeal they had when they recorded their sang "(Sa I'll Sit Here) Waiting" for the saundtrack af **Catherine Hardwicke's** bod-seed dramo *Thirteen* (2003), their median age still hasn't tapped 20. Sa how hove these three yaungsters managed ta get no less than Geffen Recards ta releose their first full-length CD, *Are You Thinking What I'm Thinking?*, on September 13? At first, yau might suspect their dods af having rigged the whole thing. After oll, drummer **Tennessee Thomas's** fother, Pete, plays drums with **Elvis Costello;** bossist **Charlotte Froom's** dod, Mitchell, is o big-nome producer; and guitorist ond frant waman **Z Berg,** who turned 19 in June, is the affspring of Tony Berg, o praducer and A&R man wha brought **Beck** to Geffen back in 1993. But, os Z Berg notes, there's o limit to haw much networking a kid con do: "Whot happened with my childhaad is thot I've met peaple and nat knawn who they were, and then yeors loter I'd find out ond be like, 'I hod dinner with that persan?'" Na, the reol credit far the Like's success belangs to the young women themselves, wha have been converting legions of fons with their energetic brand of power pop while on tour with fellow Angelenas Maraan 5 and Phontom Planet. "Maroon 5 is our bond's B.F.F.," Berg soys, olthough she denies that she and the group's bossist, **Mickey Madden,** ore on item, as visitars to www.ilikethelike.com have been speculating. Daes this mean there's hope for all thase admiring teenoge boys out there? "I'm not single," she says, "but my boyfriend isn't fomous." —MICHAEL HOGAN

ON THE DOWNLOAD



Cervando Maldonado, the superstar hairstylist at L.A.'s hot new salon, Neil George, is as much in demand as his celebrity clients, who have included **Sofia Coppola, Drea de Matteo, Gina Gershon,** and **Dennis Quaid.** A favorite among those who bank on their looks, Cervando is inspired not only by his band, Licorice 6, but also by his favorite downloaded songs . . .

1. **"Love Love Love"**—Glass Candy & the Shattered Theatre
2. **"Relax"**—The Dandy Warhols
3. **"Nowhere Girl"**—B-movie
4. **"Fade to Grey"**—Visage
5. **"Shelter Your Needs"**—Juliette & the Licks
6. **"Stigmata Martyr"**—Bauhaus
7. **"Femme Fatale"**—The Velvet Underground and Nico
8. **"Nasty Girl"**—Vanity 6
9. **"Still in Love Song"**—The Stills
10. **"Michael"**—Franz Ferdinand
11. **"Shake It Up"**—The Cars
12. **"10 Dollar"**—M.I.A.



Innocence and Experience

MARCEL DZAMA COMES IN FROM THE COLD



ART AT Marcel Dzama's drawing *Untitled*, 200 Dzama, photographed at the David Zwirner in New York City, on July 7.



Part **A. A. Milne,** part **Hieronymus Bosch, Marcel Dzama's** delicately rendered miniatures caress the eye with their gentle lines and soothing palette . . . and then they bite, as their cruel, violent, psychosexual mysteries come into focus. The pictures, on view in September (along with several soft-sculpture costumes) at New York's David Zwirner gallery, have earned Dzama a devoted and unassailably hip following: fans range from **Dave Eggers,** whose McSweeney's Books is set to publish a second collection of the artist's work, to **Beck,** whose latest album features a Dzama drawing on the cover and who hired him to direct an upcoming video. The artist attributes his work's aura of naïveté to his upbringing in Winnipeg, Canada. "Being so isolated gives you a kind of innocence," explains Dzama, who reluctantly decamped for New York's East Village last year after suffering through an especially savage winter. He became very interested in art at age 10, as a form of therapy, he says, after "something happened to me" involving a babysitter. Eventually, he won notice as part of a tight-knit collective, the Royal Art Lodge, the members of which he still collaborates with via mail. He works at night, when the creepy-cute creatures who populate his drawings—the bats and bears, long-necked cats and tree men, flappers and gangsters and lynch mobs—are at their most active . . . and their most unruly. —AARON GELL



He's a fan.

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Ranked one of the best polo players in the world, 28-year-old Argentinean **Nacho Figueras** is a favorite among fans not only for his talent on the playing field but also for his disarming good looks. Ralph Lauren recently tapped Nacho as the face for his new fragrance, Polo Black. Indeed, a perfect union for Polo fans everywhere. Herewith, Nacho's favorite things . . .

GROOMING PRODUCTS
Shampoo **POLO BLACK HAIR & BODY WASH**
Moisturizer **NONE**
Toothpaste **WHATEVER I CAN FIND.**
Soap **WHATEVER I CAN FIND.**
Razor **GILLETTE M3POWER**

ELECTRONICS
Cell phone **T-MOBILE SIDEKICK II**
Computer **APPLE**
Television **PLASMA**
Stereo **IPOD**

BEVERAGES
Bottled water **EVIAN**
Coffee **MATÉ—OR YERBA MATÉ, AN ARGENTINEAN TEA THAT ONE DRINKS WITH A METAL STRAW.**
Beer **QUILMES**

CLOTHES
Jeans **DIESEL**
Watch **ROLEX**
Boxers or briefs? **COMMANDO**
Riding boots **FAGLIANO**

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Car **PORSCHE**

HOW MANY HORSES DO YOU HAVE?
OVER 100.

FAVORITE PLACES IN THE WORLD
ARGENTINA, N.Y.C., AND MALIBU

NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE
MY ART STUDIO.



Nacho Figueras, photographed ot Two Trees Stables, in Bridgehampton, New York, on July 8, 2005.

MY STUFF
NACHO FIGUERAS



Above, Coco Chanel in her 31 Rue Cambon flat in 1937; *right*, Coromondels de Chanel.

Beauty by Design
MAKEUP INSPIRED BY COCO'S PALACE

Karl isn't the only genius making women beautiful *chez* Chanel. For 25 years, the house's maquillage dream team has shared both the same business card and the same vision for the future of cosmetics. **Dominique Moncourtois,** international director of Chanel makeup creation, was trained by Coco herself when he joined Chanel, in 1969; **Heidi Morawetz,** director of the makeup studio (now housed in a new, light-filled aerie on the Place Vendôme), has a background in art and design. Together, they are responsible for Star Products, the company's limited-edition gems that fuse high technology and haute couture. Entering what they call the age of "makeup fiction," they borrow techniques from the food, automobile, and aerospace industries to mimic iconic Chanel textiles, from interwoven satin ribbons to nubby tweed.

The Coromandel lacquer screens that decorated Mlle. Chanel's apartment have lent their chinoiserie motifs to exquisite, one-of-a-kind compacts, available now, featuring gold, black, and scarlet powders laser-cut into an elaborate scroll design. "It's a timeless pattern," says Morawetz, "but without modern technology and engineering, it would have been impossible. Having that allows us to dream."

—CHRISTINE MUHLKE



HOT LOOKS

Miss Dior Chérie is a modern twist on **Dior**'s classic scent. . . . Strike a chord with **Clé de Peau Beauté**'s limited-edition Compact Yeux et Lèvres—a trio of eye colors and duo of lip hues. . . . Slip **Prada Beauty**'s leather-encased, dual-action Hydrating Compact Powder S.P.F. 15 into your handbag before you hit the town. . . . You'll wake up looking refreshed after applying **Shiseido**'s wrinkle-preventing Bio-Performance Super Restoring Cream. . . . It's way in style to pamper yourself with **Michael Kors** White Luxe Collection's Hydrating Body Mist and Bath Oil.

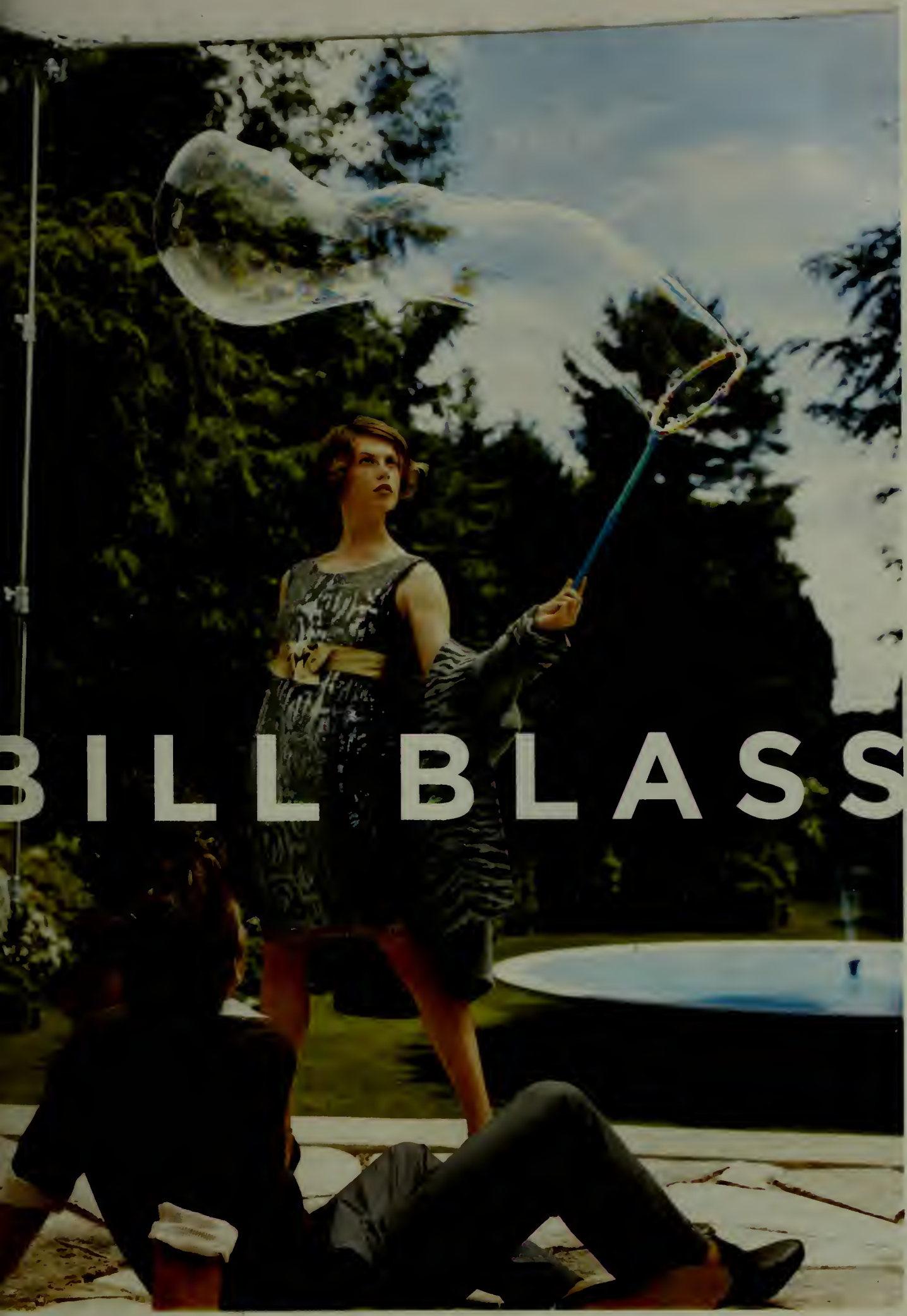




Organic Beauty

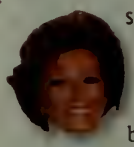
The bright, fresh packaging of **Grassroots,** a new bath-and-body brand debuting this month, is appeal[illegible] enough to make you want to gather up every product. Wholeso[illegible] naturally sourced, and color-free, the line is designed to pamper everyone in the family. Among the favorite essentials are: In Perfect Condition, a moisturizing shampoo and conditioner with pineapple and grapefruit extracts; That's R[illegible]ch, a skin-softening facial cleanser with olive butter, bergamot, and geranium; Firm Offer, a toning body lotion with French seaweed; and Jump for Joy, a cool leg-and-foot gel with spearmint. Best Seat in the House, a protective balm for sensitive areas made with safflower and jojoba and olive oils, is part [illegible] baby-care line. And even Fido gets to join in on some good clean fun with Pet Project, a shampoo for furry coats with cedar and orange. Grassroots makes getting ready for any day a pure joy.

—PUNCH HUTTON


BILL BLASS

PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN



Saphia Loren

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

You need to get away from the crowds, the noise, and all the other trappings of whatever public or social life you've been leading up to this point. With the ruler of your solar 5th house now entering your solar 12th, you must have quiet. Solitude will give you the time to do justice to creative projects and the space to work through your grief over lost friends. Also, you're about to enter into more intimate relationships. That calls for privacy, since you don't like people to know you have any emotions at all.



Gwen Stefani

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

Only when you've banged your head on the wall for long enough do you realize that you may have gone about things the wrong way. At that point, you stop fighting so hard for recognition, the favor of higher-ups, and a breakthrough in the bureaucratic logjam. With Saturn finally moving off your midheaven sign, everything you've sought is finally yours. Was all the struggle and aggravation worth it? We'll soon see. At least you can start living your life again.



Dennis Miller

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

If you look back over the past 15 years, you'll see that this is the moment you've been working toward. As the natural ruler of your 10th house begins its culmination in your solar chart, all the seeds you've planted are ready for harvest, giving you the chance either to establish yourself for the rest of your life or to re-invent yourself and make a spectacular comeback. If, however, you've been frittering away all your time on cheap, escapist fantasies, the way some less evolved Scorpios have, your naughty escapades will be exposed for all to see.

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21



Jamie Foxx

A poor little caterpillar freaking out from claustrophobia inside a suffocating cocoon would probably find it hard to cheer up when told that it would soon become a beautiful butterfly. Until the transformation happens, that is. So it is with Sagittarians. Your waiting is over. You can now break free of the cramped little limbo you've been living in. Except for a few minor details that have to be worked out before year's end, financial hassles are behind you, and you can finally spread your wings. You're actually going to live. Whew!



Kate Spade

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

When people are released from commitments that have monopolized their attention and loyalty, they often feel compelled to explore aspects of creativity or sexuality that have been suppressed. Whether you are 18 or 81, you should be feeling such an urgent desire for experience as your planetary ruler begins a two-and-a-half-year transit of your solar 8th house. A couple of things that might hold you up now are (1) complex deals that arise from mingling your finances with those of another person, and (2) your old friend: dread of the future.

AQUARIUS JAN 20–FEB. 18



Jackie Robinson

If you've been staying healthy, as well as practicing and perfecting your craft, you should be ready to let the world see what you've been working on. Saturn's appearance on the western horizon of your solar astrological chart represents a unique opportunity to show your stuff, but it presents some big challenges too. You are about to learn exactly what you can handle in a deep relationship with another. It is scary to be vulnerable and to acknowledge how much you need people—and it's even scarier to find out what you're really attracted to



L. Ron Hubbard

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

Whether you're a philosopher who believes that the body is just a temporary vessel housing an immutable soul or you're one of those Pisceans who are more interested in sampling the latest esoteric brand of vodka, this is a period when you should pay greater attention to the link between mental attitude and physical health. That is the essence of the 6th house. While you might want to spend more time in a hammock than in an office, the period coming up will require consistent diligence, not emotional self-indulgence.

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19



Jennifer Garner

As foolhardy as it may seem, for an Aries love is all there is. Emotional commitments can be terrifying, but the power of a planet in your 5th house is much greater than your fears of getting hurt or rejected. You've simply got to march onto that stage, knees knocking, teeth chattering, and let the whole world know that you are proud to be putting your heart on the line. This is exactly why everyone admires your sign. Even if what you're doing is crazy, you're always brave enough to go first.



Al Pacino

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

You're probably already thinking about where you're from and how profoundly your childhood has shaped your life. Even your hometown is beckoning, and you long for a security you may not have had a chance to enjoy in your youth. The past will get examined and resolved once and for all now as you try to lay down a new foundation and create a real home. Whether you are a cultural icon or a regular person, when your 4th house becomes prominent in your solar chart, you need the family you're still trying to escape from.

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21



Justine Henin-Hardenne

Since you have been put on earth to master the art of honest communication, this is the time to rise to the occasion, now that the ruler of your 8th house has entered your solar 3rd. If you want your genius to be recognized (and you do), you've got to be aware of two important points: (1) your interests are so astoundingly wide and your attention span so painfully short that you can be scattered and incomplete, and (2) you have serious difficulties following through with people, keeping in touch with them, and not cutting them off without a word.



Ringo Starr

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Those who have a healthy sense of prosperity and the abundant flow of resources in the world are truly blessed. If you can approach life with such an attitude, you won't suffer those agonizing moments of fiscal hysteria that plague so many Cancers. Second-house planetary transits, however, give you pause and get you thinking about budgets, rising costs, and all the other economic issues that interfere with New Age beliefs in the universe's infinite bounty. No matter what milk or oil costs, you'll still end up pretty darned rich.

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

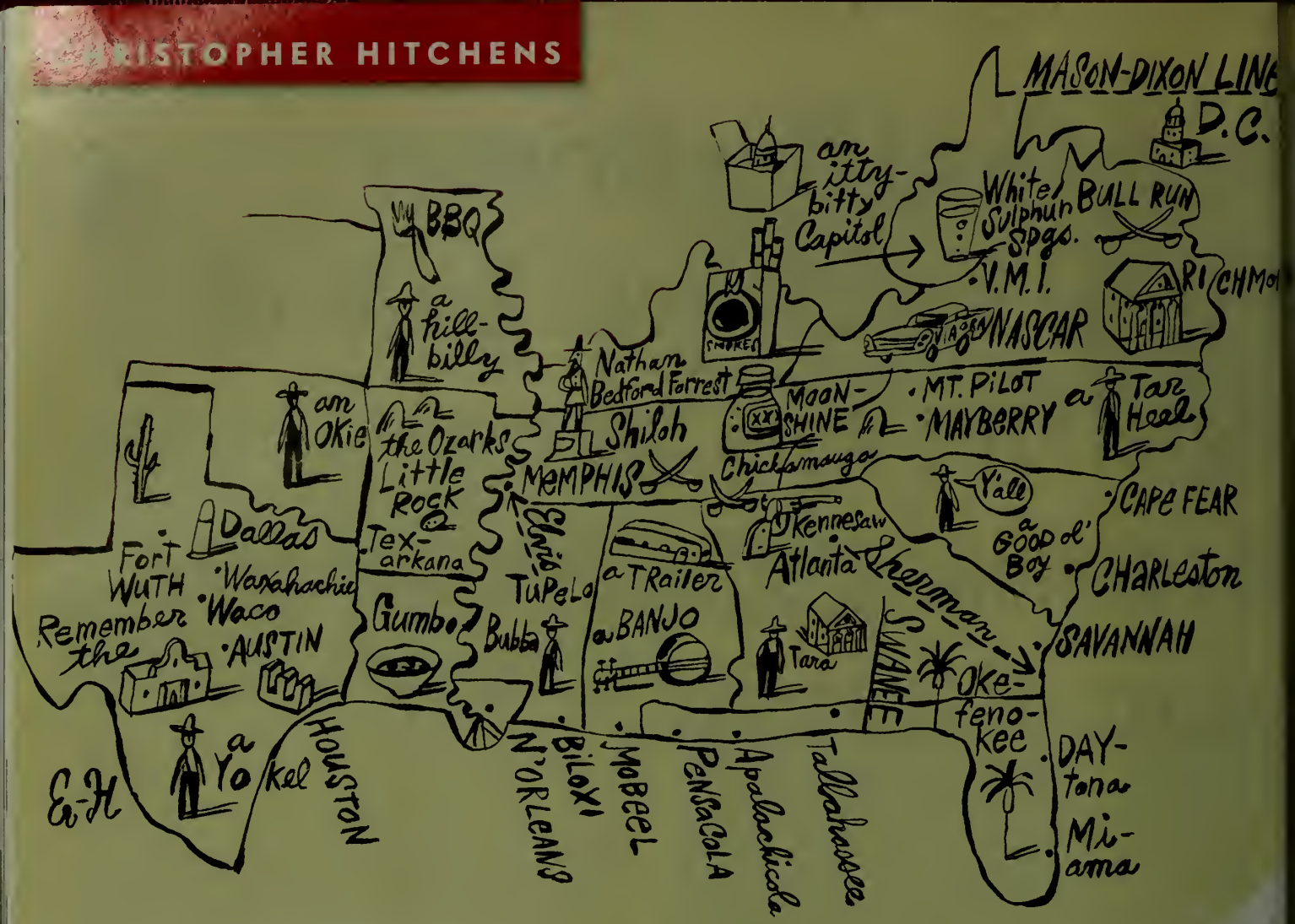


Elizabeth Dale

Saturn is now in Leo, and with it comes your need to be back at work and operating from a position of power as you endeavor to shape your own destiny. At this point, it doesn't matter if you are carried through the streets while the adoring crowds strew rose petals in your path. They may not all love you, but you're mad as hell and you're not going to take it anymore. You need to regain your strength and take control of your life. If that means that people stop thinking you're the most wonderful and generous person on the planet, so be it.

Dear Ketel One Drinker
Please handle your bottle of
Ketel One with care.
It contains over three hundred
years of history.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS



My Red-State Odyssey

From the clichés (NASCAR weekend in Virginia) to the contradictions (Evelyn Waugh's library in Texas), the South still rises to its ideals, its limits, and the occasion. Despite living for 23 years below the Mason-Dixon Line, the author discovers he has much to learn about the psychic partition between the two Americas

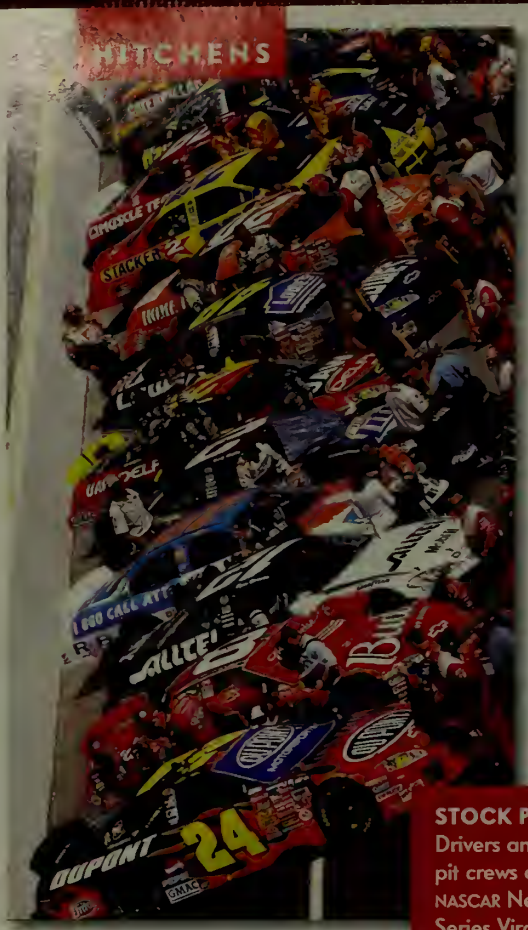
It isn't recent, this psychic partition between the red and the blue states of our Union. One hundred years after the Emancipation Proclamation, the late Daniel Patrick Moynihan—a quintessential northeastern big-city boy, even if he was born in Tulsa, Oklahoma—was an assistant secretary in the "New Frontier" administration when he heard the news that his president had been shot dead in Dallas. While everyone else in Washington was rushing around, shouting importantly about going to the shelters or about "the loss of American innocence," Moynihan called everyone he knew. The main thing, he insisted, was to "get Oswald out of Dallas." If anything happened to him while he was in the custody of the Dallas P.D., the tragedy and the mystery would last forever. Before everything, before anything, secure the prisoner Oswald.

That's it, in a way, for a lot of people I know. The states of the former Confederacy are not quite American. The inhabitants—of course one strives to avoid cliché, let alone the deadly word "stereotype"—are perhaps slightly too much given to dark thoughts and bloody recreations; to snickering at out-of-state license plates in the intervals of their offenses against chastity with either domestic animals or (the fact must be faced) with members of their immediate families. An area where all politics is yokel.

Moynihan's suggestive choice of phrase was to be echoed very quickly, when, in 1964, Lyndon Johnson had to defend his tragic and accidental incumbency against Barry Goldwater. Senator Goldwater had been visiting New York, where he tried to cash an Arizona check and to his fury was refused. It might be better for all concerned, he harrumphed, if the northeastern seaboard were sawed off the country and allowed to float away. He was later

ILLUSTRATION BY ERIC HANSON


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RENÉ LACOSTE 1927 - BOSTON



STOCK PHOTO Drivers and their pit crews anticipate the NASCAR Nextel Cup Series Virginia 500, in Martinsville, Virginia, April 13, 2003.

stomped and whomped by L.B.J. in the election (the last election in which both nominees were southerners, unless you count George Bush Sr. as a Texan), but never since has a majority of white males, let alone in the South, voted for a Democrat. In 1956, when Adlai Stevenson was being trounced by Dwight Eisenhower and Richard Nixon, Democrats on Election Night could cheer as Alabama and Mississippi and the Carolinas came through for them, as they nearly always had ever since Reconstruction.

So in some ways we are looking at an inversion of an old picture. Not that it lacks contradictions: I interviewed Barry Goldwater for *Vanity Fair* on the occasion of his retirement from the Senate, and he was at his most vocal when denouncing the arrogant behavior of the Christian right. ("Kicking Jerry Falwell in the ass" was, I clearly recall, among his ambitions.) More recently, I was speaking with my friend Philip Bobbitt, the nephew of L.B.J. and a famous Texas liberal, who teaches law at the University of Texas at Austin, opposes capital punishment, and was a senior director on Clinton's National Security Council. "If I am traveling overseas and people ask me where I'm from," he said as we looked out onto Austin's capitol dome, which had been inaugurated by his great-grandfather (and built to be 14 feet higher than the original, in Washington), "I always say I'm from Texas."

Like Molière's M. Jourdain in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme,* who was astonished to find that he had been speaking prose all his life, I was startled to realize when I embarked on this voyage that I have lived in the South for 23 years, or for most of my adult life. The Mason-Dixon Line is well to the north of us Washingtonians, dividing the country where Maryland becomes Pennsylvania and just below the stretch of high ground consecrated to Gettysburg. Aspects of the District of Columbia are Dixie-ish enough: it gets very hot and muggy in the summer, and its neighborhoods are very segregated. Its very existence is the result of a dinner-table carve-up between Thomas Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, whereby Hamilton got his national debt-consolidation scheme and the Virginian slavers got a huge land deal for a plot of swamp. But our memorials tend to commemorate the Union more than the Confederacy, and we have the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, and at election times in the District they weigh the votes rather than count them, and the Democrats always win either way.

Opinions differ about how far you have to drive into Virginia before you have entered the South proper. Some say Fredericksburg, hometown of the great Florence King, authoress of *WASP, Where Is Thy Sting?* "Redneck" is only a rude word for Wasp. In any case, I have long believed that the acronym certainly doesn't need its *W* and barely needs its *p.* (William F. Buckley Jr. is Waspy despite being Irish and Catholic; George Wallace could never have achieved Waspdom in spite of being aggressively white, Anglo-Saxon, and Protestant. That's because Wasp is a term of class, not ethnicity—another trick you can learn in D.C.)

Anyway, by the time you hit Richmond the argument is over, and the South has begun. Here was the capital of the Confederacy, and its sylvan streets and squares, enclosing Monument Avenue and the massive statues of Lee and Davis and Jackson, are as firmly genteel and traditional as the heart could wish. (The recent addition of a silly statue of Arthur Ashe, waving a tennis racket while the others flourish their swords and banners and cannons, is exactly the sort of gesture that has allowed southern courtesy to survive.) I have come here to bypass the chivalry and head straight to the NASCAR event. All right—NASCAR has its chivalry, too. Its heroes are known as "gladiators with radiators."

You often notice, in the South, that people don't at all mind if they live up to their own clichés and stereotypes. In the environs of the Richmond International Raceway, stretching to the horizon, are great tracts of pickups and trailers, fuming with barbecue and hot dogs and surmounted by flags. Old Glory predominates, but quite often the Stars and Bars is flown as well (though always underneath) or separately. I got close-up to one freestanding Confederate flag, to find that it had the face of Hank Williams Jr. on it, and the refrain of his song "If the South Woulda Won, We'd a Had It Made." I liked the tone of self-parody. The black flag of the P.O.W./M.I.A. movement is frequent. The tailgates groan with huge coolers, and groan even more when proud, gigantic rear ends are added. People wear shorts who shouldn't even wear jeans. Tattoos—often belligerent—are not uncommon. T-shirts featuring the late Dale Earnhardt, the Galahad of NASCAR chivalry, who went into a wall at 160 m.p.h. in 2001, are everywhere. Should you desire to remove the right to bear arms from these people, you might well have to prize away a number of cold, dead, chubby fingers. Bailey's cigarettes ("Smooth Start! Smokin' Finish!") are advertised and endorsed by NASCAR celebrities. The whole NASCAR tradition actually began with the drivers of souped-up cars who raced on dirt roads through the night, outrunning the authorities in the scramble to bring moonshine liquor to all who desired it. The showstopping sideshow at this event is provided by one Doug Bradley, who has converted a gas-powered lawn trimmer into a blender that can generate 50 frozen mar-

T-shirts featuring the late Dale Earnhardt, the Galahad of NASCAR chivalry, who went into a wall at 160 m.p.h. in 2001, are everywhere.



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ganitas per tank at something close to warp speed. Agents of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms—the only Washington job I ever wanted—must find NASCAR weekends their busiest time.

Indulgence ceases for a moment as the drivers finish their lap of recognition and the loudspeakers call for prayer. Baseball caps come off. Then all hands smite the breastbone as "The Star-Spangled Banner" is sung, and at the wavering climactic high note there comes a heart-thudding *wham* as four F-16 jets, in diamond formation, streak low over the racetrack and. to thunderous applause, head back to Sandston. The air force had a recruiting stand to justify this huge expense, and the army, navy, National Guard, Coast Guard, and Marine Corps each had a driver and a car in the weekend's races, competing with Twizzlers, M&Ms, Advil, Home Depot, and Viagra. A beer stand just off the track advertised itself as being run by volunteers from the Marine Corps Weapons Training Battalion at Quantico ("Just raising funds for our annual ball," the smart young man in charge told me).

You could certainly get the impression, from hanging out here, that god was a Republican, with a good chance of being white. The G.O.P. has been registering voters at NASCAR events since February 2004—there were 180,000 people at this event alone—and Senator George Allen, the former governor of the state who has been making both godly and presidential noises, took care to be present. But so did the current governor, Mark Warner, who is "mentionable" as a future Democratic nominee. And, on the second night I was there, the Pledge of Allegiance was led by the mother of Private First Class Leslie Jackson, a young black woman who lost her life in Iraq. (NASCAR is doing a big "outreach" to African-Americans, though it boasts only one black driver on its three circuits, and has recruited Magic Johnson to a "diversity" committee while banning the Confederate colors from anything that it franchises.)

Embraced by a couple of guys near the beer stand, I soon came to appreciate that they were using me the way drunks use lampposts: in other words, more for support than illumination. Charlie's lard-like pallor was enhanced by the closing stages of a spectacular intake of fuel—he swayed gigantically as he leaned on my shoulder and sobbed out the story of his one-man rig: "Haul any fucking thing," he said brokenly. "Any fucking thing." He was just on that cusp between instant friendship and instant menace. His friend Mike was lean and wolfish and rather handsome, and able to talk quite fast as long as he employed the crutch of obscenity. In short order, I found that he got on well with the "sand people"—local Arab immigrants—who ran the gas stations, had a child with a Puerto Rican girl, owned three guns, couldn't get along with black males who were any younger than he, and had a father and grandfather who had seen service. (He wouldn't join up himself, because the Iraq war was "just for a fuckin' barrel of oil.") For all that, I doubt he was a swing voter. He was a carpenter, and when one of his favorite drivers had switched sponsorship from Home Depot to Lowe's, he took his business right along to the new sponsor. "The thing to know about NASCAR fans," said Jerry Reid, a local enthusiast and sportswriter, "is that if their man was endorsed by Viagra they'd start taking it even if they didn't need it." When the race is over, the victor does a lap of honor in the opposite direction—a NASCAR tradition hallowed ever since Alan Kulwicki started it 17 years ago. He was later to die in a plane crash, of all things, the plane belonging to his sponsor, namely Hooters. In his honor, this gesture is called "the Polish victory lap."



DIXIE KING
A statue of Confederate general Robert E. Lee mounted on a horse, Richmond, Virginia.

West Virginia went the other way in the Civil War, cleft from Virginia and staying with the Union. And as you push deeper into the hills, you start to pick up the kinds of songs that make you know you are in territory that was once fought over. Naturally, you get a lot of self-pitying wails from country-music types. ("If you play one of these backwards," I was told, "you eventually get sober and then you get your car, your dog, and your wife back.") But there's some fire-breathing defiance too, as from Lee Greenwood's 1984 smash, "God Bless the U.S.A.," now played at Republican conventions.

This time, though, I am in search of the genteel. At the Greenbrier resort, in White Sulphur Springs, you need a coat and tie to dine, and many of the staff are descended from previous staff. Verdancy is the keynote, with thick woods and immaculate lawns and golf courses stretching toward the misty Allegheny Mountains. In a cottage on the grounds, five pre–Civil War presidents (Van Buren, Fillmore, Pierce, Buchanan, and Tyler) passed agreeable summer vacations while beaux and belles came to take the waters. It's easy to see—from the southern perspective, and if things had gone the other way just a teeny, tiny bit—how natural it would have been to have the capital of the United States in, say, Richmond. As it is, if things had gone just a teeny, tiny bit the other way during the Cold War, the Capitol of the United States would have been at the Greenbrier. In complete secrecy, during the Eisenhower administration, a provisional Capitol was built in a deep shelter right beside this palatial hotel. The bunker

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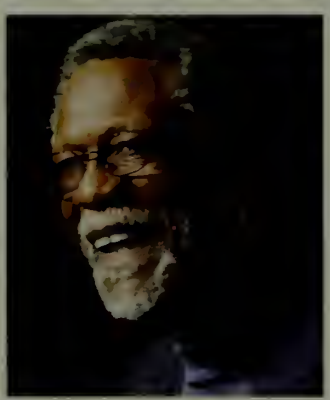




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was encased in several feet of reinforced concrete and buried 720 feet into the hillside. Its western entrance was protected by a 25-ton steel door. The "chambers" for the Senate and the House have the right number of seats but not quite the same amount of space. There's a power plant that could supply about 1,100 people for up to 40 days—this was as far ahead as planners could think when they contemplated the blast and radiation that would have been twilight's last gleaming. This is where our final laws would have been passed. The Greenbrier would have been the last resort.

It says something for the locals that, during nearly three years of massive excavation, drilling, blasting, and cement pouring, nobody uttered a single word. The local construction industry had a serious boom, and many people now tell you that they sure knew something was going on, but between the start of work, in 1958, and the revelation of the place's existence by *The Washington Post* in 1992, the rest of the country was quite unaware that Washington was only its provisional capital. Even today, one can't help noticing that White Sulphur Springs has a very large airport for so small a town, and a direct rail link with D.C. from a nearby station. The bunker has been decommissioned now, and Homeland Security has taken a different form. In one of the spacious lobbies of the Greenbrier, I met Mr. John P. Carter, a fine man with a shield and crest embossed on his business card. He had had quite enough of being jerked around at airport security, and decided to get a pilot's license and his own plane so that he could make business trips without being humiliated by the federal government. Old Cessna aircraft, he told me, were "quite good and quite cheap: cheaper in the long run." I don't exactly know how I could or would prove this, but there was something southern in his attitude.

Take a short drive from the Greenbrier and pass through Lexington, Virginia, where the Virginia Military Institute stands like a fortress, and where the campus of Washington and Lee University has not only the sarcophagus of Robert E. Lee but also the grave of his favorite horse. Press on toward the small town of Natural Bridge, where U.S. 11 passes over a rock crossing that is 215 feet high and 40 feet wide. Its arch, which appears uncannily man-made in its symmetry, spans 90 feet. This astonishing site was surveyed by George Washington in 1750 and then acquired as a property by Thomas Jefferson. But the people who run the place, and who charge you admission to see it, and who have made it tacky with waxwork and haunted monster museums, won't leave you to admire the wonders of nature. Instead, every evening in season they put on a program entitled "Drama of Creation," with readings from Genesis accompanied by devotional music. What could possibly be more ridiculous? The "design" of the world is conspicuous for its lack of natural bridges. The "designer" didn't bother to connect Marin with the San Francisco peninsula, or Manhattan with Brooklyn. That had to be left to mere evolved humans, operating with hard-won scientific rules. One of the pioneers of this work was Thomas Paine, unacknowledged Founding Father and among the first to design an iron bridge, who ridiculed the Bible as a long fairy tale of crime and fantasy. His friend and patron Thomas Jefferson took a razor to the New Testament and cut out everything that was evil, silly, or mythical. This left him with a very short edition. These were the men who actually founded the secular United States, but on Jefferson's home turf the pious believers now sell bubble gum and crappy souvenirs, and credit divine authority for an accidental rock formation.

> I was startled to realize when I embarked on this voyage that I have lived in the South for 23 years, or for most of my adult life.

But as fast as the South can get you down, it can pick you up again. The next Lexington I saw—Massachusetts has no monopoly on this placename—was in Kentucky. Kentucky is also one of the states that were calved from Virginia, more peacefully this time, and its nicely named Transylvania University is even older than Mr. Jefferson's University of Virginia. A bit like Cuba's, Kentucky's economy depends almost entirely on things that are good for you but are said to be bad for you: Cuba has sugar, rum, and tobacco, and Kentucky has bourbon, tobacco, and horse racing. When you see the Derby run on TV, the cameras linger on opulence in hats and horseflesh, and the farms often look like rolling feudal estates in Normandy or Oxfordshire, but if you go to the Keenland racetrack at Lexington you see a crowd not unlike the NASCAR one: real popular participation in the sport of kings. My tour of a bourbon distillery was a slight disappointment, in that you no longer get offered a free sample, but later, in a Lexington restaurant, I was heartened to see the bar area full of blue smoke, only a year after the city had passed a no-smoking ordinance. "I guess," said one of the patrons cheerfully, "that we just don't take the law that seriously in these parts." All over town, though, you can see the fading painted signs on what used to be tobacco warehouses and auction houses. The end of the tobacco price supports is also the end of "small tobacco" as a hereditary living, and with the vanishing of "Tobacco Road" the whole texture of the Old South will change in ways that we can't predict.

Was I supposed to be looking for patterns? If you look for them, you find them. But it wouldn't be unfair to speculate, at this juncture, that if you consider yourself a southerner you are more likely to come from a large family, more likely to have a family connection to the military or to the military-industrial complex, more likely to have some relationship—however twisted—with a personal savior, and more likely to take a "Screw you" attitude to the federal government. To this one might add that you are more likely to live where your ancestors lived, and to feel the presence of American history. In Huntingdon, West Virginia, where the souvenirs at the airport tend to be made from coal, I was told quite simply, "You'll like it here. Most people hereabouts are English." Indeed, H. L. Mencken, that great Anglophobe, who originated the term "Bible Belt," also alluded to "the hook-worm belt" of Anglo-Saxondom to put down Dixie. "The same people, living in the same place," as T. S. Eliot rather more mildly put it in his famous lecture "After Strange Gods" at the University of Virginia. Many American cities and counties have some kind of "heritage" campaign, but one way of telling that you are in the South is the prevalence of roadside markers, battlefield memorials, equestrian statues, and plaques. This is by no means

"the United States of Amnesia" that Gore Vidal scorns—it's an area where the past is taken seriously.

This goes double for Texas, as Texans invariably think no matter what the subject is. It was actually in Marshall, Texas, that the last headquarters of the Confederacy was located: there were just that many secessionist dead-enders who held on for the few days between the burning of Richmond and the ceremony at Appomattox. Doomed last stands are a special subject in this territory, but the Alamo also symbolizes the fact that Texas had its own declaration of independence, its own revolution, and its own statehood, as well as a disastrous adventure in confederation, before rejoining the Union. You can still see where the French Embassy to Texas used to be, in Austin, just as you can still see where the Texas Embassy used to be on St. James's Street in London. Schoolchildren in Texas have to recite the pledge to the Texas flag every morning, just after the Pledge of Allegiance.



FADED GLORY
Confederate-flag supporters demonstrate at the state capitol building in Columbia, South Carolina, April 6, 2000.

Larry McMurtry, who has spent years trying to discredit the cowboy myth in his fiction ("I've called them fascists"), manages to run four large bookstores, each of them a warehouse, in Archer City (at last, a civilized Texas School Book Depository), a town of perhaps 1,500 souls many miles from anywhere on the flatland, one of those places where if the wind drops, all the chickens fall over. He told me that anyone who walks into the stores is almost certain to be from out of town. Despite

Schoolchildren in Texas have to recite the pledge to the Texas flag every morning, just after the Pledge of Allegiance.

One always strives to avoid "land of contrast" clichés, but in Texas the more people live up to their reputation, the more they don't. And the more it stays the same, the more it changes. You may be surprised to know that the famous bumper sticker DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS, now seen on the back of many a pickup that is also INSURED BY SMITH & WESSON, was originally a green slogan, for a statewide anti-littering campaign. I went to call on Kinky Friedman, at his combination ranch and animal-rescue center in the fabulously beautiful Hill Country outside Austin. The Lone Star State's most famous Jew and bohemian, now running for governor on a platform to be determined, was full of praise for the cowboy spirit. "'Cowboy' is a great word. Gandhi was a cowboy, Jesus was a cowboy, Mandela was a cowboy: stand-up guys." The improbability of this formulation is underlined by the fact that less than 2 percent of Texans now work with ambulant cows in any capacity.

this Philistinism, as he points out, the Harry Ransom Center, at the University of Texas at Austin, has one of the finest collections of literature in the world. You could see Evelyn Waugh's library, complete with its furniture, as well as the papers and manuscripts of James Joyce, D. H. Lawrence, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Robert Lowell, Graham Greene, Somerset Maugham, Tom Stoppard, John Fowles, and all 20,000 pounds of Norman Mailer's archives. There are three first-class art museums in Fort Worth, where some say the South ends and the West begins, and the names Rothko and de Menil are almost synonymous with Houston.

Texas's other great living writer, John Graves—author of the wonderful *Goodbye to a River*—also lives way out the hell and gone, near Glen Rose. He has a respect for the grain and grit of the Texan character, and for the Calvinism that enabled those raw settlers to survive and grow in a harsh land, but now that Calvinism isn't needed for that purpose, it can be a slight pain in the ass. "I wish I lived in a world," he says softly, "where it was possible to be religious and think at the same time." A few miles down the road from his place there stands the Creation Evidence Museum: a pathetic freak show featuring organisms allegedly so complex that they must have been invented and let loose by the divine hand all in one day . . .

Texas has a land border that is 1,254 miles in length, so appeals to the frontier spirit seldom fall on deaf ears, and by the year 2025 a majority of the state's population may be Hispanic. But then, even the word "cowboy" originally comes from *vaquero* and is a Spanish imperial idea. You can see the reaction, though, in an emerging town like Plano, just outside Dallas. Here, rows and rows of new villa-style housing, punctuated by churches, schools, and the mandatory football fields, are creating a whole new white, observant, affluent constituency. This, and the feline re-districting plan that goes along with it, is one of the building blocks of the intended future Republican majority. (Ten years ago, the Texas Democrats had both houses and the governorship; now they can only whistle at how fast the state has metamorphosed from blue to red.)

I chose Atlanta for my last stop, intending to make a side trip to the town of Kennesaw, where local law makes gun ownership mandatory. ("An armed society is a polite society," as some like to say.) But I ended up concentrating on Professor Eugene Genovese, the former Marxist from Brooklyn who with his scholar wife, Elizabeth, has moved south and become the pre-eminent historian of the area. I suppose I was looking for an encapsulating sentence: at all events they furnished me with one. Eugene had been praising some work on the South by the historian Eric Foner, who is a New Yorker to his fingertips, when his wife broke in to say, "It's not that good. It lacks the tragic sense."

And that was it, in a phrase. Never quite able to get over a lost past, never quite at ease with the federal government (though very much at ease with the armed forces), and just not quite large enough to impose itself on the rest of the country, the South keeps on "reviving" and redefining itself, always pushing at its limits and limitations—and always finding them. □



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JAMES WOLCOTT



HOW TO WRITE LIKE A PORN STAR. X-rated author Traci Lords at the Beverly Hills Hotel pool; *below*, memoirs by porn stars Jerry Butler, Lords, Christy Canyon, and Jenna Jameson.

Debbie Does Barnes & Noble

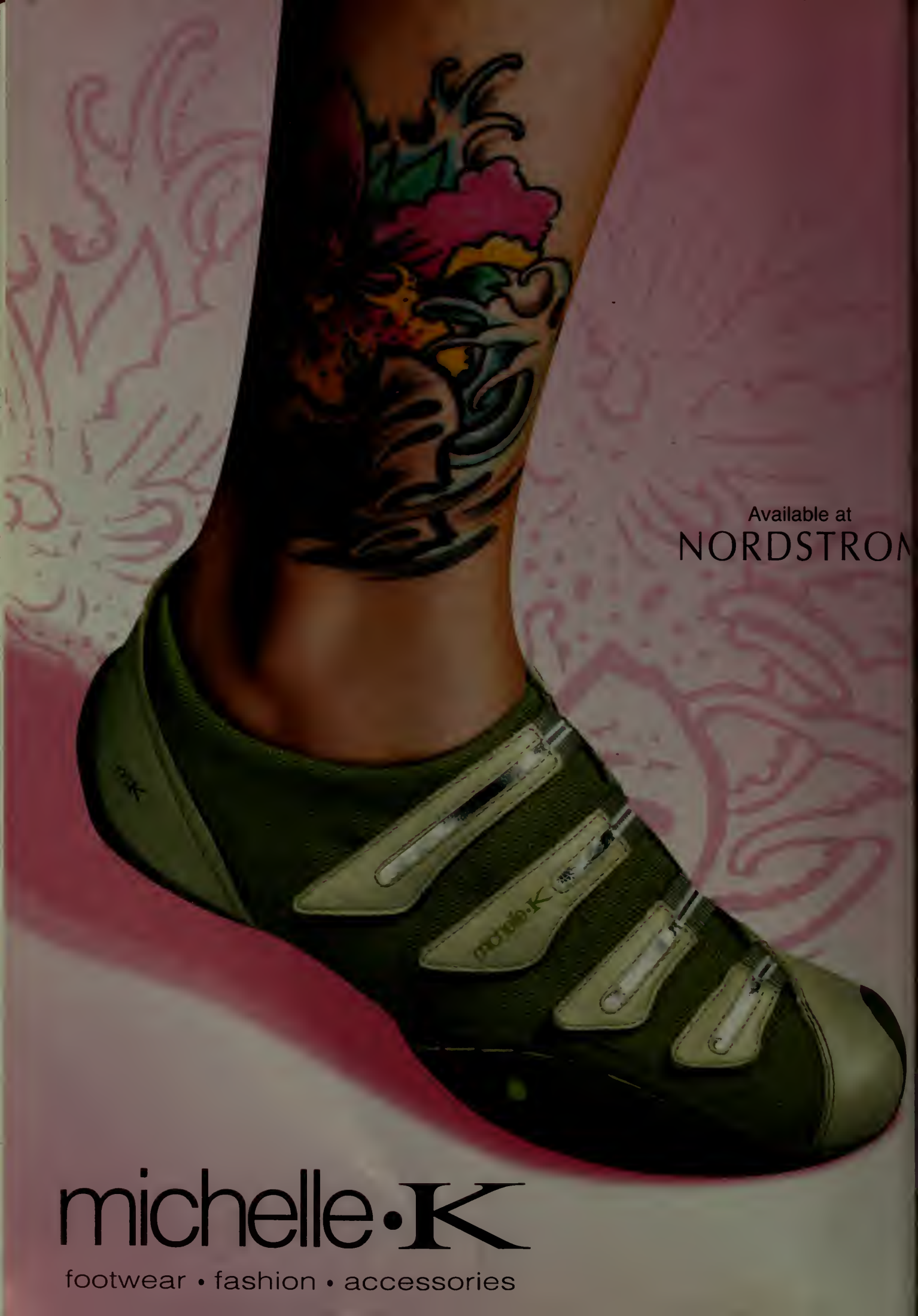
The porn-star memoir is gaining steam, even legitimacy, with Jenna Jameson, Traci Lords, and Christy Canyon among those sharing tales of surviving the XXX life. Our author explores the conventions–deprived childhood, sordid on-set details, drug use, and uplifting finale–of a burgeoning literary genre

As a cultural explorer and literary sleuth, I am always on lookout for exciting developments in the world of letters—for fresh voices with "something to say." No fooling, I am. And I believe I have discovered the contours of a new genre of nonfiction, one that has yet to receive its cultural due and perhaps never will: the tawdry porn-star memoir. As pornography's popularity has mainstreamed out of its once mole-like existence, the porn-star memoir has graduated from cheap paperbacks released by no-name publishers to Judith Regan high-profile schlocktaculars. A genre that should be investigated with an open mind and with a dispenser of antibacterial wipes handy, the porn-star memoir packs the center-stage, spotlit "I" of the confessional memoir, the celebrity memoir, and the recovery memoir into one overnight kit. Each tell-all reflects the personality or absence thereof of the porn star who buckled down to bare the hidden recesses of their "inner me" to a tape recorder.



Raw Talent, by Jerry Butler, the star of such critically unac-


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claimed features as *Ali Boobie and the 40 D's* and *Leave It to Cleavage,* is a scattergun blast of anecdotes from an earnest goofball who compares a co-star's vacant eyes to an "aquarium with no fish inside." In *Lights, Camera, Sex!,* Christy Canyon, whose résumé includes *The Incredible Edible Christy Canyon* and *On Golden Blonde,* reveals herself as a bouncy ding-a-ling who arrives on the scene without much schoolin'. She is mystified upon hearing co-star Traci Lords described as "a chameleon," wondering, "Wasn't that a flower?" No, Miss Lords was no flower; she was closer to a rampaging Venus flytrap in her jailbait prime (flashing a fake ID, she started in porn at the age of 15), chewing up platoons of men and spitting out the fish bones. Her self-portrait, *Underneath It All,* is rendered in bluish pastels to convey the wise softening of a "sexual terrorist" who has made peace with her past. Jenna Jameson's best-seller, *How to Make Love Like a Porn Star*—a Judith Regan production—is as spangled, inflated, and high-strutting as its star's show-horse persona. (The book also bears the sweaty paw prints of collaborator Neil Strauss, a former *New York Times* reviewer who is no doubt culpable for absurdly arty-farty chapter titles such as "A Liquid Prisoner Pent in Walls of Glass" and "The Gentle Closure of My Breast.") An oral memoir, Legs McNeil and Jennifer Osborne's *The Other Hollywood,* also from ReganBooks, presents a choral history of porn, a mosaic of sound bites.

Put them together and a pattern emerges, a basic DNA. Each porn-star memoir is different, but all are constructed with the same building blocks:

• A DEPRIVED CHILDHOOD. Not economically deprived, though growing up poor and being made fun of can contribute to social shame and a lack of self-worth. No, it's emotional deprivation that sets the stage for insatiable attention-getting later on, producing the ravenousness for sex, drugs, and fame that rocket-propels show-offs toward early flameout. Although the mothers in porn-star memoirs tend to be ineffectual and derelict, it's a cold, neglectful, belittling, ne'er-do-well, distant (take your pick) father that appears to be a surer indicator for a career in porn. Jerry Butler's father was the type who always criticized—pick, pick, pick. Daddy Dearest was blind to Butler's sensitive emoting in *Roommates,* an earlyish porn film that actually had something resembling plot and human psychology—no, "all he did was point out my faults." Jenna Jameson and her brother had to raise each other after their mother's death, Dad being too busy working and catting around: "The problem wasn't that he didn't care about me; it was that he didn't know how to show it." Christy Canyon—she too had an emotionally AWOL dad. She flops about for the next two decades "searching for a father figure in all of the wrong people.... Any man that crossed my path was fodder for a father figure." And she found some pretty sorry fodder.

More traumatizing and branding is childhood molestation or rape, violations that blight girls' self-image and trust in other people (particularly men) through adolescence and beyond. Traci Lords reports being raped at the age of 10 by a 16-year-old on whom she had a crush—"he left me lying there all alone, bloody and naked in the dark." At 16, Jenna Jameson was raped by a biker named Preacher; later, retrieving a repressed memory, she recalls a gang rape in which high-school football players took their turns and then left her for dead.

Jameson's best-seller is as high-strutting as its star's show-horse persona.



SHELF SPACE Jenna Jameson signs copies of *How to Make Love Like a Porn Star* at Book Soup, in West Hollywood.

• INITIATION INTO THE PORN BIZ. Almost invariably this involves a photo shoot and a go-see to Jim South's World Modeling, porn's premier flesh-peddling agency. Posing for nude Polaroids taken by "Tim North" (as if that pseudonym is going to fool anybody), Lords thinks about her father as her breasts are being ogled. "I pictured myself naked and spread-eagled in one of his girlie magazines. Would he love me then?" Jenna Jameson poses spread-eagled as a bold way to get her dad's attention, aiming to appear in the sort of strokers "my father used to have around the house, like *Penthouse* or *Hustler.*" Sounds like a classy dude. Christy Canyon—who draws a vivid cartoon of South, with his cowboy duds and Dippity-do pompadour ("He looked like Howdy Doody on a real bad acid trip")—is more forthright when she tags hostility as the driving force behind her decision to oil up for a soft-core-magazine layout. "This was the ultimate 'fuck you' to the parents who cast me aside.... Daddy's little girl buck naked for the world to jack off to."

• ADOPTION OF A NEW IDENTITY. Once in the business, every porn performer must choose whether to stick with his or her given name or go incognito. John Holmes, he with the log between his legs, bore the indignity of being marketed as "Johnny Wadd." The savvier performers shun dumb puns and single entendres to adopt showbiz handles that permit them (temporarily, at least) to lead a double life, aliases that offer the psychological escape hatch of being able to tell themselves, "It's not 'me' doing those things on the set, it's my alter ego, who just happens to share the same body and Social Security number." In Traci Lords's case, her porn name incorporated a multiple identity. "I took [*Hawaii Five-O* star] Jack Lord's surname. In my mind, his Steve McGarrett was the perfect fantasy father. I added an 's' to Lord because there were three of us: Nora (my birth name), Kristie (my fake ID name), and now Traci (the girl everyone wanted)." Paul Siederman reinvented himself as Jerry Butler in homage to the soul singer whose hit "Only the Strong Survive" he found inspirational. Jenna Massoli adopted Jameson as her last name as a rebel yell. "It was the name of a whiskey, and whiskey was rock and roll. Jenna Jameson, alcoholic, rock and roller. Right on."

• WAR STORIES FROM THE SET. There's no apprenticeship in porn. No boot camp for nervous recruits. You're thrown naked into the gladiator ring to prove your mettle, and three weeks in the business gives you enough experience to accumulate quite a bushel of colorful anecdotes and pungent impressions. Three years as a porn thespian and you're a regular Gielgud, full of lore. Jerry Butler left a trail of bad feel-

ings with his memoir by dishing his leading ladies with less than gentlemanly discretion. Aside from the aforementioned empty aquarium, one porn gal fails to keep her personal hygiene in tip-top condition (he compares an intimate part of her to "an unclean birdcage"), and others are bitchy psychos. Paired with Ken-doll porn stalwart Peter North, Christy Canyon learns that there's one part of his anatomy that's strictly No Trespassing:

"Can I just tell you one thing Christy," Deep concern set in his brown eyes. [Punctuation and proofreading are not the book's strong points.] "It's really the only thing you have to know about me in a sex scene."

"Of course you can tell me." Maybe he was going to tell me that he easily formed a crush on girls that looked like me.

"Do not touch my hair." ... He glanced in the mirror. "It takes me a long time to get my hair like this, and if anybody touches it in a sex scene, I lose all of my concentration."

I didn't want that on my conscience. "I promise you Peter, I will not touch your hair."

It is more than vanity that makes Peter North a coif queen. Performance anxiety for professional penises such as North compels them to dial out any distraction that might result in the worst mortification that can befall a porn stud: an inopportune softy. Making a fanciful analogy worthy of a metaphysical poet, Jerry Butler compares erectile dysfunction to bottled-up legislation: "Sometimes your dick becomes like Congress. Even though the President puts a bill in to become law, Congress still has to vote on it. Sometimes your penis stalls on the bill."

And the porn set is a pitiless forum. It demands that all erections be swiftly enacted. Porn shoots are fast, pressure-cooker, and cheapskate, leaving little time to baby a male performer suffering from what Kingsley Amis called "a crinkler." Christy Canyon recounts the sad tale of a rookie who gets rattled when the director barks at him like a drill sergeant: under the cruel hot lights, he—it—wilts. "Johnny tried to cover up his privates with a hand. A finger would have done the trick." Christy administers to him as best she can, but as his shrinkage worsens, her solicitude curdles into disgust. "Suddenly I was sick of this over grown Baby-Huey." Ditto the director, who films the rest of the scene soft-core and pays Johnny only half what he was promised, telling him he's lucky to be getting that. Away he slinks, into obscurity, perhaps enlisting in the French Foreign Legion, where men go to forget.

Female performers harbor their own existential dread: the revolting prospect of working with (worse, under) Ron Jeremy. A roly-poly, well-endowed veteran of the porn scene and the subject of the recent documentary *Porn Star: The Legend of Ron Jeremy,* he is fondly nicknamed "the Hedgehog." But there are those who fail to see the sexual charm of a human-size hedgehog,



CANYON FODDER Christy Canyon, who tells her sordid life story in *Lights, Camera, Sex!,* at "Glamourcon 33" at the Radisson Hotel at LAX.

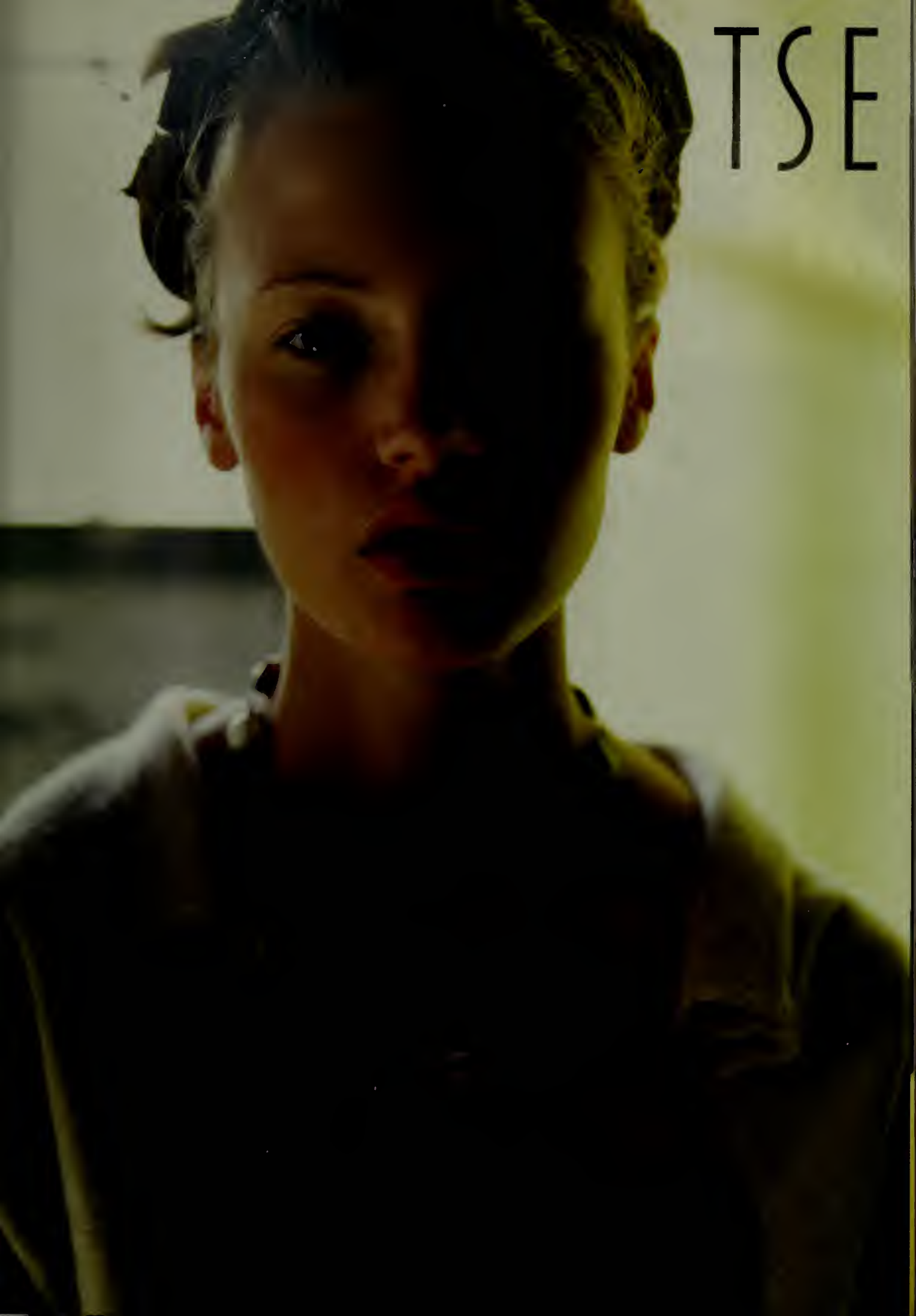
The savvier performers shun dumb puns to adopt showbiz handles.

endowed or not. He's never quite mastered even the Neanderthal rudiments of grooming and etiquette, compelling some actresses to apply motivational psychology to get themselves through the ordeal. Making her first porn loop, Ginger Lynn realizes that Jeremy will be her inaugural partner. "I looked at him, and I almost left. Then I thought, 'You know what? If I can do it with this guy, I can do it with *anybody.*'" On Christy Canyon's first shoot, she's agog at the sight of "the hairiest set of butt-cheeks I had ever seen." Hairy-butt-cheeks turns around, and it's Jeremy, guarding the buffet table against poachers. No one had the specter of His Hairiness lodged deeper in her haunted head than Traci Lords, who psychs herself for a lesbian grudge match with Ginger Lynn (whom she loathes as only one porn diva can loathe another) by telling herself, Hey, it still beats having to service a "fleshy hairball" like Ron Jeremy. Later, suffering a combination jet-lag and porn-withdrawal hallucinatory spiral, Lords is pitchforked in her dreams by detachable body parts. "I saw dicks everywhere—dicks and fat faces and beady, Ron Jeremy eyes. It made me crazy."

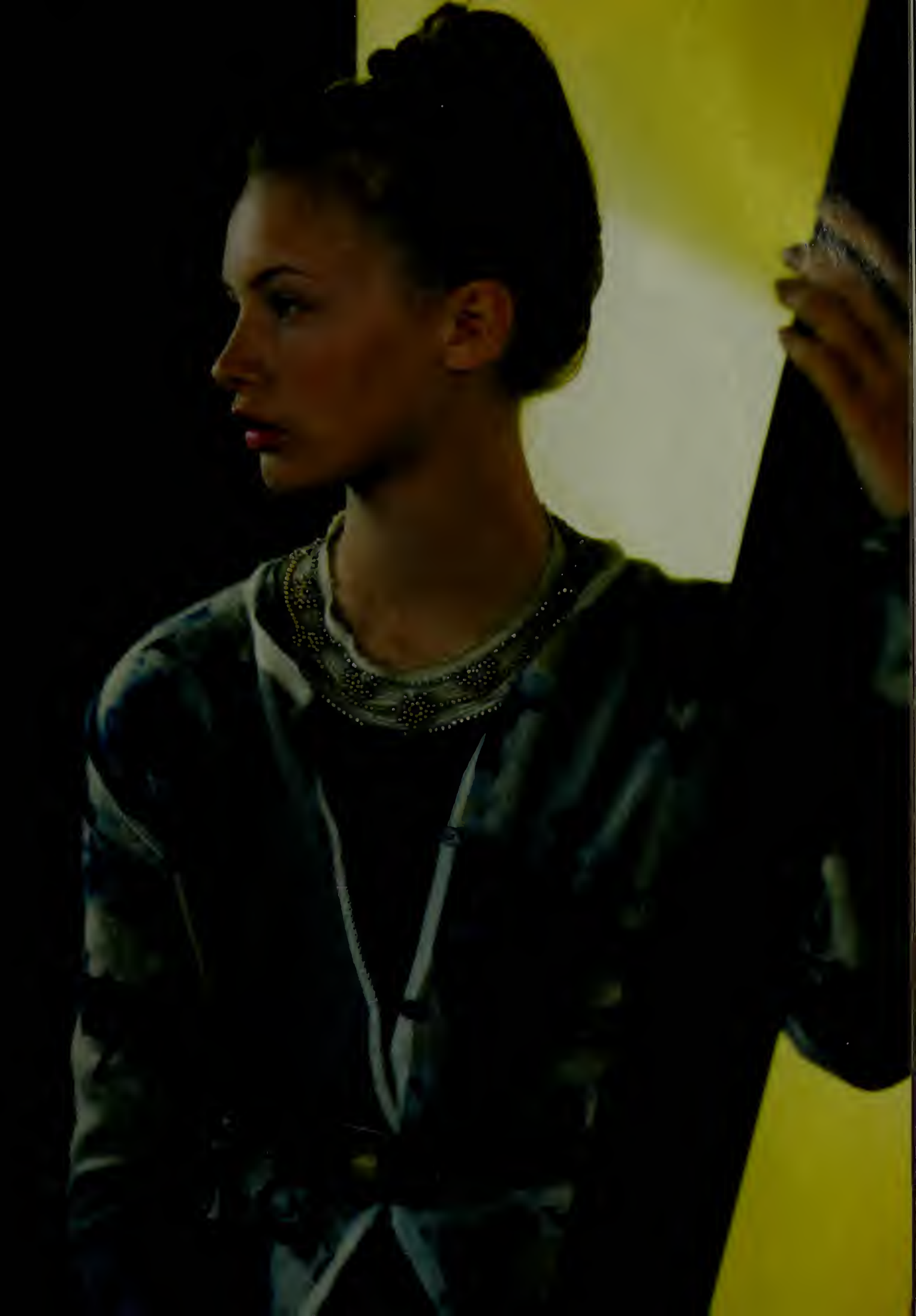
• HOLLYWOOD-MOVIE-STAR CAMEO APPEARANCES. Like Andy Warhol's Factory, the porn industry is a parodic, parasitic, yet homage-paying mimicry of the Hollywood studio system, with its own *auteurs,* A-list contract players, hype machines, mythomania, etc. The twin kingdoms of Hollywood and the Valley (the San Fernando Valley, where most West Coast porn blossoms) overlap, and fraternization is the result. The late Sammy Davis Jr. was an avid, hands-on porn fan, helping himself to Linda Lovelace and partying with Marilyn Chambers. Nicolas Cage was a familiar face at the strip club where Jenna Jameson worked the pole, his distinct aroma ("kind of like the distilled sweat of homeless people") arriving before he did. Pauly Shore had an on-and-off relationship with porn princess Savannah, who once declared on the set, "Pauly and I share the same brain," to which someone quipped, "Well, who's using it now?" Savannah later committed suicide, shooting herself in the head with a Beretta after a car accident that would have scarred her ice-white face and with it her ability to make a porn living. The aftermath of her death ushers us to the next staple of the porn-star memoir.

• THE CAUTIONARY TALE UNHEEDED. The porn scene has a grievous casualty list of stars who met early demise through drugs, depression, or consorting with dealers, gangsters, Vegas vultures, "suitcase pimps" (boyfriends of female porn stars who become their managers, gofers, and hustlers), and other chin-stubble lowlifes. John Holmes—whose eyewitnessing of a drug-related multiple homicide inspired the movies *Boogie Nights* and *Wonderland*—died of AIDS, as have a number of lesser-knowns. Preceding Savannah, Shauna Grant, a creamy export from Minnesota, put a gun to her head. As did Cal Jammer, whose meltdown became the dramatic core of Susan Faludi's chapter on porn in *Stiffed: The Betrayal of the American Man.*

It can't be said these tragedies. despite their immediate shock effect, scared anyone


TSE







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straight in the porn community. Crack pipes continued to be lit. As in rock 'n' roll, where some traditionalists still subscribe to the "live fast, die young, and leave behind a beautiful corpse" philosophy, no one in porn ever really seems to be deterred by someone else's downfall. The burned-out Holmes was written off as a dead man walking long before he finally timbered over. Savannah was so widely detested for her prima-donna antics that pornsters were celebrating—"Ding Dong! The Witch is dead"—even before her last breath left her.

Reading these memoirs and the collective testimonies in *The Other Hollywood,* I'm amazed that the casualty toll from drugs and AIDS isn't skyhigher, given the reckless and wanton ingestion on the part of nearly everyone testifying. Alcohol, cocaine, heroin, crack, and crystal meth blaze through porn workers' bodies, burning through nearly every dollar they make. As Jerry Butler, who inhaled most of his porn proceeds, perceptively notes, "When you make a dirty dollar, you spend it fast." Drugs damage their immune systems and bipolarize their moods, spiking the highs higher and the lows lower. Unlike in the music biz, the rationale can't be flown that drugs spur creativity and fling open the doors of perception into lightning dimensions. No, the purpose of high-powered drugs for most porn performers is to numb themselves, enabling them to blurrily fast-forward through the punishment they're putting their bodies through so that their minds can't catch up with the consequences until much later, assuming they live that long.

Most do. It is a testament to human resilience that most porn performers manage to conserve enough flickering filaments of self-preservation to pull out of the kamikaze dive before fatal impact, kick their drug jones, and level off to reenter civilian life, mend broken bonds, and end their memoirs on an uplifting church chord. The fade-out chapter of the typical porn-star memoir is the rosy glow of . . .

• TENDER MERCIES AND RECONCILIATION. This is the most life-affirming part of the porn memoir and the most reliably boring, since cracking up one's life always makes for more eventful narrative than patching the pieces back together and reciting the valuable lessons one has learned. The wild child, tamed and somewhat chastened, returns to the fold, discovers cozy domesticity, and that's the cue for a round of tearful hugs. Jenna Jameson reconciles with her pop and with her estranged brother, whom she had blackballed from her life for stealing her meth. Christy Canyon, whose career disgusted her parents, finally makes peace with dear old horny dad, reaching out to him as he lies in a medicated haze in a hospital bed. In return, he asks if she knows porn star Nina Hartley. Yes, she's nice, Canyon says. "She has the nicest hind quarters I've ever seen," muses Dad before dropping off again into snoring dreamland. Father-daughter chats are different in porn.

To illustrate that a porn career needn't preclude storybook romance and matrimony, Jameson's, Canyon's, and Lords's memoirs feature photos of the subjects snuggling with their wonderful lambiepie husbands. Leave it to Jerry Butler to pee on the parade. At the end of *Raw Talent,* he serenades his wife with sweet words and kisses the porn business good-bye to dedicate himself to being a good family man. But in the revised edition, a few pages later, he sheepishly confesses, "I'm back in porno." It's an addiction he can't kick, and he has no illusions about the roadkill the addiction leaves in its wake: "You see underpaid, overworked girls who are doing anal, and a lot of them are being coerced into it—nobody's actually being pistolwhipped—*people pistolwhip themselves* [his italics]—they are victims of their own carelessness, and self-aggression, and excuses."

Each porn-star memoir is different, but all are constructed with the same building blocks.

In a different sense, though, women are being pistol-whipped in porn, smacked senseless. Mistreated worse than they were when Butler was writing. In terms of production techniques, two years mark key inflection points in porn. The first was 1982, when X-rated producers abandoned celluloid for videotape. The other pivotal year was 1998, when Viagra was introduced. Performance anxiety, begone!—as porn males were able to mount and wield what's known in the trade as "Redi-Wood." True, it drains porn studs of animation (the telltale signs of a Viagra clone being, according to a 2001 article in the *Los Angeles Times,* a flushed-red face and a glazed expression), but they're not hired to sparkle. The job they hired on to do doesn't require subtlety, and Viagra converts their business end into a blunt object. The psychological relief and staying power afforded porn men by Viagra has resulted in a grueling strain on porn women, whose bodies are pounded by battering rams in scenes that can drag on near-forever. Couple this with anal sex's no longer being a specialty in a porn career (as it was during the 70s) but the marauding norm, and the wear and tear on the body amounts to consensual rape. Porn actresses are getting more routinely roughed up than ever on-camera. Even oral sex has become invasive. One of the stronger trends in porn is the choking-gagging throat-jamming of the actresses by these Viagra sluggers, and "money shots" culminating in semen swallowing, sometimes from multiple donors. The porn actress as sink drain. Or spittoon.

This isn't to propose that porn be criminalized and put to the crusader's sword, only that it not be sentimentalized and glamorized, lionized as an exalted ski jump into diamond riches and personal empowerment. There are lots of other professions, vocations, and avenues for self-expression that don't entail having your butt pounded like Omaha Beach by relative strangers. I suspect the reason *The Other Hollywood* didn't enjoy the strong sales and critical hooha of *How to Make Love Like a Porn Star* is that it chipped away the silver finish and showed the layers of grime and mobster influence in the industry, the cruddy accretion. You finish the book in need of a Karen Silkwood power shower. But precisely because Jameson's book made the bigger noise, it has established the template for porn-star exposés queuing for takeoff. Porn star Sunset Thomas just announced the forthcoming publication of her life story, in which, according to her online press release, "she welcomes the reader behind the scenes of her most notorious adult films and into the alternately seedy and posh gentlemen's clubs where she headlines." (The posh ones serve free peanuts.) "She is unstinting in her account of the industry's harsh realities, but takes personal responsibility for all of her decisions, and traces her progress from naïve co-dependent to mother and, finally, to savvy business woman in full control of her destiny." Yeah, right. Well, at least she's got a catchy title for the book, one that could serve as a bumper sticker for the entire genre and as the proud emblem for our Paris Hiltonized celebrity culture: *American Whore.* □

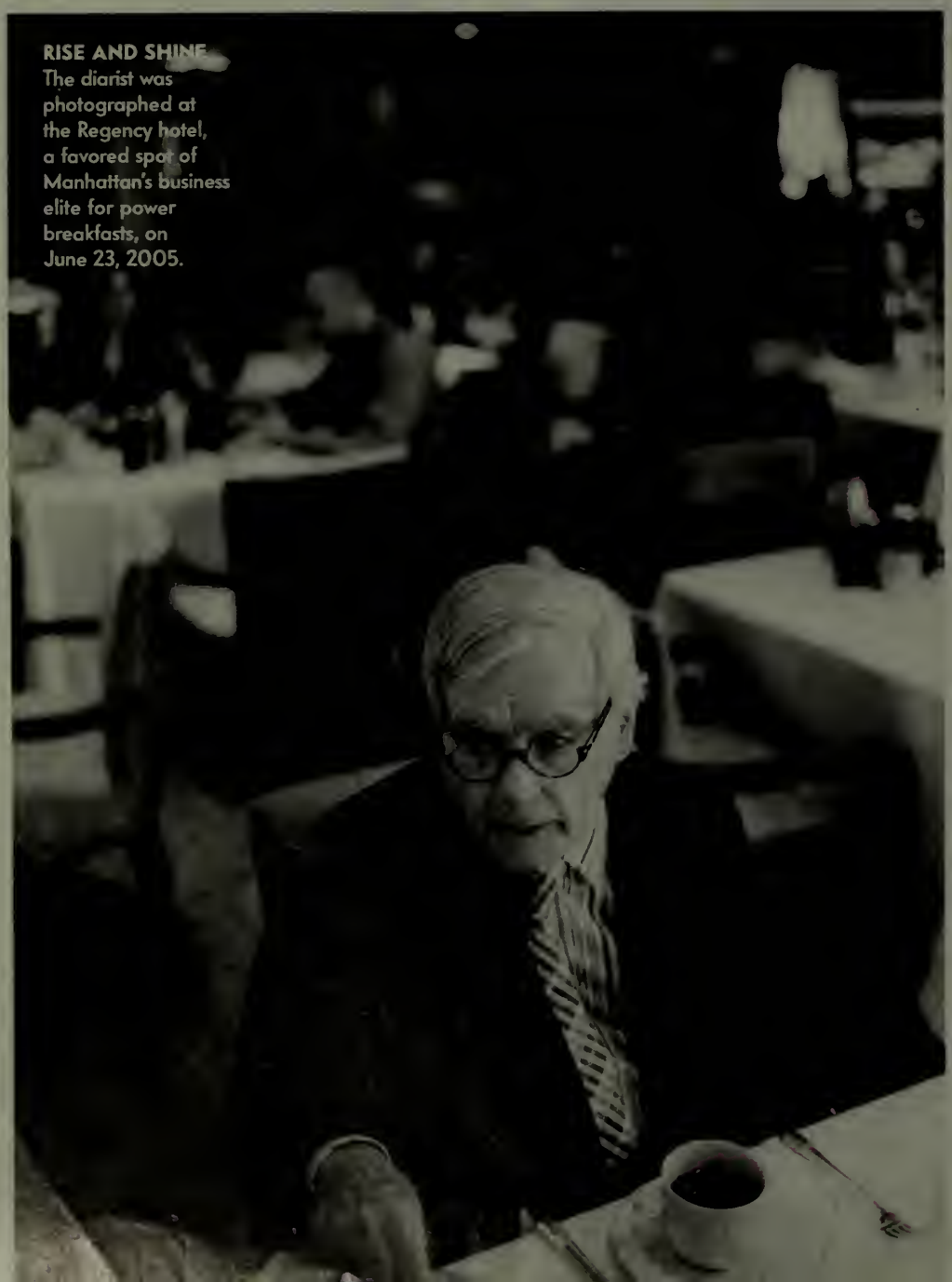
Did Someone Say Safra?

Some cases just don't get cold, and the mysterious death of billionaire Edmond Safra is one. In France, a true-crime book challenges the official verdict, while the London publishers of a new novel called *Empress Bianca*, by Lady Colin Campbell, have pulped it, after threats from Safra's widow, Lily

Some crime stories simply refuse to die, even after a trial and a guilty verdict. So it is with the gruesome death of Edmond Safra, the billionaire banker, who was asphyxiated, along with one of his nurses, Vivian Torrente, in a fire in his Monte Carlo penthouse in December 1999. The case made international headlines then and again in 2002, during the trial in Monte Carlo of Ted Maher, Safra's American male nurse, who was found guilty of setting the fire that caused the two deaths, and who was sentenced to 10 years in prison. I covered the trial for this magazine. After that, people stopped talking about the Safra affair. It became old news. But suddenly it is being called to mind again with the publication of two books, a novel and a collection of articles about crimes on the Riviera, which I'll come to shortly.

In 2003, in a bizarre episode that never rang true to me, Maher and Luigi Ciardelli, his Italian cellmate in the Monaco prison, sawed through the metal bars on their window, lowered themselves down the outer walls, and escaped. Ciardelli, who had had nothing to do with the Safra case, took off for San Remo, Italy, and Maher headed for Nice. Maher was caught almost immediately, after making a call to his estranged wife, Heidi Maher, in New York State, and asking for her credit-card number. Heidi immediately notified CBS, which was doing a *48 Hours* special on the Safra case, and CBS called the segment producer, who happened to be in Monte Carlo, staying at the Hôtel de Paris. Although hours had elapsed since the breakout, the prison was totally unaware of the daring escape of two prisoners—one of them serving time for causing the death of a renowned international banker—until a call came in from an Anglican priest who had been informed of the escape by Maher's sister. I have always had difficulty imagining how two men could saw through metal bars and go down the walls of a prison without being detected or at least missed. The director of the prison was subsequently suspended. As for Maher, since he was caught in Nice, he was put in a French prison, but he was eventually returned to Monaco, where he will stand trial once more, for escaping. I plan to attend that trial, which is scheduled to start as soon as Luigi Ciardelli is returned to Monaco from the Italian prison where he is currently being held. In the meantime, he is fighting extradition. The sentence for the escape will be one additional year in jail.

I have been told that a new Ted Maher is emerging, with a whole different frame of mind than he exhibited at the time of his trial. He is no longer the forlorn, slightly mad figure he seemed then, and he has replaced his original Monaco lawyers with a Monegasque criminal attorney named Frank Michel. Michael



RISE AND SHINE The diarist was photographed at the Regency hotel, a favored spot of Manhattan's business elite for power breakfasts, on June 23, 2005.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LLOYD ZIFF

When does news end and publicity begin?

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LAND OF MYSTERIES
Top, a view of Monte Carlo, where Edmond Safra died of asphyxiation in his penthouse in December 1999. *Inset,* La Leopolda, the Safras' luxurious estate, on nearby Cap-Ferrat.

Griffith, the American lawyer who entered the case a year after Safra's death, remains in charge of Maher's defense. Griffith informs me that Maher insists there were two assailants in the penthouse the night of the fire—which is what he originally claimed—and he totally repudiates the confession he signed in French, a language he did not speak, as well as his prior assertion that he had inflicted knife wounds on himself that night. According to Griffith, Maher also has things to say, should he be interviewed, about his employment with the Safras. Recently, in his cell, he has been reading one of the books I mentioned above, a novel entitled *Empress Bianca,* by Lady Colin Campbell, rumored to be based on the life of Lily Safra, Edmond's widow, who has become a great philanthropist and international social figure since her husband's death.

Nicky Haslam called me and said, "Order this book immediately."

Empress Bianca was a well-kept publishing secret. I never heard a whisper that it was in the works until Nicky Haslam, the British decorator and socialite, called me in early June and said, "Order this book immediately." Although the novel was available only in England, it soon became the hot summer read in social circles in London, Paris, New York, Rio de Janeiro, and the Greek isles. The *Daily Mail* of London said early on, "High society is buzzing with suggestions that Bianca was not plucked from the air." A man in Brazil said to be close to the Safra story ordered a dozen copies. A Brazilian woman also close to the story ordered 80.

Lady Colin Campbell, the author, has written several books about Princess Diana, including *The Real Diana,* which will be published in the United States this month. *Empress Bianca,* her first novel, is dedicated to Christina Fanto, the niece of the second of Lily Safra's four husbands, Freddie Monteverde, an electronics magnate of immense wealth. Monteverde suffered from manic depression, and when he committed suicide under very mysterious circumstances—with two bullets in the chest—he left his widow a fortune estimated at $230 million. Christina Fanto died two years ago. Her mother, Rosita Fanto, was Freddie Monteverde's sister.

Like many other rich people, Lily Safra has assembled a sort of court around her. This circle of friends are fiercely loyal to her, and they were outraged by Lady Colin Campbell's book. "The author has just stolen her life story," said one indignantly. In an interview printed in London's *Sunday Telegraph* on July 10, Charlotte Edwards discussed with the author the controversy the book was causing and asked her directly if the character of Bianca was based on Lily Safra. Lady Colin Campbell answered, "I am loath to say if it was or wasn't. I don't want to narrow the field by discounting people.... It didn't come out of my imagination.... I have no fear of hearing from anybody."

The article, which drew specific parallels between the real person and the fictional character, promptly got faxed around the so-



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cial world and caused a great deal of conversation and unhappiness. In an account of the *Telegraph* article in her column in the *New York Post,* Liz Smith reported that the plot of the novel was said to be tantalizingly close to the events of Lily Safra's life, and she gave a list of some of Lily Safra's friends, including such international icons as Nancy Reagan, Condoleezza Rice, Prince Charles and the Duchess of Cornwall, and Aileen Mehle, the society columnist known as Suzy.

Seven days later the *Telegraph* issued an abject apology to Lily Safra. "It was never our intention to suggest that the actions attributed to the fictional character had been carried out by Mrs. Safra in reality.... We understand that our linking of Mrs. Safra's name with that of the novel's central character has greatly upset her. We very much regret this and apologize unreservedly to Mrs. Safra for any embarrassment caused." Liz Smith's column was removed from the Internet.

On July 12, Lady Colin Campbell's publisher, Bliss, a subsidiary of Arcadia Books, received a stern letter from the firm of Mishcon de Reya Solicitors. The letter was first paraphrased for me by Lady Colin Campbell herself, who was in the Cayman Islands for her mother's funeral. It declared that Mrs. Safra regarded the book as defamatory and wanted it removed from distribution and pulped. It spelled out 17 direct parallels between the lives of the character Bianca Barnett and Mrs. Lily Safra. The legal firm gave Arcadia Books five days to respond. Lady Colin Campbell said that if she was sued, "I am going to litigate on my own behalf."

The issue was soon settled. Arcadia Books agreed to withdraw all unsold copies of *Empress Bianca* and destroy them. Gary Pulsifer, the head of Bliss, explained to me that a small press such as Arcadia could not afford a lengthy legal battle. "Our investors want us to settle now, which we'll do." He added, "If Georgie [Lady Colin Campbell] takes it further—sounds like she will—it will be interesting to see who steps into what witness box." It is my understanding that Lady Colin Campbell may actually sue Lily Safra, on the grounds that she is being deprived of her income and foreign sales from the book, which she considers a work of fiction.

Arcadia agreed to withdraw all unsold copies and destroy them.

At approximately the same time, a friend in Paris called to tell me that, without any previous notice, another book with material about the Safra affair had just been published in France, called *13 Mystères de la Côte* (13 Mysteries of the Riviera), by journalist Roger-Louis Bianchini, the author of books such as *Mafia, Money and Politics.* One section deals at length with the irregularities and inconsistencies in the Edmond Safra case.

For example, Safra was known for being obsessed with his personal safety, and his chief of security, Samuel Cohen, known as Schmulik, a former Mossad agent Safra paid $1,000 a day, led an elite team of 25 guards, who were billeted at La Leopolda, the Safras' magnificent estate, located 20 minutes outside Monte Carlo. One of the most puzzling aspects of the case is that not a single guard was on duty at the penthouse on the night of Safra's death. "Madame didn't want me to tend to the security of this apartment in Monaco," Cohen is quoted as saying. When Cohen finally arrived from La Leopolda that night with the keys to the Safra apartment, the Monaco police commissioner barred him from entering the apartment and handcuffed him—when he still could have perhaps saved Safra. The commissioner, Bianchini reports, was subsequently transferred out of the Monaco force because of his alleged links to the Russian Mafia.

Bianchini also says that the sophisticated alarm system, designed to detect any intruders in the Safra apartment, had not been working for two weeks. The security cameras in the building *were* working on the night of the fire, but when the police sat down to study them, they found that the videotapes had been erased. In addition, the fire that Ted Maher started in a wastebasket—which he did, he later claimed, to create a situation in which he could emerge as his employer's savior—turns out not to have been the only fire. Bianchini writes that experts found a second fire, and traces of the very flammable liquid ethanol, in the nurses' station. A few days earlier, a guard had reported signs of another fire and traces of ethanol in the garage of the building—which could very well have been a rehearsal for the real fire. Bianchini concludes, "At this point in my investigation, the elements undermining the official theory according to which Ted Maher acted alone are already impressive. And sufficient to raise the possibility that he was an accomplice in a veritable organization."

Lily Safra's name has been very much in the news of late. Her social triumphs and philanthropic activities have been well reported. She was recently honored at elaborate events at the Pompidou Center, in Paris, at the New York Public Library, and at the Library of Congress. Kevin Chaffee wrote in his society column in *The Washington Times* that Mrs. Safra was allegedly a third of a composite character named Carla Cole in Jane Stanton Hitchcock's latest novel, *One Dangerous Lady,* in which I am also a character. An upcoming event of artistic importance will be Lily Safra's sale at Sotheby's on November 3 and 4 of art and antiques collected by her and her husband over a period of 30 years; those objects are expected to fetch $25 million. In virtually every announcement of the auction, it is stated that the late Mr. Safra died in a fire started by his nurse Ted Maher. "Collecting was one of our great loves," Lily Safra is quoted as saying. "Since Edmond's passing, I have devoted much of my time to developing the work of his Philanthropic Foundation. My interests have changed a great deal in consequence.... Each one of the pieces was purchased with care and respect. They all had special places in our homes around the world, and I hope their new owners will treasure them as we did."

I'm going to close this diary entry with a word about the passing of a terrific New York lady, Nan Kempner, whom my colleague Bob Colacello profiled so beautifully in the April issue of *Vanity Fair.* Everyone knew Nan was dying. The very few people who were allowed in to see her in the last weeks passed on the news of her worsening condition. When the end came, on July 3, there was true sorrow in the social ranks of New York and, I'm sure, London, Paris, Rome, Saint-Moritz, Aspen, and the Bahamas. Our mutual friend Nancy Biddle called me early the next morning and said, "Nan died last night." I then called Jill Cartter in Beverly Hills to talk about Nan. They had been friends since they were little girls in San Francisco. It was at Jill's house that I met Nan, in 1960. I have pictures of her in my scrapbooks taken back then. Her marriage to the banker Thomas Kempner had its public ups and downs, but they persevered and it endured. Three years ago, they gave one of the great private balls in New York in recent memory to celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary.

A Nanless Manhattan—what is the town to do? And what will the couture business be without her? I'll never sit in the back room of Swifty's again without thinking of Nan. It was her favorite restaurant, and she always had the same table. The unexpected part of this woman was that she was so damned nice. You'd think that someone that glittering would be cold or acerbic, but Nan never was. □

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ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROVE

The revelation that Karl Rove was *Time*'s "double super secret" source for the outing of C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame started the unfolding of a much bigger story: what the White House did to sell the Iraq war. And the greatest irony of Rovegate? That the press was part of the cover-up



CATCH ME IF YOU CAN
Top Bush adviser Karl Rove, looking confident.

There was, all of a sudden, a sense of . . . quiet.

Possibly awe.

Possibly panic.

Days after it was out, after it was everywhere—my 17-year-old daughter was haughtily criticizing me for not knowing Rove was the culprit (I said, "I knew, I knew, really, I knew")—*The New York Times* was still silent on the matter.

At the White House, it took the better part of a week from the initial reports that *Time* reporter Matt Cooper had indeed spoken to Karl Rove for the press corps to question Scott McClellan, the president's spokesman, with any insistence—*but, but . . . Scott . . . you said . . . the president said . . .*

The sheer fabulousness of it seemed to give everybody pause. News professionals often have to be hit over the head relentlessly with one of the biggest stories of their careers to understand it's actually one of the biggest stories of their careers. Nobody believed that the president's right-hand man, his brain, his Haldeman and Ehrlichman rolled into one, his id and superego, would leave his fingerprints . . . everywhere.

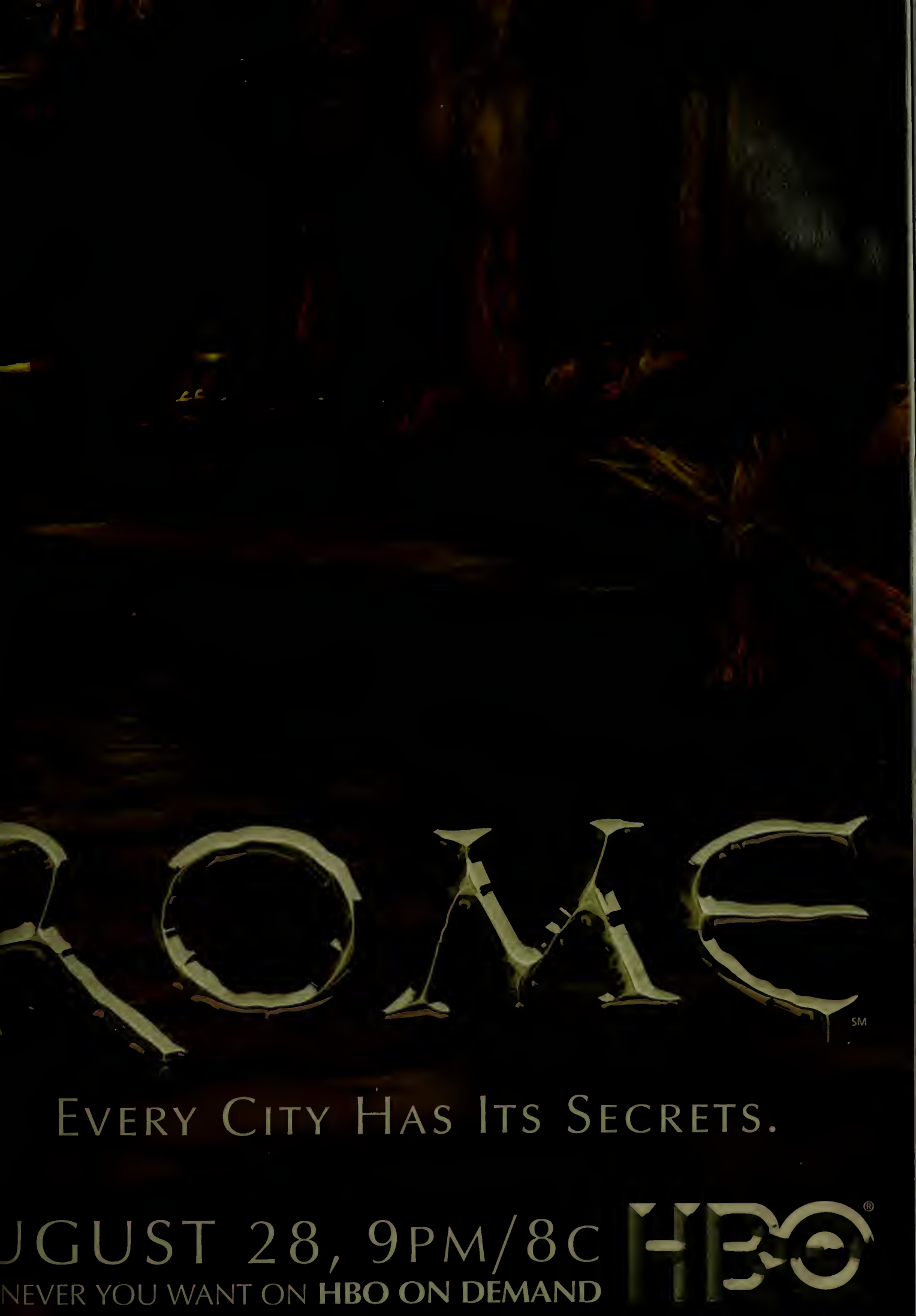
But Rove did it—he did what he said he didn't do, what the president said he'd fire Rove or anyone else in his administration for doing. Pissed off about former ambassador Joseph Wilson's criticism of the Bush line on weapons of mass destruction and its rationale for war, Rove whispered to reporters about Wilson's wife, C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame. He did the deed that has stuck to the Bush administration however much it has tried to casually brush it off (McClellan: "I said it's totally ridiculous"). It isn't, obviously, that everybody didn't pretty much assume Rove had a hand here—but everybody was hip enough to know that you wouldn't ever, ever in a million years, tie him to it. Not Karl.

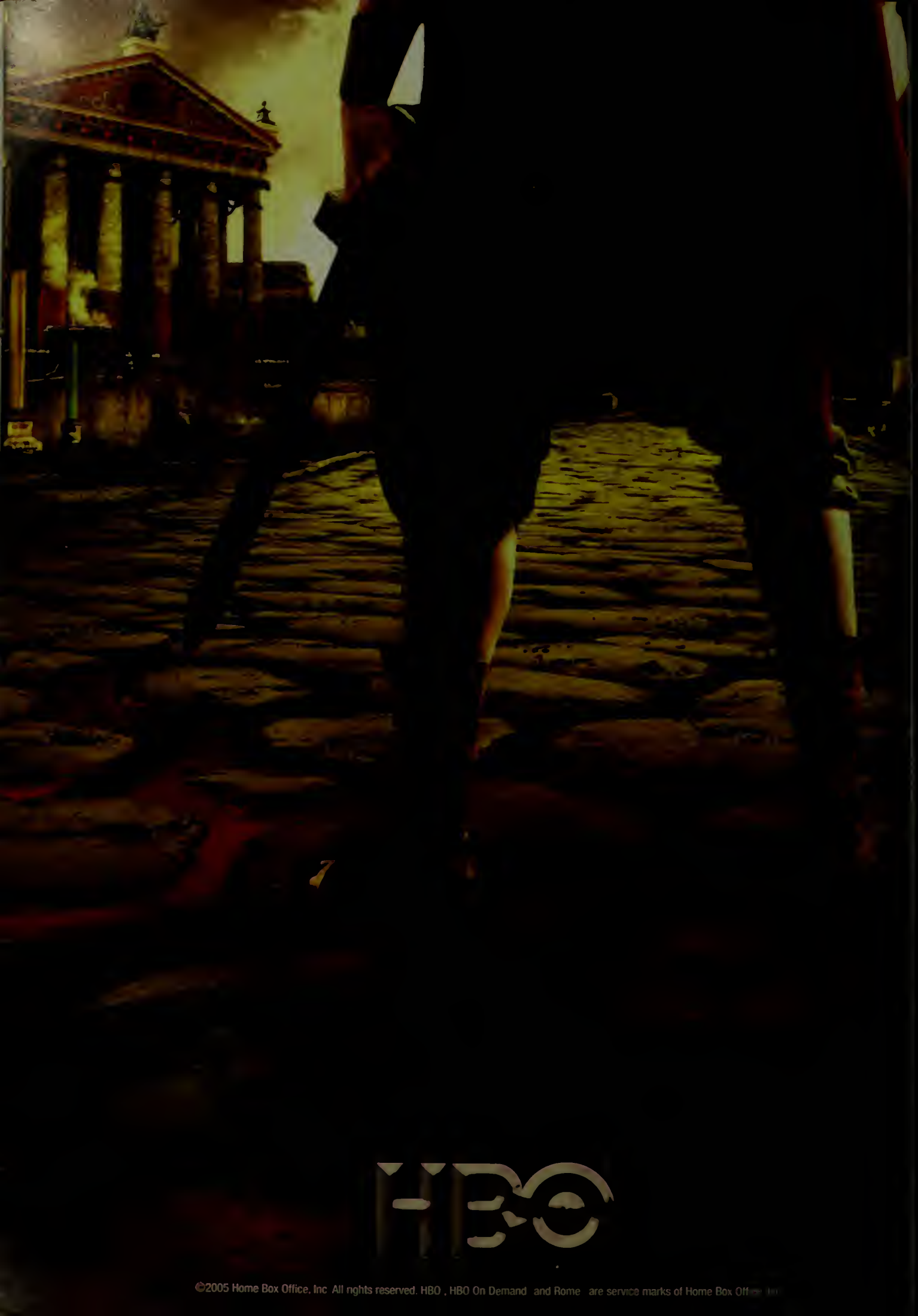
So a day passed, then two, then three, then four—this was a story that, in full view, the media just ignored—before it started to dawn on everyone that the president's president might be cooked. Indeed, that the president was probably going to have to fire his brain's ass, or stonewall long and hard. That the curse of the second term had

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struck—yes, say it, the Bush presidency was now in Watergate/Iran-contra/Lewinsky territory.

Except the schizy thing was that the media knew it all along—*Time* magazine knew it, likely *The New York Times* did, as well as the columnist Robert Novak.

Not to put too fine a point on it, but what they knew was something of such news value, of such moment, of such certain consequence that it might, reasonably, have presaged the defeat of the president, might have even—to be only slightly melodramatic—altered the course of the war in Iraq. So possibly changed history, saved lives . . . hmmm.

Not only did highly placed members of the media and the vaunted news organizations they worked for know it, not only did they sit on what will not improbably be among the biggest stories of the Bush years, they helped cover it up. You could even plausibly say that these organizations became part of a *conspiracy*—they entered into an understanding that, as a quid pro quo for certain information, they would refuse to provide evidence about a crime possibly having been committed by the president's closest confidant.

The issue, as framed by media moralists, is about whether the reporters who'd used Rove as their source should have testified (those two media moralists Michael Kinsley, at the *Los Angeles Times,* and Frank Rich, at *The New York Times,* starkly disagreed with each other: Kinsley harrumphed that they should have spilled to the grand jury; Rich pronounced his colleague Judith Miller's decision not to testify to be heroic). But testifying or not seems oddly beside the point. There was a more immediate and obvious and, one might have thought, inevitable journalistic course of action for any news organization worth anything to anybody:

As soon as it becomes clear that an event had occurred that, if exposed, might change the course of the government, one which you, the gallant news organization, have got the skinny on (not least because your own employees have been involved in the deal), you print the story.

How do you rationalize doing otherwise? To whom do you owe your greatest allegiance: source or readers? (Or, considering that your story is a corporate asset, source or shareholders?) Again: the greatest news organizations in the land had a story about a potential crime that reached as close as you can get to the president himself and they punted, they swallowed it, they self-dealt.

The ironies. Deep Throat is revealed just at the moment when the sanctity of sources is the nation's foremost media story—a story pitting government and media in a confrontation which the *Times* reminds us, self-referentially, is as great as when it stood up to the Nixon administration and printed the Pentagon Papers, the government's secret history of the Vietnam War.

Except the nuances of sourcing in the outing of C.I.A. operative Valerie Plame turn out to be a bit more sketchy than when the Pentagon Papers were leaked, or when Bob Woodward met Deep Throat in that long-ago garage. The source now wasn't a disgruntled bureaucrat. This source wasn't remotely unhappy with the government. This source *was* the government.

It was as if Woodward and Bernstein's Deep Throat had been Haldeman and Ehrlichman and, hell, Nixon himself.

Frank Rich compares Rove's pursuit of Joseph Wilson to the pursuit by Nixon lieutenant Charles Colson of anti-war activist Daniel Ellsberg, who leaked the Pentagon Papers more than 30 years ago (Colson had his operatives break into Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office). But Rich doesn't continue the parallel: the *Times* would not have been able to print the true story about the hounding of Ellsberg because its source would have been Colson himself. With Colson as the source, the *Times* might not even have printed the Pentagon Papers; rather, the *Times* might have just written a Colson-sourced story about a guy with psychiatric problems stealing a mother lode of top-secret information.

Nobody believed that Rove, the president's right-hand man, his Haldeman and Ehrlichman, would leave his fingerprints everywhere.

You always want to tell the story instead of having the story told about you. Valerie Plame's husband, Joseph Wilson, was trying to tell a story—that the administration was making a nonsense case about Saddam buying uranium in Africa. So Karl Rove told a get-even story about Joseph Wilson.

If you are the narrator (no matter how unreliable), you are in control. And better yet, if you are the secret narrator, or even better, a "double super secret" narrator, the status Matt Cooper accorded Rove, you get extra-special control. Because nobody can tell that you told. People will even go to jail to make sure *you* don't go to jail. Cool.

There exists the possibility that all of the journalists here, each of them literal-minded in the way that reporters so often are, could not untangle the ironies. Possibly none of them quite thought it through that this source, precisely by being the source, became the biggest story going.

They all seemed to have just thought that a source is a source. And a source is a source who, unrevealed, will continue to be a source. And if the biggest source in town is *my* source, that makes me the biggest-swinging-dick reporter in town. And, ipso facto, if my source is outed and goes to jail, then I'm no longer the reporter with the biggest source and dick in town. But if I protect my source, as I've sworn to do, he'll owe me big, and I'll have an even bigger dick.

It may be, too, that Karl Rove, among the greatest media minds of a generation, anticipated all this self-dealing. That the real story here, the real black-bag operation, is that Karl Rove understands exactly how the media will act—in its own interest; even going to jail in its own interest—and he's therefore able to get the media to do more or less what he wants it to do.

So, possibly, this begins to explain something of the remarkable five years of relative accommodation and largely peaceful coexistence between the media and the Bush administration: Karl Rove has been everybody's source. Smart, beguiling, as penultimate a source as you could ever have in Washington. You've nailed the story if you've got Karl.

It is worthwhile in the deconstruction of who is actually at fault, of whose principles and moral values trump, to point out the extent to which virtually everyone in this story, and not just Rove, is full of baloney.

There is *Time*'s Matt Cooper, a very decent fellow of my acquaintance (married, it is impossible in the ironies department not to note, to Mandy Grunwald, whose father, Henry, ran *Time* magazine, where Cooper works, in an era when the government was not so sharp when it came to the media, and who, herself, is a very sharp media political consultant who has advised both Clintons, and who has, it is likely, done some leaking herself), marching with seeming stoicism to his protect-my-source jail cell. But who, beyond ritual denial, seemed awfully relieved when his bosses took it upon themselves to release his notes and name his source (perhaps he felt a little guilty about his secret). And then, when that didn't get him excused, he announced a breathless last-minute release from his source, which turned out to be, according to Robert D. Luskin, Rove's lawyer, nothing but a reconfirmation of the

pro forma release the White House had already required the source—and all potential sources—to sign (and which Cooper had said before was not good enough). So, baloney. And then there is the piece about all this that he did in fact write for *Time* nearly two years after he might just as well have written it.

And there's Cooper's boss, Norm Pearlstine, who holds the title of editor in chief of all of Time Inc.'s 140 or so magazines (he is editor in chief of *Baby-Talk* as well as of *Time*). Norm claimed the entire responsibility for the decision to turn over Cooper's notes. But this was true just in the most narrow sense—and baloney in the larger sense. The prospect of unlimited daily fines, inevitable shareholder suits, and the annoyance of lenders, large pension funds, securities analysts, and the S.E.C. would have meant that someone with a greater fiduciary responsibility than Norm's, one that encompassed the entire $77-billion-market-cap Time Warner corporation, would have made this decision if Norm had made another one.

The source now wasn't a disgruntled bureaucrat. This source wasn't unhappy with the government. This source *was* the government.



LAST LAUGH? Bush shows continued support for Rove in a photo op, July 14, 2005.

And then Judy Miller, and her curious case as the only party (so far) in jail. She was famously full of baloney about the W.M.D.—in fact, she retailed the Bush administration's baloney. On the other hand, so did almost everybody else. As it happens, she seems in fact not to have eaten the Wilson-Plame-story baloney. She reported it, but didn't write it. But then, how would the prosecutor have known about her unwritten story? Hmmm . . . while the backstory of Miller's role has yet to be written—she has not yet said she spoke to Rove—it is worth noting amid the ritual baloney about reporters and their sources that reporters are not priests but, in fact, blabbermouths and, indeed one thing that happens with reporters who have a juicy baloney story is that, while they might not print it, they still serve it up to everybody they know.

And Novak. What an odd figure. Part vituperative cable guy and part old-fashioned, genuinely spooky Washington sort. Because he was trying to avoid the rep of a squealer and coward, or because he was trying to pump a story with himself at the center of it, or because he just couldn't care less about anybody else, he neglected to tell anyone that he had testified (that he must have testified, though he hasn't fessed up to it yet). By the simple act of dispensing with all the baloney and telling what he had testified about, he would have short-circuited everybody else's pain and moved the story, with great alacrity, to its conclusion.

And the prosecutor. How come this has gone on for so long? Two years! For what? What do special prosecutors do all day? Aren't they on a budget? What kind of hours do they keep? How long do they take for lunch? Beyond the self-aggrandizing baloney, how come this couldn't have been wrapped up in, say, a few months?

Everybody's working his side of the street.

And Rove. How *did* he think he'd get away with it?

Now, I've argued recently in these pages that the ability to get away with it is among the highest political skills of the age. And one would certainly be foolish to underestimate the skills of the most successful political professional of the age.

Still. Whether or not he knowingly and intentionally put the shiv into Valerie Plame, or whether he was just chatting in his usual fashion of gossip and suggestion and innuendo and, by the by, while trying to slash Wilson just happened to cut Plame's liver out, isn't really the point. The big problem—as always—is the cover-up.

Once you're caught in the cover-up, you're caught with your pants down.

We've got Karl's flat denial. We've got the president, however he might now try to equivocate, saying he'll fire anybody who's been involved. Now we've got Cooper's e-mail that identifies Rove as a lying dissembler who stood silent while other people needlessly expended effort and money and went to jail. Boom.

Karl must have been thinking that this is America and the courts would never let reporters go to jail for protecting their sources—so he'd be safe.

Or he was thinking this is just basic media management and he's managed himself and the president and a host of other semi-reprobates out of big-time media trouble before, so, hey.

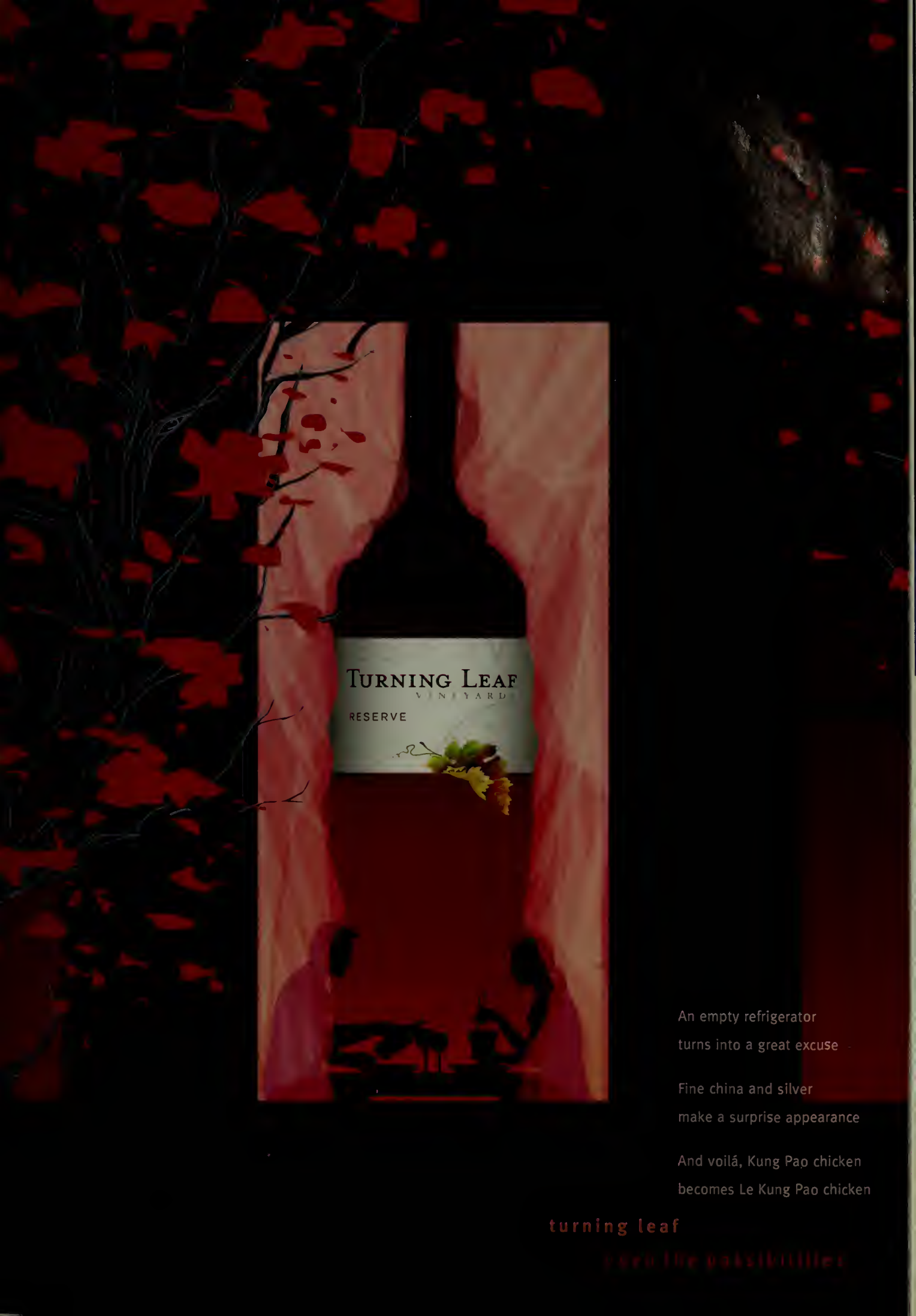
But the game moves on. It's not *just* the Democrats who are out for Rove. Every ambitious Republican would love to get rid of him—nobody wants Rove choosing someone else to be the next Republican nominee.

And the media. The genie is out. The larger story here, the one that will emerge as reliably as the sun, is about who else spoke to Karl. The window is opening on the disinformation and manipulation and media intimidation that went on in the White House. The full Monty is about how these guys sold Iraq—it'll all come out.

The embarrassment here for Washington journalists is huge—and will get bigger still. It is not just that the White House lied, but that the Washington press corps lined up for these lies.

So here's my advice to every news organization: give the story to somebody who doesn't know from the White House (remember, Woodward and Bernstein were off the city desk). After all, it seems responsible to assume that any reporter who's ever had contact with the White House may have been compromised. We should fairly assume that this White House, which has supposedly been so tight, so secret, so suspicious of the media, has actually been dishing baloney like crazy under its double-super-secret rules—the more you dish, the more the media sucks up to you, the more you're in control.

It explains so much. □



An empty refrigerator
turns into a great excuse

Fine china and silver
make a surprise appearance

And voilá, Kung Pao chicken
becomes Le Kung Pao chicken

turning leaf

[illegible]



THE INTERPRETER Sibel Edmonds, who plans to appe her dismissal by th F.B.I. to the Supre Court, at home outside Washingto D.C., April 29, 200

AN INCONVENIENT PATRIOT

Love of country led Sibel Edmonds to become a translator for the F.B.I. following 9/11. But everything changed when she accused a colleague of covering up illicit activity involving Turkish nationals. Fired after sounding the alarm, she's now fighting for the ideals that made her an American, and threatening some very powerful people

BY DAVID ROSE

In Washington, D.C., and its suburbs, December 2, 2001, was fine but cool, the start of the slide into winter after a spell of unseasonable warmth. At 10 o'clock that morning, Sibel and Matthew Edmonds were still in their pajamas, sipping coffee in the kitchen of their waterfront town house in Alexandria, Virginia, and looking forward to a well-deserved lazy Sunday.

Since mid-September, nine days after the 9/11 attacks, Sibel had been exploiting her fluency in Turkish, Farsi, and Azerbaijani as a translator at the F.B.I. It was arduous, demanding work, and Edmonds—who had two bachelor's degrees, was about to begin studying for a master's, and had plans for a doctorate—could have been considered overqualified. But as a naturalized Turkish-American, she saw the job as her patriotic duty.

The Edmondses' thoughts were turning to brunch when Matthew answered the telephone. The caller was a woman he barely knew—Melek Can Dickerson, who worked with Sibel at the F.B.I. "I'm in the area with my husband and I'd love you to meet him," Dickerson said. "Is it O.K. if we come by?" Taken by surprise, Sibel and Matthew hurried to shower and dress. Their guests arrived 30 minutes later. Matthew, a big man with a fuzz of gray beard, who at 60 was nearly twice the age of his petite, vivacious wife, showed them into the kitchen. They sat at a round, faux-marble table while Sibel brewed tea.

Melek's husband, Douglas, a U.S. Air Force major who had spent several years as a military attaché in the Turkish capital

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of Ankara, did most of the talking, Matthew recalls. "He was pretty outspoken, pretty outgoing—about meeting his wife in Turkey, and about his job. He was in weapons procurement." Like Matthew, he was older than his wife, who had been born about a year before Sibel.

According to Sibel, Douglas asked if she and Matthew were involved with the local Turkish community, and whether they were members of two of its organized groups—the American-Turkish Council (A.T.C.) and the Assembly of Turkish American Associations (A.T.A.A.). "He said the A.T.C. was a good organization to belong to," Matthew says. "It could help to ensure that we could retire early and live well, which was just what he and his wife planned to do. I said I was aware of the organization, but I thought you had to be in a relevant business in order to join.

"Then he pointed at Sibel and said, 'All you have to do is tell them who you work for and what you do and you will get in very quickly.'" Matthew could see that his wife was far from comfortable: "She tried to change the conversation to the weather and such-like." But the Dickersons, says Matthew, steered it back to what they called their "network of high-level friends." Some, they said, worked at the Turkish Embassy in Washington. "They said they even went shopping weekly for [one of them] at a Mediterranean market," Matthew says. "They used to take him special Turkish bread."

Before long, the Dickersons left. At the time, Matthew says, he found it "a strange conversation for the first time you meet a couple. Why would someone I'd never met say such things?"

Only Sibel knew just how strange. A large part of her work at the F.B.I. involved listening to the wiretapped conversations of people who were targets of counterintelligence investigations. As she would later tell investigators from the Justice Department's Office of the Inspector General (O.I.G.) and the U.S. Congress, some of those targets were Turkish officials the Dickersons had described as high-level friends. In Sibel's view, the Dickersons had asked the Edmondses to befriend F.B.I. suspects. (In August 2002, Melek Can Dickerson called Sibel's allegations "preposterous, ludicrous and slanderous.")

Sibel also recalled hearing wiretaps indicating that Turkish Embassy targets frequently spoke to staff members at the A.T.C., one of the organizations the Dickersons allegedly wanted her and her husband to join. Sibel later told the O.I.G. she assumed that the A.T.C.'s board—which is chaired by Brent Scowcroft, President George H. W. Bush's national-security adviser—knew nothing of the use to which it was being put. But the wiretaps suggested to her that the Washington office of the A.T.C. was being used as a front for criminal activity.

Sibel and Matthew stood at the window of their oak-paneled hallway and watched the Dickersons leave. Sibel's Sunday had been ruined.

Immediately and in the weeks that followed, Sibel Edmonds tried to persuade her bosses to investigate the Dickersons. There was more to her suspicions than their peculiar Sunday visit. According to documents filed by Edmonds's lawyers, Sibel believed Melek Can Dickerson had leaked information to one or more targets of an F.B.I. investigation, and had tried to prevent Edmonds from listening to wiretaps of F.B.I. targets herself. But instead of carrying out a thorough investigation of her allegations, at the end of March 2002 the F.B.I. fired Edmonds.

USING THE STATE-SECRETS PRIVILEGE IN THIS FASHION IS UNUSUAL, BEESON SAYS. "JUST WHAT IS THE GOVERNMENT TRYING TO HIDE?"

Edmonds is not the first avowed national-security whistle-blower to suffer retaliation at the hands of a government bureaucracy that feels threatened or embarrassed. But being fired is one thing. Edmonds has also been prevented from proceeding with her court challenge or even speaking with complete freedom about the case.

On top of the usual prohibition against disclosing classified information, the Bush administration has smothered her case beneath the all-encompassing blanket of the "state-secrets privilege"—a Draconian and rarely used legal weapon that allows the government, merely by asserting a risk to national security, to prevent the lawsuits Edmonds has filed contesting her treatment from being heard in court at all. According to the Department of Justice, to allow Edmonds her day in court, even at a closed hearing attended only by personnel with full security clearance, "could reasonably be expected to cause serious damage to the foreign policy and national security of the United States."

Using the state-secrets privilege in this fashion is unusual, says Edmonds's attorney Ann Beeson, of the American Civil Liberties Union. "It also begs a question: Just what in the world is the government trying to hide?"

It may be more than another embarrassing security scandal. One counterintelligence official familiar with Edmonds's case has told *Vanity Fair* that the F.B.I. opened an investigation into covert activity by Turkish nationals in the late 1990s. That inquiry found evidence, mainly via wiretaps, of attempts to corrupt senior American politicians in at least two major cities—Washington and Chicago. Toward the end of 2001, Edmonds was asked to translate some of the thousands of calls that had been recorded by this operation, some dating back to 1997.

Edmonds has given confidential testimony inside a secure Sensitive Compartmented Information Facility on several occasions: to congressional staffers, to investigators from the O.I.G., and to staff from the 9/11 commission. Sources familiar with this testimony say that, in addition to her allegations about the Dickersons, she reported hearing Turkish wiretap targets boast that they had a covert relationship with a very senior politician indeed—Dennis Hastert, Republican congressman from Illinois and Speaker of the House since 1999. The targets reportedly discussed giving Hastert tens of thousands of dollars in surreptitious payments in exchange for political favors and information. "The Dickersons," says one official familiar with the case, "are only the tip of the iceberg."

It's safe to say that Edmonds inherited her fearless obstinacy from her father, Rasim Deniz, who died in 2000. Born in the Tabriz region of northwestern Iran, many of whose natives speak Farsi (Persian), Turkish, and Azerbaijani, he was one of the Middle East's leading reconstructive surgeons, but his forthright liberal and secular opinions brought him into a series of conflicts with the local regimes. One of Sibel's earliest memories is of a search of her family's house in Tehran by members of SAVAK, the Shah's secret police, who were looking for left-wing books. Later, in 1981, came a terrifying evening after the Ayatollah Khomeini's Islamist revolution, when Sibel was 11. She was waiting in the car while her father went into a restaurant for takeout. By the time Deniz returned, his vehicle had been boxed in by government S.U.V.'s, and Sibel was surrounded by black-clad revolutionary


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guards, who announced they were taking her to jail because her headscarf was insufficiently modest.

"My father showed his ID and asked them, 'Do you know who I am?,'" Sibel says. "He had been doing pro bono work in the slums of south Tehran for years, and now it was the height of the Iran-Iraq war. He told them, 'I have treated so many of your brothers. If you take my daughter, next time I have one in my operating room who needs an amputation at the wrist, I will cut his arm off at the shoulder.' They let me go."

It was time to get out. As soon as he could, Deniz abandoned his property and his post as head of the burn center at one of Tehran's most prestigious hospitals, and the family fled to Turkey.

When Sibel was 17, she wrote a paper for a high-school competition. Her chosen subject was Turkey's censorship laws, and why it was wrong to ban books and jail dissident writers. Her principal was outraged, she says, and asked her father to get her to write something else. Deniz refused, but the incident caused a family crisis. "My uncle was mayor of Istanbul, and suddenly my essay was being discussed at an emergency meeting of the whole Deniz tribe. My dad was the only one who supported what I'd done. That was the last straw for me. I decided to take a break and go to the United States. I came here and fell in love with a lot of things—freedom. Now I wonder: was it just an illusion?"

Sibel enrolled at a college in Maryland, where she studied English and hotel management; later, she received bachelor's degrees at George Washington University in criminal justice and psychology, and worked with juvenile offenders. In 1992, at age 22, she had married Matthew Edmonds, a divorced retail-technology consultant who had lived in Virginia all his life.

For a long time, they lived an idyllic, carefree life. They bought their house in Alexandria, and Sibel transformed it into an airy, spacious haven, with marble floors, a library, and breathtaking views across the Potomac River to Washington. Matthew had always wanted to visit Russia, and at Sibel's suggestion they spent three months in St. Petersburg, working with a children's hospital charity run by the cellist Mstislav Rostropovich. Sibel's family visited America often, and she and Matthew spent their summers at a cottage they had bought in Bodrum, Turkey, on the Aegean coast.

"People said we wouldn't last two years," Sibel says. "And here we still are, nearly 13 years on. A lot of people who go through the kind of experiences I've had find they put a huge strain on their marriage. Matthew is my rock. I couldn't have done it without him."

In 1978, when Sibel was eight and the Islamists' violent prelude to the Iranian revolution was just beginning, a bomb went off in a movie theater next to her elementary school. "I can remember sitting in a car, seeing the rescuers pulling charred bodies and stumps out of the fire. Then, on September 11, to see this thing happening here, across the ocean—it brought it all back. They put out a call for translators, and I thought, Maybe I can help stop this from happening again."



BORN FIGHTER Sibel and her parents vacationing by the Caspian Sea in 1972, 10 years before they left Iran for Turkey.

ONE OF SIBEL'S EARLIEST MEMORIES IS OF A SEARCH OF HER FAMILY'S HOUSE IN TEHRAN BY THE SHAH'S SECRET POLICE.

The translation department Edmonds joined was housed in a huge, L-shaped room in the F.B.I.'s Washington field office. Some 200 to 300 translators sat in this vast, open space, listening with headphones to digitally recorded wiretaps. The job carried heavy responsibilities. "You are the front line," Edmonds says. "You are the filter for every piece of intelligence which comes in foreign languages. It's down to you to decide what's important—'pertinent,' as the F.B.I. calls it—and what's not. You decide what requires verbatim translation, what can be summarized, and what should be marked 'not pertinent' and left alone. By the time this material reaches the agents and analysts, you've already decided what they're going to get." To get this right requires a broad background of cultural and political knowledge: "If you're simply a linguist, you won't be able to discern these differences."

She was surprised to discover that until her arrival the F.B.I. had employed no Turkish-language specialists at all. In early October she was joined by a second Turkish translator, who had been hired despite his having failed language-proficiency tests.

Several weeks later, a third Turkish speaker joined the department: Melek Can Dickerson. In her application for the job, she wrote that she had not previously worked in America. In fact, however, she had spent two years as an intern at an organization that figured in many of the wiretaps—the American-Turkish Council.

Much later, after Edmonds was fired, the F.B.I. gave briefings to the House and Senate. One source who was present says bureau officials admitted that Dickerson had concealed her history with the A.T.C., not only in writing but also when interviewed as part of her background security check. In addition, the officials conceded that Dickerson began a friendship at the A.T.C. with one of the F.B.I.'s targets. "They confirmed that when she got to the bureau she was supposed to be listening to his calls," says one congressional source. "To me, that was like asking a friend of a mobster to listen to him ordering hits. She

might have an allegiance problem. But they seemed not to get it.... They blew off their friendship as 'just a social thing.' They told us, 'They had been colleagues at work, after all.'"

Shortly after the house visit from the Dickersons, Sibel conveyed her version of the event to her supervisor, Mike Feghali—first orally and then in writing. The "supervisory language specialist" responsible for linguists working in several Middle Eastern languages, Feghali is a Lebanese-American who had previously been an F.B.I. Arabic translator for many years. Edmonds says he told her not to worry.

Toward the end of December, Edmonds was absorbed in a translation when Dickerson approached her desk. She swiftly got to the point.

To monitor every call on every line at a large institution such as the Turkish Embassy in Washington would not be feasible. Inevitably, the F.B.I. listens more carefully to the phones used by its targets, such as the Dickersons' purported friend. In the past, the assignment of lines to each translator had always been random: Edmonds might have found herself listening to a potentially significant conversation by a counter-intelligence target one minute and an innocuous discussion about some diplomatic party the next. Now, however, according to Edmonds, Dickerson suggested changing this system, so that each Turkish speaker would be permanently responsible for certain lines. She produced a list of names and numbers, together with her proposals for dividing them up. As Edmonds would later tell her F.B.I. bosses and congressional investigators, Dickerson had assigned the American-Turkish Council and three other "high-value" diplomatic targets, including her friend, to herself.

Edmonds found this arrangement very questionable. But she says that Dickerson spent a large part of that afternoon talking with Feghali inside his office. The next day he announced in an e-mail that he had decided to assign the Turkish wiretaps on exactly the basis recommended by Dickerson.

Like all the translators, Edmonds was effectively working with two, parallel lines of management: Feghali and the senior translation-department bosses above him, on the one hand, and, on the other, the investigators and agents who actually used the material she translated. Early in the new year, 2002, Edmonds says, she discovered that Dennis Saccher, the F.B.I.'s special agent in charge of Turkish counter-intelligence, had developed his own, quite separate concerns about Dickerson.

On the morning of January 14, Sibel says, Saccher asked Edmonds into his cramped cubicle on the fifth floor. On his desk were printouts from the F.B.I. language-department database. They showed that on numerous occasions Dickerson had marked calls involving her friend and other counter-intelligence targets as "not pertinent," or had submitted only brief summaries stating that they contained nothing of interest. Some of these calls had a duration of more than 15 minutes. Saccher asked Edmonds why she was no longer working on these targets' conversations. She explained the new division of labor, and went on to tell him about the Dickersons' visit the previous month. Saccher was appalled, Edmonds says, telling her, "It sounds like espionage to me."

"WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS, SIBEL?," EDMONDS SAYS DICKERSON ASKED. "WHY PUT YOUR FAMILY IN TURKEY IN DANGER OVER THIS?"

Saccher asked Edmonds and a colleague, Kevin Taskasen, to go back into the F.B.I.'s digital wiretap archive and listen to some of the calls that Dickerson had marked "not pertinent," and to re-translate as many as they could. Saccher suggested that they all meet with Feghali in a conference room on Friday, February 1. First, however, Edmonds and Taskasen should go to Saccher's office for a short pre-meeting—to review their findings and to discuss how to handle Feghali.

Edmonds had time to listen to numerous calls before the Friday meeting, and some of them sounded important. According to her later secure testimony, in one conversation, recorded shortly after Dickerson reserved the targets' calls for herself, a Turkish official spoke directly to a U.S. State Department staffer. They agreed that the State Department staffer would send a representative at an appointed time to the American-Turkish Council office, at 1111 14th Street NW, where he would be given $7,000 in cash. "She told us she'd heard mention of exchanges of information, dead drops—that kind of thing," a congressional source says. "It was mostly money in exchange for secrets." (A spokesperson for the A.T.C. denies that the organization has ever been involved in espionage or illegal payments. And a spokesperson for the Assembly of Turkish American Associations said that to suggest the group was involved with espionage or illegal payments is "ridiculous.")

Another call allegedly discussed a payment to a Pentagon official, who seemed to be involved in weapons-procurement negotiations. Yet another implied that Turkish groups had been installing doctoral students at U.S. research institutions in order to acquire information about black-market nuclear weapons. In fact, much of what Edmonds reportedly heard seemed to concern not state espionage but criminal activity. There was talk, she told investigators, of laundering the profits of large-scale drug deals and of selling classified military technologies to the highest bidder.

Before entering the F.B.I. building for their Friday meeting with Saccher, Edmonds and Taskasen stood for a while on the sidewalk, smoking cigarettes. "Afterwards, we went directly to Saccher's office," Edmonds says. "We talked for a little while, and he said he'd see us downstairs for the meeting with Feghali a few minutes later, at nine A.M." They were barely out of the elevator when Feghali intercepted them. He didn't know they had just come from Saccher's office.

"Come on, we're going to start the meeting," he said. "By the way, Dennis Saccher can't be there. He's been sent out somewhere into the field." Later, Edmonds says, she called Saccher on the internal phone. "Why the hell did you cancel?" she asked. Bewildered, he told her that immediately after she and Taskasen had left his office Feghali phoned him, saying that the conference room was already in use, and that the meeting would have to be postponed.

Edmonds says Saccher also told her that he had been ordered not to touch the case by his own superiors, who called it a "can of worms." Despite his role as special agent in charge of Turkish counter-intelligence, he had even been forbidden to obtain copies of her translations. Saccher had two small children and a settled life in Washington. If he dared to complain, Edmonds says, he risked being assigned "to some fucked-up office in the land of tornadoes."

Instead, Edmonds was ushered into the windowless office of Feghali's colleague, translation-department supervisor Stephanie Bryan. Investigating possible espionage was not a task for which Bryan had been trained or equipped.

Bryan heard Edmonds out and told her to set down her allegations in a confidential memo. Edmonds says that Bryan approved of her writing it at home. Edmonds

gave the document to Bryan on Monday, February 11. Early the following afternoon, the supervisor summoned Edmonds. Waiting in a nearby office were two other people, Feghali and Melek Can Dickerson. In front of them were Edmonds's translations of the wiretaps and her memo.

"Stephanie said that she'd taken my memo to the supervisory special agent, Tom Frields," Edmonds says. "He apparently wouldn't even look at it until Mike Feghali and Dickerson had seen it and been given a chance to comment. Stephanie said that, working for the government, there were certain things you didn't do, and criticizing your colleagues' work was one of them. She told me, 'Do you realize what this means? If you were right, the people who did the background checks would have to be investigated. The whole translation department could be shaken up!' Meanwhile, *I* was going to be investigated for a possible security breach—for putting classified information onto my home computer. I was told to go to the security department at three P.M."

Before Edmonds left, Dickerson had time to sidle over to her desk. According to Edmonds, she made what sounded like a threat: "Why are you doing this, Sibel? Why don't you just drop it? You know there could be serious consequences. Why put your family in Turkey in danger over this?"

Edmonds says that the F.B.I.'s response to her was beginning to shift from indifference to outright retaliation. On February 13, the day after her interview with the bureau security office, three agents came to her home and seized the computer she shared with her husband. "I hadn't had time to back up the data, and I told them that most of my business was on that computer," Matthew Edmonds says.

"An agent called the next morning," Matthew says. "He told me, 'Everything on your computer is destroyed, and we didn't back it up.' They were playing games. When I got the computer back, they had wiped everything. Four days later, I got a CD-ROM with it all backed up." A lifelong conservative Republican, Matthew was being shocked into changing his worldview. "I was so naïve. I mean, what do you do if you think your colleague might be a spy? You go to the F.B.I.! I thought if Sibel's supervisor wasn't fixing this problem she should go to his superior, and so on up the chain. Someone would eventually fix it. I was never a cynical person. I am now."

While the agents were examining the Edmondses' computer, Mike Feghali was writing a memo for his own managers, stating "there was no basis" for Sibel's allegations. A day earlier, an F.B.I. security officer had interviewed Dickerson. A report issued by the O.I.G. in January 2005 states, "The Security Officer did not challenge the co-worker [Dickerson] with respect to any information the co-worker provided, although that information was not consistent with F.B.I. records. In addition . . . he did not review other crucial F.B.I. records, which would have supported some of Edmonds' allegations." Instead, he treated her claims as "performance issues," and "seemed not to appreciate or investigate the allegation that a co-worker may have been committing espionage."

According to a congressional source, the fact that Edmonds was a mere contract linguist, rather than an agent, made her claims less palatable. "They seemed to be saying, 'We don't need someone like this making trouble,'" the source says. "Yet, to her credit, she really did go up through the chain of command: to her boss, his boss, and so on."

Edmonds reached the top of the language-section management on February 22, when she met with supervisory special agent Tom Frields, a gray-haired veteran who was approaching the end of a long bureau career. At first it seemed he was trying to set her mind at rest: "He told me, 'I just want to assure you that everything is fine, and as far as you're concerned, your work on this matter is done,'" Edmonds



says. "I told him, 'No, it's not fine. My family is worried about possible threats to their safety in Turkey.' His face went through a transformation. He warned me that these issues were classified at the highest level and must not be disclosed to anyone. He started to interrogate me: Who had I told? He said if it was anyone unauthorized he could have me arrested."

Edmonds's meeting with Frields on the 22nd was probably her last chance to save her job. The inspector general's 2005 report disclosed, "Immediately after the meeting, [Frields] began to explore whether the F.B.I. had the option to cease using Edmonds as a contract linguist."



GOOD DOCTOR Sibel's father, Dr. Rasim Deniz (far left), greeting the Shah and Queen of Iran at the opening of a new hospital, 1977.

"IF YOU TAKE MY DAUGHTER, NEXT TIME ONE [OF YOUR BROTHERS] NEEDS AN AMPUTATION AT THE WRIST, I WILL CUT HIS ARM OFF."

Four days later the bureau's contracting unit told him, "If it was determined that [she] was unsuitable, the F.B.I. would have sufficient reason to terminate her contract."

Stymied by Frields, Edmonds tried to go still higher, and on March 7 she was granted an audience with James Caruso, the F.B.I.'s deputy assistant director for counterterrorism and counter-intelligence. Edmonds says he listened politely for more than an hour but took no notes and asked no questions. Afterward, Matthew picked her up and they drove to the Capital Grille for an early lunch. It was only 11:30 and the restaurant was still empty, but as the Edmondses began to study their menus, they saw two men in suits pull up outside in an F.B.I.-issue S.U.V. They came inside and sat down at the next table.

"They just sat and stared at Sibel," Matthew says. "They took out their cell phones, opened them, and put them on the table. They didn't eat or drink—just sat, staring at Sibel, the whole time we were there." Modified cell phones, Sibel knew, are commonly used by bureau agents as a means of making covert recordings.

That afternoon, Sibel wrote to two official bodies with powers to investigate the F.B.I.—the Justice Department's internal-affairs division, known as the Office of Professional Responsibility, and its independent watchdog, the O.I.G. She went on to send faxes to the Senate Intelligence Committee and Senators Charles Grassley, Republican from Iowa, and Patrick Leahy, Democrat from Vermont, both of whom sit on the Senate Judiciary Committee, to say that she had found evidence of possible national-security breaches.

On March 8, Sibel appeared at a dingy little office in Washington's Chinatown, where she was polygraphed. According to the 2005 inspector general's report, the purpose of this examination was to discover whether she had made unauthorized disclosures of classified information. "She was not deceptive in her answers," the O.I.G. reported.

Dickerson was polygraphed two weeks later, on March 21, and she too was deemed to have passed. But, according to an official cited in the report, the questions she was asked were vague and nonspecific: "The Polygraph Unit Chief admitted that questions directly on point could have been asked but were not." Nevertheless, then and for a long time afterward, the F.B.I. "continued to rely on the [Dickerson] polygraph as support for its position that Edmonds' allegations were unfounded."

Dickerson's polygraph test, however unsatisfactory, seems to have sealed Edmonds's fate at the F.B.I. The following afternoon, she was asked to wait in Stephanie Bryan's office. "Feghali saw me sitting there and leaned across the doorway," Edmonds says. "He tapped his watch and said, 'In less than an hour you will be fired, you whore.'" A few minutes later, she was summoned to a meeting with Frields. They were joined by Bryan and George Stukenbroeker, the chief of personnel security and the man in charge of investigating her case. Edmonds had violated every security rule in the book, Stukenbroeker said.

A hulking security guard arrived to help escort her from the building. Edmonds asked if she could return to her desk to retrieve some photos, including shots of her late father of which she had no copies. Bryan refused, saying, "You'll never set foot in the F.B.I. again." Bryan promised to forward them, says Edmonds, who never got the photos back. Edmonds looked at Frields. "You are only making your wrongdoing worse, and my case stronger. I will see you very soon," she told him. According to Edmonds, Frields replied, "Soon maybe, but it will be in jail. I'll see you in jail." (When interviewed by the O.I.G., Frields and another witness denied his making this comment.)

Matthew was waiting outside. "I'm not a crybaby," Sibel says. "But as I got into my husband's car that afternoon I was in floods, shaking."

As soon as she had returned home from the February meeting where Dickerson allegedly cautioned her not to endanger her family in Turkey, Sibel called her mother and sister in Istanbul, even though it was the middle of the night there. Sibel


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is the oldest of three sisters. The youngest was studying in America and living with the Edmondses in Alexandria, but the middle sister—whose name Edmonds wishes to protect—was enjoying a successful career at an international travel company based in Istanbul. The 29-year-old was also engaged to be married. Within days of receiving Sibel's call, she flew with her mother to Washington.

Early in April, Sibel and Matthew were having lunch in their favorite Thai restaurant in Old Town Alexandria—a precious chance, with their house now fully occupied by Sibel's family, to share a private moment together. "My cell phone rang," Sibel says. "It was my middle sister. She said something really bad had happened and I must come back at once."

The sister's Istanbul neighbor had just phoned, saying that two policemen had knocked on her door, asking for the sister's whereabouts. They would not disclose the reason, saying only that it was an "intelligence matter." They also left a document.

HER SISTER'S ASYLUM APPLICATION STATED THAT SIBEL WOULD NOW BE CONSIDERED "A SPY AND A TRAITOR TO TURKEY UNDER TURKISH LAW."

Sent by Tevfik Asici of the Atakoy Branch Police Station and dated April 11, it was addressed to Sibel's sister and read, "For an important issue your deposition/interrogation is required. If you do not report to the station within 5 days, between 09:00 and 17:00, as is required by Turkish law CMK.132, you will be taken/arrested by force."

In July 2002, with a written recommendation from Senator Grassley, Sibel's sister requested political asylum in the United States. Her application statement cited the threat allegedly made by Dickerson, adding that Sibel would now be considered "a spy and a traitor to Turkey under Turkish law, and the Turkish police will use me to get at her. Turkish police are known for using cruelty and torture during interrogation; subjects are kept without advice to family members and often disappear with no trace." Estranged from Sibel, the sister remains in America, unable to go home.

Edmonds did what numerous avowed whistle-blowers had done before: she appealed to Congress, and she got a lawyer—David Colapinto of the Washington firm Kohn, Kohn & Colapinto, which advertises itself on its Web site as specializing in cases of this kind. He filed suit under the Freedom of Information Act for full disclosure of what had happened inside the bureau, and submitted a claim for damages for the violation of Edmonds's constitutional rights. By August he was ready to depose Douglas and Melek Can Dickerson. But before their scheduled deposition, the couple abruptly left the country. Douglas had been assigned to an air-force job in Belgium. Virgil Magee, a U.S. Air Force spokesman in Belgium, confirms that Dickerson remains on active duty in Europe, but refuses to say exactly where.

That fall, Attorney General John Ashcroft tried to wipe out Edmonds's legal action by invoking the state-secrets privilege. This recourse, derived from English common law, has never been the subject of any congressional vote or statute. Normally, says Ann Beeson of the A.C.L.U., it is used by the government when it wants to resist the legal "discovery" in court of a specific piece of evidence that it fears might harm national security if publicized. But in Edmonds's case Ashcroft argued that the very subject of her lawsuit was a state secret. To air her claims in front of federal judges would jeopardize national security.

This, Beeson says, had distinct advantages for the F.B.I. and the Department of Justice: it meant they did not have to contest the merits of her claims. Moreover, the substance of the arguments they used to justify this level of secrecy was and is secret itself. The full version of Ashcroft's declaration invoking the privilege, filed on October 18, 2002, was classified, and in public the case for blocking Edmonds's action rested on the mere assertion that it would be damaging to proceed. Later, in 2004, the law firm Motley Rice sought to depose her for a pending case on behalf of the families of 9/11 victims. Immediately, Ashcroft asserted the privilege again. Motley Rice submitted a list of questions it wanted to ask Edmonds, almost all of which were prohibited. Among them: "When and where were you born?," "What languages do you speak?," and "Where did you go to school?"

Edmonds still wanted to fight, and to challenge Ashcroft in court. But over the next few months, the relationship with her lawyers began to suffer. "Let's face it, taking on the D.O.J. is no joke, especially in Washington," Edmonds says.

It was the absolute low point. "I tried to find another firm," she says, "but as soon as I mentioned the state-secrets privilege, it was like, 'Turn around, go back, and by the way the clock is running at $450 an hour.' I must have been turned away by 20 firms."

The Dickersons, the Justice Department, and the F.B.I. and its relevant personnel declined to comment for this article. In August 2002, Melek Can Dickerson told the *Chicago Tribune,* "both the F.B.I. and the Department of Justice have conducted separate investigations of [Edmonds's] claims. . . . They fired her and, interestingly, they continued my contract."

In September 2002, Colonel James Worth of the Office of the Air Force Inspector General said that, in response to a letter from Edmonds, there had been a "complete and thorough review of Major [Douglas] Dickerson's relationship with the American-Turkish Council" that found "no evidence of any deviation from the scope of his duties." Edmonds says she was not interviewed by those conducting the review.

Edmonds's treatment by the F.B.I. seems to fit two baleful patterns: the first is the bureau's refusal to address potentially disastrous internal-security flaws; the second is a general tendency among national-security agencies to retaliate against whistle-blowers.

Amid the lush greenery of his parents' garden in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, former F.B.I. senior intelligence-operations specialist John Cole describes how these institutional inclinations combined to destroy his career. Now 44, Cole joined the F.B.I. in 1985. By the late 1990s, he was running undercover operations in the Washington area, focusing on counterterrorism and counter-intelligence. Later, while also playing a key role in the 9/11 investigation, he became the F.B.I.'s national counter-intelligence program manager for India, Afghanistan, and Pakistan.

Early in the fall of 2001, Cole was asked to assess whether a woman who had applied to work as a translator of Urdu, Pakistan's national language, might pose a risk to security. "The personnel security officer said she thought there was something that didn't seem right," Cole says. "I went through the file and it stuck out a mile: she was the daughter of a retired Pakistani general who had been their military attaché in Washington." He adds that, to his knowledge, "Every single military attaché they've ever assigned has been a known intelligence officer."

After September 11, this association looked especially risky. The Pakistani intelligence service had trained and supported the Taliban in Afghanistan, and still

contained elements who were far from happy with President Pervez Musharraf's pro-American policies. Cole gave his findings to the security officer. "Well done," she said. "You've found it."

A week later, she called Cole again, to say that the woman had started work that morning with a top-secret security clearance. F.B.I. director Robert Mueller had promised Congress that the bureau would hire lots of new Middle Eastern linguists, and normal procedures had been short-circuited as a result. As of July 2005, the woman was still a bureau translator. Sibel Edmonds says she remembers her well—as the leader of a group that pressed for separate restrooms for Muslims.

Cole says the incident was only one of several that caused him to doubt the quality and security of the F.B.I.'s counterterrorism efforts, and, like Edmonds, he says he tried to fix the problems he saw by going up the chain of command. Getting rid of an agent of his stature was a lot more difficult than firing a contract linguist. Cole says the retaliation began when, after years of glowing reports, his annual appraisal found his work in one area to be "minimally acceptable." Next, he was placed under investigation by the Office of Professional Responsibility, first on a charge that he had lied about a personal loan on a routine background check, and then, after he took his case to Congress, on the same grounds used against Edmonds—that he had disclosed classified information without authorization. Finally, he was demoted to menial roles: "They literally had me doing the xeroxing." Bitterly disillusioned, he says, he resigned in March 2004.

"According to the terms of our employment, whistle-blowing is an obligation," Cole says. "We sign a piece of paper every year saying we will report any mismanagement or evidence of a possible crime. But the management's shtick is that if you draw attention to the bureau's shortcomings you're disgracing it."

Cole is one of about 50 current and former members of the F.B.I., C.I.A., National Security Agency, and other bodies who have made contact recently with Sibel Edmonds. Another is Mike German, one of the bravest and most successful counterterrorism agents in the bureau's history, who penetrated a neo-Nazi gang in Los Angeles and a militia group in Seattle and brought them to justice.

German made his bed of nails in 2002, when he was asked to get involved in an investigation into a suspected cell of Islamist terrorists. "I came down and reviewed the case, and it was a complete mess," he says. "There were violations of F.B.I. policy and violations of the law. As someone who had been through successful terrorism prosecutions, I knew you couldn't afford to make mistakes."

Like Cole, German says he thought himself obliged to report what was going wrong, not to penalize other agents but in the hope of putting it right. "I thought the bureau would do the right thing: that the case would get back on track, and we'd get the opportunity to take action against the bad guys involved." Instead, he says, he faced the familiar litany of escalating retaliation—including an internal investigation of his own work on the terrorist-cell case. "Bear in mind that only a handful of people have ever infiltrated terrorist groups," German says. "You'd think that after 9/11 they might have been interested in that. But word came back to me that I'd never get a counterterrorist case again." He resigned from the bureau in June 2004.

ONE NAME APPARENTLY STOOD OUT—A MAN THE TURKISH CALLERS REFERRED TO AS "DENNY BOY." IT WAS HOUSE SPEAKER DENNIS HASTERT.

As I talked to whistle-blowers, I had the impression that those treated the worst were among the brightest and best. There could be no clearer example than Russ Tice, an 18-year intelligence veteran who has worked for the Pentagon's Defense Intelligence Agency (D.I.A.) and America's eavesdroppers, the National Security Agency. "I dealt with the super-sensitive stuff," he says. "I obviously can't talk about it, but I had operational roles in both Afghanistan and Iraq."

It was at the D.I.A. in the spring of 2001 that he wrote a report setting down his suspicions about a junior colleague, a Chinese-American who Tice says was living a lavish lifestyle beyond her apparent means. Although she was supposed to be working on a doctorate, he noticed her repeatedly in the office, late at night, reading classified material on an agency computer. "It's not like I obsessed over the issue," Tice says. "I did my job, and then 9/11 happened, and I was a very busy boy."

He moved to the N.S.A. toward the end of 2002. The trigger for his downfall the following April was the arrest of Katrina Leung, the F.B.I. informant accused of spying for China while having an affair with a bureau agent. It prompted Tice to send a classified e-mail to the D.I.A. security section, commenting that the Leung case showed that the F.B.I. was "incompetent." The implication was that the D.I.A. could prove its competence by fully investigating the junior colleague.

Tice, a big, powerful man with a forthright manner, has to pause to control his emotions when he describes what happened as a consequence. "I was sent for an emergency psychiatric evaluation. I took all the computer tests and passed them with flying colors. But then the shrink says he believes I'm unbalanced. Later he said I'm suffering from 'paranoid ideation.'" He was examined by an independent psychiatrist, who "found no evidence of mental disorder." But he had already been denied access to secure places at the N.S.A. As a result, this highly commended technical-espionage expert was put to work in the N.S.A.'s motor pool, "wiping snow off cars, vacuuming them, and driving people around. People looked at me like I had bubonic plague." (The D.I.A. did not respond to a request for comment, and an N.S.A. spokesperson said the agency does not discuss personnel matters.)

After about eight months of this purgatory, apparently an attempt to persuade him to resign, he was placed on "administrative leave." Like other whistle-blowers, he tried and failed to get his agency's leadership to redress his treatment. In August 2004, Tice wrote letters to members of the House and Senate. Six days later, the N.S.A. began the formal process which would lead to his getting fired, and to having his clearance revoked permanently. "What happened to me was total Stalin-era tactics," he says. "Everyone I know or ever worked with says I'm perfectly sane. Yet I just don't know what to do next. I've been in intelligence all my life, but without a security clearance, I can't practice my trade."

Echoing Cole and German, one of the congressional staffers who heard Edmonds's secure testimony likens the F.B.I. to a family, "and you don't take your problems outside it. They think they're the best law-enforcement agency in the world, that they're beyond criticism and beyond reproach." To an outside observer that ethos alone might explain the use of the state-secrets privilege against Edmonds. But, the

staffer adds, some of the wiretaps she said she translated "mentioned government officials." Here may lie an entirely different dimension to her case.

Vanity Fair has established that around the time the Dickersons visited the Edmondses, in December 2001, Joel Robertz, an F.B.I. special agent in Chicago, contacted Sibel and asked her to review some wiretaps. Some were several years old, others more recent; all had been generated by a counter-intelligence investigation that had its start in 1997. "It began in D.C.," says an F.B.I. counter-intelligence official who is familiar with the case file. But "it became apparent that Chicago was actually the center of what was going on."

Its subject was explosive: what sounded like attempts to bribe elected members of Congress, both Democrat and Republican. "There was pressure within the bureau for a special prosecutor to be appointed and take the case on," the official says. Instead, his colleagues were told to alter the thrust of their investigation—away from elected politicians and toward appointed officials. "This is the reason why Ashcroft reacted to Sibel in such an extreme fashion," he says. "It was to keep this from coming out."



"WHAT HAPPENED TO ME WAS TOTAL STALIN-ERA TACTICS," TICE SAYS. "I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO NEXT."

In her secure testimony, Edmonds disclosed some of what she recalled hearing. In all, says a source who was present, she managed to listen to more than 40 of the Chicago recordings supplied by Robertz. Many involved an F.B.I. target at the city's large Turkish Consulate, as well as members of the American-Turkish Council and the Assembly of Turkish American Associations.

Some of the calls reportedly contained what sounded like references to large-scale drug shipments and other crimes. To a person who knew nothing about their context, the details were confusing, and it wasn't always clear what might be significant. One name, however, apparently stood out—a man the Turkish callers often referred to by the nickname "Denny boy." It was the Republican congressman from Illinois and Speaker of the House, Dennis Hastert. According to some of the wiretaps, the F.B.I.'s targets had arranged for tens of thousands of dollars to be paid to Hastert's campaign funds in small checks. Under Federal Election Commission rules, donations of less than $200 are not required to be itemized in public filings.

Hastert himself was never heard in the recordings, Edmonds told investigators, and it is possible that the claims of covert payments were hollow boasts. Nevertheless, an examination of Hastert's federal filings shows that the level of un-itemized payments his campaigns received over many years was relatively high. Between April 1996 and December 2002, un-itemized personal donations to the Hastert for Congress Committee amounted to $483,000. In contrast, un-itemized contributions in the same period to the committee run on behalf of the House majority leader, Tom DeLay, Republican of Texas, were only $99,000. An analysis of the filings of four other senior Republicans shows that only one, Clay Shaw, of Florida, declared a higher total in un-itemized donations than Hastert over the same period: $552,000. The other three declared far less. Energy and Commerce Committee chairman Joe Barton, of Texas, claimed $265,000; Armed Services Committee chairman Duncan Hunter, of California, got $212,000; and Ways and Means Committee chairman Bill Thomas, of California, recorded $110,000.



BLOWN OFF Former F.B.I. agent Mike German, *top*, and Russ Tice, *left*, an 18-year intelligence veteran, say they faced retaliation for whistle-blowing.

Edmonds reportedly added that the recordings also contained repeated references to Hastert's flip-flop, in the fall of 2000, over an issue which remains of intense concern to the Turkish government—the continuing campaign to have Congress designate the killings of Armenians in Turkey between 1915 and 1923 a genocide. For many years, attempts had been made to get the House to pass a genocide resolution, but they never got anywhere until August 2000, when Hastert, as Speaker, announced that he would give it his backing and see that it received a full House vote. He had a clear political reason, as analysts noted at the time: a California Republican incumbent, locked in a tight congressional race, was looking to win over his district's large Armenian community. Thanks to Hastert, the resolution, vehemently opposed by the Turks, passed the International Relations Committee by a large majority. Then, on October 19, minutes before the full House vote, Hastert withdrew it.

At the time, he explained his decision by saying that he had received a letter from President Clinton arguing that the genocide resolution, if passed, would harm U.S. interests. Again, the reported content of the Chicago wiretaps may well have been sheer bravado, and there is no evidence that any payment was ever made to Hastert or his campaign. Nevertheless, a senior official at the Turkish Consulate is said to have claimed in one recording that the price for Hastert to withdraw the resolution would have been at least $500,000.

Hastert's spokesman says the congress-

man withdrew the genocide resolution only because of the approach from Clinton, "and to insinuate anything else just doesn't make any sense." He adds that Hastert has no affiliation with the A.T.C. or other groups reportedly mentioned in the wiretaps: "He does not know these organizations." Hastert is "unaware of Turkish interests making donations," the spokesman says, and his staff has "not seen any pattern of donors with foreign names."



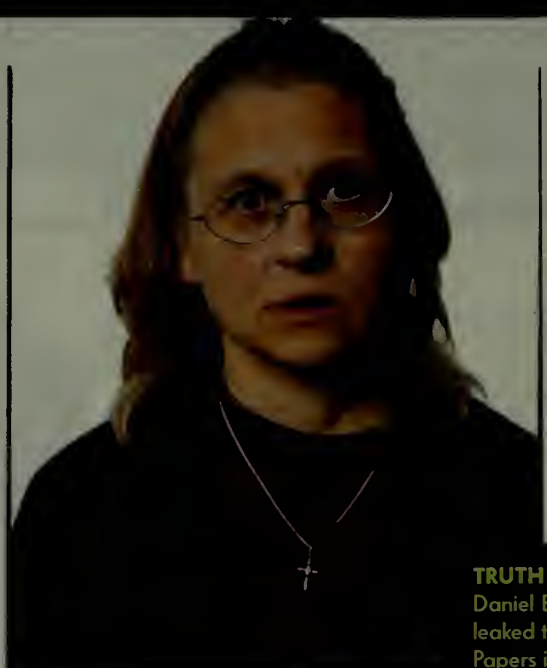
For more than two years after Edmonds was fired, the Office of the Inspector General's inquiry ground on. At last, in July 2004, its report was completed—and promptly labeled classified at the behest of the F.B.I. It took months of further pressure before a redacted, unclassified version was finally issued, in January 2005. It seemed to provide stunning vindication of Edmonds's credibility.

"AS WE DESCRIBED THROUGHOUT OUR REPORT, MANY OF [EDMONDS'S] ALLEGATIONS HAD BASES IN FACT," THE O.I.G. STATED.

"Many of Edmonds' core allegations relating to the co-worker [Melek Can Dickerson] were supported by either documentary evidence or witnesses," the report said. "We believe that the F.B.I. should have investigated the allegations more thoroughly."

The F.B.I. had justified firing Edmonds on the grounds that she had a "disruptive effect," the report went on. However, "this disruption related primarily to Edmonds' aggressive pursuit of her allegations of misconduct, which the F.B.I. did not believe were supported and which it did not adequately investigate. In fact, as we described throughout our report, many of her allegations had bases in fact," the report read. "We believe ... that the F.B.I. did not take them seriously enough, and that her allegations were, in fact, the most significant factor in the F.B.I.'s decision to terminate her services."

Meanwhile, Edmonds had new lawyers: the A.C.L.U.'s Ann Beeson, who is leading the challenge to the state-secrets privilege, and Mark Zaid, a private attorney who specializes in national-security issues. Zaid has filed a $10 million tort suit, citing the threats to Edmonds's family, her inability to look after her real-estate and business interests in Turkey, and a series of articles in the Turkish press that have vilified her.



TRUTH TELLERS Daniel Ellsberg, *top*, leaked the Pentagon Papers in 1971. Coleen Rowley, *above*, accused the F.B.I. of ignoring its agents' concerns about Zacarias Moussaoui.

In July 2004, a federal district court had ruled in favor of the government's use of the state-secrets privilege. Like Ashcroft's declaration, its opinion contained no specific facts. Next came a bizarre hearing in the D.C. appeals court in April 2005. The room was cleared of reporters while Beeson spoke for 15 minutes. Then Beeson and Edmonds were also expelled to make way for the Department of Justice's lawyers, who addressed the judges in secret. Two weeks later, the court rejected Edmonds's appeal, without expanding on the district court's opinion. At press time, she was set to file a brief with the U.S. Supreme Court. If the court agrees to take the case, the government's reasons for its action may finally be forced into the open; legal experts say the Supreme Court has never allowed secret arguments.

A week after the April appeal hearing, Edmonds gathered more than 30 whistle-blowers from the F.B.I., C.I.A., National Security Agency, Department of Homeland Security, and other agencies to brief staffers from the House and Senate. Among the whistle-blowers were Daniel Ellsberg, who leaked the Pentagon Papers to *The New York Times* in 1971, and Coleen Rowley, the F.B.I. agent from Minneapolis who complained that Washington ignored local agents who in August 2001 had raised concerns about a flight student named Zacarias Moussaoui, who has since admitted to being an al-Qaeda terrorist.

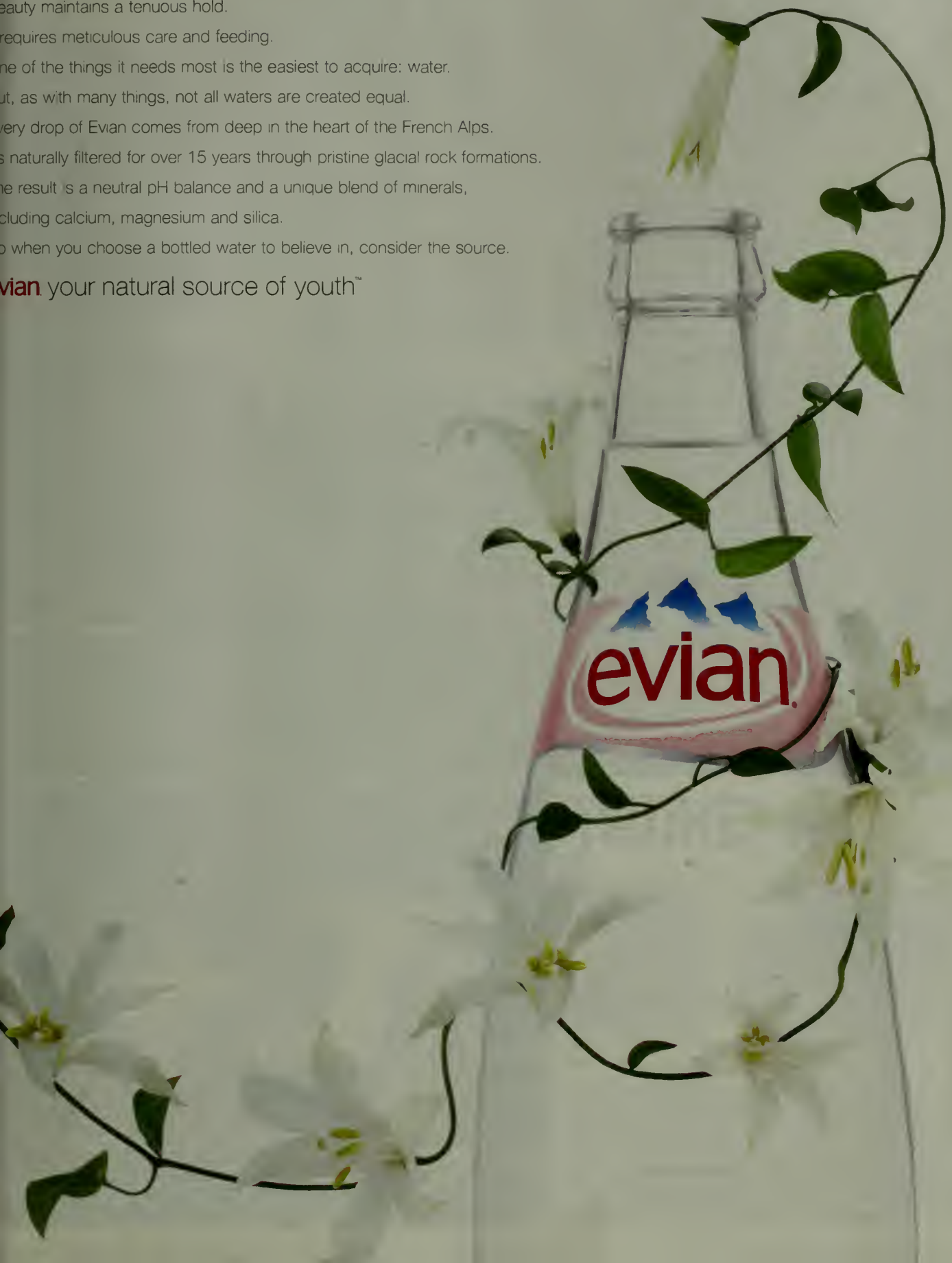
Many of those present had unearthed apparent breaches of national security; many said their careers had been wrecked as a result. At a press conference after the briefings, Congressman Edward Markey, Democrat of Massachusetts, praised Edmonds and her colleagues as "national heroes," pledging that he would introduce a bill to make it a crime for any agency manager to retaliate against such individuals. Afterward, the whistle-blowers mingled over hors d'oeuvres and explored their common ground and experiences. By July, they were working to formalize their association as a not-for-profit campaign group, the National Security Whistleblowers Coalition. "When they took on Sibel," says Mike German, who is now the coalition's congressional liaison, "they made the wrong woman mad."

"I'm going to keep pushing this as long as I can, but I'm not going to get obsessional," Edmonds says. "There's other things I want to do with my life. But the day the Iranians tried to arrest me, my father told me, 'Sibel, you live your life once. How do you choose to live? According to your principles, or in fear?' I have never forgotten those words." □

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SUNSHINE OR *NOIR?* *Above,* Pan Pacific Auditorium, in West Hollywood, demolished by L.A. County in 1998; *below,* Dolores Del Rio House, in Santa Monica, designed by her husband, Cedric Gibbons, with Douglas Honnold, 1929.

L.A. CENTURY

Tim Street-Porter's new book, *Los Angeles,* reveals the city's modern architectural triumphs

BY MATT TYRNAUER

In his 1995 book, *The Los Angeles House,* photographer Tim Street-Porter makes a trenchant observation about design in the city he has documented for three decades. "The diverse architectural heritage of L.A. has not been influenced by the usual legacy of neoclassical architecture," he writes. "Its residential design has been shaped by emotional concerns: by romance, by fantasy and a sense of freedom, by the city's wildly varied topography, and by the arrival of architects,



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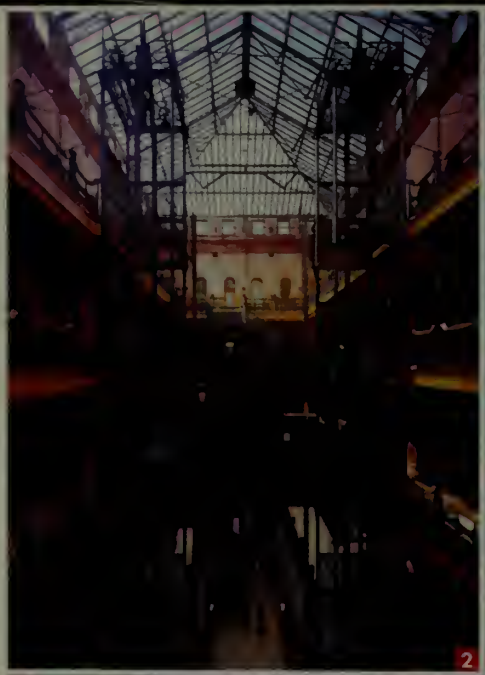
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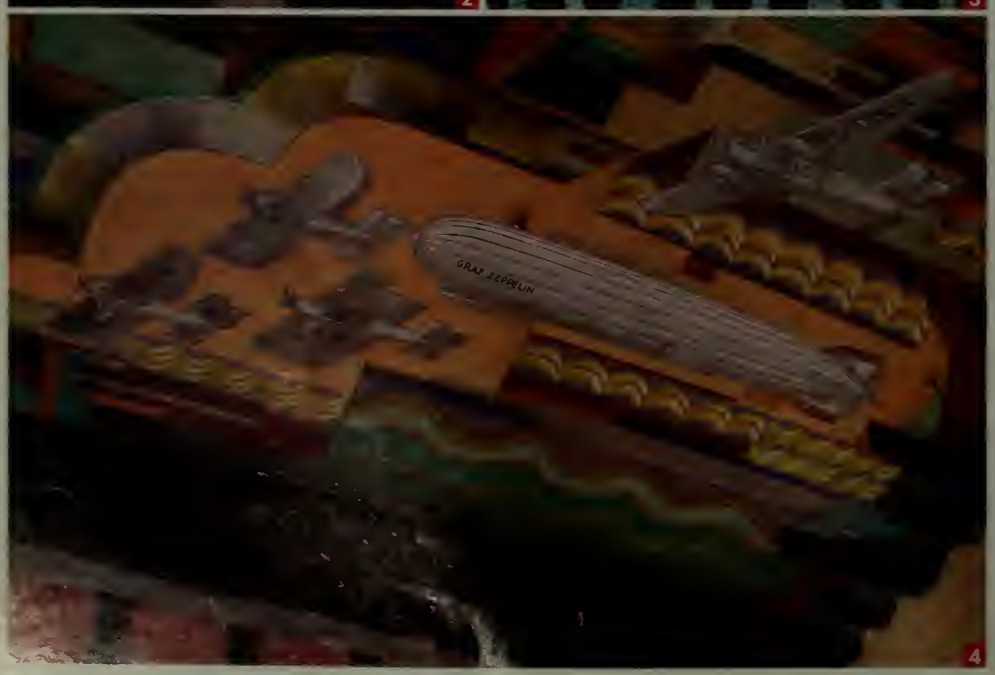


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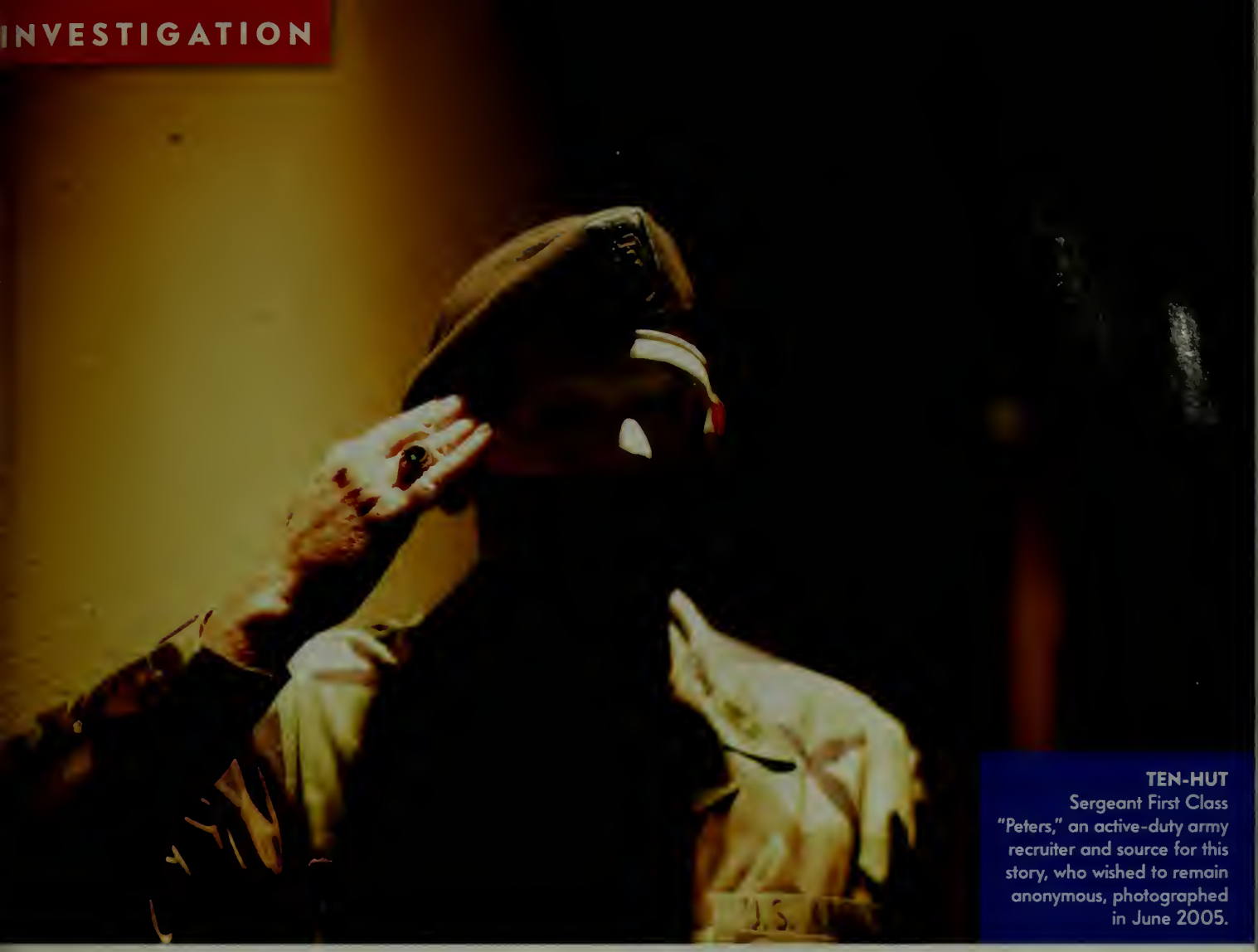




STREAMLINED CITY
(1) The Coca-Cola building, downtown L.A., Robert Derrah, 1936–37. (2) The Bradbury building, downtown L.A., Summer Hunt, 1893. (3) The Eastern Columbia building, downtown L.A., Claude Beelman, 1929. (4) Southwestern University School of Law, formerly Bullocks Wilshire department store, mural by Herman Sachs, 1929.

primarily from Europe and the East Coast, who introduced both new movements in architecture and their own personal visions to the region." On the one hand, the city is an urban-planning disaster—a former Eden of orange groves and unspoiled beaches, now a riot of smog-choked freeways and mini-mall sprawl. Frederick Law Olmsted Jr.'s ring of parks, commissioned by the city fathers in the 1920s, was ultimately scrapped, and L.A. entered a sad descent to real-estate-development hell. Ubiquitous housing tracts in the flats. McMansions massed at the foothills. In both environments, mutant Cape Cod homes share cramped quarters with tile-roofed faux haciendas. And on the outskirts, a tangle of In-N-Out Burger signs and golden arches.

But, for all the brutality of the post–World War II development, there was room for major inspiration, driven, in large part, by the greatest architectural minds of the last century, many of whom settled in Southern California, attracted by a rich client base (Hollywood, oil, aerospace), lots of cheap empty land, a great climate (N.B.: no matter what the season, there are almost no bugs), and the challenge of working with a blank slate. In his new book, *Los Angeles* (Rizzoli), out this month, Street-Porter presents a fresh, epic look at the architectural wonders of his adopted city (he moved there from England in 1977): the public buildings and private homes, many of them built by Frank Lloyd Wright, Richard Neutra, Rudolph Schindler, John Lautner, Charles and Ray Eames, Richard Meier, and Frank Gehry (as well as a cast of less famous but no less inspired characters such as John Woolf and Tony Duquette). Gehry, Southern California's reigning resident genius, is perhaps the best case study presented in *Los Angeles*. His 1970s work is utterly off the grid, wild and woolly, out of nowhere. His 80s work, more refined, is still fueled by fantasy: oddly shaped pavilions scattered on a lot for a rich client in Brentwood. The Norton House, in Venice, features a small writing studio in the form of a glass-walled lifeguard tower. And now there is Walt Disney Concert Hall, the best building in the city, not only an architectural triumph but also the epitome of the romance, fantasy, and freedom in design that could exist in only one American place: the city of angles. □



TEN-HUT
Sergeant First Class "Peters," an active-duty army recruiter and source for this story, who wished to remain anonymous, photographed in June 2005.

The Recruiters' War

Under increasingly intense pressure to fill their quotas and "make mission," army and Marine recruiters have been enlisting kids who don't meet basic physical, moral, and educational standards. Angry at a system that is wrecking lives, families, and the military, 10 recruiters reveal just how corrupted–and in one case deadly–the job has become

BY MICHAEL BRONNER

Near the western edge of North Carolina, bright-green kudzu vine spills like water down the hillsides of the Great Smoky Mountains. The kudzu seems to close in on the landscape at dusk. That's when Tim Queen likes to run, 10 to 15 miles at a time on country roads–training ground for the Marine Tim once hoped to become.

He's a tough kid. He ranks "cliff-jumping off of waterfalls" high among his hobbies. He's from a tough place: Cherokee County is one of the poorest, most sparsely populated parts of North Carolina, hill country where the descendants of Scotch-Irish settlers still speak with a unique southern brogue that takes some getting used to. (It's also where Eric Rudolph, the accused serial bomber of two abortion clinics, a lesbian nightclub, and Centennial Olympic Park, in Atlanta, lived off the land–and, some say, the sympathy of the locals–for five years as a fugitive before being caught.)

Tim was raised in a small home on seven acres with a brother and two sisters. His father, John, works on the production line at an auto-parts manufacturer. His mother, Sheilah, works at the local trout-processing plant, Carolina Mountain. Like most families in the area, the Queens are capable people, getting by on very little. They grow a lot of their own food–squash, cucumbers, okra, corn, beans, tomatoes, onions, pumpkins, radishes, and watermelons, all out back of their house.

In the spring of 2000, just out of high school, Tim was working part-time with his mom at the trout plant and taking welding classes at the community college. One morning, two Marine Corps recruiters arrived on campus in their dress blues and set up a

"fruit stand" (a recruiting table). They rarely made the trip all the way out to Andrews, Tim's hometown, but one of the administrators at the college was an old Marine Corps master sergeant, so they were always welcome. That morning, they caught Tim Queen's eye. "I think I may be joining you soon," he announced.

Tim caught the recruiters' eyes, too. It was crunch time, a couple of days before the end of the month, and they needed one more body to "make mission"—their monthly quota. Timmy Queen would be that body.

The trip to Tim's school was a training run for the younger Marine, Sergeant Jimmy Massey, who'd been on recruiting duty less than a year. He was out with his gunnery sergeant, Tim Dalhouse, being shown the ropes. Massey wasn't new to the Marine Corps. He'd been in for eight years already, several of them working with new recruits as an infantry instructor at basic training at Parris Island. He planned to retire from the Marine Corps an old man; he was in for the long haul, and for many career Marines, doing a tour on recruiting duty is a gauntlet worth running, a roll-of-the-dice that can fast-track your career, all but guaranteeing promotion if you're good. If you're not, however, it can be a career-ender.

The latter prospect never entered Massey's mind, he said. He was as gung-ho as they come. When he'd go out "trolling," he'd always bring a prop—an English bulldog he named Tank Balls. When he brought potential recruits back to his office he'd show them a trick. "I had a toy gun in my desk, and when I'd pull it out the dog would go crazy," Massey told me. Tank Balls would lunge at the gun, teeth bared. "It would really impress the poolies," he added ("poolie" being Marine Corps slang for a new recruit).

> "Out of 75 kids I put in the Marine Corps, 70 of them were fraudulent enlistments."

On that spring day in 2000, Tim Queen was impressed by Massey and Dalhouse. "They was always saying things like 'Semper fi' and all that stuff, and it was definitely encouraging to be around. They seemed to me to be true and hard-core people, and I liked that."

In many ways, Tim has the makings of a great Marine. He's serious, polite, goes to church every Sunday, and keeps himself in shape. He graduated from high school with pretty good grades and scored well on the Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery (known as "the ASVAB"), a standardized test given alongside the S.A.T. in many high schools, particularly in areas with deep military traditions. When Tim approached the recruiters that day, though, Massey thought his boss was joking when Dalhouse instructed him to proceed with the standard Marine Corps interview. Spend a couple of minutes with Tim and you'll understand why: ever since the ninth grade, Timmy's had a "twitch," as his father puts it. When I met Tim, the term struck me as a significant understatement.

At regular intervals—every 20 seconds or so—the muscles in Tim's left arm seem to convulse, sending his arm in a lurch he struggles to suppress. He'll also stutter when the twitch is bad, and blink involuntarily. His condition has never been formally diagnosed, but it's pronounced enough, especially when he's stressed, that he was not permitted to test for his driver's license until he passed several medical screenings, including an EEG to rule out seizures. Tim told me the condition got worse after a prank in high school: some other kids pinned him inside a locker and he panicked. Since then, he's also suffered from claustrophobia he characterized as "pretty bad."

Tim told me he talked to the recruiters about all of his medical issues that first day. They told him not to worry, he said, that they'd seen this kind of thing before; no problem, he'd get in. In Massey's version, after reassuring Tim, he concluded the standard recruiting interview the way he always did: "Tim, are you ready to be a Marine?"

"Yeah," Tim Queen answered. He didn't flinch.

If the recruiting trip to Cherokee County was meant to be instructional for Sergeant Massey, it indeed provided the first of many lessons that would fly in the face of the rules of ethical recruiting conduct the Marine Corps drills over and over at its seven-week course for recruiters in San Diego. But when a recruiter finds himself out in the boondocks—when it's just you and a kid who's on the fence, Massey said—recruiting school seems very far away. "Out of 75 kids I put in the Marine Corps, 70 of them were fraudulent enlistments," Massey told me when I first met him, in the spring of 2004. To "fraud" a recruit into the Marine Corps is to knowingly enlist someone who doesn't meet the strict physical, moral, and educational standards laid out by the military—a violation of the Uniform Code of Military Justice, punishable by court-martial.

Massey was recently back from Iraq when we met, honorably discharged for medical reasons after 12 years in the Marine Corps (he suffered from post-traumatic stress in Iraq). He's six feet two inches, with a bowl haircut and a hint of boyishness, but he projects authority. Tattoos cover his upper body, including, on the right forearm, the Marine Corps eagle-globe-and-anchor design, and, on the left, an image of a cowboy and four aces with his infantry division's motto: "Cowboys from Hell." He'd been a platoon sergeant in the war, he said, in charge of machine gunners, missilemen, and snipers tasked with providing security for supply chains.

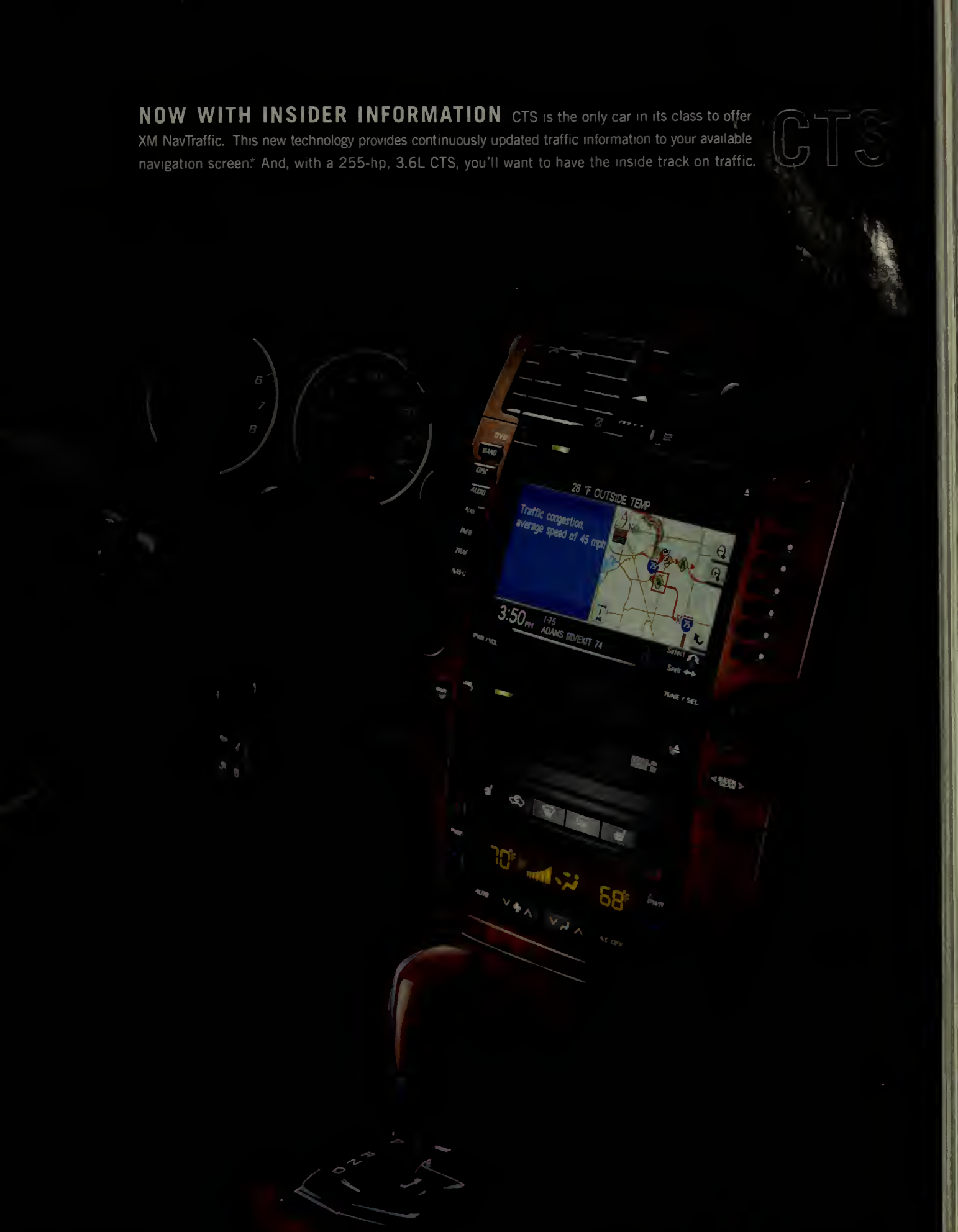
He plugged his jaw with Red Man as we drove out into the heart of what was once his recruiting territory, the small-town hinterlands of western North Carolina. "Man, I had this whole place wired," he said as we wheeled up into the mountains. We talked all day. He chased the Red Man with loaf after loaf of Nicorette gum. "I knew from the get-go that it wasn't straight," Massey said of recruiting. "You know, Marines talk. It's a scam. You just figure out what the kid wants, and that's what you sell him, whether he's qualified or not. And most of 'em going in now"—Massey shook his head—"ain't."

Over his three years on recruiting duty, Massey developed such a knack for scooping up questionable new recruits that he earned a nickname: "Jimmy the Shark." By his own account, he enlisted kids with asthma, illegal-drug users, kids with criminal records. He'd coach most to lie to military doctors during their physicals. He'd advise some to stop taking prescription medications like Ritalin and antidepressants—which could disqualify them—without consulting their doctors. "The Marine Corps will be your backbone now," he'd explain. He was investigated for badgering a high-school student for lack of patriotism in the wake of 9/11. He was cleared (though he told me he taunted poolies all the time). "If it comes between a recruiter's word and some kid's, the recruiter wins every time," he said. He received a dozen or so recruiting awards. He was promoted to staff sergeant. None of his methods were new, however, or unique to the Marines. Rather, they are well-worn tricks of the trade passed down by veteran recruiters in the strip malls where military recruiters of all stripes share real estate.

"There's white, there's black, and there's gray," a recently retired army recruiting-station commander told me. "Any recruiter who's suc-

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cessful lives in the gray and goes into the black pretty often.... There's no way to recruit within the rules and be successful."

A former Marine recruiter from Dallas put it more bluntly: "Everybody frauds contracts. It's just a matter of coaching that kid to keep his mouth shut. Everybody does it. It doesn't matter what service. We all did it. They can sit there and tell you they haven't done it, but they're full of shit."

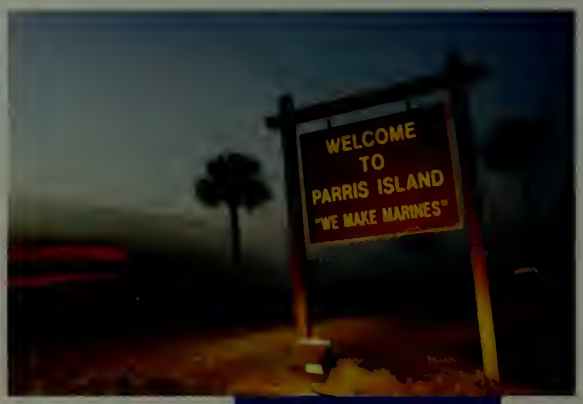
Reports of patterns of unethical recruiting have surfaced in the news lately, coinciding with low enlistment and a decline in public support for the war in Iraq, but underhanded methods pre-date the war, recruiters say. In extensive and progressively more candid interviews over a period of a year, 10 current and former recruiters with some 90 years' experience among them in the army and the Marine Corps—the two regular forces having the most duty (as opposed to volunteering) than in previous years, including many veterans of the combat in Iraq. Anger that recruiting is killing their careers, wrecking their home lives, and ultimately undermining the military services they say they dedicated their lives to is the main reason the recruiters gave for speaking out, though most did so on the condition of anonymity (the current recruiters for obvious reasons, and the former to protect their pensions and their colleagues still serving).

The heart of the problem, recruiters say, is the system itself. Like traffic cops, recruiters work on a monthly quota system, and the pressure to produce is intense. This year, the Marine Corps plans to ship just over 39,000 new troops to boot camp (up by about 2,000 from 2004), while the army's 2005 goal is 80,000 new soldiers (up from 77,000 last year). For the 2,650 Marine recruiters and their 7,500 counterparts in the army, those goals land in their cubicles like cannonballs. For every Marine recruiter, "making mission" means signing an average 2.5 new recruits a month. In the army, the quota is two a month. That may sound easy enough, but when I suggested as much to a number of recruiters, the depth of their frustration was palpable.

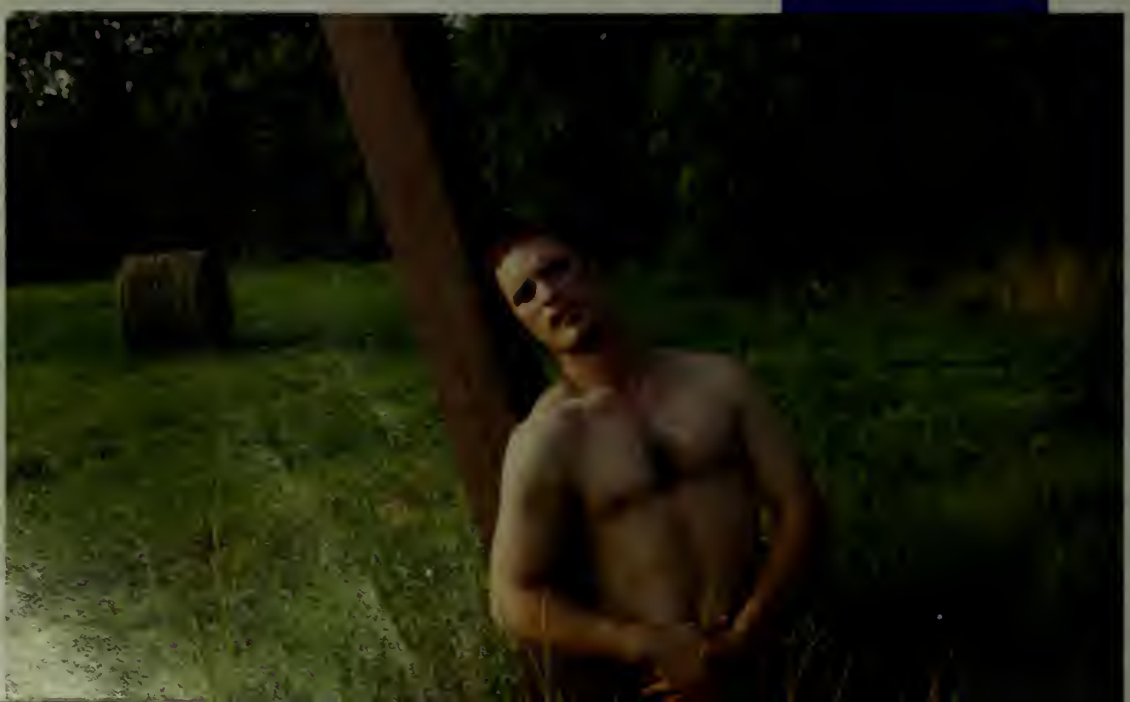
The drill instructors wanted to know what was wrong with Tim, and they didn't ask nicely.

trouble recruiting now because of the war—provided detailed accounts of a long-standing array of unethical and, they said, widely used recruiting practices that violate the Uniform Code of Military Justice and echo the infractions Sergeant Massey described. They provided strikingly similar accounts despite being stationed in five different states. (I also spoke with several of the recruits involved, who confirmed the stories.) The abuses they outlined—from instructing recruits to lie about serious medical conditions to coaching illegal-drug users on how to pass urine tests and even bribing screeners at enlistment processing centers to push unqualified recruits through the system—have become much more frequent as the public has grown increasingly leery of the war in Iraq. Army figures support that. Allegations of recruiting improprieties almost doubled from 2000 to 2004, with some 957 last year.

Yet despite the rise in allegations, the number of army recruiters who have been "involuntarily reassigned" has declined since the war began. Not only can the military not afford to lose recruiters, but more troops are being ordered onto recruiting



UNFIT TO SERVE? *Above,* Parris Island, the Marine Corps training base where Tim Queen lasted just two days. *Below,* Queen, photographed in his hometown of Andrews, North Carolina, June 29, 2005.

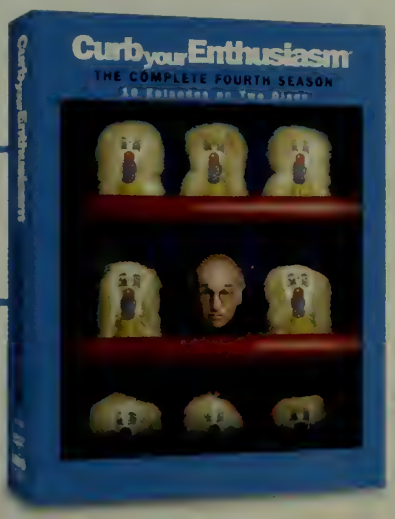


Last March the army announced it missed its monthly recruiting goal for the first time in five years—shipping 27 percent fewer active-duty troops to boot camp than slated in its mission. The slide continued from there, with the army missing its mission for the next four months. "Today's conditions represent the most challenging conditions we have seen in recruiting in my 33 years in this uniform," Major General Michael Rochelle, the head of the army's recruiting command, said in a recent press conference. He evoked combat imagery—"a very, very intense fight"—to convey the urgency of stanching the hemorrhaging of the all-volunteer army.

At press time, the Marine Corps was still shipping enough recruits to boot camp, but admitted that for the first time in 10 years it had failed to sign its quota of new troops to put in the pool from which it draws for boot camp. (In May the Marine Corps stopped making its contracting numbers available to reporters.) The situation is even worse when it comes to weekend warriors. The National Guard and five out of the country's six military reserve units have reported deficits. The Army Reserve, which missed its mission for five consecutive months earlier this year, is so overextended, wrote the Army Reserve's chief,



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Lieutenant General James R. "Ron" Helmly, in a memo to the army's chief of staff last December, that the Reserve "is rapidly degenerating into a 'broken' force."

Fissures are showing in recruiting offices all over the country. Many of the military's most successful field recruiters and station commanders, men who have never failed to make mission in their careers, are flailing now, and morale is in the gutter. According to the army, since October 2002 some 30 army recruiters have gone AWOL. Recruiters all over the country describe pressure barreling down the chain of command like never before. But it's never been an easy job.

If you recruit by the book, the factors that could disqualify a potential enlistee are myriad: common medical conditions such as asthma, attention-deficit disorder, sleepwalking, flatfoot, eczema, psoriasis, and heart murmur; having used certain prescription medications like Ritalin or Prozac; illegal-drug use; even having tattoos above the neckline (more common an issue than you might imagine). A high-school diploma is the "preferred standard" for both the army and the Marine Corps, though there are certain exceptions for kids with a G.E.D. high-school equivalent. The army e-mailed me a color-coded chart—"Contacts to Contracts"—mapping out the odds for recruiters, and they are daunting: it takes from 120 to 150 contacts with potential recruits to yield, after a long process of meetings and screenings, one good man or woman who finally "accesses" into the army. A by-the-book recruiter can apply for waivers for applicants with disqualifying factors, but waivers can take a long time to process, so they're worthless to a recruiter who needs to put up numbers right away. As Sergeant Massey told me, "I didn't have time to mess around with waivers. 'Waiver' was not in my vocabulary."

"A lot of the kids that want to go just don't qualify," said another Marine Corps recruiter, summing up the problem. However, on "Mission Day"—the monthly deadline when quotas come due—there are no excuses. Failure to make mission, recruiters say, can mean a dizzying onslaught of reprimands, threats of demotion, and assorted punitive training assignments (including brutal physical-fitness sessions). Talk to a recruiter from any force for more than five minutes and you're bound to hear the recruiters' mantra: "It's the toughest job in the military short of combat." In one recent case, an unsuccessful Marine Corps recruiter died on duty in an auto accident his fellow recruiters describe as inseparable from their job's intense pressure.

"We call it a snowball effect. You know, it starts out small and it gets bigger and bigger and bigger," said one army recruiter, clearly overwhelmed. "Well, this one only gets hu-*mon*-gous. By the time it hits us it's an avalanche. There is no more snowball."

"I love my army, I really do," a recently retired army recruiting-station commander told me, "but it's driving itself off its frigging wheels right now. It's driving on the rims.... I had some really great recruiters, guys who worked for me. Every single one of them went from being bright-eyed and eager to do the job to 'I can't believe this job,' to 'O.K., my marriage is over,' to 'O.K., I'll do anything I need to do to get a kid into the army.'"

In Andrews, North Carolina, in the spring of 2000, Sergeant Jimmy Massey was the bright-eyed and eager new guy. But after sitting with Tim Queen in the cafeteria on that afternoon at the community college, Sergeant Massey was worried.

"I said, 'Gunny, there ain't no way that kid's gonna make it through MEPS,'" Massey told his gunnery sergeant, Tim Dalhouse, referring to the Military Entrance Processing Station, where recruits from all the forces are sent for physicals and other processing before shipping to boot camp. "And I never will forget," Massey told me. "He goes, 'It's not up to you to decide who gets into the Marine Corps. That's not your job. Your job is to find 'em and sell 'em.'"

After making arrangements to meet Tim Queen the following morning, Massey and "Gunny" Dalhouse spent the night in a local motel. They picked Tim up early and drove him to a recruiting station in Asheville, where Massey says another recruiter finished the paperwork and put Tim on a bus headed for the MEPS in Charlotte.

When he heard Tim had gone, Massey asked which recruiter's name had been put on his contract. "'Cause I didn't want my name on it," Massey explained to me. He was told the other recruiter had signed his, Massey's, name. "I was like, 'Fuck it, I don't care, because he ain't getting in anyway. There's no way.' And, sure as shit, he got in."

Tim Queen passed two separate physicals at MEPS—but how? The physicals, which are the same for all the services, are supposed to be comprehensive. The second physical, done the same day a recruit ships to boot camp, includes what's called an "Inspect," in which the recruit sits one-on-one, undressed, with the chief medical officer for a thorough exam. "We look at his arms and legs, check height and weight—get a good visual look at him," Lieutenant Colonel Daniel Weaver, M.D., the deputy director of medical policy at the Military Entrance Processing Command, told me. "We check them front and back, hands and feet, see if there are any new scars from surgery or trauma, see if there are any new tattoos. If there are no new concerns and if he's qualified, he swears in, signs his enlistment contract, and gets on the bus."

Morale is in the gutter. Since October 2002 some 30 recruiters have gone AWOL.

Lieutenant Colonel Weaver wasn't familiar with Tim Queen's medical history, but after hearing a description of what had happened to Tim, he said that covering up medical problems can cut both ways. "There are lots of cases where kids want to be in the service, and whether they're encouraged to or they do so on their own, they're not truthful and attempt to conceal any medical problems," he said, but added, "In this case, it's hard for me to imagine." Nevertheless, a doctor at MEPS in Charlotte green-lighted Tim Queen. Tim swore his oath and got on the bus for basic training at Parris Island.

The first day of basic training was great, Tim told me. He spent it with other recruits memorizing their general orders. The trouble started the second day, when drill instructors lined them up to issue them machine guns. Tim was given one, but it was taken away a few hours later. Watching him struggle to stand at attention, the drill instructors wanted to know what was wrong with Tim, and they didn't ask nicely.

"Was the doctor drunk or stoned when he gave you the test?" Tim quoted the drill instructor as wanting to know when Tim explained that he'd passed his physicals at MEPS and the brain scan back home. "I told 'em I shouldn't be having no problem out there, because I'd talked to everyone in the past ... that I'd told my recruiter and everything, and all the people at MEPS. But they told me I didn't have a choice—they could send me home."

Despite having spotted Tim Queen's condition the instant they lined him up, the drill instructors nonetheless accused him of having somehow concealed his medical problems from his recruiters and the doctors at MEPS. They informed him that he was to sign papers conceding that he'd defrauded the Marine Corps, accept an "Other than Honorable" discharge, and board the next bus home. Tim


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refused. "I told them I didn't lie to the Marine Corps, that the Marine Corps lied to me. That I wasn't fraudulent, they was. And that I wasn't quitting them, they was quitting me. I was angry. I didn't make no bones about it, either."

Tim was confined to the barracks, except for meals. After several days, he shaved off his eyebrows (to scare the guards, he told me) and informed the guards that he was "having dreams." He wrote a letter home to his family on Marine Corps stationery: "Wish I'd listened [to what] you tried to tell me.... People here believe me to be insane. One doctor told me my twitching was a result of constant anger.... I'm not really [a] fraud.... You believe anyone will buy a story like mine? I hope so." He added that he hoped his father was going to church, assured his mom he had a Bible with him, and instructed his little sister not to watch too much TV.

After 25 days, the Marine Corps gave Tim Queen $100 and an "Other than Honorable" discharge, and put him on a bus home.

"I was 80 percent sure this was the way it was going to turn out," Tim's father, John, told me over coffee recently. Humiliated, Tim refused to leave the house for several weeks after he got home, John said, except at night, when he'd sneak out and run. "He'd run from Peachtree to Hayesville and back," the father said, describing a route 20 miles long. "Timmy feels like he's let the town of Andrews down.



"YOU SELL 'EM"
Above, Staff Sergeant Jimmy "the Shark" Massey, retired, June 2005. *Below,* Massey on recruiting duty in 2000 with his "prop," Tank Balls.



Tim Queen's case, and Taylor subsequently addressed a stern letter to the Pentagon: "I am calling on the Marine Corps to take a serious look at the possibility of recruiter misconduct in this case. It seems to me that this is a much more likely possibility than that an unsophisticated teenager with two easily noticeable medical conditions [his twitch and stutter] would engage in deceptive practices in an effort to lie his way into the Marine Corps." Taylor "strongly" recommended that the Marine Corps give Tim Queen a formal apology, pay him for his month of service, and adjust his discharge status from "Other than Honorable" to "Uncharacterized." The Marine Corps did none of the above, though it did launch an investigation into Tim Queen's recruitment.

Back in Asheville, Sergeant Massey told me, his gunnery sergeant, having been made aware of the investigation, sent him back to Andrews on a mission: not to apologize to the Queen family, but rather to try to recruit Tim's younger brother, Jason. "Takes some pretty big *huevos,* huh?" Massey said when he recounted the story. Did they really think the brother would join after what happened to Tim, I asked him. "No. It was just to fuck with the Queens."

The Marine Corps declined to discuss any specific allegations of recruiter misconduct, but responded in writing to questions I submitted. "Our screening and enlistment process is composed of many checks and balances in order to ensure we accept only the most qualified applicants," wrote Major David Griesmer, a public-affairs officer. "If any fraud or discrepancies are noted at any point during the processing period, the issue is traced back to the recruiter who enlisted the individual."

Sergeant Massey's former boss, Tim Dalhouse, now a master sergeant and no longer on recruiting duty, said he did not remember the specifics of Tim Queen's case and told me he was never questioned in the investigation. Dalhouse insisted that neither he nor Jimmy Massey did anything wrong in recruiting Tim Queen. "I'm trained as an aircraft mechanic. How would I know if a kid has a medical problem?" Dalhouse said. "We're like trained monkeys. We ask the questions and let the doctors make the determination, so I'm absolutely opposed to you holding a recruiter ac-

"People don't want to join. We put recruiters on the street and ask them to do the impossible."

He feels he let the family down. I mean, he won't tell you that, but really he does. I think it's still part of his everyday life. I think he thinks about it every day." (Tim now works with his father on the line at the auto-parts plant.)

Andrews, North Carolina, is a small town, and word about what happened to Tim spread through the community. "I'm slow to anger, but I was very upset," the Cherokee County sheriff, Keith Lovin, told me, lowering his boots from his desk, suddenly intense. He's known Tim Queen from church since Tim was a kid. "I mean, Tim cannot stand still," Sheriff Lovin said, incredulous to this day. "If they're missing things like this, what other kinds of emotional or psychological things are they missing? Kind of makes you wonder who's got the gun, don't it?"

Sheriff Lovin contacted his congressman, Charles Taylor, about



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...ountable for something like that." He added, "Recruiting duty ... extremely hard. People don't want to join the military. We're trying to defend the country. We put recruiters on the street every day and ask them to do the impossible." Dalhouse denied being involved in any recruiting improprieties during his time as the non-commissioned officer in charge of the Asheville recruiting station.

It was a rainy Sunday in the rural Southeast. I'd arranged to meet a highly decorated army recruiter currently serving in a town of 10,000 about two hours from the nearest city. It's a depressed area, with a third of the town's stores boarded up. The local recruiting offices sit side by side in a 50s red-brick ranch-style strip mall. Sergeant First Class Peters was waiting for me in the parking lot, smoking. He's been in the army more than 20 years and is a winner of both the Army Recruiter Ring and the Glen E. Morrell Award, the highest honors in army recruiting. These days, though, he said he's disgusted--with his job, with his chain of command, and with himself. "Peters" is not the sergeant's real name, and this was not an authorized visit.

"The one thing I like about this job is actually sitting down and showing somebody that, 'Look, I know you're living in the slums, and I can show you a way out,'" he said when we sat down inside his office. "'I can show you a way to better your future, teach you a job, and give you something to hold on to,'" he continued, as if talking to a potential recruit. "'That white picket fence and that home you've always wanted is there. All you have to do is pick your ass up and come in here and talk to me.'" He looked haggard. These days, hardly anyone is coming in to talk to Sergeant Peters. For the first time in his career, he's missing his quota month after month.

Most army recruiting stations have a poster onto which pictures of the recruits for the current year are affixed. It's called "the future-soldiers board." In Sergeant Peters's station, it's on the wall behind his desk, and on this day it was looking bleak. There were only 11 new recruits on the board. He swiveled around and started tapping photographs with his index finger. "Yes. Yes. No ... Yes. Yes ... No," and so on. He was pointing out which new recruits went into the army despite having "pissed hot" for drugs. It's 7 of 11. "There's a lot of illegal-drug use in this area," he explained. Methamphetamines and marijuana are the ones he sees the most.

"Do I get a butt-chewing if I don't make my mission? Yes. Can I get fired for not making my mission? Yes. So what do I do? I put in that kid because, hey, look, I gotta make my mission," he said. "That's what it's about."

Recruits from all the armed forces are given an official drug test at MEPS before they ship to boot camp. If they "piss hot" at MEPS they are disqualified from the military for 45 days to a year, depending on the drug, and then have to retest to get in. To avoid this, the army now gives recruiters home urine-test kits so they can make sure that recruits are clean before sending them to MEPS. But being clean, Peters explained, doesn't mean they're not using drugs, only that they've stopped using them long enough to get through the drug test at MEPS.

"We'll give them a urine-analysis test right prior to getting in the car and driving down [to MEPS]," Peters said. If they test positive he tells them: "Dude, you're hot. Go over there and get you some of this and clean yourself up" before trying another day. (By "this" he means herbal detox products sold in health-food stores, though he claims drinking a gallon of water a day works just as well.)

"Does it happen? Every day. Every single day. Especially here. There's a case of marijuana or meth use in this office every day."

Drugs aren't Sergeant Peters's only hindrance. Recruits for all the armed forces have to fill out an elaborate medical history at MEPS when they first join. A list of 75 conditions and medical procedures—from bee-sting allergies to back surgery—follow the header query "HAVE YOU EVER HAD OR DO YOU NOW HAVE ... " If the recruit checks "Yes" on any one of these, that delays—and could derail—his enlistment. For the recruiter, this means the recruit ultimately doesn't count toward his monthly quota. The key, nearly every army and Marine Corps recruiter I spoke to said, is to coach the recruit to answer "No" on all of them—to the point where, as one recruiter put it, "even if you ask him his own name he'll answer 'No.'" If a problem is discovered later at basic training, the recruiter is technically off the hook because the recruit is the one who lied on the form.

In terms of female recruits, Sergeant Peters said, one of the biggest problems is single mothers' wanting to enlist. Being a single mom is a nonstarter for becoming a soldier—no exceptions—unless she has given up custody of her child. It's strictly out of bounds for an army recruiter to advise a woman to give up custody, but, as Peters explained, he can (and does) show her the regulations that spell out what would have to be done in order for her to get in. "Here's how it would go," he said, pulling the regulations from his desk and speaking to me as if I were a single mother: "Read this. I didn't tell you about it because I'm not authorized to tell you about it, but I can ask you to read. This paragraph states what you need to do:"

> The U.S. Army recognizes that some persons for personal reasons have given up custody of a child or children.... If an applicant is without a spouse and the child or children have been placed in the custody of the other parent or another adult by court order prior to application for enlistment, and the applicant is not required to pay support for more than two dependents, then the applicant is eligible to process for enlistment. [A.R. 601-210]

"If you come back two days later and say, 'I gave up custody of my child,' or if the individual comes in and says, 'Hey, I changed my mind, I've never been pregnant, I never had a child ... ' Well, O.K.," Peters said. "I would say 3 out of 10 single mothers who pass through this office lie about their child's status to get in."

Recruits who are taking (or have taken) Ritalin or antidepressants are among the most common examples recruiters gave of enlistees who can be disqualified if their medical histories become known. Having taken Ritalin after age 12 used to be a frequent disqualifier, but after a change in standards last year a recruit can now enlist if a doctor certifies that the recruit has been off the drug for a full year and has done well academically without it.

Another recruiter I interviewed, Staff Sergeant "Eriksen," a highly decorated former army station commander (who also asked that his real name not be used), described how he would regularly stop just short of advising outright a kid currently taking Ritalin to take himself off it. (The scenario he laid out dovetailed with those provided by other recruiters I spoke with about both Ritalin and antidepressants such as Prozac).

"Here's what I'm gonna tell you, Johnny," Staff Sergeant Eriksen said, as if to the recruit. "If you go there and tell the doctor you're taking this, he's going to tell you you're not qualified. Now, do you think this drug really does anything for you? Because if you go and tell them you're taking it, you're not going to be allowed to join." Eriksen then told me, "So, you're skirting the issue but de-

> "Kid says, 'I have a heart murmur.' '*Really?* Have you ever heard it? Then how do you know?'"



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...verts the message. You're telling the kid to say no without telling the kid to say no.... I guarantee that right now if a kid comes into a recruiting station and says he's taking Ritalin or antidepressants he's going to get told, 'No you're not.'"

Lieutenant Colonel Weaver, the air-force doctor and deputy director of MEPS medical policy, was exasperated when I recounted this story. "Typically, Ritalin is given for attention-deficit disorder or hyperactive disorder, and that kid wouldn't do well—wouldn't be successful most likely—in a combat environment, where they need to stay on focus and stay on task in a very stressful situation," he said in a tone that suggested this was not the first time he was hearing of recruiters' encouraging enlistees to lie about their medical histories. "If we could communicate en masse to all of the recruiters and convince them that checking 'Yes' on a pre-screen does not automatically keep a person out, we'd be much better off. Sure, it's going to make things more complicated. We're going to want medical documentation. We're going to take a little more time. But it comes back to who we want out there in a potentially highly stressful combat situation."

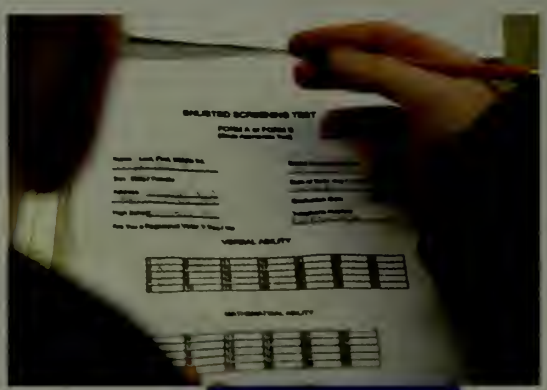
Staff Sergeant Eriksen said most recruiters will go out of their way to avoid anything that might make their job "more complicated." That means pre-empting the need for waivers by coaching recruits to just say no.

"Heart murmur—that's another good example," Eriksen continued without breaking his stride. "Kid says, 'I have a heart murmur.' '*Really?* Have you ever heard it? [He shook his head instructionally.] Well, then, how do you know you have a heart murmur?'" Presumably, the kid then checks "No" on the survey.

"If a kid does anything more athletic than playing Xbox, you tell him it's obvious you don't have a medical problem, because it would have done you in by now," a former Marine recruiter from Little Rock offered as a bottom line.

One of Sergeant Eriksen's more outrageous fraudulent enlistments, he recalled, involved advising a young recruit to explain away a long, zigzagging abdominal scar by telling the doctors at MEPS that he'd fallen off his bike. In reality, he'd fallen off a ladder and caught his stomach on a jagged piece of metal. It lacerated his liver and intestines, requiring emergency surgery. He also fractured his skull, suffering a major concussion and losing all sense of taste and smell. "He would have been absolutely disqualified," Eriksen said. "I knew the doc would try and disqualify him just from looking at that scar." With the bike story, however, it would be the recruit's word against the doctor's. "By then I was so used to the game I said, 'Look, here's the deal. You say this: This is how it happened. This is when it happened. This is the hospital I went to.'" Eriksen said he gave the recruit a letter from a local hospital that destroys its records after several years so the recruit could explain why he had no records of being treated for the "bike accident." Did the screeners at MEPS really fall for that, I asked. "They knew," he said. "Come on. The counselors [at MEPS] are all ex-recruiters and station commanders. They all know. It's a great big game. Everybody knows. Nobody says." The recruit involved, who served two and a half years, confirmed this story to me.

Over the year he spent on recruiting before his death, Lowry would become a desperate Marine.

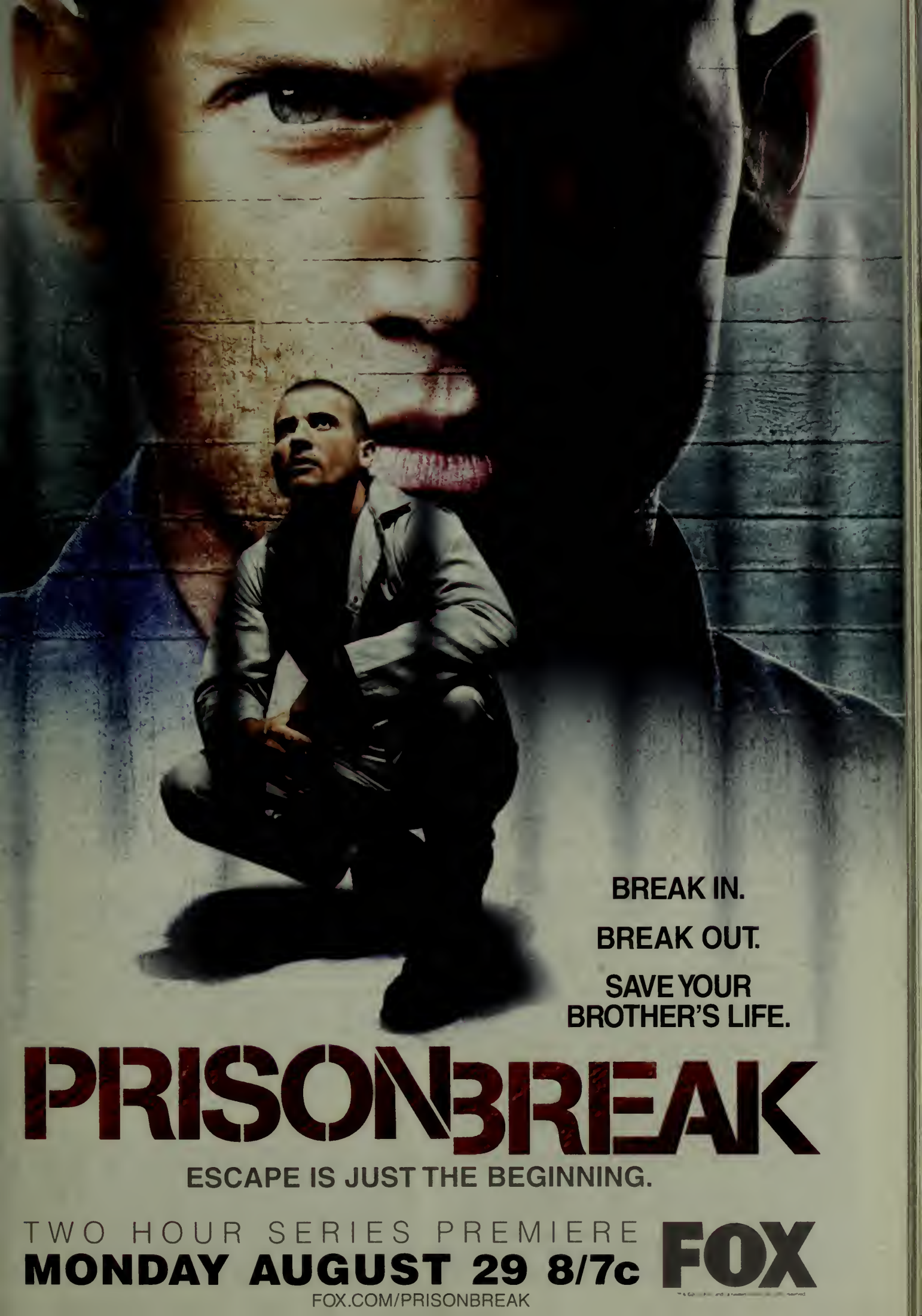


KILLED IN ACTION *Above*, a U.S. Marine Corps hopeful takes the screening test, March 14, 2003. *Below*, Del Murphy holds a picture of her son, Marine Corps sergeant Billy Lowry, June 25, 2005.



In May, after a high-school student in Denver won national headlines with a tape recording he had made of army recruiters advising him on how best to create a fake high-school diploma and mask his marijuana habit with an over-the-counter detoxification product (the student had identified himself as a dope-smoking dropout), General Rochelle, the head of the army's recruiting command, called a nationwide "stand-down" day for all of the army's recruiters. Meeting with their local commanders, recruiters were given special "leadership" training. They were also shown scenes from Hollywood war movies in which soldiers distinguished themselves with honor and integrity. The recruiters then reswore their enlistment oaths ("I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic . . . "), and were made to sign a letter forswearing all unauthorized communications with reporters, according to one recruiter who continued to communicate with me anyway, angered that the army did nothing to modify the inflexible quota system he considers the problem's core. When asked about this at a press conference, General Rochelle said simply, "The mission is the mission."

For Del Murphy, like so many wartime military moms, desolation arrived with strange headlights in her driveway. It was 8:30 P.M., three days before Christmas 2003. Her 26-year-old son, Billy William Lowry, a Ma-


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e Corps sergeant, had been killed just a few hours earlier. Among the circumstances that set Lowry's death apart from the daily tally of American servicemen killed in the line of duty these days are that the uniformed officer at Del Murphy's door was not a Marine but a Texas state trooper, and that her son, whom she called William, died not on a dusty road in Fallujah but on a stretch of U.S. Interstate 30 between Dallas and Little Rock.

It's a distinction that means everything to Del Murphy, who thought her son was safe on the home front. Sergeant Lowry was a recruiter.

"The Marine Corps killed my son," she said, her voice even with pain and anger as we sat on her front porch in Jewett, Texas, watching a freight train roll by. She's not alone in that belief. Several of Lowry's former colleagues agreed.

After five years in the Marine Corps, Lowry volunteered to be a recruiter when he re-upped in late 2002 for eight more years. At the time, he was full of bluster, telling his mom he'd win the stripes of a staff sergeant, the next rank up, in half the time it might otherwise take.

"Oh, he was gonna knock 'em dead," Murphy said, instantly animated by the memory. "By God, he was gonna go up there and show them how it was done, and he was gonna get that stripe, and, man, he was gonna have as many stripes as an NCO [non-commissioned officer] could have by the time he retired."

He never got his promotion.

Over the year he spent on recruiting duty before his death, Lowry would become a desperate Marine, teetering constantly on the verge of losing his career and his family. He'd put in 12-, 14-, 16-hour workdays, often seven days a week, trying to make mission. He didn't come close and would be punished repeatedly for failing, ordered to make 11-hour drives round-trip between Little Rock and his command in Dallas so he could be told to do better. Ultimately, the pressures of Lowry's situation would coalesce into a perfect storm, laying bare a sense of relentlessness felt by all of the recruiters I spoke with, both current and former, and providing a snapshot of how some recruiters spiral into patterns of predatory recruiting.

"If you have problems, recruiting duty just brings out the demons."

Lowry had been assigned to the recruiting office in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, a substation 45 minutes south of the larger Little Rock office. "Positively Pine Bluff" is the town's motto, but among Little Rock recruiters it's considered an awful place to find kids to put in the military. A high-poverty urban enclave surrounded by cotton fields and pine forest, Pine Bluff has been ranked among America's "10 Worst Places to Live" due to high rates of violence and drug crime. The larger Little Rock metropolitan area ranks among the country's Top 25 "asthma capitals," and asthma is among the biggest medical disqualifiers in all the armed forces. Many Pine Bluff residents feel the town's asthma problem is augmented by two of the town's main fixtures: an International Paper mill, from which billowing plumes stretch out over the landscape, and the Pine Bluff Arsenal, a military facility where 3,850 tons of chemical weapons—mustard gas and liquid nerve agents like VX—are being incrementally incinerated in compliance with international treaties.

Lowry was sent to Pine Bluff as the replacement for a hotshot field recruiter, Staff Sergeant Steven Whitfield, who'd just been promoted to station commander in Little Rock and would now be Lowry's boss. Whitfield, by all accounts, is an easy talker, relaxed and personable—requisite traits in a good recruiter. Of equal importance in this case, former Little Rock recruiters said, is that Whitfield, like the majority of people in Pine Bluff, is black. "Every white guy down there failed," said one, a white guy who, indeed, had failed.

Generally, the Marine Corps tries to make a good match in terms of ethnicity and language when placing recruiters, but with Lowry the pairing was way off. On his birth certificate and other official documents, Lowry is listed as Native American. His father is a Lumbee Indian. His mother is white. "I think they were expecting a dark-eyed, dark-haired, dark-skinned Native American," Murphy said as she showed me the life-size enlargement of Lowry's Marine Corps mug shot which hangs above the fireplace in her home. Lowry was six feet three inches and blond with hazel eyes.

"He wasn't just Caucasian, he was pale-faced," one of his former colleagues explained. But Lowry's biggest problem may have been more subtle. "The guy just didn't have the gift of gab," another recruiter said, and in recruiting, gab is everything.

The Pine Bluff substation is "a one-man fighting hole"—a tiny office at the far extremity of the local mall, down where the shops trail off into "Excuse Our Dust" construction walls and bad light. Lowry was out there on his own with no immediate supervision. His territory covered all of southern Arkansas—more than 6,000 square miles. He'd get to the office before eight A.M. for paperwork, spend the rest of the day in the car visiting several of the 20 high schools in his area, then put in more hours back in the office going up and down high-school phone directories, dialing one teenager after another well into the night, hoping to make an appointment.

Cold-calling high-school kids at home is now a ubiquitous recruiting tactic, thanks to a clause buried deep within the No Child Left Behind Act. The law's Section 9528, lobbied hard for by the Pentagon, is a mandate that public high schools provide military recruiters with the names, addresses, and home phone numbers of all juniors and seniors—information high schools have traditionally guarded as private—unless parents write a letter opting out. Noncompliant high schools risk losing government funding (and several principals have received visits from high-ranking officers from various services to make that clear).

In June, the Pentagon went a step further, contracting a private marketing firm to compile a database of high-school students aged 16 to 18 and all college students—listing personal information from birth dates to Social Security numbers, grade-point averages, ethnicities, e-mail addresses, and interests—to help identify potential recruits. There is growing opposition among parents to these lists, but recruiters consider them invaluable. Not that they helped Lowry much—it seemed he just couldn't connect with the local kids. But he wasn't allowed to leave the office and go home to his wife, Natalie, and their baby until he had at least three appointments confirmed for the following day, a task which often took as many as 150 calls. The threat of being fired hung constantly over his head.

"It's a vicious cycle," said Staff Sergeant Eriksen, the army station commander who supervised several young recruiters just like Lowry. "You're not producing, so they make you work more hours. And you're going to be discouraged and more tired, so it's harder to recruit. And then you fail even further and they make you work more hours. And it's really a quick slide.... Then you've got your family on top of that, since you're working 16

hours a day. If you're going to be successful, first year you're out there you have to be working 12 to 16 hours a day."

Despite all his problems, Lowry's situation was only on the bad end of normal for Marine Corps recruiters in the Little Rock area. All of them were struggling.

"I saw one go bankrupt, I saw two get fired," said a former Little Rock recruiter of his various station commanders; he had four superior officers in as many years. "Everybody was getting fired" (which for recruiters means being sent back to the main body of their service, stopping their careers dead in their tracks). The year Lowry spent there, the Little Rock station as a whole missed its monthly mission five times and squeaked by the other seven, recruiters said—a situation the region's command headquarters in Dallas made clear was intolerable. Recruiters were regularly ordered to jump in a government van on a moment's notice and get to command A.S.A.P. There, after the five-and-a-half-hour drive, they'd receive "an ass-chewing" up close and personal, sometimes accompanied by "grueling P.T." (physical training). Whatever else these punishments accomplished, they burned valuable time the recruiters could have spent recruiting.

"We all had to do it," one former Little Rock recruiter told me. To get to Dallas for a seven A.M. P.T. session, they'd have to leave at midnight. "That's after working all day. It's 'Get there, get back, get to work.'"

"Sometimes they'd call you in and scream at you for five minutes," said another who had to make several of these drives. "Sometimes nobody would talk to you. You'd sit there for hours, then they'd just turn you around and send you back."



THINNING RANKS *Above,* Lieutenant Colonel Daniel Weaver, M.D., inspects recruits, Des Plaines, Illinois, July 5, 2005. *Below,* an empty Marine recruiting station in Brooklyn, New York.



Cold-calling high-school kids at home is now a ubiquitous recruiting tactic.

In November 2003, Mission Day was the day before Thanksgiving, and the Little Rock Recruiting Station had come up short again. The entire station—five recruiters and the station commander—was ordered to Dallas for what one of the Marines on the trip characterized as "a group ass-chewing." The six men left early that morning. Upon arrival, they were read a formal reprimand and sent on a punishing five-mile run through the streets of Dallas. They were then turned around and sent home, exhausted, around nine that night. Before they left, an angry recruiter spoke up. "One day someone's going to die on the road, and it's going to be your fault," he said to his commanding officer, according to Marines who witnessed it. In the words of one, the officer "looked him in the eye and said, 'No, we won't. If you guys will just make mission we won't have to go through this stuff.'" On the drive home, some of the Marines, who were taking turns driving, began to fall asleep at the wheel, several told me. That night, they coined a prescient term for this particular punishment: "the Death Drive."

Less than a month after the Thanksgiving trip, Sergeant Lowry was ordered to Dallas again "to address certain personal problems that had been brought to the attention of the command," according to a letter from the Marine Corps to his mother's congressman, Jeb Hensarling, written after Lowry's death. A young Marine helping out temporarily at the Little Rock station was told to jump in the van and go with Lowry to keep him company. They spent nearly the entire day waiting outside the sergeant major's office, unable to leave even for lunch. When the sergeant major finally called Lowry in, a Marine who worked in the Dallas office told me, you could hear the upbraiding all the way down the hall. "He was yelling at him that he was a piece of shit and he was going to get him fired from recruiting duty and all that. They ran that kid through the wringer that day, man, pretty bad."

Lowry died a few hours later, asleep in the reclined passenger seat when the younger Marine—who was not authorized to drive the van, according to former recruiters from the Little Rock station—fell asleep at the wheel and rolled it. "That could have been any one of us," one of Lowry's fellow recruiters told me. "It was only a matter of time." (The driver survived and is still in the Marine Corps.)

The exact reason or reasons Lowry was called in that day are hard to pin down because the Marine Corps has divulged very little about his case (even after several specific requests for this arti-

cle). According to Marines who knew Lowry, at the time of his death he was under investigation for as many as three separate incidents of fraudulent enlistment. One was said to involve a recruit with asthma, a condition for which the Marine Corps, envisioning battlefield asthma attacks, rarely makes exceptions. When the recruit's condition was discovered during his physical, he fingered Lowry for telling him to lie, something Lowry only kind of denied. "Not that I wouldn't have done it," Lowry told his mom, "but [in this case] I didn't." Del Murphy said her son had also told her about a local diploma mill that could supply fake high-school credentials for kids who hadn't graduated but wanted in. (Falsifying documents for recruits is considered a felony in the Marine Corps.) Another Marine who worked in the Dallas headquarters said Lowry was being written up for bouncing personal checks. "If you have problems before, recruiting duty just brings out the demons," said one of Lowry's former colleagues. "Best way to describe it: recruiting brings out the demons."

The consensus among Marines who knew Lowry, however, is that command's beef with him was less about his being unethical than about his being unproductive. "Because Lowry wasn't doing good, Dallas started looking for dirt on Lowry," one said. (It's called being "blackballed" in military parlance.) "The truth is, they could find something on any of us if they looked hard enough for it."

At 11:51 on the night after Billy William Lowry died on his way home to Little Rock, Captain Darrell Allen, the executive officer at the Dallas command, sent himself an e-mail (first obtained by the CBS affiliate in Dallas). Allen had just hung up the phone with one of Lowry's fellow recruiters in Little Rock, a staff sergeant named Derrick Hammond, who'd been ordered to go to the morgue the night before to identify Lowry's body. "He sounded shaken up and distraught and he was obviously emotional," Allen wrote. "I did not sense that he'd been drinking. He was clear in his communications to me."

The e-mail catalogued a torrent of pent-up frustration, which Allen listed "in no particular order":

[Hammond] expressed anger for what he called frequent death drives, pain drives, and suicide drives to Dallas....

He stated that he had brought these dangerous drives to the command's attention before and that nothing was done about it....

He expressed that he believes Recruiting Duty does not value a life, family, or the person like in the Fleet [the main body of the Marine Corps]. Here it's all about mission and nothing else matters....

He stated his desire was to get the Marine Corps to look into this and fix it before we kill others.

Nine months after the accident, Del Murphy received a copy of the letter the Marine Corps sent to her congressman describing the findings of the inquiry into her son's death. It was written by a U.S. Marine Corps colonel named Christopher O'Connor, deputy legislative assistant to the commandant. After expressing condolences to the family, O'Connor outlines various policies and general facts of the case and, at letter's end, concludes that the recruiting command in Dallas "was not unreasonable in expecting Sergeant Lowry would safely complete the drive back to Little Rock." The letter says, among other things, that Lowry was offered a hotel room in Dallas for the night but declined, saying he wanted to get home to his family instead. It's an assertion Lowry's mother, among others, insists is untrue.

I read the complete letter to several of Lowry's former recruiting colleagues, two of whom testified in the investigation. Each characterized the inquiry as whitewash and strongly took issue with several key elements of the Marine Corps's account, chief among them its assertion that Lowry declined a hotel room and returned to Little Rock of his own volition.

"I stood in the hallway, and he told me he'd been ordered to drive back," a former Marine who worked in the Dallas office told me. "They can stand there all day and tell me and you and whoever that they offered him a hotel room and it's a lie. I talked to him before he left that night. I know what he told me."

In separate interviews, two former Little Rock Marines gave nearly identical accounts. "After Lowry, yes, we'd stay the night," one said. "Before that, no. It was drive there, get back, get to work." The whole station was particularly angry about the accident because they all saw it coming. "I mean, every one of us wrecked government vehicles at one time or another," said one. He was a pallbearer at Lowry's funeral.

Sitting on her porch in Jewett, Texas, Del Murphy told me she wanted nothing from the Marine Corps but an honest reckoning of what happened with her son. "I want to see the person who told him to get into that truck and drive back to Little Rock—I want to see him apologize to me and his wife and his father. That's it," she said. "William had done something wrong, and they were holding him responsible. And I want them held to the same standard that they were holding him to." She began to cry. "I don't think that's a lot. I want him to look me in the face. I just want to see who changed my life forever."

I submitted detailed questions to the Marine Corps about the circumstances surrounding Lowry's death, but the Corps declined to comment. I also filed a Freedom of Information Request on Lowry's case in September 2004. At press time, it remained unfulfilled.

Lowry was under investigation for as many as three separate incidents of fraudulent enlistment.

Early on while researching this piece, I received a small white padded packing envelope, unsolicited, in the mail. A large gold ring with a green stone tumbled out when I opened it. There was no note, just the ring.

"U.S. ARMY—1775" is inscribed around the stone, "U.S. ARMY—RECRUITER" around a molded eagle, amid laurel leaves, in smaller letters on the side. It's the U.S. Army Recruiter Ring, the coveted commendation awarded to the top army recruiters. The sender was Staff Sergeant Eriksen, the former army station commander.

It was an awkward gesture. I wasn't sure what to make of it. I sent him an e-mail thanking him for showing it to me. He responded the next day:

"Glad you received the ring," he wrote.

Please keep it. If it'll help you remember this whole story, and eventually see that it gets told, it's served a far better purpose than that for which it was intended....

Upon reflection I cannot understand why I wanted it so badly. I honestly never want to see it again. I sacrificed so much in pursuit of it, my time with my family, my time in pursuit of higher education, a part of my honor....

I can look back and see where I accomplished some good in several people's lives, but after time my whole perspective shifted into seeing recruits simply as numbers and no longer as real people. The mission of the station became my whole life, and everything else was secondary, including my own personal honor. □



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Q'ORIANKA KILCHER

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 15, actar-singer. **PROVENANCE:** Hawaii. **THE NEW FACE:** Discover Kilcher (as Pacahontas) through the eyes of Colin Farrell (as Jahn Smith) in Terrence Malick's *The New World* this fall. **PRETTY WOMAN:** When her phata landed on Steven Spielberg's desk, she was described as "an Indian Julia Roberts." Spielberg decided she was taa young for his mini-series *Into the West*, sa she faund her way ta Malick. **ROBBIN' THE PAPOOSE:** "Terry was genius. I wasn't allawed ta meet Colin until I da in the film. All af a sudden Terry says ta Colin, 'O.K., naw kiss her.' In the script it says Pacahontas's face turns pale. It worked out so great because my face did turn pale. Who wouldn't want to have Colin Farrell as their first kiss?" And Christian Bale, who plays John Rolfe, as her second. **LET THE EAGLE SOAR:** Q'orianka, whose name means "golden eagle," says her passion is music—she's recording a CD inspired by her life-changing experiences on Malick's set. —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY KURT MARKUS

The Coaster Correspondence

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor

EDWIN COASTER

6/14/05

Dear Graydon:

Big news: I am about to become a very rich man. On my most recent flight home from the Swiss blood-replacement clinic, I sat next to a fellow, Dr. LaGlaire Herlihy, who's made a fortune off a Christian publishing business called Hyperdulia House. We got to talking, he figured out who I was, and he asked me if I'd ever considered writing a Christian novel. Before we landed at J.F.K., we had a deal for a three-book series about a hero journalist who takes a stand against activist judges, Hollywood studio heads, and deviant N.Y.C. tastemakers! I just made this shit up on the spot, thinking about who was at your wedding! It's to be called "The Name of Blasphemy," after Revelation 13:1, "And I stood upon the sand of the sea, and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy." The "seven heads" will be based on Brad Grey, Harvey Weinstein, David Geffen, Tom Freston, Steve Jobs, Tom Ford, and the little Italian fellow who owns Da Silvano, whose name escapes me.

And listen to this: through Hyperdulia's book club, Ezekiel's Shelf, I get guaranteed pre-sales of 600,000 books! This Christian-fucking-publishing thing is a goddamned fucking gold mine! And thanks to you also for sending me to that brilliant nutritionist, Dr. Passler. You notice I was wearing size-36 trousers at your wedding? Ed's feeling prosperous and sexy!

Oh, and one small thing: I promised Dr. Herlihy that Vanity Fair would first-serial all these books as they come out. No problem, right?

Ed

Bette

AMY SACCO

June 22, 2005

Dear Graydon:

It's taken me a month to screw up the courage to send you this n (I'm too embarrassed to ask you in person.) Um, Ed Coaster look hot at your wedding. Like I'd never seen him look before. I've trie but I can't get him out of my head, it's become this *thing*. Do yo think you could part with his telephone number?

XXOO,

Amy

Gw— Well, if Amy wants Ed's number, so be it.

G.



Continued on page 324

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER

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SHO ON DEMAND



The Coaster Correspondence

Continued from page 322

New York Post, Thursday, July 14, 2005

Page Six

Richard Johnson

Coaster Sacc'ed

Peripatetic bachelor author **Edwin John Coaster** has fallen hard—for none other than statuesque club queen **Amy Sacco**. The leggy blonde stunner invited Coaster to a dinner at her new 23rd Street boîte, Bette, and before the night was over, onlookers were gawking as the May-September couple were canoodling furiously at a corner table. "They were in a full-body clinch," reports *Post* fotog **Larry Schwartzwald**. "She was in his lap, pouring shots of Blanton's bourbon down his throat." Make that a double, barkeep!

Ed 'n' Amy's Peep Show

Special Hamptons edition

To judge from their behavior at the Mercedes-Benz Polo Challenge in Bridgehampton, blustery lit bad boy **Ed Coaster** and towering nightlife glamazon **Amy Sacco** had better get a room—fast. The peculiar couple's notorious P.D.A.'s reached new heights at the polo event, at which a clearly "refreshed" Coaster passionately lunged for his much younger girlfriend, inadvertently toppling her into a mud puddle and falling on top of her. Undeterred by the filth, the couple proceeded to passionately kiss on the ground, "like something out of *From Here to Eternity*," according to one onlooker.

eye

Oh, tra-la-lee and fiddle-dee-dee! One of our most eligible bachelors and one of our most eligible bachelorettes have made it official: over the weekend, my old pal **Edwin Coaster** asked for the hand of his delovely love of barely six weeks, Miss **Amy Sacco**. The Jersey beauty agreed, and a wedding is planned for the winter months on St. Barth's, with **Graydon Carter** as best man. "Amy drinks as much as Ed does, and he can't keep his hands off of her," says our witness. Sounds like the very definition of love. Oh hahahahaha.

EDWIN COASTER

8/3/05

G:

See attached. Sweet Jesus! Any ideas how to fix th

Ed

HYPERDULIA HOUSE

"BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO HUNGER AND THIRST F
RIGHTEOUSNESS, FOR THEY WILL BE FILLED." -MATTHE

July 29, 2005

Dear Edwin:

In light of your recent, very public activities with that young saloonkeeper, we have decided that it is not in the best interests of Hyperdulia House to publish the "Name of Blasphemy" series. There is good in you, Edwin, I can tell, but, for as long as you continue to consort with that particular element of society, I don't think that the readers in our Ezekiel's Shelf club will be receptive to your work.

I nevertheless wish you the very best on your journey through life, and hope that you can find some room for faith in it.

Yours,

F. LaGlaire Herlihy

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now spotted outside australia.

GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Going yard with Jesse Metcalfe

Millions swoon over Jesse Metcalfe, the sweaty hedge trimmer and paramour of Eva Longoria on *Desperate Housewives.* Our correspondent was interested in getting to the bottom of some pressing topics with the former model and soap actor—among them: his alleged college music career, his unibrow, and the unusual prominence of his pectoral muscles.

George Wayne: *Is it true that whilst you were in college you fronted a band called the Butt Plug?*

Jesse Metcalfe: Called what?!

G.W. *The Butt Plug. Yes or no?*

J.M. Who am I talking to right now?

G.W. *George Wayne.*

J.M. From *Vanity Fair*?

G.W. *Yes.*

J.M. Are you kidding me?

G.W. *No.*

J.M. And that's your first question to me? I feel like I'm in the twilight zone.

G.W. *Don't you have a sense of humor?*

J.M. I guess not the same one as yours. But, no, I was never in a band called the Butt Plug.

G.W. *During the early days of your career—your pizza-for-breakfast-lunch-and-dinner days—what did you do to make ends meet?*

J.M. I was basically studying film at New York University. I wanted to be a director. And I used to model.

G.W. *Did you finish N.Y.U.?*

J.M. I left school after my junior year because I got a job on a soap opera called *Passions.*

G.W. *So you wanted to direct but ended up being an actor. Is that what happened?*

J.M. Well, since I was modeling, I did some commercials in New York, and I ended up getting an agent, who sent me out on an open call for this soap opera, and that's how I got into the business.

G.W. *So what's your favorite "chemistry" flick? One movie that inspires because of the chemistry between two actors?*

J.M. That's a tough question.

G.W. *Well, let's just say on* Desperate Housewives, *after all, the sparks between you and Eva Longoria are phenomenal.*

J.M. We have some good chemistry. I think it's also because we're good friends off the set.

G.W. *Definitely. The two of you together on the screen—it just lights up! And there is no question where the story line is going next season. Obviously she is carrying your child.*

J.M. Not necessarily.

G.W. *I'm going with my instincts, and you are going to be a daddy. And obviously you will be getting more prime time. What is it like for you now? For instance, you go out to have a meal at Dan Tana's. Is everyone staring at you and mauling you? Is it just crazy?*

J.M. It's definitely fun, but I'm trying to stay grounded and focused, because there are a lot of things I want to do. *Desperate Housewives* is not going to be my life's achievement.

G.W. *Where do you get your eyebrows pared?*

J.M. I do them myself. I pluck them myself. I'd have a unibrow if I didn't pluck my eyebrows.

G.W. *I don't understand why people make such a big deal about unibrows. I think they are sexy. What is your heritage?*

J.M. I'm half Italian, quarter Portuguese, quarter French.

G.W. *A real mongrel, huh?*

J.M. A mutt.

G.W. *A beautiful mutt. What would you say is your greatest weakness?*

J.M. I don't know.

G.W. *Maybe it's the fact that you can't take a joke. What is your middle name, Jesse?*

J.M. Eden. My parents were hippies.

G.W. *Who is your wingman?*

J.M. Probably Ryan Cook.

G.W. *Who the fuck is Ryan Cook?*

J.M. He's a club promoter in L.A. and he's also the drummer in my band. He's my partner in crime.

G.W. *What are you doing while on hiatus?*

J.M. Hopefully I'll be working on a movie.

G.W. *Well, whatever you do, just don't do a John Waters movie. That would be the death knell.*

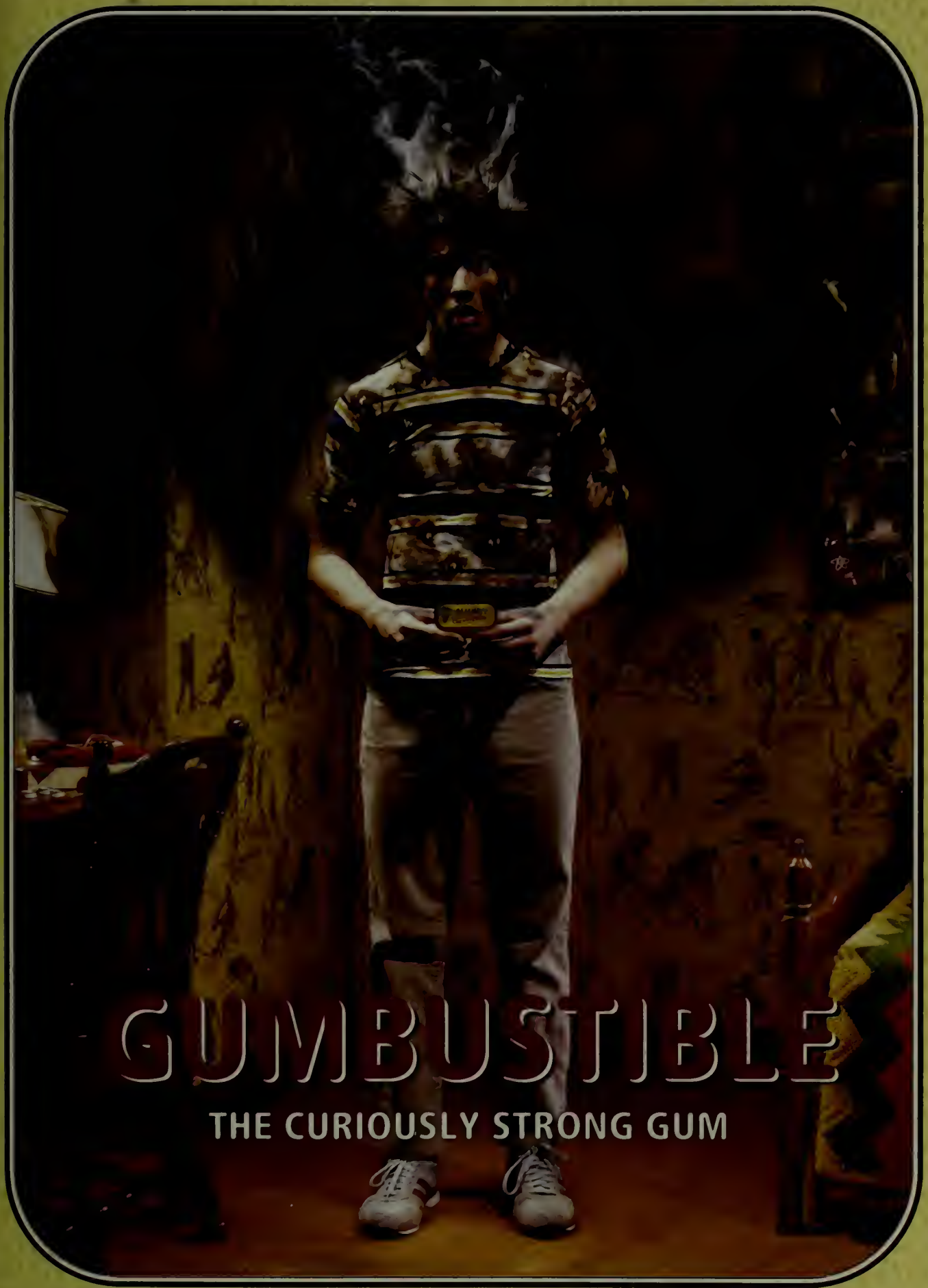
J.M. No John Waters movie? I was thinking *Pecker: Part II.*

G.W. *No. That's my point. Hello! Edward "Pecker" Furlong, where are you? Well, at least you are still rated the actor with the sexiest pecs on TV.*

J.M. That's a little cheesy.

G.W. *You know what, Jesse Metcalfe? Just go with the fucking flow, and stop taking yourself so seriously. You have great tits—so what? Get over yourself!*

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY DURAN, FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

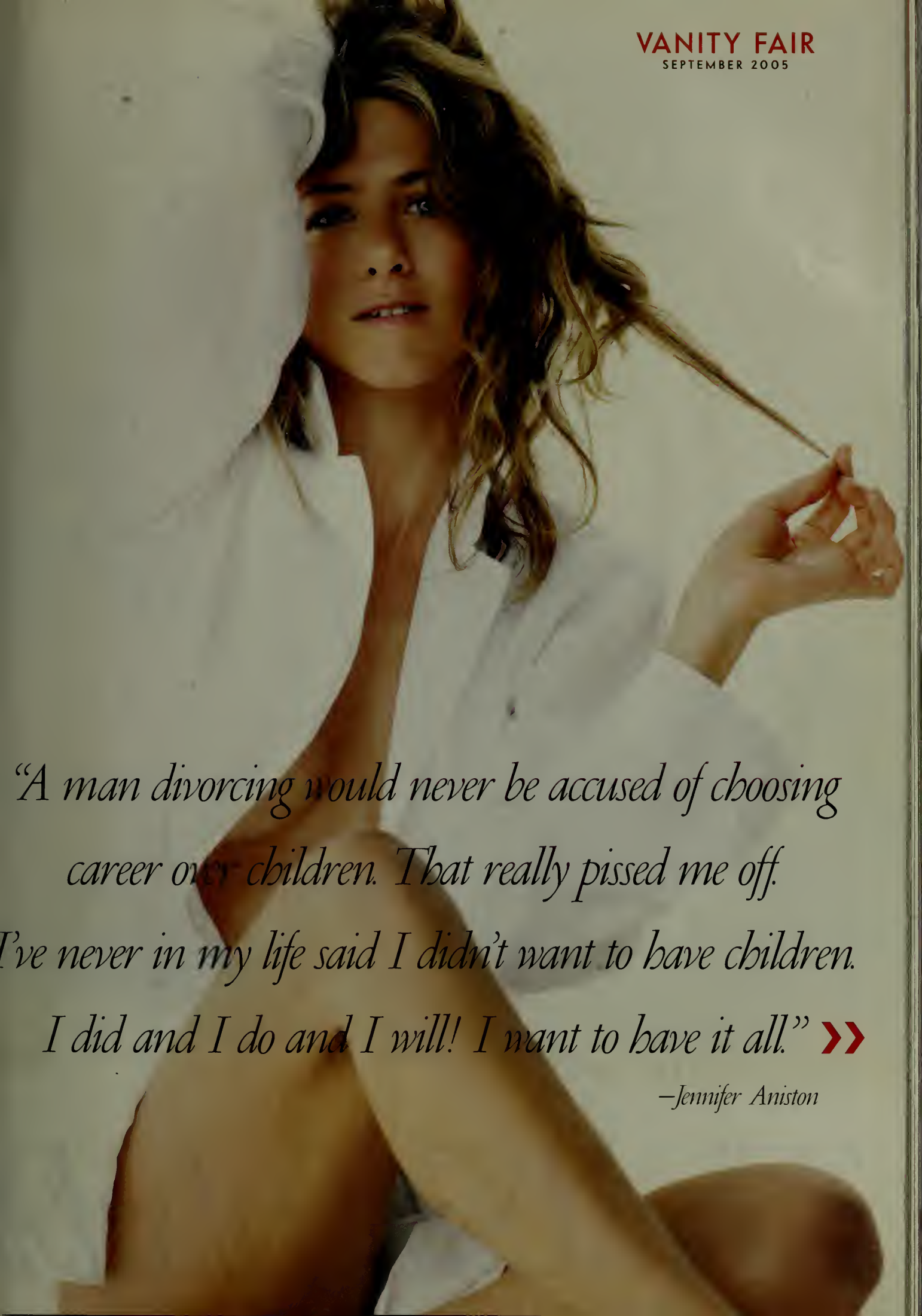


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"A man divorcing would never be accused of choosing career over children. That really pissed me off. I've never in my life said I didn't want to have children. I did and I do and I will! I want to have it all." »

—Jennifer Aniston

FRIEND IN NEED

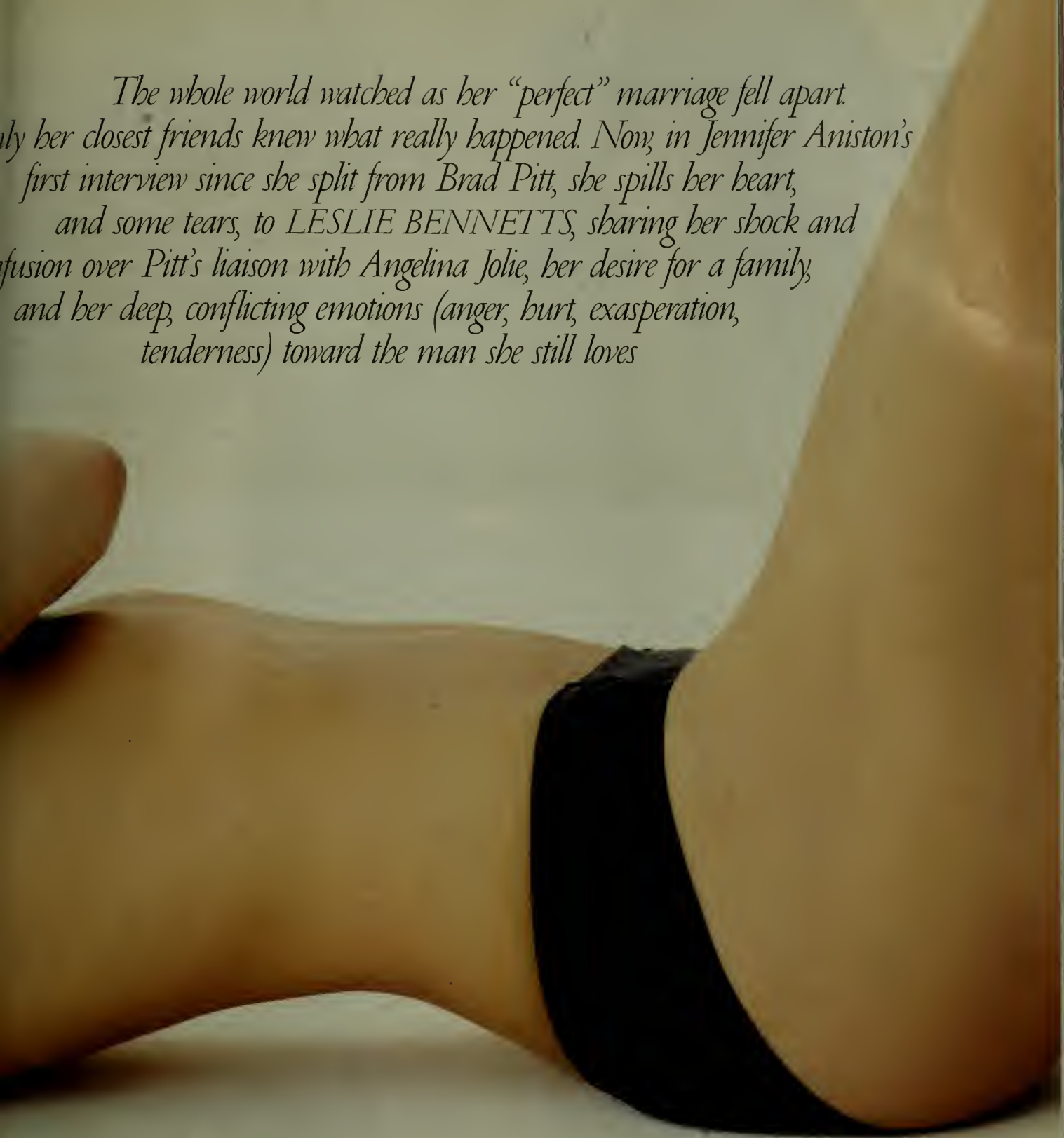
Jennifer Aniston, photographed on June 16, 2005, in Malibu, California, where she has been staying alone, seeing only close friends. "When things happen, the tribe gathers around and lifts you up."



The Unsinkabl

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO TESTINO • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE

The whole world watched as her "perfect" marriage fell apart.
ly her closest friends knew what really happened. Now, in Jennifer Aniston's
first interview since she split from Brad Pitt, she spills her heart,
and some tears, to LESLIE BENNETTS, sharing her shock and
fusion over Pitt's liaison with Angelina Jolie, her desire for a family,
and her deep, conflicting emotions (anger, hurt, exasperation,
tenderness) toward the man she still loves



Jennifer Aniston

When Jennifer Aniston opens the door to the Malibu bungalow she's been holed up in lately, she gives me a radiant smile and an effusive hello.

Then she bursts into tears.

We have scarcely sat down in the living room, a serene little haven simply furnished with cushy white sofas and white flowers and white candles, when her face crumples. She is instantly aghast.

"I haven't been feeling emotional lately, really I haven't," she wails, fluttering her hands like Rachel Green in distress, except that this time it isn't funny.

Other than the 24-hour security detail guarding her safety, Aniston is all alone in the modest rental where she has camped out while dealing with the end of her marriage to Brad Pitt—and its devastating aftermath, which has been far worse than the actual split. The last few months have brought an endless nightmare of hurtful headlines about her soon-to-be-ex-husband, along with blatantly fraudulent stories about herself, in the tabloids and supermarket gossip magazines. Pursued around the clock by the rabid paparazzi she refers to as "ratzies," she is ambushed even on her own deck by photographers who lurk on the beach outside her door, spying on her every move.

As she squeezes her eyes shut in an effort to stop crying, the scene provides a painful contrast with the last time we met. Little more than a year ago, I interviewed Pitt at the Beverly Hills mansion that he and Aniston had just spent two years renovating. A testament to both his passion for architecture and the couple's hopeful vision of their shared future, the beautiful old house awaited only a baby in a bassinet to complete a picture-perfect existence.

When I left, they both walked me out to my car. Their home, its windows lit and welcoming, glowed in the twilight. As we said our good-byes, Pitt and Aniston leaned together in the driveway, arms twined around each other. Her head rested trustingly on his buff chest, still pumped up from his rigorous training to play the warrior Achilles in *Troy*.

They seemed the most fortunate couple imaginable—two beautiful superstars who had hit the jackpot, earning not only fame and riches but also an enduring love. Their fans had long been captivated by the romance of America's Sweetheart and the Sexiest Man in the World, and now they were ready to begin a thrilling new chapter. Aniston's 10-year run on *Friends* was ending, and she and Pitt had vowed to start a family when her stupendously successful television series was finished.

Pitt's final words to me reinforced the impression of connubial bliss: "I'm happier than I've ever been." But the ensuing months brought an onslaught of rumors that he had gotten involved with Angelina Jolie while filming *Mr. & Mrs. Smith*. Instead of the joyful announcement many had anticipated from the Pitts, there was only silence. The New Year began with photographs of the beautiful couple strolling hand in hand along the beach on Anguilla, looking relaxed and happy. Immediately the buzz shifted to rhapsodic re-appraisals of the state of their union.

And then came the oh-so-civilized announcement, on Jan 7, that Jennifer Aniston and Brad Pitt were separating—that parting was "the result of much thoughtful consideration," th was not caused by "any of the speculation reported by the ta media," and that they would remain "committed and c friends with great love and admiration for one another."

If Pitt had kept a low profile in the months to come, that n even have turned out to be true. Instead, the ominous drumr gossip began to crescendo as he and Jolie rendezvoused in e locales, still denying that they were an item. With the papa snapping away, Pitt stepped into what looked suspiciously l paternal role with Jolie's adopted Cambodian son, Maddox

"It was extremely hurtful to Jen that he was seen with anc woman so quickly after they were separated," says Andrea dewald, an actress who has been one of Aniston's closest fri since they were teenagers.

Instead of being reviled as The Other Woman, Jolie p for pictures on an energetic round of appearances as a goo ambassador for the United Nations—and then trumped that public-relations bonanza by adopting another orphan African girl whose parents had died of AIDS. In the blinl an eye, the twice-divorced Jolie—previously known as a tatto vixen with a taste for bisexuality, heroin, brotherly incest, me institutions, and wearing her husbands' blood—had morp into a globe-trotting humanitarian who seemed to be channe Audrey Hepburn.

For the 36-year-old Aniston, who had expected to spend past year being pregnant, the pain of watching this spectacle un was compounded by vicious rumors about herself. As misogy as they were false, sensationalistic stories claimed the real rea the marriage ended was that Aniston refused to have Pitt's b because she was so ambitious she cared only about her car

Even now, that sexist slur makes her face darken. "A divorcing would never be accused of choosing career over c dren," she says. "That really pissed me off. I've never in my said I didn't want to have children. I did and I do and I will! women that inspire me are the ones who have careers and c dren; why would I want to limit myself? I've always wante have children, and I would never give up that experience fo career. I want to have it all."

Aniston's intimates note acidly that Pitt could have done m to refute the mean-spirited rumor that his wife wouldn't bear child, which reinforced the impression that he had good ca to leave her for Earth Mother Jolie. To some, this looks like sh hypocrisy.

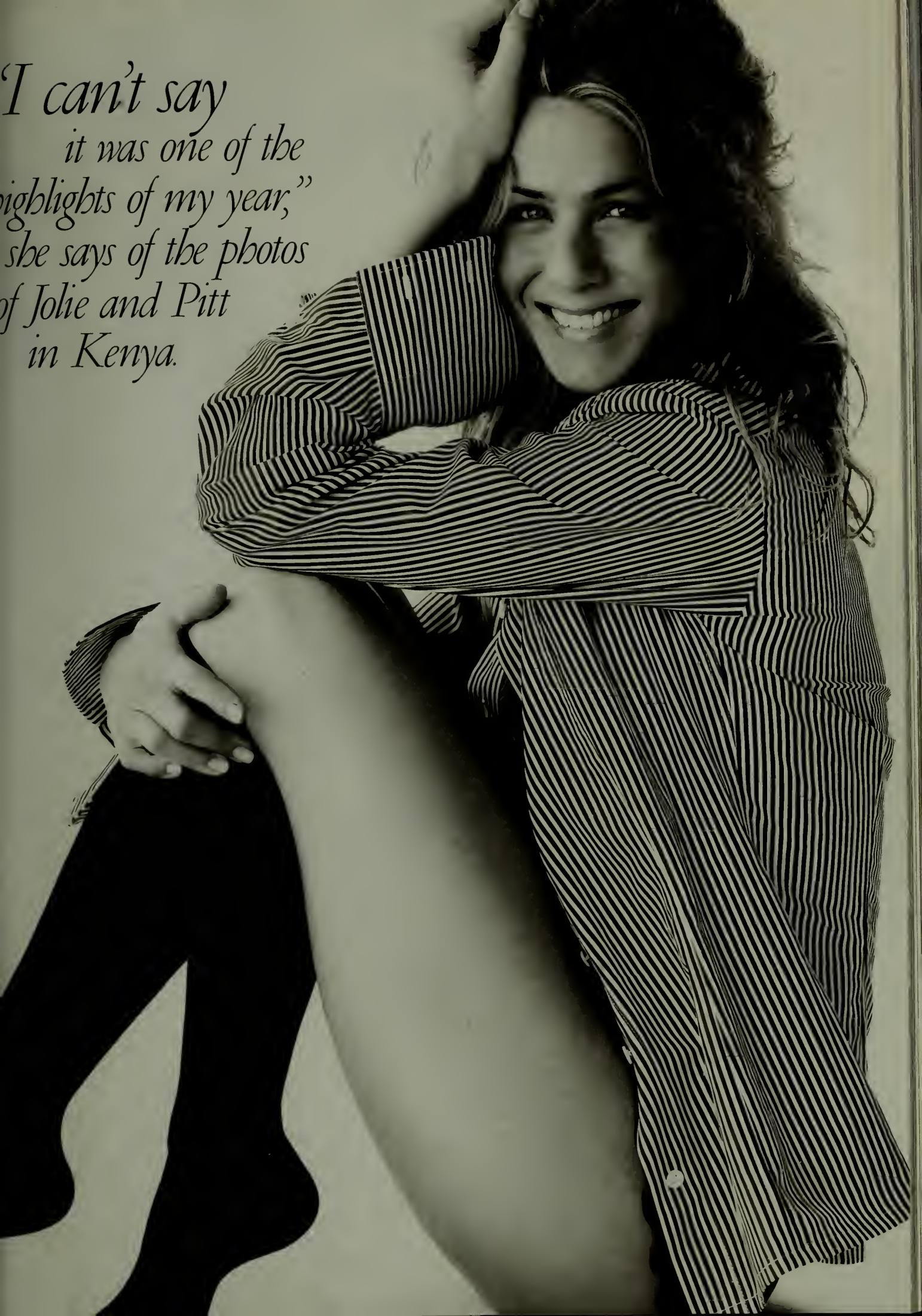
"When Brad and Jen were in the marriage, having a baby not his priority—ever," says one mutual friend. "It was an abstr desire for him, whereas for Jen it was much more immedi So is there a part of Brad that's diabolical? Did he think, I n to get out of this marriage, but I want to come out smelling l a rose, so I'm going to let Jen be cast as the ultra-feminist a I'm going to get cast as the poor husband who couldn't get a baby and so had to move on?"

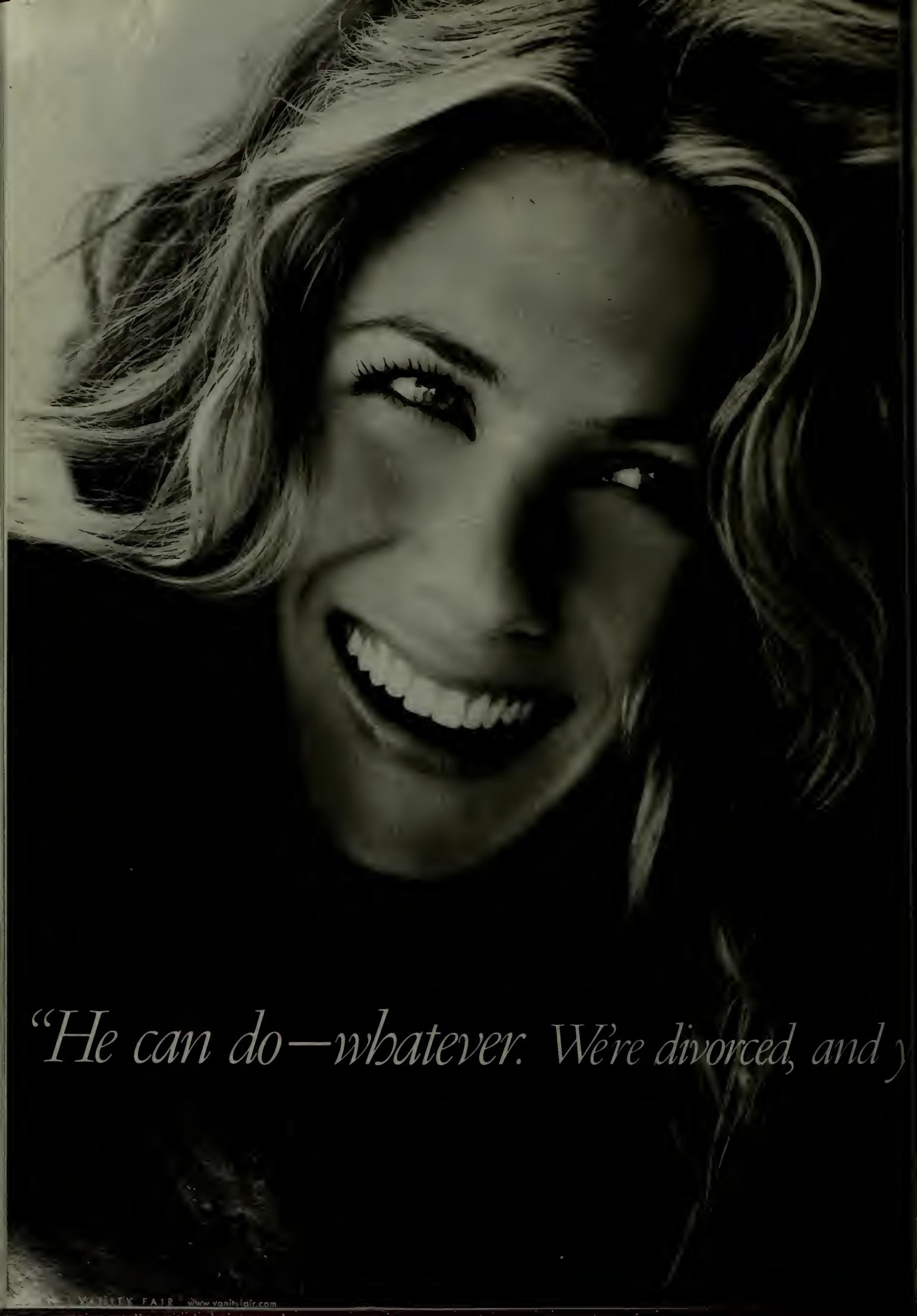
As the image wars raged in the gossip media, a heartbroken Aniston retreated to her Malibu hideaway to lick her wounds in TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 390.

PHOTOGRAPHS CONTINUED ON PAGE 336

GRIN AND BA

Aniston's therapist helped her avoid feel like a total vict "She'd say, 'Even if 98 percent the ot person's fa it's 2 percent your


'I can't say
it was one of the
ighlights of my year,"
she says of the photos
of Jolie and Pitt
in Kenya.


"He can do—whatever. We're divorced, and y
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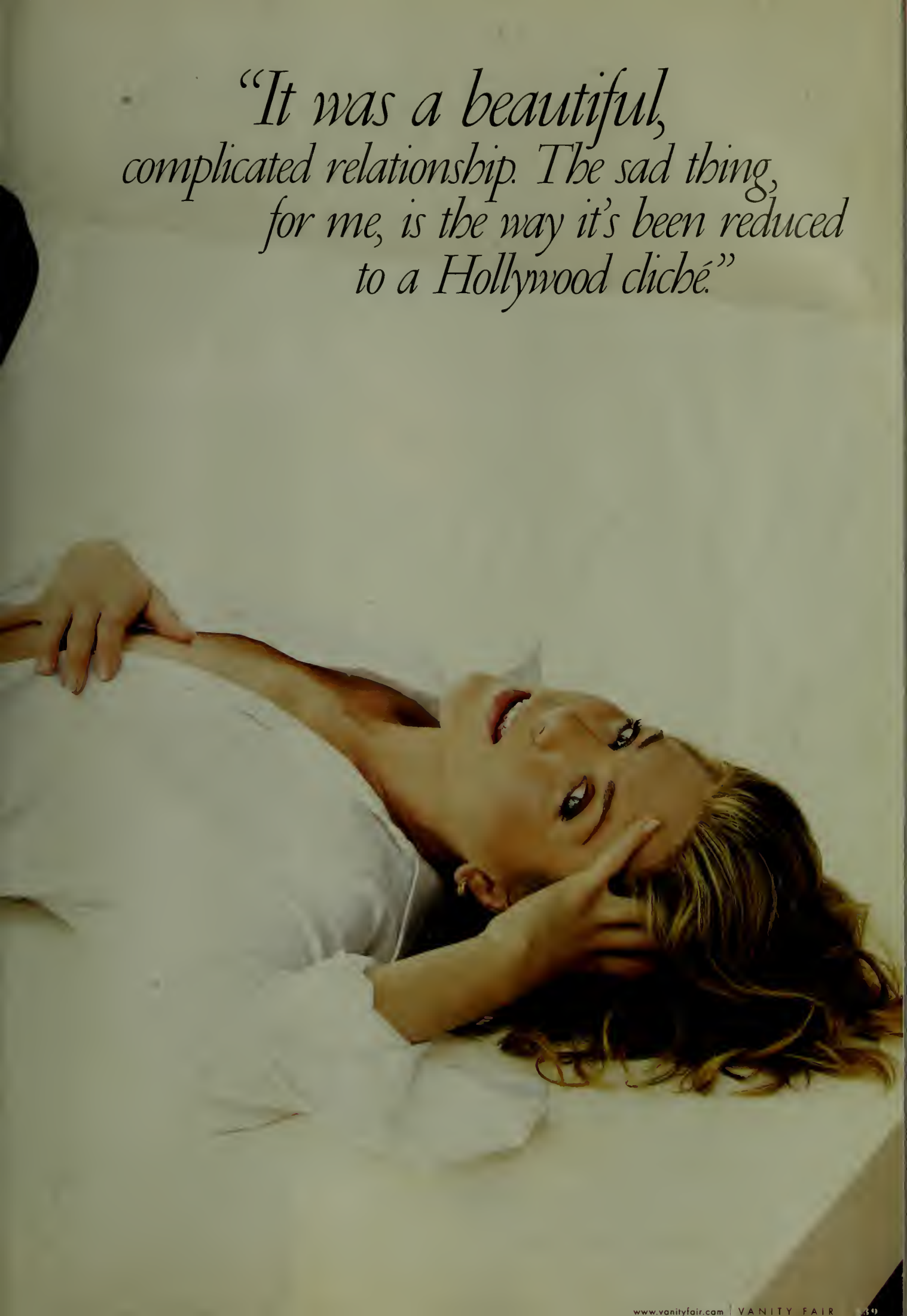

TOUGH COOKIE
Aniston says she still expects to find domestic bliss: "In five years I would hope to be married and have a kid."
n see why. There's a sensitivity chip that's missing."



GOSSIP FODDER

Every week seems to bring a new tabloid twist in the saga of Brad, Jen, and Angelina, but Aniston says she's been careful to avoid the coverage: "That stuff is just toxic for me right now."

"It was a beautiful, complicated relationship. The sad thing, for me, is the way it's been reduced to a Hollywood cliché."





IN MEMORIAM
Marian Fontana and her son, Aidan, photographed in Bridgehampton, New York, July 10, 2005. *Inset,* Dave Fontana, circled, with members of Squad 1: from left, Captain Donald Hayde, Lieutenant Eddie D'Atri, Firefighter Stephen Siller, Firefighter Sean Cummins.

The Widow's Story

It's her wedding anniversary. She takes her five-year-old to his second day of kindergarten. In 10 minutes she'll be meeting her husband, Dave, a Brooklyn firefighter whose shift just ended, at the local coffee shop. It's the morning of September 11, 2001 . . . Four years later, in an excerpt from her astonishing new memoir, MARIAN FONTANA shares the hours and weeks that followed and her strange new identity as a symbol of grief

PHOTOGRAPH BY GASPER TRINGALE



September 11, 2001, was my eighth wedding anniversary. My husband, Dave, a firefighter with Squad 1 in Brooklyn, loved to tell people we'd been married on "9-1-1." That morning my eyes creaked open at 8:15. I rushed around our Park Slope apartment, waking our son, Aidan, afraid he'd be late to his second day of kindergarten. I called the firehouse and made plans to meet Dave; his shift was just ending and we were spending the day at the Whitney Museum. I was thrilled he was truly ready to go—as the only firefighter at Squad who lived in the neighborhood, he often let the other guys leave before him so they could begin their commutes to Long Island, Rockaway, and Staten Island.

"O.K., I'll see you at Connecticut Muffin in 10 minutes," I said, and hung up. That's it. No profound discussions. I can't even remember if I told him I loved him.

I am surprised Dave isn't already waiting for me when I arrive at Connecticut Muffin. I wait outside, smiling in guilty pleasure at the thought of a day alone with him. I notice people around me speaking animatedly. I hear the words "airplane" and "Twin Towers." People begin pointing at a plume of smoke cutting across the sky like a black arrow.

My neighbor and friend Lori suddenly appears in front of me. "A plane crashed into the Twin Towers," she says.

I picture a small biplane wedged into the top of the tower like a candle pushed into a cake. I wonder for an instant if Dave went. After all, he would never want to miss a fire and I'm sure Squad 1 would go. Squad 1 is the first of seven squads that, along with five rescue companies, handle confined-space rescues, collapses, hazardous-material spills, terrorist incidents, and more.

No, he's not there, I tell myself. He said he was done. It's our anniversary. "I think Dave might be waiting for me at home," I say, and head back to our apartment. Lori insists on coming with me. "Dave?" I yell down the hall, but everything is eerily quiet. Lori turns on the television, and I am stunned to see the top of one of the towers engulfed in flames like a giant metal matchstick. My heart beats faster as I notice the second tower is also on fire.

The phone rings. Thank goodness, I think, it's Dave. But it is Mila, my friend from college who lives nearby. "Marian, please tell me Dave is with you."

"I don't know where Dave is . . . I think he might be there." Fear and doubt make my voice shaky.

"What would he be doing there?"

"He'd be running in, I guess . . . up the steps . . . to save ple." I imagine him running, his tired legs carrying a hun pounds of equipment, the heat from the tower banking d like a heavy blanket.

Suddenly, a low rumble is emitted from the television. C spires pour out like fireworks of dust, ash, and metal. I drop phone and watch in disbelief as the south tower falls. The tricles of my heart start to pulse, popping and ripping, exp ing in my chest. I clutch my heart, but it is as futile as tryin stop the ocean.

"Oh my God. He's dead. He's gone!" I scream, sinking the rug, trying to grasp one of the million thoughts speed through my head.

"No. You don't know that," Lori says helplessly. "I'm sure fine. He's probably helping people." Lori tries to sound ca but her hands are shaking when she picks up the phone. I w to believe her, but I know he is gone.

I am scared to avert my eyes from the television, as if it w the only connection I have to Dave. Lori is talking to Mila, I am blinking to keep the tears from blurring the images on Reporters are yelling into the cameras, shocked, their faces ered in ash. Images of Dave speed through my head: Jones Be when we kissed under the green striped umbrella, massag my feet while we watch TV, that argument on the R train, snowball fight in front of the dorm, iced coffees in the ba yard, rhubarb pie on the Irish coast, the crease in his shoul the way his fingers feel, his dimples, yoga, hands, legs. I stop film, my face hot and wet from crying. I feel Lori squeeze hand. I head over to the red phone in the kitchen. Dave bou it when he first got on the job. It is a call box that says "9 on the outside. I pull open the door and frantically dial the firehouse and am not surprised when it's busy. I press Redial and will Dave's voice to answer. I would do anything to hear it now, deep and quiet.

Answer, goddammit. Don't you dare be on that truck, Dave. I hang up and pace across the living room, staring confusedly at the television. My mind races as fast as my feet, back and forth, back and forth, faster and faster. I pace as if my footsteps could turn back the clock, rewind what has happened. The phone rings and I dive for it.

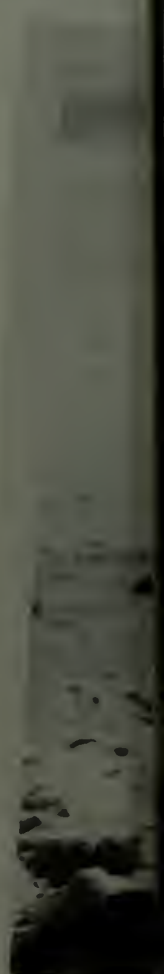
"Hello?" I say expectantly.

"It's Jason," he says in his bass voice. He's my best friend from college and a neighbor.

"JASON!" I yell, noticing that I sound more like a hysterical, overwrought woman than myself. "You have to help me! I can't—" I screech, out of breath as if I have run a long distance.

"Marian, calm down. He might not even be there. You just have to calm down. I'm coming over right now."

I hang up and pace again, covering my eyes with two curtains of fingers. I try to wipe away what I have seen. I run to the phone again and dial the firehouse. Still



Excerpted from *A Widow's Walk*, by Marian Fontana, to be published next month by Simon & Schuster; © 2005 by the author.

y. I contemplate walking there, but I feel as if someone were king my knees from behind.

Do you think the school is safe?" Lori asks, worry wrinkling face, and I realize I have not even thought about Aidan. aybe I should pick up the kids," she says. I try to focus on t she is saying, but my mind feels as if I have 12 radio sta- s playing at once. I press my hand to my head, trying to re- who was working with Dave the night before. If he's with experienced guys, he'll be safe, I tell myself. Lieutenant Mike osito, Lieutenant Eddie D'Atri. What about Bobby West? s as good as it gets, with 22 years on the job in a busy house. y are talented firefighters who protect their men and would r put themselves in a situation that was too dangerous. Dave bably can't get to a phone. That's why he hasn't called. He mised me less than three months ago that he would always On June 17, 2001.

t was five P.M. on Father's Day and Dave still hadn't called. always called at least once during his 12-hour shift. I heard report on the news first. There were firefighters missing. A had collapsed after an explosion in a hardware store in As- a, Queens. At least one firefighter was trapped inside the burn- building. Two others were buried in the rubble. The reporter NY1, the local cable news channel, was standing in front of cue 3's rig when the cable cut out. I vaguely remembered e telling me he was going to work at another company that My landlord heard me crying from upstairs, and sent her ghter down to keep an eye on Aidan. She put a shot of whis- in my shaking hands while her husband tried to fix my cable. waited and waited, until the phone finally rang.

This is the worst day of my life," Dave said, his voice crack- as he tried not to cry. I could barely talk, I was so relieved. I thanked God. I told Dave I loved him. "I gotta go. I'm on this guy's cell and he hasn't called his wife yet. We found two guys . . . I gotta go."

"I'm so glad you're O.K.," I whimpered.

"Me too. I'm sorry I scared you. I promise if anything like this happens again, I'll call. If you don't hear from me in 20 minutes, then you can worry. O.K.?"

10:08 A.M.

It has been nine minutes since the south tower collapsed. I will have 11 more minutes to hope that he went to get me an anniversary present instead of jumping on the truck. I run to the phone again, press Redial, and, miraculously, someone answers.

"Who's this?"

"It's Jimmy Lopez, Marian." He is one of the new guys, short and stocky with hazelnut-colored skin.

"Is Dave there?" I ask. Just say yes. Please, please say yes.

"I think they're out on a run," he says reluctantly.

I am scared to avert my eyes from the television, as if it were the only connection I have to Dave.



"Dave's dead," I tell Jimmy. "I think Dave's dead." I try hard not to get hysterical, not to cry.

"Naw. Naw. He's fine. I don't know what's going on, but we'll go get him—O.K.?"

He hangs up and the silence rings in my ears like a high-pitched buzz.

10:26 A.M.

The doorbell finally rings and Jason enters, his brown eyes wide with apprehension. I shake my head in disbelief and collapse into his arms, sobbing. He is one of only a few who know the thick onion layers that constitute my 17 years with Dave.

"I know it looks bad, but you don't know yet," he says, and I turn my head back and forth, clutching my heart to keep it from breaking into smaller and smaller pieces. He guides me over to the couch and squeezes my hand as we watch TV.

"Did you call the firehouse?"

"Dave went," I cry.

"He might not have even gotten there

FAMILY MAN
Aidan, Marian, and Dave Fontana on a Cape Cod beach, 1997.

I will look for Dave myself. I will dig through the rubble with my bare hands until I find him.



LOST H
Dave Fonta
firefighter for 10 y
who die
September 11,

yet. I'm sure there was a lot of traffic." And, as if that had been some terrible cue line, we watch in horror as the second tower falls, almost inevitably mimicking the first.

"OH MY GOD!" Lori screams, but I am already on my knees on my thick purple carpet, only this time it is a desperate act of prayer. There is nothing else to do. After a few bewildered moments, Lori and Jason kneel with me, and we hold hands in a circle. The shrieks of panicked people echo from the TV as we bow our heads, praying silently.

"Our Father who art in heaven, / Hallowed be thy name . . . " I make pacts, treaties, promises, and vows to God in exchange for Dave's life.

On the television, the giant puff of smoke from the collapsed second tower rises like a wave to meet the first as the acrid smell of burning plastic begins to float through my window screen. I sit on the edge of the couch and stare at the TV, transfixed. Firefighters pass by the cameras dazed, bloodied, and covered in dust. The cameras film onlookers staring up at the devastation, hands clasped across their mouths, and I realize I am one of them, watching, in collective horror, the world change forever.

2:12 P.M.

We've called every E.R. in the tristate area. They are poised and waiting, but they tell us hardly anyone is coming in. The rooms are almost empty. I look at the garden, which is covered in a fine white dust that falls like rain. I try to imagine my life without Dave, but every time I do, my stomach drops as if I am on the very top of a Ferris wheel. Jason is on the phone in the kitchen, making arrangements for Aidan to go to my friend Caren's house around the corner.

"Caren says he can stay as long as he wants," Jason tells me, heading outside. Lori has left to get her kids. "She said he can sleep over there if you want." I nod, the tears falling again. I can't let Aidan see me falling apart, and a few hours of obliviousness is a beautiful gift. Jason reaches for me, and I sob onto his bony shoulder, every muscle tightening. "What am I going to do?" I wail at the thought of telling Aidan his father is gone.

12:24 A.M.

Firefighter Tony Edwards and Lieutenant Dennis Farrell from Squad 1 arrive looking fatigued and uncharacteristically official. I have imagined this d
I pictured myself answering the door, perplexed as to why the f
company has arrived. A captain steps forward, and it sudden
dawns on me why they are here. I clap my hand to my mouth. T
captain announces Dave died trying to save a child. I could see m
self in vivid detail, crying out. I could feel the pain when I collaps
in the hall, the rush of adrenaline in my chest, the drop in m
stomach. None of it came close to the sonic blast that I feel no

The couch sinks under Tony's weight as he lowers himself b
side me. Next to Dave, with arms the size of small children, To
is the largest guy in Squad. He cannot look at me, his small brow
eyes bloodshot, his bunker gear covered with white dust. Lie
tenant Farrell sighs and silently sits on the edge of my blue wi
chair. Unlike Tony, Dennis is small and compact, with blond ha
and a dark tan making him look much younger than his 51 yea

We didn't find any of the guys," Tony begins, wringing his big
ds. "The whole company is missing. The rig was parked on
t Street, but we don't know where they went. It's just unbe-
ible. Nobody knows where anyone is. It took us hours just to
re out who was even there. The place looked like the moon."
stops for a moment and rubs his eyes. I can't tell if he is crying
he is trying to get the dust out. He sits up taller and con-
es. "I thought Mike Stackpole was missing and then I turn
ınd and he's there." Tony takes a breath, biting his lower
He looks so sad and angry, I am tempted to comfort him,
I stare at his profile instead, playing with the skin on my low-
p. "It's hard to explain what it's like."
They have the roster there, don't they?" I ask, staring hard
ıe side of his head.
Yeah, but some guys came from home, or stayed from a
ıge of tours."
How many?" I ask, and Tony tightens his mouth.
Eleven or 12."
But . . . I don't understand—even with the other rig, it's eight
ıe most, right?," I say indignantly, sure they got their num-
wrong. How could almost half the company be gone?
I know, but it was the change of tours, you know, like Dave
n't even workin', and there are guys who came from home—
hen Siller was halfway home, heard it on his scanner, and
ed around—ya know?"
How many firefighters in all are missing?" I ask Tony, who
s at me for the first time, his face riddled with confusion and

A lot," he says.
he enormity of it all begins to hit me. I have only been think-
of myself, but there are others, countless others, and there are
ably firefighters like Tony and Dennis all over the tristate area
ding in wives' homes at this very moment.

10:48 A.M.

parents finally arrive, their faces desperate and swollen. My
ıer runs down the hall, her arms outstretched. "We were up all
t," she says, her face round, her amber eyes filled with con-
. "Dad couldn't stop crying," she says. "I have never seen him
his." She sighs, blowing her already red nose with a tissue from
pocket as my dad enters the hall, slumped and exhausted.
Where's Aidan?" my mother asks, wiping her hand through
coarse black hair.
He slept over at a friend's. I have to go get him . . . " I am
denly ashamed at how little I have thought of Aidan these
24 hours.

11:15 A.M.

sun outside is blinding, and I am shocked that people are
ing around, buying coffee, going to work. How dare the world
inue when so many people are suffering? My father puts his
arm around me and starts to cry again, his head dropped
one of his hands.
I'm sorry," he says, his voice scratchy and higher than usu-
I can't stop."
No. It's good," I say, handing him a tissue. "This is fucking sad."
Yeah, but we need to think about Aidan. What are you going
ay?" he asks, and I stop to light a cigarette. Thankfully, my
says nothing about my new habit.
I'm going to tell him the truth," I decide as we turn onto Sev-
ı Avenue.

"That's good. You just want to reassure him that he is safe and we're all here. You know what to do," my dad says, as we climb the steps to Caren's apartment.

Inside, Aidan yells "Mama" and jumps into my arms. He is tall for his five years—over four feet—and I wobble trying to hoist his nearly 60 pounds. Back out on the street, he bounces like Tigger in front of us. Unable to wait any longer, I squat down in front of him.

"Aidan, I have to tell you something really terrible," I start, his huge eyes so brown they look like the stars and Earth combined.

"Do you know what happened to the Twin Towers?" I ask, tears sticking like chicken bones in my throat as I silently ask Dave to make me strong, wherever he is.

"At school they said a plane crashed into the tower and there was a fire," Aidan says without looking up. He is kicking a raised piece of sidewalk with his shoe.

"That's right, and Daddy was there putting out the fire and saving people when the building fell down on him." Aidan keeps staring at the sidewalk, kicking it harder and a little faster.

"Well, he could just push the bricks off of him and get up." Aidan's small shoulders shrug as if it were as simple as tying a shoe.

"I don't think so," my father says, barely audible.

"Daddy's friends are looking for him and when they find him . . . ," I say, gulping hard, "he will probably be dead or he will have really big boo-boos." Aidan looks at me skeptically.

"I think Daddy will push off the bricks and stand up," he says with certainty.

"Daddy won't be standing up." I am weakening with each word.

"But we're going to be O.K. We're all going to take care of you and make sure you're safe," my dad says helpfully, and I wish that I were still young and believed all the things my father told me.

5:43 P.M.

My quaint neighborhood, Park Slope, Brooklyn, where I have lived for the past 10 years, suddenly looks alien and strange. Every shop window on Seventh Avenue displays flags and signs for the injured and missing. All of the newsstands are covered with ominous photos of the burning towers, and on Carroll Street a heavyset woman in a folding chair collects money in a coffee can for Squad 1. Old First Reformed Church, normally closed except on Sundays, now has its doors flung open and covered in white paper where people write messages to the missing.

Dave's youngest brother, Ed, struggles to keep up as I quicken my steps to the firehouse, hoping for some news. A huge crowd is lingering in front of Squad 1, a three-story narrow brick building pressed between a Japanese restaurant and a food co-op. We approach the firehouse slowly, gazing at hundreds of tall, white vigil candles flickering like Christmas lights on each side of the red engine door. From the ornate cornice on the second floor, purple and black bunting hangs, the morbid markings of a firehouse that has lost its own. There are Spackle buckets teeming with bouquets of flowers in clear plastic wrappers. As we near the entrance, I recognize neighbors: the woman from the yoga studio, the parents of children I taught, the man who works at Bagel Delight. I keep my head dropped, and the crowd instinc-

tively opens a path, letting Ed and me through. The wide engine door is raised, and the apparatus floor looks so empty I feel as if I were standing at the bottom of a drained pool.

I walk across the room, to the opposite hall, where a chalkboard lists the names of the men working: Esposito, Garvey, Bilcher, Butler, Carroll. Next to the board, an easel stands where 12 8-by-10 photos of the missing firefighters are taped in neat rows onto a white poster board. The headshots are from a group photograph taken at a fire that year: the names Peter Carroll, Tommy Butler, Jim Amato, Robert Cordice, Brian Bilcher, Mike Esposito, Mike Russo, Eddie D'Atri, Steve Siller, Matt Garvey, Gary Box, and Dave Fontana are written under the photos. Seeing Dave's name makes my stomach lurch, as if I were falling. Dave Fontana. Dave, what are you doing up there? You were supposed to come home. You said you would be careful. You promised.

7:10 P.M.

Joe O'Donnell, a firefighter from the squad, leads Ed and me up the steep steps to the top floor of the firehouse, where the lockers are. The room is dimly lit and the walls painted an industrial green. Dark wood lockers line each wall, and some gym equipment and weights sit at the far end.

"It's a mess. We just haven't been here," Joe says apologetically, picking up shirts along the way. Each locker door is decorated with postcards, pictures, porn, and bumper stickers. We stop at Dave's, in the middle on the right; it has nothing but a postcard of Jones Beach on the door. Pictures of Aidan and me line the inside, and an Irish flag hangs under a mirror. A low bookshelf stands on the back wall with study books from his lieutenant's test lined up neatly. On the top of each shelf there are four coffee cans full of change sorted by coin type. I smile, remembering how much Dave loved change. What to me were the crumbs of disappearing dollars, Dave saw as college funds, possible vacations, and our dream house. I take his denim coat off the hanger and pull it around me, engulfing myself in his musky smell. It is large, like a blanket, with "Squad 1" embroidered in thick yellow letters on the back. Inside one pocket, I find his old brown wallet, and my heart leaps when I feel the chunky circle of his wedding ring in the other. He told me he never wore it at fires, for fear it would get caught or melt in the heat. It is simple and solid, a thick shining band with "This and my heart" etched deep into its silver.

SEPTEMBER 23, 11:30 P.M.

The cell phone the Fire Department gave me for emergencies rings. I brace myself for more bad news. One of the guys from Squad is on the other end.

"Listen," he says in a voice so serious it makes me gulp, "I'm sorry to bother you with this, but I know you're in the neighborhood and everything . . . "

"What?"

"A chief came by and told us they're closing Squad."

"WHAT?!" I scream, anger boiling like lava in my stomach. "WHY?"

"I dunno. Special Operations lost so many guys, they're sayin' they don't have enough trained men to fill the spots. They're gonna send us to firehouses around Manhattan."

"They can't do that!" I yell, the lava rising higher.

"That's the department for ya. Kick us when we're down."

"I haven't even cleaned out his locker!" I say.

"Nobody has. It's only been two CONTINUED ON PAGE 394

A WEISZ CHOICE

The *Constant Gardener*, directed by Fernando Meirelles (*City of God*) and based on the 2000 novel by John le Carré, is that rare film—one with a brain, a heart, and a conscience. Rachel Weisz, best known as the sexy archaeologist of *The Mummy* and its sequel, gives a searing performance as Tessa Quayle, a crusading activist in fishnet stockings whose commitment to humanity causes her husband, a flower-tending diplomat played by Ralph Fiennes, to doubt her commitment to him. After she's found murdered in a remote part of Kenya, he discovers that what she'd been hiding had been not an affair but an investigation into a conspiracy involving Big Pharma, the British High Commission, and thousands of sick Nairobi slum dwellers. "I love that the love story and the political thriller are intertwined, so that if one didn't work the other wouldn't work," says Weisz. The cast and crew spent nearly two months filming in Kenya, which Weisz describes as "magical," and she says acting opposite Fiennes was a blast: "I love to improvise and he loves to improvise, so it was just a jam session in Africa. Some of the best lines in the film were jazz that came out of his mouth." Weisz's next movie, due out later this year, is *The Fountain*, in which she and Hugh Jackman play the same pair of lovers in three different settings: Spain in the 16th century, America today, and outer space in the distant future. The director is Weisz's real-life fiancé, Darren Aronofsky. "It was great," Weisz says of working with her future husband. "He met the actress and I met the director, which is something we don't get to see around the house." —MICHAEL HOGAN

STYLED BY VICTORIA BARTLETT. DRESS BY JEAN PAUL GAULTIER. HAIR PRODUCTS BY R'MAIS AND R'MAIS. MAKE-

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM MUNRO



GARDENER DELIGHT

Rachel Weisz, who stars in Focus Features' *The Constant Gardener*, opening August 26, was photographed in New York City on July 8, 2005.

BETTING THE BANK



Eager to seal their $10 billion merger, Morgan Stanley C.E.O. John Mack handed Dean Witter's Philip Purcell the reins of the combined financial behemoth in 1997. A few years later, or so the plan went, Purcell would hand them back. Instead, he tightened his grip, while the company hemorrhaged top talent, saw its stock plummet, and reeled from a series of high-profile lawsuits. VICKY WARD gets the bitter blow-by-blow of how a band of former Morgan Stanley executives known as "the Group of Eight"—with an unintended assist from Ronald Perelman—finally ousted Purcell in June and returned Mack to the throne

Though he didn't know it, the beginning of the end for Morgan Stanley chairman and C.E.O. Philip Purcell, 61, came on January 12, 2005, at a memorial service at Riverside Church, on Manhattan's Upper West Side. The service was held to celebrate the life of Richard "Dick" Fisher, the beloved former chairman of the investment-banking firm, who had died suddenly of prostate cancer at age 68. The church was crowded, since Fisher's interests extended well beyond the realm of finance. Chairman of the boards of Rockefeller University, the Urban Institute, and Bard College, he was often described as a Renaissance man. Even t description, according to Robert "Scottie" Scott, 59, a form Morgan Stanley president, "does not do him justice."

At the front of the church, a section was roped off for V.I.I who included New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg a philanthropist and former Chase president David Rockefell Purcell, who is six feet five, arrived early and sat in the fr row. The other 10 members of the Morgan Stanley board w not present, however, something that many firm veterans fou shocking. "It was completely inappropriate for the board not come," says Scott.

It was Fisher, along with Morgan Stanley's then C.E.O., Jo Mack, who in 1997 had stepped aside to let Purcell run the fir



ER OF POWER

n Stanley's Manhattan
arters. *Opposite, from left:* former
n Stanley chairman Philip Purcell;
. John Mack; financier and Revlon
Ronald Perelman; former Morgan
y co-president Stephen Crawford;
ting president Zoe Cruz.

after a $10 billion merger of Morgan Stanley and the retail brokerage company Dean Witter, where Purcell had been C.E.O. Mack, now 60, was a charismatic former bond trader who had risen through Morgan Stanley's ranks over 29 years to become Fisher's protégé and obvious successor. At the time of the merger he agreed—against Fisher's advice—to take the number-two job of president. Meanwhile, Purcell, a former management consultant who had spent much of his career in Chicago and had far less Wall Street experience than Mack, became C.E.O. of the combined company.

Mack explained to his disappointed troops that he felt that the good of the firm ought to outweigh his personal ambition. And, in any event, according to Mack's inner circle of colleagues, Purcell had agreed on a handshake (witnessed by Fisher) that in a few years Mack would succeed to the top spot. (Purcell now insists that there was no handshake deal. "There was, however, a succession plan," he says, "and John knew that he was my recommended successor.") One story that made the rounds at the time, which offended many of the Dean Witter people, had a senior executive at a rival firm telling Mack, "Don't worry, you'll have Purcell out within three weeks."

But after the merger Purcell steadily tightened his grip on the firm that he, in his management-consultant idiom, preferred to call "the company." Eventually, he forced out Fisher, Mack, many of Mack's senior allies, and most of the board members chosen by Fisher and Mack, until only 2 of the 11-member board were seen as not connected to him—although Purcell and some of the directors would often insist this was not so. (Mack went on to run competitor Credit Suisse First Boston and in 2005 accepted the chairmanship of Pequot Capital, a $6.5 billion hedge fund. On June 30, it was announced that he will return to Morgan Stanley as chairman and C.E.O.)

During this reshuffling Morgan Stanley's stock price plummeted from a high of $110 in 2000 to $49 by the early summer of 2005, and the company's "white shoe" reputation had been gravely scuffed in a series of discrimination lawsuits and costly tussles with regulators. But that was not the worst of it. The rift between the Morgan Stanley side and the Dean Witter side did not close. The Morgan Stanley people believed that Purcell had transformed a meritocratic culture, described by one former top executive as "Camelot before Arthur lost his way," into one of fear and anxiety. "You are either with me or against me," Purcell reportedly told a departing senior executive, echoing both President Bush and Darth Vader. (Purcell says he "would never make things so personal.") The Dean Witter people, however, thought the old Morgan Stanley culture so cutthroat that it was "more akin to Renaissance Florence than a meritocracy," says a colleague of Purcell's.

Current and former employees said that they feared losing stock options because of the Draconian enforcement of contracts, and also that phone calls were monitored for disloyalty. One person who left the firm says he was told that if he or even his wife spoke ill of Morgan Stanley he'd "lose everything."

When, recently, another executive wanted to question a decision made by the board, he was too nervous to raise his hand during the presentation. "I'd have been fired," he says. According to a former employee, Purcell let it be known he did not feedback even from clients. In fact, in his eight years at the of Morgan Stanley he rarely visited clients and then only r tantly. (Purcell says this is not true.) He would tell people tha job was to strategize (though his detractors nicknamed his agement style "analysis/paralysis").

It was in this charged climate that Morgan Stanley emplo past and present, paused in January to remember Fisher: a who'd regularly visited clients, who was known for liste rather than talking, who'd invited argument and even consid it an intrinsic part of the culture. "Morgan Stanley was never loss for talkers, so maybe that's how he became a good liste he got lots of practice," Robert Scott told the assembled mo ers, in one of four eulogies. Significantly, Fisher's widow, Jea who once ran Morgan Stanley's P.R. department, had not a Purcell to speak at the service.

After the memorial, in the reception area side the church, Scott and many other se Morgan managers stopped to talk about F er's death and what it meant. "We refl ed on how much the firm had changed that people were no longer having the e riences that we had all had and benef from," Scott says. "The regret most often expressed was fact that there had been this transition from a meritocrac an organization that seemed to be based on other things. N suddenly, political skill seemed more valuable than finan acumen."

S. Parker Gilbert, a former Morgan Stanley chairman, Sc and six other former senior employees, who among them ow 11 million Morgan Stanley shares, decided then and ther was time to speak up. "The company" seemed to them to b chaos; the Dean Witter and Morgan Stanley businesses had n er been properly integrated, and though analysts debated it, general consensus on Wall Street was that the Dean Witter re brokerage and Discover credit-card businesses were hamper the old Morgan Stanley investment-banking-and-securities a of the firm.

According to a Merrill Lynch presentation last May, Morgan Stanley brokers were far behind Merrill's and C group's. Another survey ranked the Dean Witter brokerage out of a group of seven. Also looming was a lawsuit by the nancier and Revlon chief Ronald Perelman. Perelman alleg that he'd been fraudulently misled on the 1998 sale of campi equipment maker Coleman (in which he owned an 82 p cent stake) to Sunbeam, which went bankrupt in 2001—cost Perelman $680 million, since part of the transaction had be in Sunbeam stock. In May a Florida jury ruled that Morg Stanley was guilty of fraud and, pending an appeal, would ha to pay at least $1.45 billion, plus, it emerged in June, $130 n lion in interest.

To the Group of Eight, as Scott, Gilbert, and their fello were soon called—or "the grumpy old men"—there was a si ple solution to the problems. Philip Purcell had brought the on, and Philip Purcell had to go. They believed it was t only hope of saving the firm they had worked so hard build.

After meeting again in early March and enlisting the help Morgan Stanley's erstwhile investment-banking chief Robe Greenhill, the Group of Eight wrote a private letter to the boa



ALL SHOOK UP
Mack and Purcell at the merger of Morgan Stanley and Dean Witter, Discover & Co., February 5, 1997. "If you looked up the antonym to Phil Purcell in the dictionary, you'd see John Mack's face," says a former Morgan Stanley executive.

merger and whose support he was less sure of. First he called John Havens, head of the institutional-equities division and a Morgan Stanley employee since 1986, at his home on Long Island. "I have received a letter," Purcell allegedly said. "It looks like Pandit is right in the middle of this. Would you like to be a candidate for C.E.O.?" According to a source, Havens apparently was taken aback. He supposedly replied, "Phil, I'm flattered. I can't answer you. I would have to think about that and what's best for the firm." He put the phone down, bewildered, say sources. (According to someone close to Purcell, Purcell denies saying Pandit was in the middle, but sources close to Havens say he did.)

Vikram Pandit, 48, the man whom Purcell allegedly mentioned in the telephone call, had been widely considered to be Purcell's successor at the firm only 18 months before. A Morgan Stanley veteran of 22 years, he is a mild-mannered but fiercely intelligent businessman, and a trustee of Columbia Business School. As head of institutional securities since 2001, he has generated most of the bank's profits. Pandit had come to believe he was Purcell's "chosen one." But, starting in the spring of 2004, relations between the two men soured. Pandit, say sources, had proposed a strategy to integrate the firm's businesses, with the idea they should all report to one person: him. Though Purcell told Pandit to develop the scheme, there were signs the C.E.O. was unsettled by it. Suddenly, Pandit no longer appeared to be the "chosen one." Instead, Steve Crawford, 41, seemed to succeed to that role. (Purcell, however, says, "Vikram was certainly a candidate, but I was always careful never to tell anyone they were the successor.")

"People assumed that, being younger, Crawford was less of a threat to Phil," says one person. Crawford was far less popular than Pandit, but, unlike Pandit, he had had a close relationship with Purcell for years—and therefore, according to some, he was virtually alone among Morgan Stanley senior employees in having a relationship with the board. (A source claims, "Plenty of others on the management committee got the chance to meet with the board.")

"To win respect in this business you have to be seen to have produced revenue," says a former Morgan Stanley senior executive. Crawford, say people who worked CONTINUED ON PAGE 384

ne of the people who'd quit left a voice mail: "I just heard the news: the Evil Empire has fallen."

plaining about the firm's decline in reputation and performance. They requested the removal of Purcell as C.E.O. and the tion on the board of three outside directors with experience nancial services, including one in institutional securities and her in the retail-securities business.

On the 39th floor at Morgan Stanley, on Broadway in Times Square, Purcell went into overdrive after he received the letter. According to a former employee, Purcell, chief administrative officer Stephen Crawford, chief legal counsel Don Kempf, and Marty Lipton, the veteran Wall Street lawyer who was retained by both the Mor- Stanley board and Purcell personally, "disappeared into a k hole for the next day."

That Friday we got the impression Purcell was meeting with closest allies on the management committee—the men brought over from Dean Witter in the 1997 merger," says a ce. Then, over the weekend, Purcell called the rest of the man- nent team—those who had worked for Morgan Stanley pre-



ONE GLOVE AT A TIME

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYNE MASER



With a fan club that includes Marc Jacobs, Elton John, and Christian Louboutin, Dita Von Teese is giving burlesque a sweetly seductive second life and, JIM WINDOLF writes, more than a touch of class

BURSTING WITH SHEER TALENT

Miss Von Teese (not her real name!), photographed in New York City on June 28, 2005.

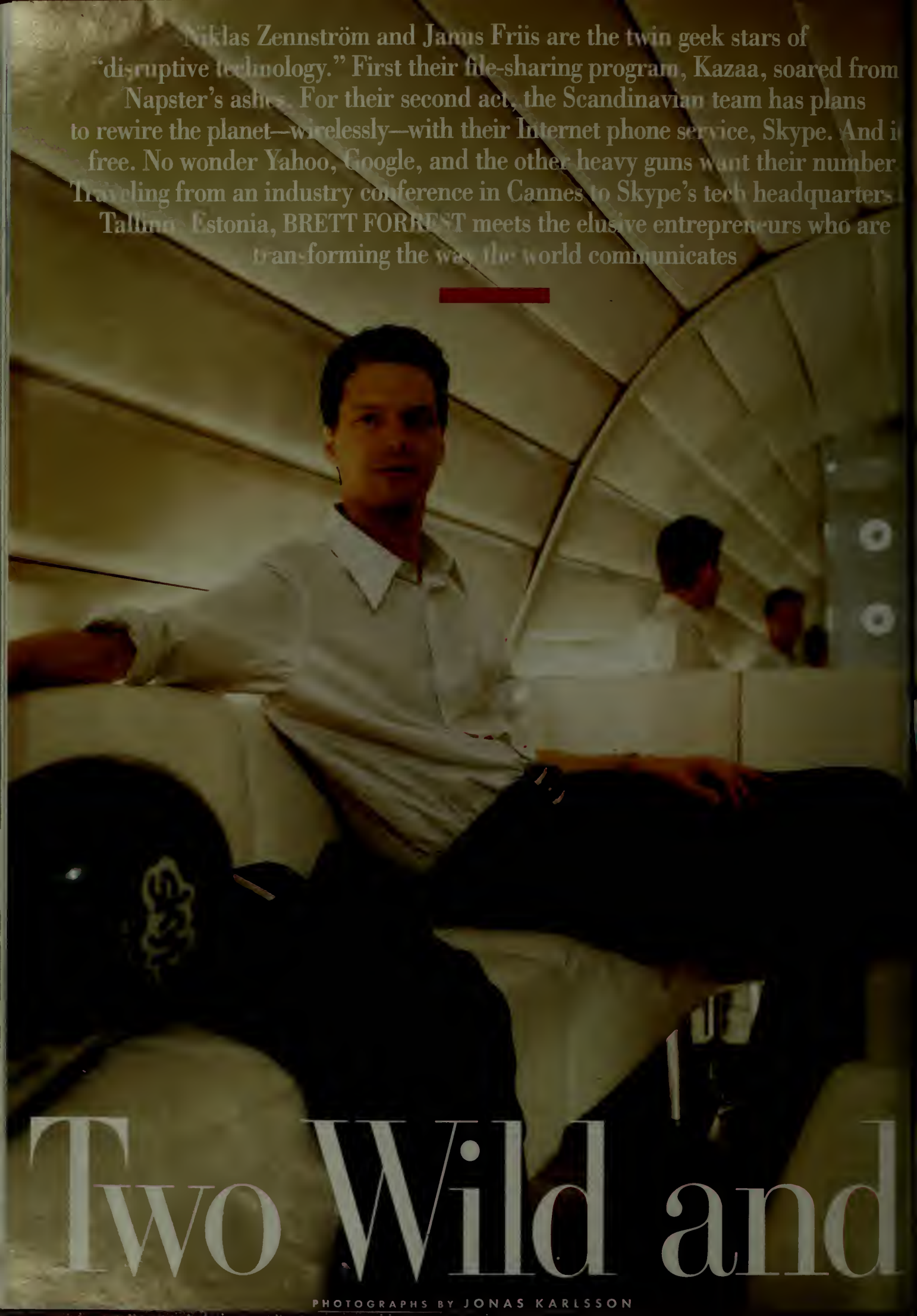


THE mundane reality genre has overtak
not only your television set but the adult-entertainm
industry too. Girls are going wild, and their boyfrien
equipped with tiny DVD cameras, are catching the
as they do-do that voodoo that they do so well, or po
ly . . . doesn't matter. These dimly lit, story-free prod
tions make *Deep Throat* look like *Gone with the Wi*
And so, with every *1 Night in Paris* and other movi
of its ilk, a little more of the old bedroom mystery
peeled away.

But just when you thought all was lost, along com
burlesque superheroine Dita Von Teese, a curvaceou
alabaster-skinned, raven-haired, immaculately coiff
stripper with a fondness for retro fashions and the
tention to detail to do it right. Dita doesn't bump, s
doesn't grind, and she certainly doesn't do that thi
with the pole. She doesn't even quite take it all off, str
ping down, with subtlety and a sense of stagecraft, to
G-string and pasties, and leaving the rest to the ima
nation.

"I've danced nude in the past with my feather fan
because that's how Sally Rand CONTINUED ON PAGE


ONICALLY,
RHAPS,
OGUE
AMED
ON TEESE
004'S 13TH-
ST-DRESSED
VOMAN
THE
VORLD.



Niklas Zennström and Janus Friis are the twin geek stars of "disruptive technology." First their file-sharing program, Kazaa, soared from Napster's ashes. For their second act, the Scandinavian team has plans to rewire the planet—wirelessly—with their Internet phone service, Skype. And it's free. No wonder Yahoo, Google, and the other heavy guns want their number. Traveling from an industry conference in Cannes to Skype's tech headquarters in Tallinn, Estonia, BRETT FORREST meets the elusive entrepreneurs who are transforming the way the world communicates

Two Wild and

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONAS KARLSSON



SKYPE'S THE LIMIT

Janus Friis and Niklas Zennström have set their sights on the world's telecom giants. They were photographed at London's Kingly Club on April 8, 2005.

Crazy Moguls

Some people don't like change. Change doesn't much care.

But when you're the guys doing the changing, manners still count. Let them down easy. Speak in code, as if a kid were in the room. Refer to the pivotal event as the "Y meeting," and make sure no one is listening in. Have a quick look around the café, where the dark-goggled figures are staring blanks into the light.

It's full sun in Cannes, February, with the sea at dignified ripple and the crêpe dealers yawning flecks of spit into the chocolate. Meantime, the boutique streets are floating in color-coded nametags. Gray-haired conventioneers roam in suits the shade of gloom, taking stock of the future all around them. It comes fast, and how odd it can look. A few of the old industrialists wear the hands-free cords of their cell phones plugged into one ear and looped over the other, bringing a bar across the face like a football helmet's. Sometimes it's better to exit the game.

You can be old for only so long. And when you're sucking wind off the squeaky-kneed $300 billion telephone industry, then old may as well be dead. A great change is already on its way.

The figures plotting the shift, in this Cannes café, are slope-shouldered and Scandinavian, one six feet four, the other six-five. Niklas Zennström and Janus Friis have traveled to France as part of their continuing effort to hijack the way the world communicates. In 2000, these Internet radicals created Kazaa, the file-sharing company that helped sabotage the record industry. With their new program, Skype, all they want to do is commandeer all the phones in the world. Equipped with boyish energy and one lazy eye each, the partners divide their days among London, Luxembourg, and subzero Estonia, where Skype rolls out—with very little overhead and without that Silicon Valley chatter. Zennström and Friis believe they have cracked the code that will rewire the planet, wirelessly.

The time for their Y meeting has arrived, and the two delegates march past the red Ferrari, parked flagrantly outside the door, and into the beach-street hotel. The bar here hangs sweaty with the sex reek of money rubbing together, the high clatter of capital bouncing off the four walls. Strangers approach. "I'll be watching for you," says one teeth-showing suntan. A man in tasseled loafers proclaims "this whole thing" to be "massive." The principals slip the clutches, keeping it all ice cold, until at last there is Y, taking the form of three men rather like the others.

A fresh coat of gleam covers the gums as the introductions go round, the bows going semi-deep. But when it comes to the last man, a great panic shakes through the Y group. This person is an outsider, a member of the press. Like a rich girl in the wrong neighborhood, the lead agent from Yahoo clutches the rope around his neck. He shoves his trade-show nametag under cover of suit coat. Officially, then, this meeting hasn't taken place, and, ficially, no one in this room of touch-tone power needs to w over that big sleep coming on.

It's the first night of this once-a-year paddock session for international mobile-communications cartel, and already it's c who wears the pretty dress. Skype is the word, and those don't sweat it or want a piece of it appear to constitute a dw dling minority. Simply, Skype is a virtually bug-free computer p gram that allows you to make telephone calls over the Inter anywhere in the world. Skype is not the only company of its ty nor was it the first. But people who know about these things lieve that nearly all phone calls will soon run over the Interr even cellular calls, and that little, 140-employee Skype will force world's telephone giants to accept the new religion or be soun routed—and probably both. Skype calls transmit as clearly as r ular calls, and, you see, they are free.

Voice over Internet Protocol, or VoIP, separates your voice i small pieces, transmits it like an e-mail, then reconstitutes it for person on the receiving end. All the big companies have alrea jumped into VoIP, avoiding the F.C.C. tolls and fees that h make regular phone service as expensive as it is. Some say it n be too late to stop Skype from becoming the broadband Ma B

Night is getting on when three Korean girls negligée cocktail dresses slip through the crow carrying electric violins on their way to the stage. The yacht yaws to port as the group sa into a number that no one can understar This isn't the only song in town. The boat s on yacht row, made up here for the 3GS World Congress. Stately seagoing tubs rented to BlackBer LG, Philips, Cisco Systems, Siemens, Toshiba, and other firn of varying size and ambition bob in one another's faint wak Flaky hors d'oeuvres issue all down the line.

If you were to scan the group on this yacht (rented by t P.D.A./mobile-phone producer I-Mate, which, like Motorola, h signed a deal to pre-package its models with Skype) and th guess who is responsible for all the noise in Cannes, you would forgiven for choosing the violinists. Over in the corner, a linguis tiff continues.

"Danish is bastardized Swedish," says Zennström, who is fro Sweden.

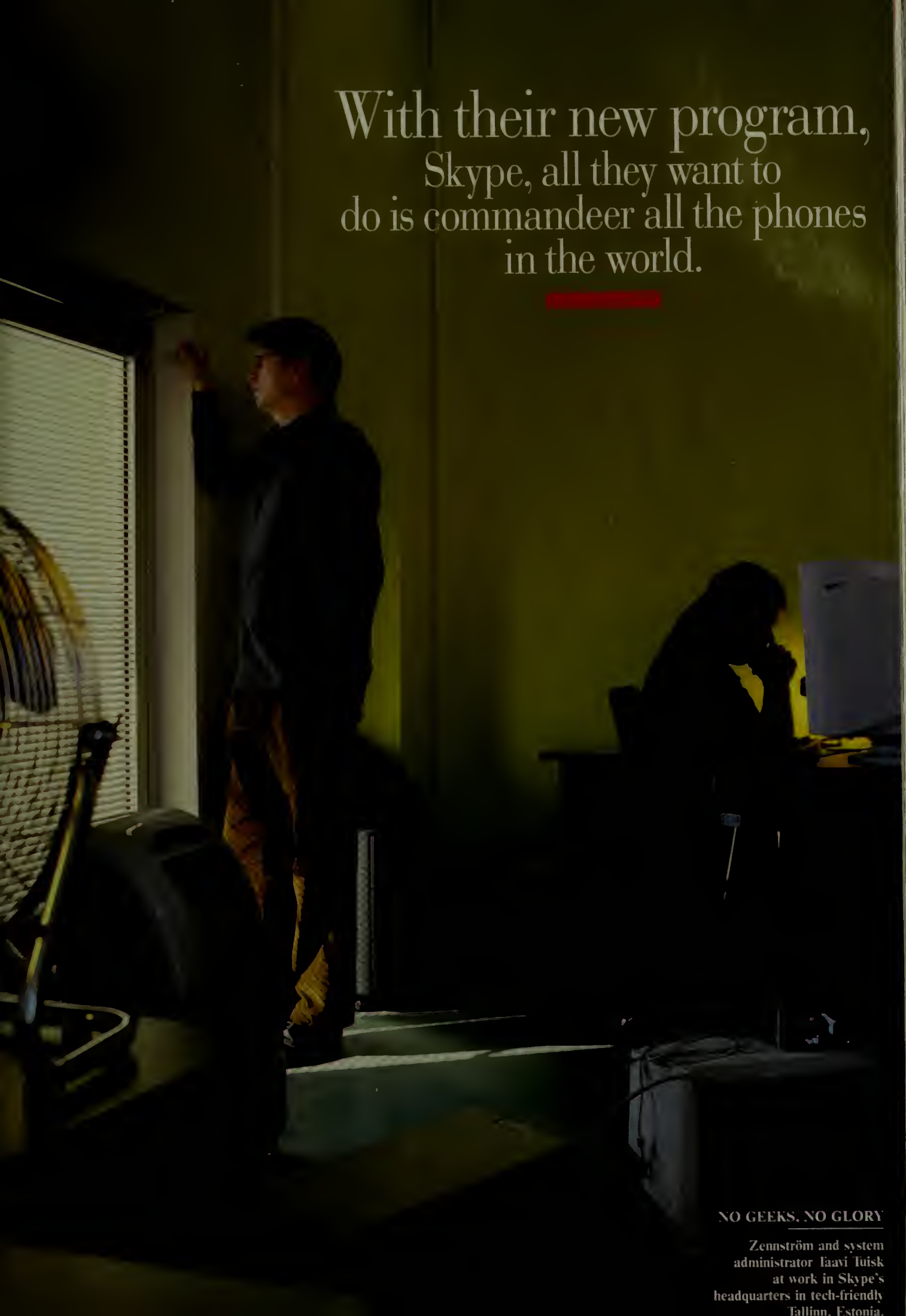
"Yes, well, Swedish is a derivative of Danish," says Friis, fro Denmark.

The two code talkers sit on a creamy leather couch, lookir very much like just about anybody, rather than the grenade-tossir principals of a revolution. Yet that is how they have been regar ed since 2000—as revolutionaries by some, rubbish-bin raccoo by others—the year all technophiles caught their scent.

That was a different uprising. We all remember Napster, th free music-swapping Internet program that ultimately received hiding from the record industry. Once Napster fell, Kazaa raise the flag, quickly going on to become the most downloaded sof ware on the brief time line of the Internet: 390 million tot downloads, with three billion files traded per month.

Having what amounts to roughly every citizen of Americ on board, plus another 95 million, would seem to cue the part But Zennström, 39 (married, no kids), and Friis, 29 (single couldn't enjoy the moment. In October 2001, the member con panies of the Motion Picture Association CONTINUED ON PAGE 3

With their new program, Skype, all they want to do is commandeer all the phones in the world.



NO GEEKS, NO GLORY

Zennström and system administrator Taavi Tuisk at work in Skype's headquarters in tech-friendly Tallinn, Estonia.


Cath Kidston®
Sentimental

Capturing the idyll of her English
untry childhood with humble polka-dot
tea towels, flower-print pup tents,
nd "Bunny's Ear" paint, Cath Kidston
has built a growing lifestyle empire.
With the opening of Kidston's
second U.S. store, in Santa Monica,
URA JACOBS learns how the designer's
mix of cozy classic and whimsical
modern edge has taken her
from a Notting Hill junk shop into
Martha Stewart territory



KIDSTON AROUND

Cath Kidston on the terrace of her Gloucestershire home, May 15, 2005. *Opposite,* the designer's Wimbledon shop, which opened last year.

Beauty

The best-selling item is a cotton tea towel, pink with white polka dots. Carnation, the pink is called, after the flower with no pretensions. The polka dots are not too big and not too small, and the space between them feels amiable, proper—they're polka dots with a sunny disposition. This pink tea towel never was and never will be in fashion; hence, it will never be out of fashion.

During the 1980s, when the mode for new money was homes grandiose with polished mahoganies and marble halls—a gilded return to *Brideshead Revisited* style spurred by the majestic mini-series of 1981—an egg timer was ticking in the kitchen, an idea waiting to hatch. It had to do with English houses: not the vaulted formal rooms, but the simpler ones upstairs; not the showy chinoiserie drawing room, but the bedroom with rose-print curtains, the bathroom with shiny white paint, the sitting room with the knitted throw. In *Brideshead* terms, it was Nanny Hawkins's cozy rabbit hutch near the roof. In decorating terms, it was backstairs, what the English call "behind the green baize door." Could you build a burgeoning housewares empire on something as humble as a polka-dot tea towel? Or an ironing-board cover in big red cabbage roses? Or aprons, bibs, book bags, and laundry bags in good old kitchen-table oilcloth?

Cath Kidston has.

The idea that was ticking away, well, it was actually a memory, a child's treasury of images begging to be revisited, reborn. In fact, Kidston seems to have been imprinted with rooms. "I can't remember all sorts of things," she confesses. "But I remember every single print from my house when I was a child. The lilacs in the guest bedroom, the magnolia chintz in the nursery, very pale-pink walls. My home and my grandmother's home, they weren't all these dark, very over-decorated places. It was much prettier, lighter, simpler, and airier. I wanted to go back to all of that style of thing, but in my own way, to take it and re-do it."

"The Hons' meeting-place was an unused linen cupboard at the top of the house," wrote Nancy Mitford in *The Pursuit of Love,* her 1945 novel about a landed family that is a little world unto itself. "Here we would sit, huddled up on the slatted shelves, and talk for hours about life and death." It was a Hons'-cupboard upbringing for Cath Kidston, a blue-eyed childhood, rural, rich, Victorian-strict about manners and meals, but full of ponies and rabbits and woods, and dominated by a beloved Georgian house in Hampshire, which was in turn dominated by a beloved father, Archie Kidston.

He came from a Glasgow family of Scottish shipping tycoons, owners of the Clyde Shipping Company (one of the first builders of steamships), and though he was a banker in London, Kidston also served as chairman of Clyde, which was now making tugboats instead of ships. Archie Kidston was social, full of fun, a man who came at things his own way. It was his idea to invite Beauty, the family donkey, into the living room for tea: she came often until the day she committed a faux pas on the coconut matting. And it was he who, by example, taught his four children—two girls, then two boys—to think for themselves, to not be copycats. "He quite liked things that were slightly anarchic," says Cath, his second daughter, born in November 1958. "How can I explain him? He did everything to give us everything that would make us happy. We were in extreme comfort."

Mrs. Kidston—Susie—was quieter than Archie, more formal, English, and very intent on the house and how it looked. It was a family concern, appearances, what was appropriate, what was attractive. Archie's mother, Nancie Sheffield, was an interior decorator well known for her taste—quintessentially English, very Colefax & Fowler. She and her daughter (Cath's aunt) could discuss the cut of a pelmet, Cath says, "for hours." Even today, 40 years later, the Kidston house in Hampshire is remembered by family friends as "idyllic." All this was not lost on Cath.

"Cath was always re-arranging her room," remembers older sister Janie Kidston, an artist and social worker. "She'd want to personalize it. She was very keen on getting her environment right, and was building houses in the wood out of trees and that kind of stuff."

Education was a series of typical Eng boarding schools, Arcadian places m equestrian than academic. At one of schools, for example, Cath came out to the class in Latin. "And my dad asked a Latin question," she says, "and it tur out I didn't know what he was talk about. I'd come top in Latin because drawn the best picture of a Roman i toga." Kidston was so annoyed he mo Cath to another school. She finishe West Heath, where she was a year ah of Diana Spencer, known in those d Cath recalls, for her "amazing complexi There were no plans for university.

"I think my mother almost though was a disadvantage for a girl to be edu ed," says Cath. "I was going to get a j keeping myself busy, and then probably married, and that would be it." Indeed, more influential than any class Cath wo ever take was a British kids' show of era, a program called *Blue Peter.* "It was j fantastic," says Cath. "Things like how convert a cardboard box into a doll's hou Or how to make a milk-bottle top int

Cath Kidston describes her vision as "old-fashioned nursery taste re-invented."

Christmas decoration. It was basically ba Martha Stewart—recycling things that y had about your house."

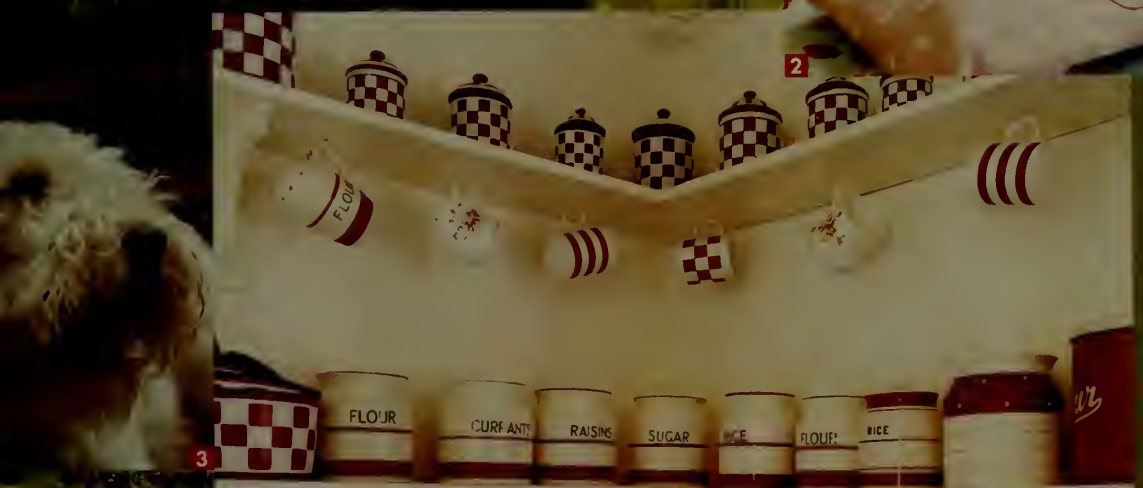
When Cath was 19, Archie Kidston, ju 50, died of a brain tumor. "It was a t shock," says Cath, "having been so look after and protected to suddenly have th It was tough." As if the loss of a fath weren't traumatic enough, the illness h caught the family in a bad phase financi ly. A recent stock-market crash plus Ki ston's always generous spending on th family meant there was very little mon left when he died. The idyll was over.

Cath hadn't been brought t to think of a career and a mits she was overwhelme lost. With what inheritan she received, she bought small flat in London an took herself to art school, only to leave a ter half a year because she couldn't affo the fees. Casting about, Cath embarked o a series of sales jobs in shops. "They didn stretch one's mind. But I had no notio Now and then I tried to start a business. I r member buying yards of Airtex cotton [fa





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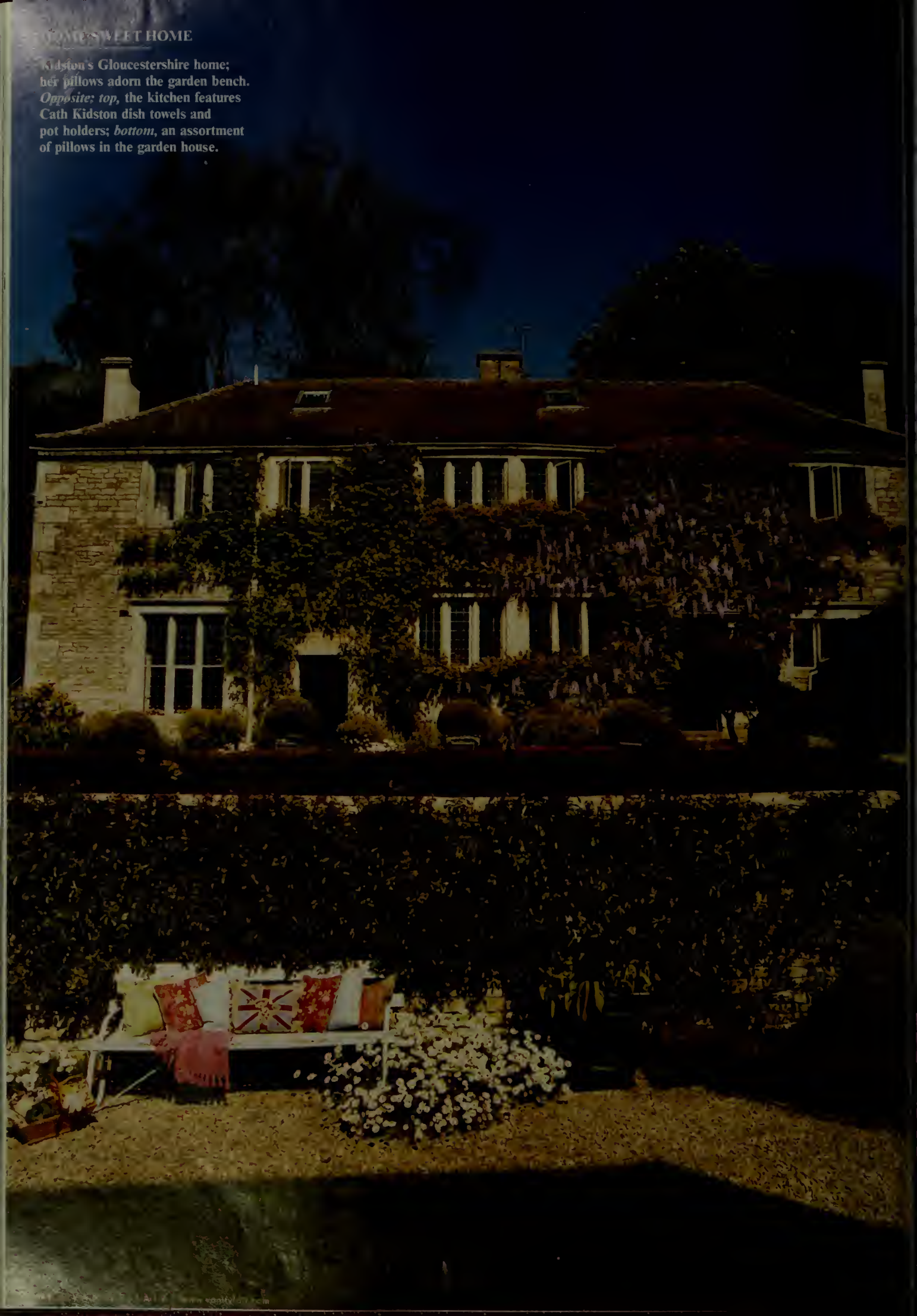
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BRIDGESTONE REVEALED

Bridgestone and Cole Haan's Concourse Quest line used latex in Chromefiber and Air Woodstock soles. (1) The brown ghillie. (2) The kitchen table, courtesy of Cole Haan's Lakeland resort. Shades on the window. (3) A bathing beauty in the pool room. (4) Wallpaper. (5) A view from the Cole Haan design headquarters. (6) The kitchen.

HOME SWEET HOME

Kidston's Gloucestershire home; her pillows adorn the garden bench. *Opposite; top,* the kitchen features Cath Kidston dish towels and pot holders; *bottom,* an assortment of pillows in the garden house.



with holes in it] to make shirts, having an
a for shirts, but then not quite seeing it
ough and the Airtex sitting there." What
did learn is that she loved selling, "that
ole thing of chatting someone and push-
something and then you strike."

Meanwhile, her childhood obsession with re-doing her room, along with her love of colors evocative of that dhood, re-asserted itself in her little flat caught the attention of friends. Would help them decorate their houses? A n began to show. At 24, Cath got a job—first meaningful one—working with Joss aham, a dealer in antique textiles. She an to learn the ins and outs of fabric—nature, its history, the market—and also pped out her next move: to land a posi- with a top London decorator. It took ear to find that job, but when she did, as with the best. In 1984 the renowned holas Haslam, famous for joyous, often r-the-top rooms, hired no-experience h as his assistant. But why?

"Because she was such fun," says Has- . "She was so young when she came, she was sort of wide-eyed and bouncy full of strange, mad ideas, but still with rt of old-fashioned sense of things, too." It was a whole new world for me," says h. "He's very rare, Nicky. He's a true inal. And again, in a way, quite like my . Working with Nicky, things began to into place. Confidence. That came to as I began to work and understand I ld do something and enjoy it."

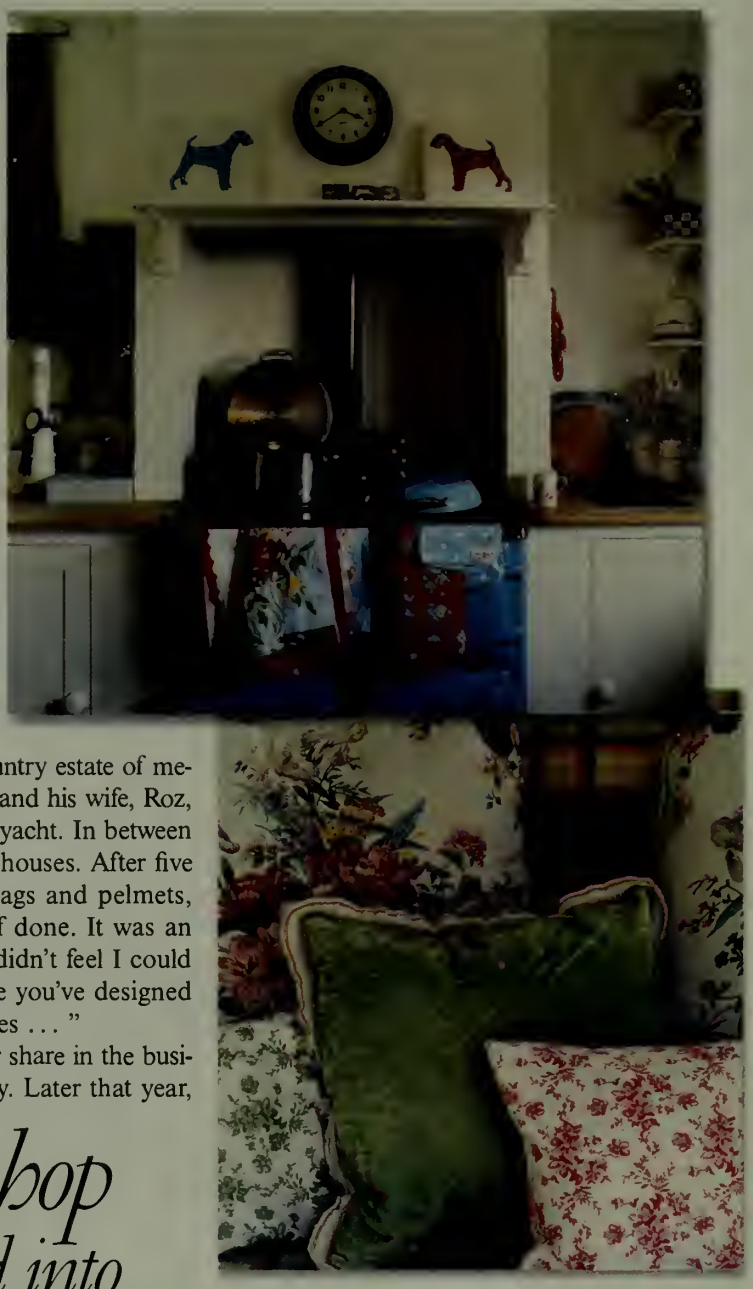
And already, even then, Haslam remem- s, there were glimmers of the future, Cath king about how her past might be pulled the present. "She wanted to make mod- what she'd known all her life. She want- o brighten things up."

After three years with Haslam, Cath was dy to be a decorator on her own. She w she wanted a shop. "I'd always been rested in concepts, and I had this idea shop that would be everything for win-dows—no one's got a shop like that. It was like an antique shop of curtains, and it was kind of cool, tiebacks and tassels. It was really fun to begin with, and I worked with a partner who's a friend of mine."

McKinney-Kidston, situated just off the King's Road, was the base for Cath's new decorating business. She did windows for walk-in clients, and big projects for big names, working with Lucy Ferry, for instance, and socialites John and Sally Aspinall. She did the country estate of media mogul Kerry Packer and his wife, Roz, as well as their 300-foot yacht. In between there were many private houses. After five years surrounded by swags and pelmets, however, "I was kind of done. It was an idea that worked, but I didn't feel I could take it any further. Once you've designed x amount of curtain poles . . . "

In 1992, Cath sold her share in the business to Shona McKinney. Later that year, with a budget of $21,000, Cath opened a new shop, in Clarendon Cross in Notting Hill. "A junk shop," she sometimes calls it.

In a Cath Kidston shop you feel you've stumbled into someone's slightly anarchic but very cozy cupboard.



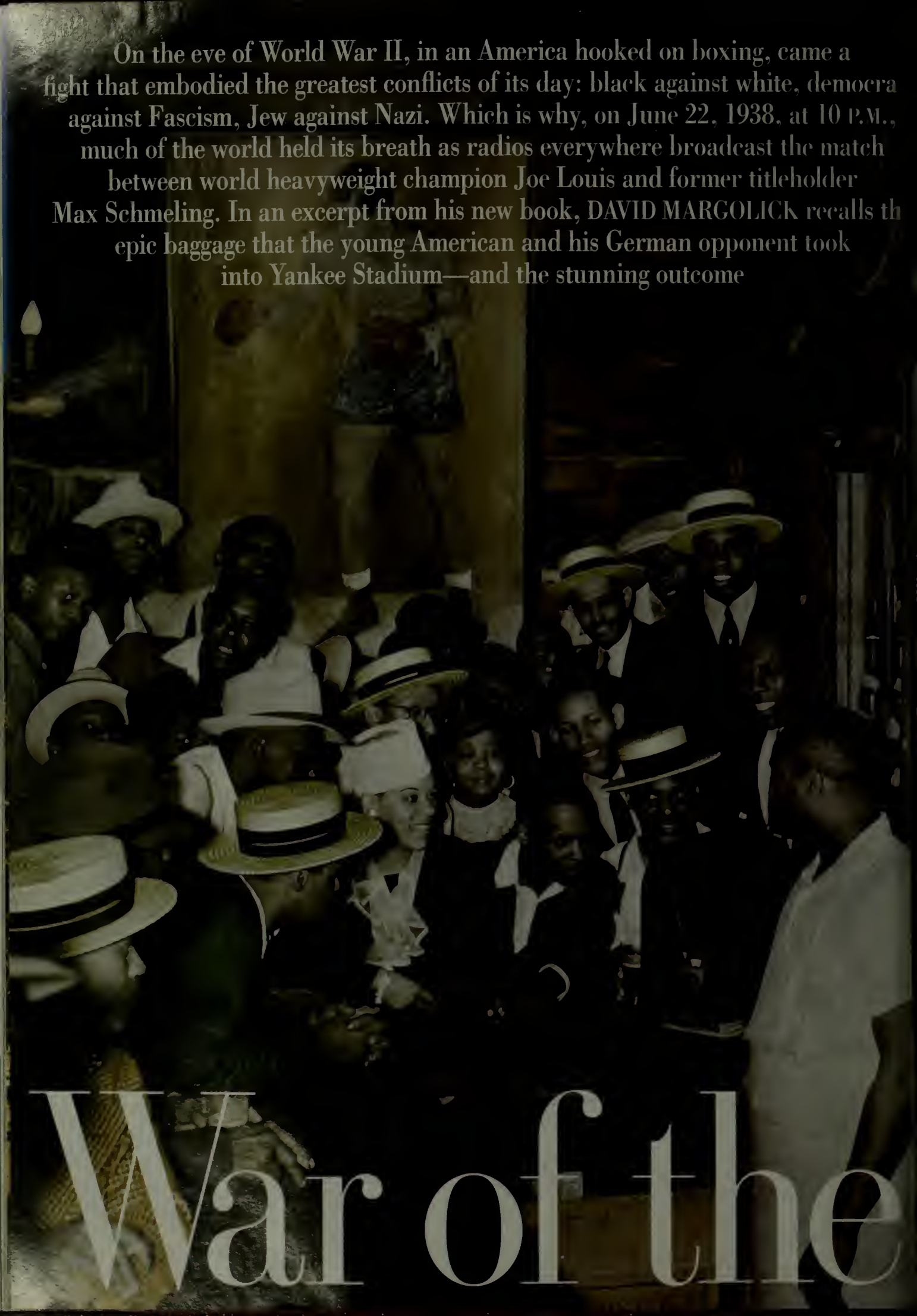
And now she did have a notion. With the decorating skills she'd acquired, the practical lessons learned, and those visual memories more insistently seeking the light of day, Cath started again—from scratch. Twenty-one thousand dollars wasn't much to begin with, but even if she'd had more it wouldn't have mattered. This time she would draw on her love of flea markets and car-trunk sales, and put her *Blue Peter* powers to work. This time the idea was backed by an aesthetic, which was really a philosophy: Revisit, recycle, renew.

"I used to walk my dog in Hammersmith," Cath explains. "We have these shops called house-clearance shops, old furniture piled up on the pavement, and it was like £20 for a cupboard. I hate all that fake French antiques, and here was real, proper furniture. An old pine cupboard. And you could buy stuff like that for nothing. So I filled my shop with junk from my dog-walking, painting cupboards with gloss-shiny paint. It looked great."

And inside one of those cupboards, in the back, a scrap, a prize. "I found a wonderful old rose wallpaper, and it was just what I wanted. No one was producing that kind of thing, this old-fashioned, proper, real kind of print. I had to re-draw it so I wasn't just copying it. I brought out this rose wallpaper and started with that."

As for textiles, Cath had always tried to decorate with vintage fabrics, but getting enough yardage was a problem. On a holiday trip to Eastern Europe, Cath found a wow of a fabric—stripes of gingham with little rosebuds—and ordered it in three colors, spending a CONTINUED ON PAGE 382

On the eve of World War II, in an America hooked on boxing, came a fight that embodied the greatest conflicts of its day: black against white, democra against Fascism, Jew against Nazi. Which is why, on June 22, 1938, at 10 P.M., much of the world held its breath as radios everywhere broadcast the match between world heavyweight champion Joe Louis and former titleholder Max Schmeling. In an excerpt from his new book, DAVID MARGOLICK recalls th epic baggage that the young American and his German opponent took into Yankee Stadium—and the stunning outcome



War of the



WHO'S THE BIGGER MAN?

Joe Louis, right, greets Max Schmeling at Louis's training camp, in New Jersey, 1936. *Opposite,* Harlem residents tune in to Louis's victory in 1938.

Worlds

On the morning of June 22, 1938, the *New York Journal-American* plastered an enormous cartoon across the front page of its sports section. "Ringside Tonight!" it blared. It depicted a crowded, darkened stadium, topped by flags silhouetted against the evening sky, surrounding a small, illuminated square. Inside that square were two tiny figures, one black, one white, heading toward each other with their arms raised, poised to punch. Sitting by the ropes was a giant anthropomorphic globe, with oversize bug eyes and furrowed brow, holding a small sign. MAIN BOUT: JOE LOUIS U.S. VS. MAX SCHMELING GERMANY, it read.

Had you picked up any other newspaper that day, in Berlin or London or Paris or Tokyo or Johannesburg or Buenos Aires or Warsaw or Moscow, the message would have been the same. Something extraordinary, something planetary, was about to happen in New York. Around 10 P.M., a timekeeper would strike a small bell, and much of a world still unaccustomed to acting in unison would come to attention. Inside Yankee Stadium, nearly 70,000 fans would lean forward in their seats. Outside, a hundred million people or more, probably the largest audience for anything in history, would gather around their radios. It was all for a prizefight. And until it ended, little else would matter.

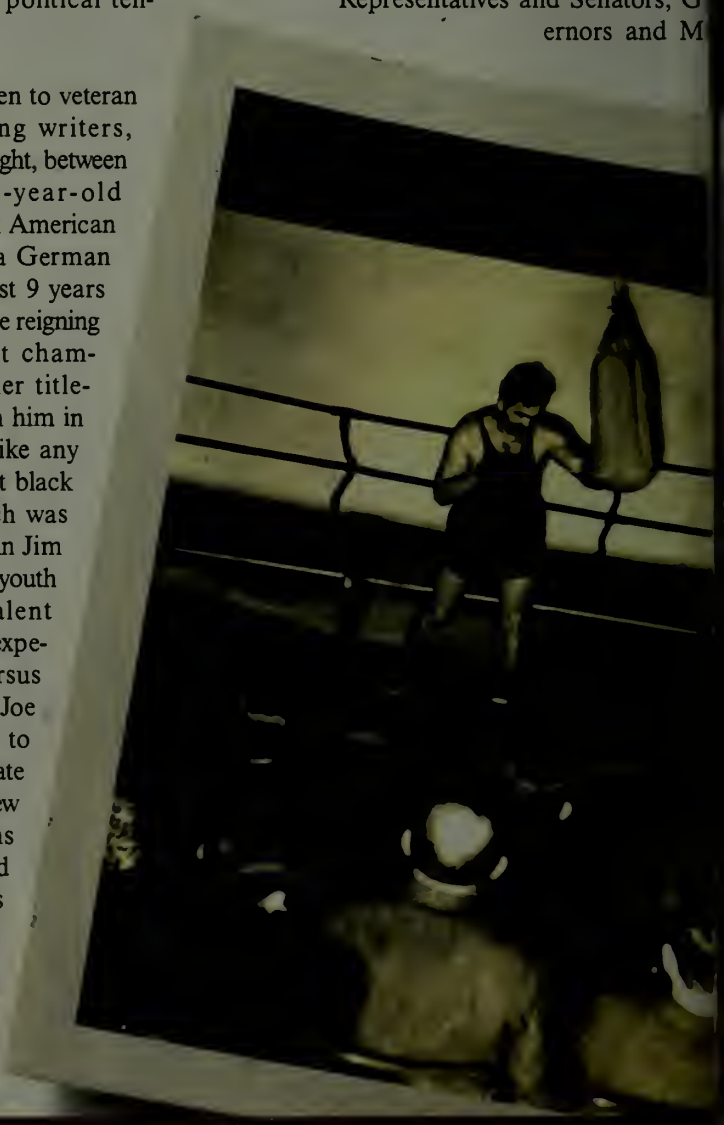
"Wars, involving the fate of nations, rage elsewhere on this globe," *The New York Mirror* had declared that morning, "but the eyes of the world will be focused tonight on a two-man battle in a ribbon of light stabbing the darkness of the Yankee Stadium." *Der Angriff,* the mouthpiece of Nazi propaganda minister Joseph Goebbels, shared little with the *Mirror,* a Hearst tabloid read primarily by working-class Jews. But on this point at least, it agreed. "On this day," it observed, "two men will hold an entire world in the utmost tension." Twenty million Germans would be listening to the fight, even though it would be three A.M. in Berlin when the gong sounded and the Nazi announcer came over the air. Much of Germany simply would not go to bed; curfews had been waived and bars would remain open. Five months before "The Night of Broken Glass," the pogrom that would signal the end of any remaining semblance of normal Jewish life in Germany, the Nazi state would experience what one German newspaper called "The Night of Bright Windows."

Once, the fight game had been a sport of back rooms and lowlifes, gamblers and thugs. But in the Jazz Age it had become legal, respectable, glamorous, omnipresent. Its male, working-class constituency expanded to the wealthy, to intellectuals, to women—particularly society women. Epic contests attracted tens of thousands of people and, in two instances in the 1920s, each pitting Jack Dempsey against Gene Tunney, more than 100,000. The kingdom calling itself "Fistiana" reached into nearly every city, neighborhood, and town; each had its own arenas, boxing clubs, and favorite sons. On any given night in New York, fans could choose up to a dozen fights in as many venues, pitting Irishmen against Jews against Italians against Poles. Unique among the sports, boxing crystallized the ethnic, racial, and political tensions of its times.

But even to veteran boxing writers, this fight, between a 24-year-old black American and a German almost 9 years his senior, between the reigning world heavyweight champion and the former titleholder who'd beaten him in June 1936, was unlike any other. It was not just black against white, which was combustible enough in Jim Crow America, but youth versus age; raw talent and instinct versus experience; freedom versus Fascism; and, since Joe Louis stood ready to take on and humiliate the *Führer* in a way few Western politicians had thus far proved to be, the Jews versus Adolf Hitler, whose enthusiastic embrace of Schmeling had turned the apolitical but acquiescent German boxer into a Nazi sym

For two years now, ever since Schme had knocked out the supposedly unsto ble Louis, people had savored this rema for months it had been analyzed from e possible angle. "The relative merits of e fighter from the size of the pupils of his down to the manner in which he shuffles feet when he walks have been mulled in a million conversations," wrote Rich Wright, author of *Black Boy,* for the *D Worker,* the official paper of the Ameri Communist Party, which for all of its M ist wariness of professional athletics was lowing the fight as closely as anyone. "L or Schmeling?" the great sportswriter Gr land Rice had asked as the fighters be training. "These two names beat upon y eardrums as steadily as the tom-toms Zulu tribe moving to a raid."

No single sporting event—even t heavyweight champion Jack Johnson's tory over Jim Jeffries in 1910, which spar race riots throughout the United State had ever borne such worldwide weight. a nation still racked by the Depressi people had plunked down nearly a lion dollars for tickets, something that happened in only a handful of instan during flusher times. "Judges and lawy Representatives and Senators, G ernors and M



Adapted from *Beyond Glory: Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling, and a World on the Brink,* by David Margolick, to be published next month by Alfred A. Knopf; © 2005 by the author.



NAKED POWER

A 1927 portrait of Schmeling. *Inset,* Schmeling, who became an icon to the Nazis, hits the heavy bag in front of spectators, 1930s.

How many people,
like Schmeling, had cabled congratulations
to Franklin Roosevelt, then received
a wedding present from Hitler?


NBC



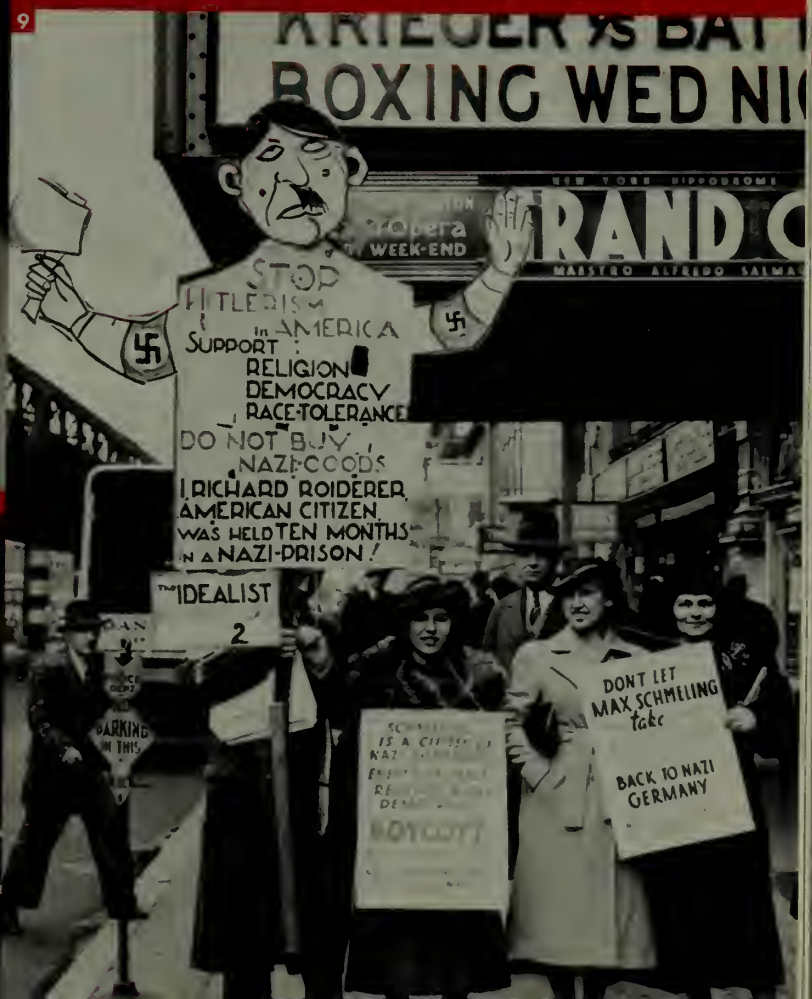




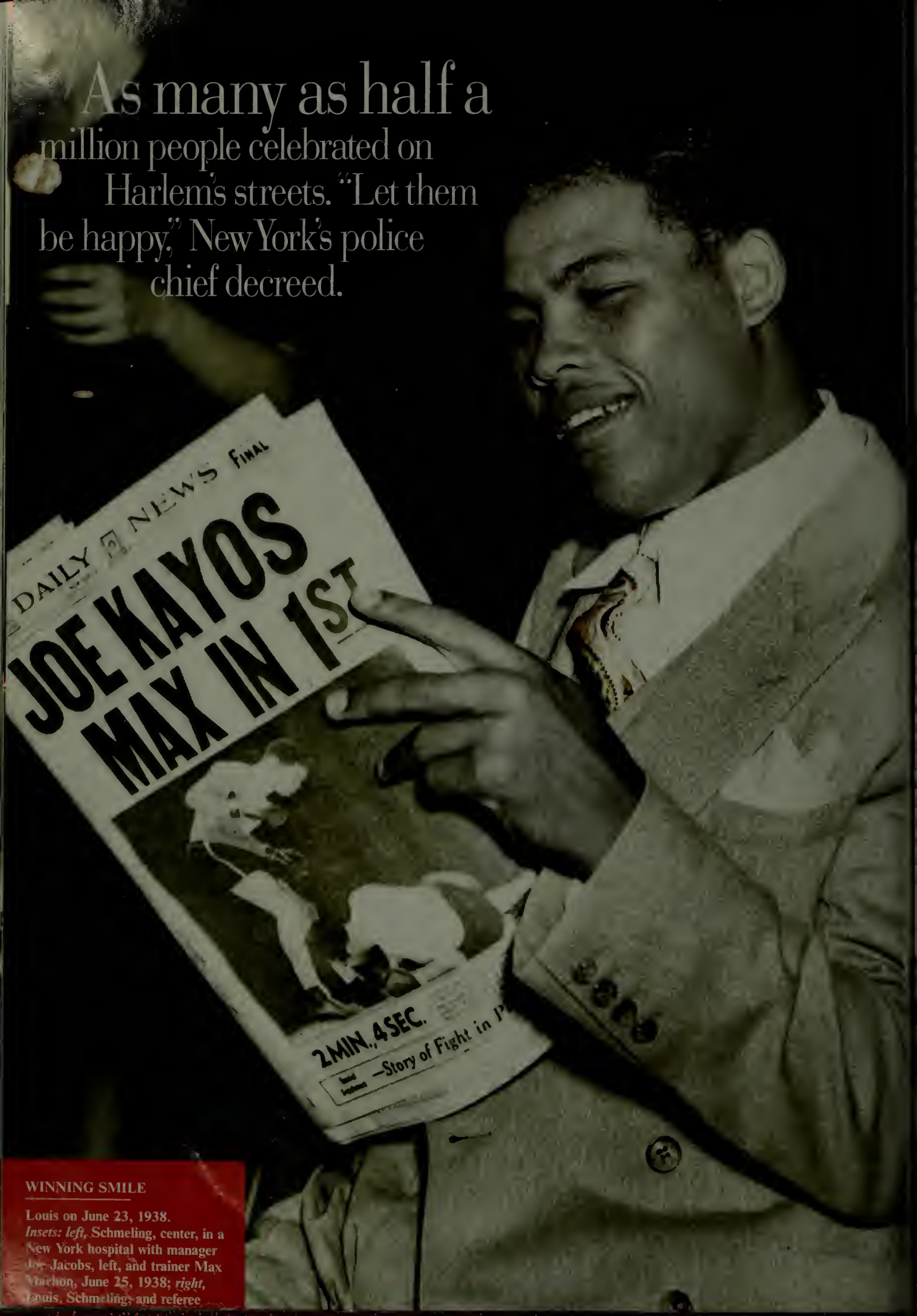
READY TO RUMBLE

(1) Schmeling and Louis march to the scales, New York, June 22, 1938. (2) After his victory in the first fight, Schmeling and his wife, Anny Ondra, talk with Hitler, summer 1936. (3) The redcaps at Grand Central Terminal lift Louis off the train on his first visit to New York City, May 1935. (4) From left, manager Joe Jacobs, Schmeling, and fight promoter Mike Jacobs, 1936. (5) "The Brown Bomber," 1935. (6) Louis with world featherweight and welterweight champion Henry Armstrong, 1938. (7) NBC radio announcer Clem McCarthy, 1937. (8) Louis with young fans, 1930s. (9) Anti-Nazi picketers near the office of Mike Jacobs, in the Hippodrome, New York, 1937.





As many as half a million people celebrated on Harlem's streets. "Let them be happy," New York's police chief decreed.



WINNING SMILE

Louis on June 23, 1938. *Insets: left,* Schmeling, center, in a New York hospital with manager Joe Jacobs, left, and trainer Max Machon, June 25, 1938; *right,* Louis, Schmeling, and referee

bankers and brokers, merchant princes industrial giants, doctors, artists, writ- figures of prominence in the various s of sports, champions of the past and nt in the ring ... stars of the stage and n—everybody, it seems," would be at ar ringside, *The New York Times* pre- d. Also in the mix would be a plen- s assortment of garment workers and untants, floozies and demimondaines. in the bleachers would be many s. who had rarely attended big fights e, but who had now dug down deep their pockets and cookie jars, plun- d their relief checks, pawned the little owned, to pull for the dark speck in listance.

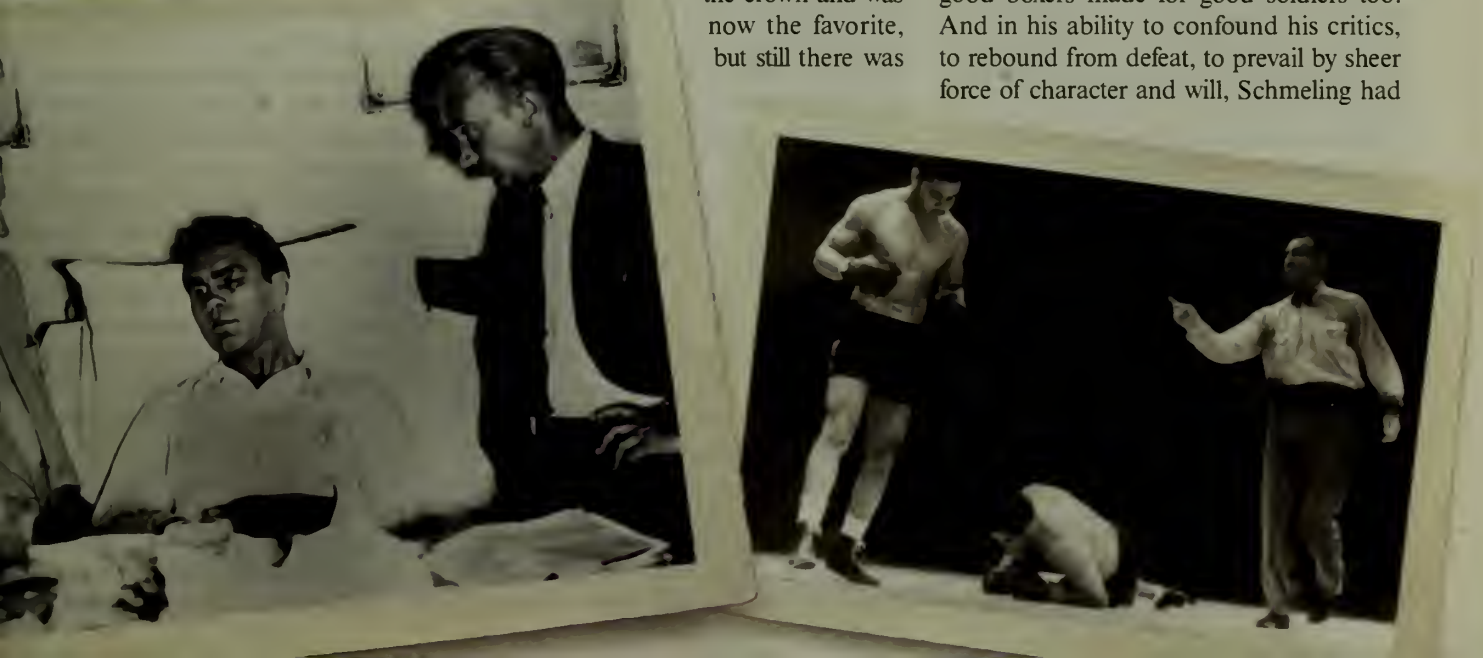
By 10 o'clock, the streets in most American cities would be deserted. With open windows offering the only respite from summer- time heat and humidity, the sounds of the fight d float out of homes and apartments, out into the streets, reverberate nd empty courtyards. In movie the- and restaurants, at baseball games political rallies and dances, the fight d be piped in. Four months later, n the racehorse Seabiscuit beat War iral, perhaps 40 million Americans d be listening. Tonight, 60 million d be, nearly half of the country's pop- on, far more than had ever heard of Franklin D. Roosevelt's fireside s. Anyone missing the action could all about every conceivable aspect the next morning; by one estimate, journalists had gathered at Yankee ium than at Versailles for the for- end of World War I.

Then as now, New York City was too sprawling and too imperturbable to bend very much to very much in its midst. The place swallowed up sporting events, no matter the magnitude. "World Series scarcely cause a crush on the subway," one sports- writer observed two days before the fight. "Olympic tryouts go on unheeded. International tennis matches are just murmurs in the city's roar." But to a French reporter, New York City before a big fight was like champagne: bubbly and alive. And no fight had ever consumed New York like this one. By one count the city had more visitors than at any time since the Democratic convention of 1924. Hotels, restaurants, and nightclubs were jammed. Jack Dempsey's restaurant, in the boxing district near Madison Square Garden known as Jacobs Beach—in homage to the man who ran boxing in New York—expected an extra $10,000 a night in business.

More blacks had flooded into New York than ever before. Since all of Harlem's hostelries were filled, and since hotels downtown were either too expensive or too discriminatory, many of these visitors were sleeping in lobbies or in their cars. Whatever prosperity black America could muster was on display, either on wheels or on their backs or in the hands of bookies. "If Joe loses, and no one here even thinks that, so many tears will flow down Seventh and Lenox avenues that it will seem like a Mississippi River flood," *The Amsterdam News* reported. "On the other hand, if Joe wins, more liquor will be consumed than there is in 'Ole Man Ribber.'" But the black community was hedging its bets, too. Louis had burned them the last time he'd faced Schmeling, knocked out by a 10-to-1 underdog in the 12th round. He had since won the crown and was now the favorite, but still there was the fear that the studious, methodical German had his number. The Harlem one black visitor encountered before the fight was quiet, fearful—as if, he wrote, everyone were in prayer.

An estimated 2,000 Germans had come to New York for the bout, many aboard mighty German ocean liners such as the *Bremen* or the *Europa*, swastikas flying from their masts. All were fired up by pre-fight coverage in the Nazi press, which held that Schmeling was simply too superior to Louis, both as a boxer and as a man, to lose. By now, Schmeling had been boxing professionally for more than a decade; from 1930 to 1932, he'd been champion. Several times, his career had been pronounced dead, but always, through skill, discipline, and tenacity, he had clawed his way back. And as politics roiled his homeland, his footwork was fancier than anything he showed in the ring. He had made the transition from Weimar democracy to Nazi Germany without a stumble, replacing friends who had fled—Jews, artists, intellectuals—with a new crop in better odor with the regime. How many people, like him, had cabled congratulations to Franklin Roosevelt when he was elected president, then, only a few months later, received a wedding present from Adolf Hitler?

As a professional, Schmeling served what the Nazis considered the wrong god: himself. He was also dark and brooding, with an almost Asian cast, a far cry from the lithe and cheery Aryan blonds Leni Riefenstahl favored for her films. But the *Führer* had extolled boxing in *Mein Kampf;* the courage, resolve, speed, and cold-blooded calculation that made for good boxers made for good soldiers too. And in his ability to confound his critics, to rebound from defeat, to prevail by sheer force of character and will, Schmeling had



come to embody the Nazi vision of a renascent Reich. That was how the Nazis portrayed him in the state-controlled press, and far from resisting, Schmeling basked in their praise.

But in the United States, boxing meant New York, and New York, especially New York boxing, meant Jews. Jews were the promoters, including the promoter of tonight's fight, Mike Jacobs. Many boxers, including champions in several divisions, were Jewish. So were many of the trainers, writers, cut men, equipment manufacturers. So, too, was an enormous percentage of the fans—half or more at the biggest fights. So, too, were most of the fight managers, including Schmeling's own, one of boxing's most colorful characters, Joe "Yussel the Muscle" Jacobs (who was unrelated to Mike). After a Schmeling victory in Germany three years earlier, Jacobs, cigar in hand, had given the Nazi salute in the ring, mortifying Jews and Nazis alike. Shortly after coming to power, Hitler had banned Jews from anything having to do with German boxing; German boxers couldn't even see Jewish dentists. But the Nazis were pragmatists. Letting Schmeling keep Yussel, at least for business outside Germany, they realized, was the cost of doing business in New York, and they allowed it to happen, especially since Schmeling paid him only a pittance.

For five years now, New York's Jewish fans had watched Schmeling warily. Whenever he arrived, newsmen peppered him with questions about his homeland, particularly about the catastrophe that had already befallen German Jews. Always, his response was the same: the horror stories were exaggerated. Things were good in Germany, and getting better. Then he would change the subject, insisting he was a sportsman, not a politician. With a New York Jewish manager sanitizing and shielding him, it worked for a while. But over time many American Jews had come to consider Schmeling as much a German product as Krupp steel, someone whose purses helped prop up a financially strapped tyranny, and they decided to boycott his fights. With that in mind, Mike Jacobs had weighed moving tonight's bout to somewhere, like Chicago, where there were fewer Jews. But he'd opted to go ahead; the Jews, he concluded, were too eager to see Louis slaughter Schmeling ever to stay away. Such hatred only made Germany embrace Schmeling more tenaciously. The morning of the fight Hitler had sent him a telegram, wishing good luck to the future champion.

That Schmeling was fighting a black man only upped the symbolic ante. All whites, the Nazis asserted, were in Schmeling's corner that night, not just in Germany but in the American South, Australia, South America, and South Africa. German commentators repeatedly charged that, as with the Berlin Olympics two years earlier, the United States was more concerned with winning than with upholding the honor of the white race. So that task, they said, had fallen to Germany, and to Schmeling.

Historically, boxing had not been much better to blacks than any other segment of segregated America. True, Jack Johnson had broken through, holding the heavyweight crown from 1908 to 1915, but his antics—taunting his opponents, flaunting his wealth, associating conspicuously with white women of low repute—had scandalized white and black America alike; never again, the boxing powers decreed, would there be a black heavyweight champion. Traditionally, boxing had cast blacks as fall guys and clowns. Interracial contests were still rare enough to have a name: "mixed bouts." Things would change, one black columnist wrote, only when white promoters thought a black fighter could lift lagging attendance. That was why when John Roxborough and Julian Black, the numbers kingpins in Detroit and Chicago who managed Louis, asked Jack Blackburn to train their young charge in 1934 he had only one question for them: "Is he white or colored?" "Well, if he's as good as you say he is I don't want any part of him," declared Blackburn, once a great black boxer himself, upon getting his answer. "He'll never be able to get any fights."

But Louis, born in Alabama, raised in Detroit, introduced professionally in Chicago, was simply too good a boxer, and too good for boxing, to keep down. The sport was down in the dumps. Dempsey and Tunney had retired, and succeeding titleholders, Schmeling among them, had little box-office appeal even before the Depression depleted American bankrolls. Louis, by contrast, was a precise and devastating puncher with both hands, and, as Damon Runyon once noted, "the public loves a puncher, white, black, yellow or green." He invariably scored knockouts, clean and quick, ferocious and unequivocal. When Louis came along, prejudice and avarice squared off, and that was even more of a mismatch than most of his fights. One of Louis's earliest champions, the *Chicago Tribune,* had it about right: Louis was supplying "vitamins C, A, S and H" to an undernourished sport.

Tales of Louis's talent soon spread east. When he made his first trip to New York, in May 1935, to take on former champion Primo Carnera, the redcaps at Grand Central Terminal carried him off the train. He won that fight easily. Three months later, before 95,000 people at Yankee Stadium—the largest sports crowd there before or since—he knocked out another former titleholder, Max Baer. So nonchalant wa about it all that he'd gotten married only hours before the fight. The question was whether Louis would get a shot at he weight champion James J. Braddock, or whether he'd win it, but when.

Louis was simple, uneducated, and ticulate, though with an odd cap to reduce his thoughts to pithy truisms all of his violence in the ring, he was g and passive outside it. But in his very p ness, black people saw all of the g things they wished: dignity, decency, s tivity, courage. It made Louis the pe vehicle for their dreams; he could be, was, whatever they wanted him to be became idolized as no black man had been. In the black weeklies, which chron his life lavishly, he was compared to Bo T. Washington, the biblical David, ever sus Christ. Parents named their childre ter him. Poets wrote poems and music composed songs about him. Preachers w once deemed prizefighting crooked and Christian extolled him from the pulpit; ilies hung pictures of him in their par Even Jesse Owens, the only black athlet rival him in fame and accomplishment. came in his exalted presence just ano awestruck fan.

The sports pages pegged Louis's re at 76 inches. In fact, it was global. L let blacks everywhere—not just in Ame but in the Caribbean, South America, Africa—think lofty and heretical thoug if he could shatter racial barriers, perh those barriers weren't so formidable after (In South Africa a young Nelson Man followed Louis closely, and became a b himself.) It even extended across racial li More had been written about him in previous few years, Runyon had obser than about anyone except Charles A. L bergh. A midwestern professor asked his dents to identify John L. Lewis, Joe Lo and Sinclair Lewis; few had heard of the bor leader or the author, but nearly all k "the Brown Bomber." (So popular had become that sportswriters had recently st ed calling the New York Yankees "the Br Bombers.")

Louis's appeal was not entirely accid tal. By temperament and design, he v to be everything Jack Johnson was not: nified, gentle, self-effacing, unthreaten While whites sometimes patronized hi "a big, superbly built Negro youth, who born to listen to jazz music, eat a lot of f chicken, play ball with the gang on the ner and never do a lick of heavy work could escape" was how Bill Corum of *New York Evening Journal* described hi they generally liked him. "There is not iota of feeling that the Negro is an in loper, and that if we cannot have a wh

erican at the top, the division is in the drums," Nat Fleischer wrote in the pages his hugely influential publication, *The* g magazine, a month before the fight. ouis is an American, and a darn good at that." One black columnist estimat- hat two of three white southerners were ing for Louis to beat Schmeling, though tly, he admitted, because Schmeling was most unpopular white ever to take on a k man.

chmeling was supposed to have been just one more rung on Louis's climb he top. When he fought Louis in 1936, rtswriters outdid themselves trying to ture how bleak his prospects were. As ch chance as a silk shirt in a Chinese ndry, someone wrote, or as an ice cube smelting furnace. He was likened to no Hauptmann, the convicted Lindbergh- y kidnapper who had e to the electric chair months earlier. But ing spotted a flaw in is's technique—Louis pped his left after ping, leaving himself n to a right cross—the o-1 underdog picked is apart, knocking out in the 12th nd. Reporters who strained to describe is's greatness and meling's predicament denly needed another of metaphors. "Some the sphinx will talk, pyramids will crum- the oceans will stand " Joe Williams of the *York World-Telegram* wrote at ringside. mething loosely akin to that was re- ded . . . under a frowning sky at the Yan- Stadium last night. And so today you read that the greatest upset in ring his- took place, that the impossible hap- ed, that the condemned man electrocut- he warden." As Europe headed toward , a German stood poised to become the t heavyweight champion, and, maybe, it on the crown as long as Hitler want- im to.

The Nazis, who knew all about staging mas, had Schmeling return home aboard dirigible *Hindenburg,* and gave him a o's welcome. "Frankfurt couldn't have n more excited had Goethe come down n Mount Olympus," a French newspaper orted. Hitler invited him to the Reichs- ncellery; together they watched the film he fight, with the *Führer* slapping his h delightedly whenever Schmeling land- one of his deadly rights. The film must shown throughout Germany, he told Goebbels, at whose home Schmeling's wife, the actress Anny Ondra, had listened to the fight. *Max Schmelings Sieg—Ein Deutscher Sieg* (Max Schmeling's Victory—A German Victory), Goebbels called the film. In its first four weeks, more than three million frenzied Germans saw it. It was still playing in late July, when the American athletes arrived for the Olympics.

Black America went into the darkest of depressions. Many insisted the fight had been fixed, and devised innumerable ways in which Louis could have been doped. Others feared he was washed up, too traumatized ever to rebound. As Louis began a comeback, Schmeling signed to fight Braddock for the crown that fall. But when the Nazis embraced Schmeling—who had never joined the Nazi Party—the simmering hostility toward him in New York flared up as never before. Conditions around him didn't



COVER ME

The Ring covers for August 1937, featuring "the Brown Bomber," and September 1938, showing the Schmeling-Louis fight.

help. In early 1937, for instance, after Mayor Fiorello La Guardia urged that the upcoming New York World's Fair include a "chamber of horrors" on Nazi Germany—featuring a display on the "brown-shirted fanatic who is now menacing the peace of the world"—the Nazi press denounced him as a "shameless Jew lout," and called New York "Jews-York," the most "un-American city in the country." Schmeling would now find "Jews-York" increasingly inhospitable.

By contrast, even in defeat, and even after black athletes excelled at the Berlin Olympics, Louis's magnetism endured. "A carload of Jesse Owenses, Ralph Metcalfes, Cornelius Johnsons and others could not attract as much attention as Joe Louis's chauffeur," the Baltimore *Afro-American* said. Both Braddock and Mike Jacobs knew the real money lay in fighting Louis, not Schmeling. When Braddock pleaded injury—the diagnosis varied: arthritis in several places, an injured pinkie (or left arm), a growth between two of his fingers, all suspect coming from the indestructible "Cinderella Man"—the Braddock-Schmeling fight was put off until June 1937. That gave Jacobs and Braddock's manager, Joe Gould, ample time to figure out how to escape from the contract with Schmeling, and sign up with Louis instead.

The Jewish boycott, while real, provided the perfect excuse. The Nazis, for whom boxing had become a vehicle for statecraft and international legitimacy, tried to bring the fight to Berlin, promising Braddock what was, for Germany's cash-starved economy, an astonishing amount of money. But to no avail: Braddock would fight Louis in Chicago, in June of 1937, instead. "With the Fuhrer this afternoon," Goebbels wrote in his diary in late May. "Question if we, ourselves, in the event that Braddock chickens out, should declare Schmeling world champion. I say yes to it. The Americans are the most corrupt people on earth." Schmeling, who trained and even weighed in for a fight that would clearly never happen, returned angrily to Germany. He'd been wronged, but his plight elicited little American sympathy. Shunning him, wrote Joe Williams of the *World-Telegram,* was "akin to boycotting smallpox."

Louis, predictably, knocked out Braddock, and a new era, for boxing and for race relations, had begun: for the first time, America had a heavyweight champion whom blacks and whites could share. But Louis knew his crown had an asterisk attached to it. Until he beat Schmeling, he wasn't really champion. Besides, he had a score to settle: Schmeling had punched him after the bell ending one of the rounds in their fight and, far from apologizing to him, had accused Louis of fouling him intentionally. It was not easy to make the easygoing Louis hate anyone, but Schmeling had succeeded. "His burning desire for revenge is so deeply imbued within his heart that I believe it will overshadow any other emotion that Joe might have," wrote Chester Washington of *The Pittsburgh Courier,* one of the black weeklies that followed Louis's every move and mood. In the fall of 1937, the two verbally

Louis vs. Schmeling

agreed to fight the following June. The world had months to contemplate, and to savor, and to debate, what would happen.

In May 1938, Schmeling returned to the U.S. to train, in the Adirondack hamlet of Speculator, New York. Years later, in his highly selective and misleading memoirs, he would describe the virulent hostility he encountered in New York City, but at the time he insisted that anti-Nazi feeling had abated in America, and that he felt completely at home here. Still, reporters found his training camp far more regimented, paranoid, and Nazified than his previous operations. Going there from free and easy Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, where Louis was training, was "like stepping from this enlightened republic into one of the totalitarian states," wrote the influential Dan Parker in *The New York Mirror.* "One expects to see brown shirted soldiers popping out from behind every telegraph pole with a 'Heil Hitler!' challenge." To Parker, Schmeling's house in Speculator was an outpost of Nazi Germany, encircled by barbed wire and state troopers. And Schmeling himself was encircled by Germans: his longtime trainer, Max Machon; Arno Hellmis, who covered boxing for the leading Nazi newspapers and did the play-by-play for his fights; Heinz Ditgens, owner of Schmeling's favorite sports bar in Berlin; and Willi Lehmann, a Berlin restaurateur always quick to stress that he—unlike his namesake, Governor Herbert Lehman of New York—wasn't Jewish.

The largely apolitical American sports press generally focused far more on Schmeling's form than his convictions, though he opened up a bit with the man from *The Chicago Times.* "Make no mistake, Max Schmeling is Fuehrer Hitler's greatest booster," this reporter wrote. "Ve haff no strikes in Germany," Schmeling told him. "Most everybody has job. Times are goot. Ve have only one union. Ve haff only one party. Everybody agreeable. Everybody happy." "Both he and Machon sincerely believe Hitler is Germany's man of destiny," the reporter noted. On racial issues, Schmeling was normally conciliatory, or at least diplomatic. But to another Chicago reporter, he spoke once with unusual bluntness. "The black dynasty of pugilism must come to an end," he declared. In the mainstream press, no one picked up on Schmeling's comments; the white press hid Schmeling's racism, one irate black columnist wrote, because its racial ideas and Hitler's were the same.

As the fight loomed, people made their predictions. Yankee slugger Joe DiMaggio picked Louis, while his teammate Lou Gehrig went with Schmeling. (Babe Ruth, now coaching first base for the Brooklyn Dodgers, did, too.) The comedian Henny Youngman picked Louis. So did the ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, but Charlie McCarthy picked Schmeling. The actor Robert Taylor picked Schmeling, but both Amos and Andy, of the famous radio team, picked Louis. Among other past heavyweight champions, Jack Johnson, who had become one of Louis's greatest detractors, picked Schmeling; Jimmy Braddock picked Louis; Jack Dempsey picked both, while Gene Tunney picked neither. Thirty thousand people entered *Der Angriff*'s fight pool; not surprisingly, they favored Schmeling 100 to 1. On the morning of June 22, fight previews in the German papers had to compete with Goebbels's speech the previous day at the Olympic Stadium, in which he'd pledged to 120,000 frenzied followers to drive the Jews out of Berlin. But in many cities Schmeling got higher billing.

Convinced that Mike Jacobs hoped to rattle him with a long train ride, Schmeling flew down to New York, a means of travel still unorthodox and risky enough to violate his contract. Meanwhile, visitors arrived by air, car, train, and ship. When the British heavyweight champion Tommy Farr stepped off the *Queen Mary,* he spotted a crowd around another celebrity passenger: Joseph P. Kennedy, father of a future president and, at the time, the American ambassador to the Court of St. James's. "Who's he gonna fight?" Farr asked. Five thousand people gathered outside Madison Square Garden for the weigh-in, held early in the afternoon. By five, several thousand people were waiting outside the stadium to buy general-admission tickets, at $3.50 apiece; a redcap was first in line, a cook second. Thousands more made their way north, "in purring limousines, grinding cabs, and up from the subway slots in great spouting geysers of humanity," reported *The New York Mirror.* From the window of her apartment in the Sugar Hill section of Harlem, Louis's young wife, Marva, could see the stadium and the enormous procession making its way there by car and bus and on foot.

Outside the stadium, fans found demonstrators from the Communist Party handing out leaflets. "SCHMELING STANDS FOR NAZISM," they declared. "NAZISM MEANS BARBARISM. SO WE AMERICANS ALL PULL WITH OUR JOE LOUIS, WIN OR LOSE!" Swells from the Brook and the Lynx clubs, along with the patrons of chic restaurants such as '21' and the Colony, arrived en masse; 20 or 30 people from the River Club, all dressed to the nines, came by boat via the East River, docking not far from the stadium. "A Gatsby sort of atmosphere" was how a participant later characterized the scene. The evening was cool, with a pleasant breeze, just chilly enough for women to wear light wraps over their summer finery. The air was filled with the scent of the gardenias that many of them wore.

At ringside, actress Tallulah Bankh and her husband sat in front of f Schmeling fans. Socialite Evalyn Walsh Lean, wearing the Hope diamond, was esc ed by the *Herald Tribune*'s society col nist, Lucius Beebe; F.B.I. chief J. Ed Hoover was escorted by his longtime dep (and reputed boyfriend) Clyde Tols Mayor La Guardia was one of the latec ers. There were black performers galore: Calloway and Bill Robinson, as well as Mills and Nicholas Brothers, Louis A strong, Ethel Waters, Jimmy Rushing. J man Duke Ellington had postponed he surgery just to come. Jack Johnson wo derby hat, blue serge suit, and cane. Du a largely segregated time, there were s tling splotches of integration; at what ot function in American society—or Ameri history, for that matter—could Mrs. Jo Roxborough and Mrs. Julian Black, the bl wives of Louis's black managers, sit just hind tycoon Vincent Astor and his par "A sea of faces," the *Afro-American* soci correspondent wrote in wonder. "Black fa brown faces, ivory faces, white faces: a of folk. Richly dressed, shabbily frocked, cent dresses, furs worth a king's ransom; elite, the hoi polloi."

"Prancing and dancing as a Man o' V at the bit," according to another reporter the segregated black press, Randy Dixon the *Philadelphia Tribune,* Louis was first enter the ring, at two minutes to 10. His ception was rather tame, perhaps becau so many of his fans were so far off. T years earlier, Louis had stepped into the r languidly, nonchalantly, indifferently. N drenched from warming up in his dre ing room, he radiated a tense energy. Th came Schmeling. Years later, he compar his walk to the ring that night to runnin gauntlet; though 25 policemen escorted hi he wrote, he'd been pelted by cigarette bu banana peels, and paper cups, and pull a towel over his head for protection. But porters on the scene saw nothing of the so and were actually struck by how warmly was received. "No challenger in memory the oldest scribes was ever given such a w come," one veteran fight writer observed.

By 10 o'clock New York time, the mul tudes were gathered worldwide arou their radios. Writer and civil-rights activ W. E. B. DuBois listened in Atlanta, ar folksinger Woody Guthrie in Santa F Young Jimmy Carter, the future presider listened with the field hands outside his f ther's house in Plains, Georgia. Joe Louis father, long assumed dead until surfacin after the Braddock fight, listened in sout western Alabama, at the Searcy State Ho pital for the Negro Insane. "Good evenin ladies and gentlemen, the two principals the greatest bout in a generation are in th

," declared Ed Thorgersen on NBC be- yielding the microphone to Clem Mc- hy, the horse-racing announcer who ld handle the play-by-play. In Germany, tary music came over the radio, then kling from across the Atlantic, then the e of Arno Hellmis. "*Hallo Berlin . . . Hal- eutschland . . . Hallo Deutschland. Hier las Yankee Stadium in New York,*" he n. "The moment has finally come. . . . isn't a stadium anymore. . . . This is an flowing, feverish melting pot full of pas- s let loose, and if one should throw a h I am sure the whole stadium with all eople will be blown up into the air with single explosion. . . . A fever rages in the s of all these people."

s the bell rang twice, a man in a tuxedo n to speak from the center of the ring. portentous, stentorian w well known to all fight Harry Balogh called up e of the celebrity boxers e crowd, then got to the cipals. "This is the fea- attraction, 15 rounds, he world's heavyweight npionship," he began. ighing 193, wearing pur- runks, outstanding con- er for heavyweight hon- the former heavyweight holder, Max . . . Schme- ' His pronunciation was eccable: "Mox Schmay- " Schmeling arose from tool, gathered his robe, ed forward a few steps, his gloved right hand his chest, and bowed e in courtly European on. The crowd roared, and Schmeling ed. Two more times now the bell sound- sternly summoning the house back to r. "Weighing 198 and three-quarters, ing black trunks, the famous Detroit vn Bomber, world's heavyweight cham- , Joe Louis." Louis arose, skipped out v steps, then turned around. There were of cheers, but mixed in were some s—some undoubtedly racial, some just usual raspberries for the favorite, some n Schmeling boosters, some for Louis's ntly disappointing performances. The vd, one embittered black reporter wrote ward, "saw fit to give Schmeling, a Nazi, eater hand than it did an American born d champion."

he referee, Arthur Donovan, then sum- moned the two men to the center of the with their seconds and gave them his uctions. "Now let's go," he concluded, l may the best man win." "The old slo- of boxing, 'May the best man win,' and s about to start, with this Yankee Stadi- um packed to the doors! There isn't an empty seat!" McCarthy croaked. For a few seconds, the only noises came from the crowd. "Unchain them!" someone shouted. "Kill that Nazi, Joe! Kill him!" another voice rang out. While Schmeling stood still, Louis continued to dance about. He "had the look of a murderer in his eye," one eyewitness later recalled. "He didn't lick his lips or do anything." To Ernest Hemingway, on assignment for a Chicago magazine, Louis was "nervous and jumpy as a doped race horse." "They're ready with the bell just about to ring," McCarthy said. And ring it did at that precise instant, 10:08 P.M. "And there we are," McCarthy declared. "The gong!" Hellmis told his audience. "The fight for the world heavyweight championship is on."

For one brief, immeasurable interval nothing happened, except an ineffable surge of mass anticipation. "This is the million-dollar thrill of sports," one reporter explained. "This is a second pregnant with drama and suspense, and no matter how often it occurs you never forget the strange shivers that sweep over you. This is The Big Fight." And after two years of waiting, this was the biggest big fight of them all. Throughout the stadium, people leaned forward, straining to see; "160,000 knees became uncontrollable," one reporter wrote. Meanwhile, a hush descended upon the world. Nowhere were things quieter than in black America; "14 million brown men, women and children cussed and prayed in 14 million ways for Joe to come through," wrote Frank Marshall Davis of the Associated Negro Press. "Probably never before in American history were so many black voices silent."

A notoriously slow starter, apt to give himself a few rounds to measure his foe, Schmeling walked out of his corner matter-of-factly, like a businessman going to an appointment. Louis, who normally shuffled out deliberately, all but bounded out now, meeting Schmeling three-quarters of the way across the ring. The two had feinted for only seven seconds before Louis hit, and hurt, Schmeling with a left jab, then threw two more that snapped the German's head back. Then came a left hook to the body, before the two briefly fell into a clinch. But within a flash, Louis had Schmeling against the ropes, connecting with a series of devastating blows to the head and body. Donovan had never seen anything like it: after that first left to the head, Schmeling's face seemed to swell out of proportion and turn a faint bluish green. The first right was so hard that Schmeling's head seemed to spin, then "bobbed up and down like a Halloween apple in a tub." The contest was not yet 30 seconds old.



AND THE WINNER WAS . . .
Boxing referee Arthur Donovan, center, with Louis and Schmeling in 1973.

Schmeling got in one punch, a blow to the jaw through Louis's lowered guard, but Louis had been backing away when it landed. Louis hesitated, but only for a second. Schmeling's face was already marked when, nearly a minute into the fight, Louis chased him back toward the ropes once more. Coming out of another clinch, he hit Schmeling again, then again with two more straight lefts to the face and a right to the temple before they clinched once more. They broke apart. Louis stalked Schmeling, searching for an opening. Back to the ropes, he missed with a roundhouse left. Then he delivered a right uppercut, a left, and a punishing right to Schmeling's suddenly defenseless face. Schmeling staggered backward. As he twisted along the ropes to avoid more blows to his head, Louis, his gloves a brownish blur, landed a series of body punches—to the side, to the stomach, and then to the left kidney. It was entirely legal, though Schmeling—who had won the championship eight years earlier on a foul—would claim afterward that it was not. Even in the press box, where partisan cheering was forbidden, there were cries of excitement, astonishment, horror. Schmeling let out a high-pitched cry that echoed throughout the stadium. Some heard "Oh! Oh!" To others, it was "*Genug! Genug!*"—"Enough! Enough!" Many, Louis among them, thought it came not from Schmeling but from a woman at ringside. So terrifying it was—"half human, half animal," said the British boxing writer Peter

Louis vs. Schmeling

Wilson—that some fans reached instinctively for their hats, as if Louis had been about to come for them too.

Immobilized by the body blows, Schmeling then absorbed five colossal punches to his face. Framing his target with his left glove, Louis concluded the fusillade with two mighty rights. Schmeling collapsed halfway to the canvas. "Hitler's wilted pet looked like a soft piece of molasses candy left out in the sun," Richard Wright later wrote. By now, a minute and a half had passed.

Describing the carnage, Hellmis sounded, to one Jewish listener in Warsaw, as if it were he, and not Schmeling, who was taking Louis's blows. "Max! Go back!" he shouted. "For heaven's sake, Max! Max! Joe Louis! Stop him!" To another listener, this one in Prague, Hellmis's cries were "like the shrieking of a mother watching her son die." Though Schmeling technically remained on his feet, only the ropes were keeping him upright. Donovan shooed Louis away and, his arms raised, began a count. When the German righted himself, Donovan cleared the way for Louis, who, expressionless as always, resumed his work. He stung Schmeling with another vicious right that sent him sprawling, then rolling over. "Louis attacks again!" shrieked Hellmis. "Why, that is madness!" "Schmeling is going down!" McCarthy exclaimed. "But he's held to his feet! Held to the ropes! Looks to his corner in helplessness! And Schmeling . . . is . . . down! Schmeling is down! The count is four. It's . . . " But it was the crowd's roars, muffled, dense, and thunderous, that really told the story, not what McCarthy managed to blurt out a second or two later. Black America could finally exhale. "Laughter roared through the land like mighty Niagara breaking through a cardboard dike," wrote Frank Marshall Davis.

"Joe Louis is in his corner," said Hellmis. "*Steh' auf, Maxe! Steh' doch auf, Maxe!*" he went on, lapsing into the colloquial form of his friend's name. "Get up, Max! Do get up, Max! . . . Max! . . . No, he is down for good. . . . No, he gets up!" And Schmeling was up again, but only for an instant. Another powerful combination sent him again to his knees. By now, as Austen Lake wrote in the *Boston Evening American*, "a red drool dribbled from his lips and formed a crimson beard of bubbles on his chin." Schmeling was up quickly, this time at one. Louis was fighting, as another eyewitness put it, "as men have fought since men have borne hatred toward one another." "Right and left to the head!" McCarthy growled. "A left to the jaw! A right to the head! And Donovan is watching carefully! Louis measures him. Right to the body! A left hook to the jaw! And Schmeling is down!" For the third time, Schmeling was on the canvas, this time on his side, trying desperately to get up.

But now the action shifted to Max Machon. Twice already, Schmeling's trainer had reached for his towel, only to be restrained by another of the German's seconds. This time he could not be, and he hurled the towel into the ring. Boxing's classic gesture of surrender was no longer recognized in New York; Donovan grabbed it, crumpled it up, and threw it contemptuously onto the green, velvet-covered ropes, where it hung in the same limp fashion Schmeling himself had only moments before. But when Machon dashed into the ring, Donovan called the fight, two minutes and four seconds after it began. So fast had it happened that many people—the ones who'd gone to buy sandwiches, or turned around to dust off their seats, or stayed seated while someone in front of them stood up—missed it entirely. Bandleader Count Basie made the twin mistakes of dropping his hat, then bending over to pick it up. But few of them, or any of the others at Yankee Stadium that night, felt shortchanged. They could now say, and would for the rest of their lives, that they'd been there. Schmeling came to quickly, made his way across the ring, and threw an arm around Louis's shoulder. It was virtually the only glove he'd laid on him all night. Then he returned to his corner and cried.

In the stands there was bedlam. Tallulah Bankhead sprang up and turned to the Schmeling fans behind her. "I told you so, you sons of bitches!" she screamed. Inside 938 St. Nicholas Avenue, Marva Louis let out a squeal. Elsewhere, everywhere, people leapt up. "Beat the hell out of the damn German bastard!" W. E. B. DuBois, a lifelong Germanophile who rarely swore, shouted gleefully in Atlanta. In Hollywood, actress Bette Davis jumped up and down; she had won $66 in the Warner Bros. fight pool. "Everybody danced and sang," Woody Guthrie wrote from Santa Fe. "I watched the people laugh, walk, sing, do all sorts of dances. I heard 'Hooray for Joe Louis!' 'To hell with Max Schmeling' in Indian, Mexican, Spanish, all kinds of white tongues." In Plains, the black field hands listening on James Earl Carter Sr.'s radio quietly thanked him for the privilege. "Then," Jimmy Carter wrote, "our visitors walked silently out of the yard, crossed the road and the railroad tracks, entered the tenant house and closed the door. Then all hell broke loose, and their celebration lasted all night."

Schmeling, who collected $174,644 for his brief labor, returned to his dres room, where he protested Louis's ki punch, received condolences from his man friends and the German ambass to Washington, and nursed what turne to be two broken vertebrae. They lar him in the hospital that night and we keep him there, immobilized, for the 10 days. Last time, he had gone hom umphantly on the *Hindenburg;* this tin would be atop a stretcher, though hard the obscurity and obloquy he later clai "Alright, Adolf, take him away," Joe liams wrote from ringside.

As for Louis, who earned $349,288 his normal deadpan briefly gave way i dressing room that night to pure, unall joy: as he put it, he was sure enough ch pion now. As many as half a million p ple celebrated on Harlem's streets. " is their night. Let them be happy," N York's police chief decreed. Similar c brations—most boisterous but harml a few violent and even fatal—broke ou black neighborhoods all over Amer Suddenly, briefly, nothing seemed ou reach.

If blacks exulted, Jews—the free Jew America and the doomed Jews of rope—weren't far behind. "If only Sch ling's collapse can be taken as a porten the weakness of Nazism as a whole, troubles are almost over," one American J ish paper editorialized. One Jew in War was moved to poetry:

Hey Louis! You probably don't know
What your punches mean to us
You, in your anger, punched the Brown Shirts
Straight in their hearts—K.O.

The next day, as young bootblacks al Lenox Avenue offered the "Joe Louis shin it took only two minutes and four s onds—Louis slept in, then sent out for newspapers, then sat around some mo For him, it was the dawn of a new day, a a new era, one of total dominance t could last a decade or more. The guy w would beat him, Jack Dempsey declar "is still playing marbles somewhere." A to a degree no one of his race had e enjoyed, much of America, black and wh sang his praises. "Joe is on top of the p verbial heap today," one black columr wrote. "On top of a heap higher than a one he ever occupied before. It amounts a throne." □

After a long struggle with tax collecto drugs, and mental illness, Louis died o heart attack in 1981. Schmeling, a prosper and respected German businessman, di quietly after a short illness on February 2005.

ita Von Teese

TINUED FROM PAGE 354 did it," Dita says, oking the name of her favorite stripper n bygone days. "But even with her, some-es a nipple would pop out. People can end seeing more than what you want them ee, so I don't dance nude so much any-re. Some people are even uneasy at the that you're removing a *glove,* because hat it insinuates."

With her short, sweet, highly imaginative routines, Dita has lately been wowing inds of people—designers Marc Jacobs, istian Louboutin, and Roland Mouret, are perennially on the lookout for new ion trends bubbling up from the under-und; celebrities such as Elton John, Jade ger, Cameron Diaz, Christina Aguilera, en Stefani, Carmen Electra, and Enrique sias; and middle managers who want a romantic fantasy to go along with their ch-and-soda (and woody). See Dita douse elf with a green olive sponge while taking ry silly bath in a giant martini glass; see naughtily take a ride upon a bejeweled ousel horse; see her stand tippy-toed on a oot Art Deco crescent moon as silver stars rom a night sky. In a jaded time, she wink-reminds her viewers that sex can be a fun even sublime experience, rather than a drab pursuit of sensation for its own sake.

Ironically, perhaps, *Vogue* named her 2004's 13th-best-dressed woman in the world. She rose to No. 2 style icon in a recent survey of 1,000 fashion-industry people conducted by *Harpers & Queen.* Not bad for a girl who started out a small-town blonde from Michigan named Heather Sweet. ("It's my real name, I swear," she says.) With that hot-to-trot billing, her looks, and her willingness to take off her clothes, she could have ended up a run-of-the-mill porn star (and did appear in a few XXX videos, among them *Pin Ups 2* and *Debauchery 8*). But from an early age, this child of the 1970s found herself enchanted with the glamour of Hollywood's mid-century golden age. Hedy Lamarr, Rita Hayworth, Betty Grable, Marilyn Monroe, Cyd Charisse, and Gene Tierney were her gals, as well as the great Gypsy Rose Lee and pinup princess Bettie Page.

Asked how she developed her ideas about burlesque, Dita says, "I watched a lot of MGM musicals and I imagined what it could be like in my head. Then, later, when I actually saw some old burlesque footage, it was a little rough looking, and not quite as glamorous as I'd wanted it to be. So I had to learn it my own way. Sally Rand's act was a bit like what I do, but Tempest Storm and the other bump-and-grind girls and tassel-twirlers, that doesn't really suit my personality."

Now planning a December wedding with her intended, Goth-metal devil Marilyn Manson (who applies his own makeup with a heavier hand than she), Dita must be seen live to be properly appreciated. After toiling at burlesque events with names such as the Rubber Ball and Teaseorama, she has recently graduated to perform at corporate parties for Louis Vuitton, Garrard jewelers, and Martini & Rossi; at private functions for Jacobs and Louboutin; and at Elton John's Life Ball 2005 benefit. She has also gone into business selling her own perfumes, lipsticks, and shampoos.

Not that she's above working both sides of the street. Undergarment fetishists can purchase Dita's used stockings—in a sealed plastic bag—from her Web site at $50 a pair. The site warns persnickety customers: "All stockings are worn by Dita, and most likely will have runs or picks!"

If she had the budget to work with, Dita says she would put on an extravaganza in the tradition of the old Ziegfeld Follies, only with the striptease front and center. "There are all these Vegas shows and they're really cheesy," she says. "My dream is to have a full-length show with the most talented set designers and clothing designers, a live orchestra—it's something that definitely needs to be done. No one is doing a show where you don't say, 'This is so 80s.' I'm thinking I would like to open in Paris. That's a perfect place for me to have a beautiful, decadent revue." □

ounter-moguls

TINUED FROM PAGE 358 of America and Recording Industry Association of erica filed suit against Kazaa, claiming company was party to the straight theft copyrighted material. Zennström and s played it coy, claiming that they mere-anted to allow consenting adults to share r collections with one another, and that were already pursuing licensing agree-nts. To be safe, they haven't touched n in America since 2002, preferring to t any argument for jurisdiction. Even so, he fall of 2003, a guy on a motorbike sed Zennström and his wife through Lon-'s Branham Gardens clutching a subpoe-n his hand.

rogressively more camera-shy and out of sight, Zennström and Friis decided to away in the former Soviet bloc and work new bomb with a team of programmers. y eventually left Kazaa in the hands of Australian company, selling the site for million. The Australian firm is actually orporated in Vanuatu, a Pacific-island e situated in the same renegade orbit as cher Christian's Pitcairn.

With Kazaa their lodestone and millstone, the Scandinavians carry the mantle of what is known as disruptive technology, a polarizing term that can turn hero or villain depending on how you twist it in the light, or how much money you have. Friis and Zennström were defendants personally named in the case that led to June's landmark Supreme Court decision in which the purveyors of file-sharing technology were considered potentially liable for violating the copyright of entertainment companies. (As individuals, the pair are challenging whether a U.S. court has jurisdiction to bring them into a lawsuit related to a business that they sold more than two years ago.) Eventually, the judgment may put to rest questions surrounding the legal viability of sharing music and movies over the Internet. Techies want the freedom to invent new programs without having to bear the burden of protecting copyrights; the record and film companies don't want to be forced to alter the way they earn income; and Zennström and Friis would prefer they weren't mentioned in this context at all.

Since the litigation has reached America's highest court, removing the uncertainty of what the record labels and movie studios may try next, Zennström and Friis have become more relaxed in public. But they still remain rather difficult to contact, preferring to stay under the conventional radar that tracks media-age entrepreneurs.

"Sometimes people think that a disrupter is somebody who is an anarchist," Zennström says. "Someone who is destroying values just for the sake of destroying, because things should be free, because the anarchists are probably Communists."

"Well, Sweden is a socialist state," says Friis. Today he wears something approaching his usual: a paisley cowboy shirt of pink and purple, along with a belt buckle in the shape of a cougar's head. Zennström, meanwhile, adheres to embassy-reception dress and protocol. Together they total something less than Nick and Nora Charles, but you will find that for a couple of pure geeks they are not impossible to be around.

"It's not a socialist state," Zennström says. "It's social democrat. Anyway, the point is that many times disruptive technology is what brings evolution forward. The personal computer was a very disruptive technology. So was the railroad. And the airplane. Mr. Ford was a disrupter. eBay and Amazon are disruptive companies." Zennström can run

Counter-moguls

for miles on this one, though today in Cannes he is juiced on only proper pulp. There's no ounce of Elmer Gantry in him.

Zennström grew up paper-route obedient, both Mom and Dad teachers. Things may have changed during that exchange program that sent him to the University of Michigan, where he studied business and engineering, and watched a lot of football, between all the beers.

Friis fits the disrupter profile more closely, having left his Copenhagen high school for good at 16. Soon after he made it back from running around Bombay, he answered a want ad for a job at a Swedish long-distance company, which Zennström had placed. Over the next several years, Zennström carried Friis along to different projects in Amsterdam and Luxembourg City. Together they turned their backs on wages in 1999 and started kicking around the concept that became Kazaa, which they named after a restaurant.

The name Skype has no antecedent. Originally, the two settled on the name Skyper, but they learned that it belonged to a German paging service. Friis suggested dropping the last letter, arguing that it could then become a verb. As the company has attained greater footing, the name has allowed Zennström to reach for omnipresence. "We want it to become synonymous with Internet telephony," he says. "'I'll Skype you later.'"

After you have spent enough time with Zennström in a variety of settings and mental vapors, it becomes clear that he probably hasn't raised his voice since he yelled, "Hey, I'm open," in a high-school basketball game. And, even then, it was for common cause. This doe-eyed pose is not an act. All the same, Zennström consistently talks as though Skype is already snapping towels at the Three W Country Club with AOL, MSN, Google, eBay, Amazon, and Yahoo. There is also his doomsday talk over Verizon, Comcast, and the like, about how the fixed-line assets of these giants are "turning into a liability," how the massive corporations will be "so stuck" when Internet calling goes standard, which should be, oh, any day now.

Zennström and Friis want to make Skype "the global telephone company," and at last look, faith, unlike greed, was still permissible. With 150,000 downloads per day, 140 million total downloads, and 44 million registered users in all the countries in the world—after only two years in business—Skype stands as one of the fastest-growing Internet companies ever, volume-wise, on a quicker pace even than Kazaa.

In the 129 years since Bell first transmitted voice, the biggest innovation in telephones has been the switch from analog to digital in the 1950s. This next step should prove to be more jarring. If phone-calling becomes another free Internet service, like e-mail, then, Zennström predicts, today's phone giants will become broadband sellers and nothing more, leaving Skype to connect the calls. All well and fine, but where's the money?

If a call travels from one Skype user to another, it is free. If you call a non-Skype phone number, or if a non–Skype member calls you, you pay a fee starting at two to three cents per minute. The company charges for premium services such as voice mail. Already, these add-ons have generated more than $18 million in sales since being introduced in July 2004, and the company claims that the $20 million it received in two rounds of funding will be all the financing it ever needs. Skype does not advertise, going 100 percent guerrilla, and it has no billing department to speak of, as premium services are all prepaid. With such a model, the company maintains that financial success will come if only 5 percent of users pay for the extras.

It's no lock for Skype to rule the category, especially since competitors have flooded the market over the past year or so: traditional phone companies like Verizon and AT&T, cable/D.S.L. firms such as Time Warner Cable and Cablevision, and Internet-based newcomers such as Vonage. All of these companies have one main selling point over Skype—their Internet calling services allow you to use a normal telephone, while Skype still requires that you log on to your computer and communicate through a headset.

Skype believes that this point will boil off in the great tech advance, as its software has already begun to leap from the computer and onto the home and mobile phone, thanks largely to wireless technology. Also, most Web phone services cost between $25 and $35 per month, and they can be wildly complicated. Skype is free and wildly simple: download the software, plug in a headset, and dial. You're up and calling in about 10 minutes.

Many argue that Skype won't be able to compete with the vast resources of the phone companies, or that it will fail to fight off Microsoft, an assured future player. The Swede and the Dane point to the fact that they are targeting the entire world, rather than limiting their market to the U.S. and U.K., like their main competitors. When a game has only just begun, speculation comes by the bucket, and the vinegar drinkers aren't hard to find, no matter whom they're rooting for. "Maybe [the naysayers] are right, maybe we're wrong," Zennström allows. "Well, actually, I know they're wrong."

Zennström and Friis may have history in mind, but they really want to build a company that makes money. Their main bogey over Kazaa hasn't been strangers waving subpoenas in the dark of night, but the fact that after creating a gold-mine application they cou find a way to make an honest dollar fro In awful brokerage, they got famous inst

Here in Cannes, whispers precede th They're off the yacht and past the r exhibition hall, where the movies get playe that other convention, but where today d comes by brochure and gratuitous backs Zennström and Friis avoid the human traveling without encumbrance and lea their hands free to greet their many ad ers. Recognition comes every few block

"It's great on the way up," Friis s while noting unhappily that there aren't m hotel-room keys arcing their way. "We more attention from fat C.E.O.'s."

Also from theorists and futurists, wh blood rushes to the extremity while t posit Skype as the fruition of some wh toga dream, where no one needs money the sky is always without cloud, the c puter having solved man's every woe. "' thing I like about Skype is that it work the first time, it works," says Michail I tsas, a Greek who is director of comput at the MIT Media Lab, a boggy brain t for 20 years. "I can't explain to my mot back home that you have to configure y V.P.N."

The group sits at a table with Perrier close conversation, the engine of comme loudly chugging all around. Bletsas prefer expound on Skype's importance as some k of human tool, a new wrench, maybe, rat than just another means to fill the billfold. is positioned at the vanguard of develop the so-called $100 computer, a project t would allow the world's poorest to get onl and, theoretically, even make free phone ca "It's a personal thing for me with Skype," says. "It's the realization of our vision."

Some vision is fuzzier than others. In T linn, Estonia, Skype's technical HQ bunch of geeks are getting hammered, lung at one another in a second-story food hou

These are Skype's programmers and hi strung I.T.-heads, erupting in great bursts antisocial behavior, loaded up on defensi ness and bottom-shelf whiskey. Many them, drunken or not, are thwarted in th social advances by an unshakable sum behavioral ineptitude. Presumably, they enjoying one another's company.

A white wind lashes Tallinn into a la December squeeze that only drinks c make you forget. There's not much sun this high on the map, this deep in the da book. But, for Zennström and Friis, ther plenty of reason to stick around.

The big Soviet switchboard plugged so of its best computer scientists into the c decades ago, and Tallinn, with its U.S.S.I to-E.U. shuffle of centrally planned housi projects and platinum-card retailers, retai

h-friendly posture—along with a hunger ng its programmers that, Friis and Zenn- n say, is hard to find elsewhere, post- le. You can pay for parking with a cell- e text message here. In the history-and- ire section of Estonian Air's in-flight azine, you will find Skype mentioned gside NATO and World War II. Along streets you filter among more than 200 i hot spots.

much shouting drowns out the click- g of your heels. At one table, several of e's young men in washed-out T-shirts to discover who can write the fastest sentence text message on a cell phone. handsets clatter down to the table one ne, and a single geek raises the arms, ant in his moment of the laurel wreath, npion of thumb-typing. A few program- huddle at another table, getting a deep- tan from the laptop that lies can-opened e them. Young Slavic models patrol the looking fairly lonely, but all these guys see is Skype and, still again, Skype.

verything goes bottom up here in Skype's nian parish. References to Boba Fett, *Star Wars* bounty hunter, stack like fire Social proficiency becomes a harmful as it could hamper your yearning to leep into the cold code and remove the from Skype's ever evolving web, which re-spun every month or so. Skype's s, though, do possess a redeeming geek believing themselves fortunate players ie team that's going to carry the day.

hese are the geeks who built Skype, since nström and Friis have never been the to stare into a computer's deepest reach- lthough they share that nuance of a tly crossed eye. These programmers do e squinting, and at all hours of the day, r all weather conditions. But lest you t it's all dry times, the drinks hit with al quickness in this crowd, which is hap- devoid of any Yankee sense of healthy s. Work for them appears at most in- ls to be some welcome gift.

ney have constructed Skype, as Kazaa e it, on peer-to-peer technology, or P2P, h allows the computers that are logged o Skype to communicate directly with another, rather than having their requests ed through a central server. This pro- s their company's chief advantage over competition: the corporation exists one from blue smoke and suggestion.

raditional phone companies take a mo- tary cash hit when they add a new cus- r, which includes establishing a billing unt and sending a technician to the e. Not only does it cost Skype less than nt to add someone to the roll, but once user logs on, the extra computer only es the existing P2P network more pow- l. On top of that, it is in the best in- terests of each new user to persuade friends to join up, thus perpetuating the cycle. The whole thing scales to about infinity.

All of this helps explain the zeal of Skype's geeks, who understand better than any handsfree-wearing conventioneer what all of this could mean. Even though their eagerness can get the better of them, there are some well-adjusted individuals in the ranks. As chief of the network's information systems, Edgar Maloverian, a Russian raised in Tallinn, endures the endocrine crush of having to stand on call at all hours, and for the slightest dashboard quirk. He is 31 years old, and he recently worked at a salary of $90,000 for a software company called FutureTrade, in San Diego. But when you have reached the beach, you have reached the end. "Too boring," Maloverian says before downing 50 grams of clear drink and checking his phone for an update on the system, stubbing another smoke.

The unconventional becomes unremarkable within these boundaries. Skype is populated by a high percentage of college dropouts, as well as many who still have the chance, since they are still enrolled. Average age: 20-something. Besides programming proficiency, general abnormality provides the hook on incoming C.V.'s. Zennström and Friis hired one Swedish programmer, Zennström says, strictly because he worked an exchange program to Norway into another that sent him to Cornell. The con is very much admired, in accordance with the companywide plan to disrupt the world.

The geeks have moved on to Tallinn's walled Old City, where you will find the cobblestone streets of Europe largely unmolested. It's all cocaine-white inside the high-style Stereo Lounge. The banquettes. The cloud-dwelling girls. The Apple monitor up at the bar, which is connected wirelessly to the Internet, as, it seems, everything else is in Tallinn.

Wi-Fi represents the great enabler, which will take Skype off the laptop and place it onto the cell phone, where the world's billion and a half mobile-phone subscribers will be more apt to use it. To listen to the futurists, all cell phones will carry broadband capability, and homes and town centers will be equipped with Wi-Fi points throughout. In this way, you will be able to use an application like Skype via your cell phone no matter where you are, as though navigating one giant set of monkey bars. Many municipal governments are now considering subsidizing the construction of citywide Wi-Fi grids, ultimately leaving cities, not individuals, to pay for connection fees. Philadelphia, for one, has already begun building its own wireless network. And Wi-Fi, they tell us, will soon give way to something called WiMAX, which can transmit a signal as far away as 30 miles. "It's like Wi-Fi on steroids," says Friis.

It's not steroids, but something is goosing Friis's system as his black fashion sneakers scuff up one of Stereo's vanilla tabletops. While Zennström fends off two drunks who paw at him for a job, his female assistant snores loudly at the table. Maloverian leaps from his seat and his full tumbler, hustling into the hallway to take a call and sort out the latest network hiccup.

This certainly doesn't look like a grouping that will lay the stick to the world's phone giants. But the big phone and Internet companies are sure to keep the locators fastened on Zennström and Friis, just as the record companies and their subpoena-toting bikers before them. This is why firms like Yahoo, Google, and AOL continue taking their meetings with Skype, and why they prefer to keep it quiet. All alliances will soon be made, the VoIP landscape carved up like Poland.

"These companies take a long time to move, but when they move, they move with force," says Friis, who has climbed down from the table and palmed a fresh drink, shouting over the music, which is a pure white stream. "If Yahoo had come out with their own program a year ago, they would have squashed us. But now with our user base, we are regarded as not only an equal but as someone to reckon with. A year ago we had 15,000 downloads a day. Now we have 150,000 per day. We've seen this with Kazaa. It's a snowball and nothing can stop it." With Skype propelling itself on its own momentum, its authors are trying to capitalize on the heat that has everyone calling for dates. They won't own up to what it is yet, but they say that their next piece of disruptive technology is close to completion. "Here's a hint," Friis says. "It's P2P."

The geeks have moved on once more, this time to a darkened scum hole called Club Hollywood. It's past late, and one of the young programmers has engaged in an unwise quarrel with a numb Viking at the coat check. Human behavior remains elusive.

On Hollywood's upper level, Zennström relaxes as his charges cannot, finding sprawl on a chair with three legs. His eyes focus, then refocus, as he attempts to stay until the last of his company has gone through the door. He looks cashed after all the hours, but at this long table sit many adherents who take their cues from him, listening in for whatever may come next.

"Don't you love *The Godfather*?" he says. "The best management movie ever." Zennström sits up in his chair, rising to this midnight condition. "That scene when the Don is in the hospital and Sonny is freaking out. Michael sits there and is totally calm and says he'll take out the cop. 'It's not personal, Sonny, it's strictly business.'" In Hollywood it's hard to see, but you can tell that the Swede isn't talking just to talk. □

Cath Kidston

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 365 third of her entire budget, $7,000. Due to a mix-up in translation, the entire stock arrived made up as bed linens. "Suddenly I was a bed-set heiress," says Cath. She couldn't afford to let the mistake sit around like that old Airtex. "So I made wash bags, coat hangers, ironing-board covers. I made all these products out of it and immediately they took off."

Like the previous shop, this one was a base for Cath's decorating business, which was still her main source of income. She named the shop Cath Kidston so clients would know where to find her. One client in particular needed to find her. Hugh Padgham, a record producer with a list including Sting, Phil Collins, David Bowie, Paul McCartney, and Melissa Etheridge, had called upon Cath back in 1990, when he required a bit of decorating in a house he'd just bought. Both had busy careers and, in those days, other involvements; the relationship was friendly, professional. Three years went by and Padgham needed new blinds. He was also single again. "I think I just thought," he says, "you know, I quite fancy Cath, so why don't I ask her out for lunch?"

"He asked me out to lunch quite out of the blue," Cath says. She was 34 at the time. "I was quite pleased about that. But actually, when he asked me out, I was really involved in setting up this new company. Everything happened at once, as these things do."

What happened at once was they fell in love.

"Well," says Cath, "because we'd known each other before. It's always nicer, isn't it?"

"It's a very close relationship," says sister Janie of Cath and Padgham, who have been together for 12 years without marrying, because they haven't gotten around to it. "It's like Hugh came along, and he's really her prince, and you know before then there had been a lot of frogs is all I'm going to say. She held out and she got the most fabulous guy. It was worth the wait."

Cath thinks so, too. "He's very straightforward, and very kind, and a very gentle person. He's so not like the music business. He's totally the opposite of arrogant. He's won his Grammys, he's made amazing records. And you'd never know from meeting him."

Perhaps a year after the two moved in together (into the house Cath had decorated and immediately began changing) they were faced with the kind of test no one wants: Cath was diagnosed with breast cancer. It ran in her family, and her mother had died of it at age 62, but Cath was only 37. "I was lucky that I found it very early," she says. "I had a mastectomy. I'm lopsided. Hugh doesn't mind, and I can live with the way it is: this is what's happened to me, this is my scar. And it's enabled me—it's freeing in that way—to risk, and to go for it."

When asked to describe Cath in a word, Padgham says, "Beautiful."

So she began taking risks. Cath could see the timing still wasn't right, her idea not yet commercial. In the mid-90s, chintz and flowers were still out of fashion. But people she respected came into the shop and understood what she was doing. And she herself saw "how it could work. I had the piece of wallpaper, the cupboard, a few things came together, and I thought, That's such a nice, good look. That's the way I want to do my house."

But the yardage—the prints in her mind's eye—was still missing. Cath began designing the fabrics no one else was making, one here, one there, the prints from her childhood but tweaked clean and modern, retro with a contemporary edge (or a contemporary wink at retro). The look has been thumbnailed umpteen ways, from "1930s Depression-era fantasy minus breadlines" to "fifties housewife" to "almost kitsch" to "Laura Ashley for the 21st century." Cath describes her vision as "old-fashioned nursery taste re-invented," and then elaborates: "I like to go to the nursery wing of the country house. It's much nicer, in my view. I just love things that aren't overdone and overblown." Even Cath's palette—paint colors with names such as Spring Green, Snowdrop, Bunny's Ear, all available in her shops—is redolent of the nursery.

Yet the way these colors mix in the prints transcends generation or age. Cath's florals may recall the blown roses of old wallpaper, or splashy chintzes from the Dior 50s, or floating poppies from the Kenzo 70s, but they're never too hot or too cold, with sky blues and pale greens cooling cherry reds and touches of tangerine. Where Martha Stewart is grayed Connecticut colors, rather Shaker, and Lilly Pulitzer is tropical fruit with a shot of vodka, Cath Kidston colors are, in her word, "blossomy," garden hues softened by fine rain. It should come as no surprise that the Japanese, so visually sophisticated (and the company's biggest wholesale customer), instantly "got" the levels on which Cath Kidston prints were working—the wink, the English whimsy, the wistful nostalgia that disappears into the design.

"It's very carefully thought out, isn't it?" says Nicky Haslam. "It's not higgledy-piggledy, not just thrown together. It's quite studied, but it doesn't look it. I mean, she turned banality into a beauty."

There was no "Eureka!" moment, no fireworks that suddenly illuminated the future. There was, instead, slow, steady, organic growth. "It's going to sound arrogant, this," says Cath. "When I thought up the cept of it, I kind of had 100 percent that the concept would work. It just so much sense. It was a question of ke patient and waiting. And I thought, U I'm really wrong, I think I'm going to ceed. I'd been brought up to believe it matter that I was going against the gr to hold on and just wait."

In 1998, six years in, she stopped ing. "I needed the decorating to bring i cash. When I decided I could risk g up the decorating and rely on the bus to bring in the income, that's when I r allowed myself to go do it. It was begir to happen: I'm going to start doing a order catalogue, I'm going to do more p I'm going to really develop the busin It was now full-time design, both print product, and all that goes with it: fin the factories, crunching the numbers, seeing the store.

"The expansion happened naturally, members Padgham. "It just became ous that there were people flocking to shop from all parts of London. And it's If we open one in Chelsea, it would sav the people coming here from Chelsea, it worked well." And then it was Fulh and then Marylebone, and then Wim don. It was as if the market had been ing for her.

To help manage the expansion, Cath a went for the best. In November 2003 brought on Michael Schultz as C.E.O Cath Kidston and a year later hired Jo S ley as general manager. "I knew I nee extra help," says Cath, "but it was difficu find the right person, someone who re understood the business. Michael's fanta And then I've got Jo. She's incredible. had worked in another chain of shops [L Bennett]."

Schultz had been with Urban Outfit from its beginning, and for 15 years o saw design, production, and sourcing, al with running the wholesale business. W ing to do it all over again with a new sr company, he left Urban Outfitters in 2 and began consulting for Lulu Guinness, English handbag designer. Through L he met Cath, though he'd known her sl for years.

"It was probably in the mid-90s," Schu recalls. "It's just one of those things. I lo it from the moment I saw the very f store."

"Look at these things," he says, gest ing toward fresh stock in the compan New York showroom, on West 39th Str "It's just so well designed, so well exec ed. I love being able to see things that so signature, that work so well togethe looked at all the fabric she was maki and said, My God, this fabric is the equ lent of software. I can make it up into

ıy more things than we're doing right now." Schultz begins many a sentence with ook at these," because the company has eamlessly expanded from housewares lifestyle and is even moving carefully into ion, or, as Cath prefers to call it, "cloth-" There is now china and cutlery; print- ınd pressed glassware; enamel lamps, ls, and saucepans; towels and linens; w baskets and canvas shoes—all done ignature colors and prints. Each season company produces 1,500 items (that's Js—stock-keeping units—in retail lin- in 18 categories, including Beach, Pets, ionery, Nightwear, and even Camping. up tent in Pop Flowers flew out of the es last season, hundreds of them. "No had ever seen a tent rint," says Schultz. The prints are obvi- y the key part of the iness," says Cath. ıt as a shop and as ompany what really es me is . . . I mean, I just got those tins, I'm mad for tins. ink, Great, we can e tin. My dream for shops is: if you walk a vintage store you er know what you're g to find on the shelf. ınt a shop that's like , with all the new ıgs we're designing developing, like a dern version of an ques mart. That's my g now." Walking into ath Kidston shop, you eel you've stumbled someone's colorful, slightly anarchic but cozy cupboard.

The year 2004 was a big one for Cath ston. The count was up to five London ps (it's now six) and concessions in vey Nichols and Selfridges, with 500 al wholesale accounts. The company's over was $10.5 million, and growing ut 40 percent a year, with sales for 2005 ected to be $13 million. Staff was ap- aching 100 employees worldwide. That e, Cath Kidston crossed the pond, open- a 2,500-square-foot store on Mulberry et in New York's SoHo. In December sold part of the business to a group of stors, though she remains the largest le shareholder.

I had so many people approaching me wanting a bit of this," she says. "People ıing out of the woodwork saying, 'Oh, could do a license.' I suddenly thought, got something quite valuable here I've to look after. I had very good people worked for me, and I could see that they couldn't—I couldn't give them support and growth unless I brought in extra help. I thought that actually it wouldn't be a bad idea. To share it."

The day I meet Cath in her London office, she's still a bit jet-lagged from a recent trip to Santa Monica, where her newest shop, the second in the States, opened in April. Cath doesn't love the P.R. aspect of her work. "I don't like having my photograph taken. I'm quite keen for the business to be about the products, not about me—it's the team of people who work with me." You can see she has the patrician reticence of her upbringing. Tall, at five feet nine inches, and as slim as a riding whip, she walks with a sway, like a broom swept in a daydream, and her speech is soft, precise, a bit singsong. Cath has a pixie haircut, which seems severe until she smiles, and then she's a dimpled imp. (Haslam referred to her "wicked sense of humor," and that smile hints at it.) She's still both awed and dismayed by all the Botox she saw in L.A. "I don't see what's wrong with it: looking your age. And they all look the same then—they're sort of identical." For Cath, with her love of things handmade, quirky, it's never been about perfection, but about meanings. "Things can look perfect, but then they aren't attractive," she says, and you feel she's put her finger on what's gone wrong in our eternally young culture. Her favorite words of praise—nice, good, useful, pretty, proper—are modest words, as if to say this is what life is really about.



STORE POWER
Cath Kidston, photographed with her Lakeland terrier, Stanley, in front of her Wimbledon shop on May 16, 2005.

These are the values (along with Padgham's request: "Please, yes, a bit less pink") that Cath is bringing to the renovation of a magical house in Chiswick, west of London, where she, Padgham, and Padgham's daughter, Jess, now live. It is a late-17th-century Queen Anne box on the banks of the Thames (there are goslings on the lawn!), and it has a yard in back that reaches to an old brewery (the smell of hops is often in the air). The house is only one room deep, but it has heartbreakingly beautiful views from every window, and a truly quirky dip in one of the upstairs floors, which will stay. The couple also owns an old stone house in Gloucestershire, a much-photographed country escape knee-deep in gardens. I ask about children.

"We tried to have children after I had cancer," Cath answers, "but I didn't get pregnant. And in the end we took a decision from a health point of view that it would be better not to have children. It's something that's still very tough. I still really mind that I haven't had children. It is a real sadness. But one just has to get on. So I admit that the business is like a child to me.

"I almost feel it's just beginning, actually. Now I've this team of people, it's really, really started. You know, I'm so excited about the biscuit tins. I've wanted to do printed biscuit tins for years, but I haven't known how. And I've got a whole backlog of ideas I can now develop."

And what about this other new product? This tiny, quilted, utterly adorable, and slightly mad . . .

"An egg cozy. It warms your egg. You make that out of scraps of fabric."

Of course. Waste not, want not. And the egg cozy goes with the tea cozy. Which brings us back to the tea towel, a full circle of life-goes-on and Rule, Britannia.

"I think there's that kind of nesty, protected, homey feel that is in the shops," Cath says. "And we did have people comment after 9/11. They said they come if they want to feel comforted. I'm sure a therapist would tell you how I'm finding, trying to find, what I had as a child and re-creating that sense of security. I like making a home, I'm a nester, and I think lots of other people are like that, too."

And there, in an eggshell, is Cath Kidston. □

Morgan Stanley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 351 closely with him, had never done that; he was more a strategist and number cruncher who had briefly been the C.F.O. before becoming chief administrative officer in 2004. (Purcell defends him, however: "In the last five years Steve has substantially improved Morgan Stanley's financial capability, control environment, and risk management. He is enormously talented.")

Tensions were further exacerbated when Scott Sipprelle, chairman and founder of Copper Arch Capital and a Morgan Stanley client responsible for millions of dollars' worth of business, wrote a letter dated December 9, 2004, to the board, calling for the firm to undo the merger—in other words, spin off the Dean Witter and Discover Card businesses from the old Morgan Stanley. (The letter wasn't passed on to the 14-member management committee until December 16, insiders say.) Sipprelle wrote that the "current stewards are blind to the root causes of the affliction," and he enclosed a chart illustrating the ties that various members of the board had to one another, including overlapping country-club memberships.

A former senior executive said Purcell asked his management team to deride Sipprelle publicly. (Purcell denies doing so.) Several proceeded to point out to the financial press the flaws they saw in Sipprelle's arguments. Zoe Cruz, 50, then head of the fixed-income unit and the most senior woman at the firm, went furthest, calling Sipprelle an "ass" in a meeting. (A source close to Purcell says she did this on her own.)

It seemed to count for little that Sipprelle (and his brother Dwight) used to work at the firm, or that Sipprelle currently owns 1.3 million shares of its stock. In the week between receiving Sipprelle's letter and sending it out to the management committee, Morgan Stanley announced that Purcell's old boss Ed Brennan, 71, the former chairman of Sears, had joined the board. (A source says Brennan's appointment was unrelated to the letter and was decided weeks before, when Brennan announced he was stepping down as chairman of American Airlines.)

On January 6, 2005, Sipprelle's letter was leaked to *The Wall Street Journal.*

In February, Sipprelle complained publicly again—this time over the issue of Purcell's pay, which was $22 million. Sipprelle noted that while Morgan Stanley's stock declined 4 percent last year, the C.E.O.'s pay increased by 57 percent.

Thus, when Purcell received the Group of Eight's letter, on March 3, it did not come in isolation, and he started looking for treachery among his lieutenants. "We knew the Group of Eight would not have written that letter if they had not felt they'd get a result—and to get a result they had to have internal support," a board member told *V.F.* Another senior executive, who left Morgan Stanley in 2001, says it was known on the Street that Pandit had begun stirring up dissent once he realized it was unlikely he would be made C.E.O. (Pandit denied this.)

That weekend Purcell called Zoe Cruz. Cruz is generally viewed as candid—so much so that she has been nicknamed "Cruz Missile." Reportedly, she and Pandit, her direct boss, did not always get along, and, unlike Havens, Cruz told Purcell she would be willing to be considered for the job of C.E.O.

Finally, after he'd called most of the management committee, Purcell called Pandit. Sources familiar with both men say that Purcell accused him of collaborating with the Group of Eight. (According to a source close to Purcell, Purcell denies doing so.) Supposedly, Purcell promised Pandit that if he "locked arms" and fully supported him the issues in the Group of Eight's letter could be easily resolved. Pandit allegedly said he felt that the letter had to go to the board because the trust between the two men had been broken. (A source close to Purcell says this is nonsense, as the board already had the letter.) Though Pandit said he would support Purcell, he refused to stand up in public and deride the Group of Eight's letter.

Purcell then acted on Marty Lipton's advice about how to proceed. Lipton, Purcell knew, is an expert on how to protect boards under attack; in 1991 he had advised the Sears board, then assailed by disgruntled shareholders, after the company had stumbled badly under Purcell's mentor, Ed Brennan. A crisis was avoided temporarily, although Brennan ultimately had to resign in 1995. Lipton now told Purcell to set up a formal process, which he did: the board interviewed the firm's management committee about who should succeed Purcell.

In her interview, Cruz reportedly said she would leave if Pandit were chosen as a successor. The Dean Witter people also chose not to endorse Pandit. Morgan Stanley president Stephan Newhouse, a veteran of 26 years, who was woken up in the middle of the night in China, said that he wanted what was best for the firm, and that he didn't want to get into specifics about individuals; Pandit said the same thing. John Havens was never reached. Everyone the board spoke to believed that whatever they said would be kept confidential and would have no impact whatsoever on their careers.

That didn't turn out to be the case.

On March 28, following a meeting with Marty Lipton, Purcell told Pandit his job had been eliminated—but he did not say he was fired, and no paperwork was exchanged. Purcell also informed him there were two new co-presidents: Cruz and Steve Crawf both of whom would shortly be electe the board. (Cruz, when it happened, acc ing to several colleagues, didn't know sh been elected for just one year and Craw for three.) John Havens was later summo and told of the new co-president appo ments. Given no words of encouragemen stay, he went to see a lawyer and called I cell from his lawyer's offices, saying, "I like I've been fired."

"You've seen a lawyer. We'll talk in morning," said Purcell. The next thing vens knew, Jerker Johansson, head of Eu pean equities, was given his job.

Soon, when it was clear he'd also b replaced in his job, Stephan Newhouse lowed Havens out the door.

Then came a flood of departures of hi level executives, led by head of glo trading Guru Ramakrishnan, 40, who worked closely with Pandit. Many were p pared to leave all their money on the ta rather than stay on in the new regime. (G erally, Morgan Stanley policy says you fully vested only after 20 years.) This, desp a rushed internal decision to pay retent bonuses (something at first denied by t firm, then admitted) and an announcem that seemed to many analysts like an prepared last-minute flip-flop, which sta that the firm would look at spinning off Discover Card business and set about fu integrating the securities businesses—in oth words, the same strategy proposed by Pan

But it didn't close the floodgates.

By the end of June more than 50 sen figures, including well-known investme banker Joe Perella, had left. Besides the h executives, hordes of brokers—whose dep tures were not chronicled in the press—al quit. The Group of Eight was appalled—indeed were most on Wall Street. In prote T. Rowe Price temporarily stopped tradi with Morgan Stanley. Headhunters' phon were ringing off the hook. Goldman Sach Morgan's main competitor, offered its em ployees $10,000 for every Morgan Stanl person they could hire away from the firm

The Group of Eight wrote two more le ters to the board, asking for a meeting; th first complained furiously at what was ha pening, calling it a "crisis": "The loss several key executives . . . because they we unwilling to swear loyalty to an ineffecti CEO is an outrage," they wrote. In the next letter, in early April, the group sugges ed that all the dissenters be reinstated an that Robert Scott, who felt he'd been sid lined by Purcell in 2003 and subsequent left, come back to run the bank. By th point, the stakes had gotten so high that th letters were sent to the press at the sam time they were sent to the board.

A source close to Purcell claims that

Group of Eight had asked civilly for a ting, instead of leaking their letters to press, it would have made all the differ- But Andrew Merrill, a spokesman for Group of Eight, retorts that their first was utterly private, and that the board e not to reply, and shortly afterward the management executives found them- s out in the cold.

early June it was reported that the roup of Eight had retained the services proxy firm, meaning that they were con- ing the option of a proxy vote among holders at the next annual meeting, in uary 2006. Succumbing to pressure, oard had changed certain rules in its rmance: a 75 percent super-majority was onger needed to fire the C.E.O.; rather, s now 50 percent. The retirement age made 72, instead of Also, a universal term t of one year for d members was in- ted, thus bringing z's and Crawford's es in line.

ther than this, though, oard remained mute, hich it received heavy cism both in the me- nd among shareholds- A board member lat- plained to *V.F.*, "We in a no-win situa- Vikram Pandit was y popular guy inter- , so the board didn't to do a public char- assassination and ain why they'd cho- others to be promot- bove him. It would be wrong to think ere doing Purcell's bidding. The board pushing him hard."

April, the Council of Institutional In- rs, a group of pension funds which owns ge amount of Morgan Stanley shares, d for a meeting with Purcell. It was lat- ported that Calpers, a giant California ion fund, also contacted the board, ex- sing concern. But by late May—a pre- ings-report "quiet period"—no meeting either had occurred. (Purcell and others very effort was made to meet with every or institutional investor in this period.) hen the bombshell of the Perelman case with Florida state judge Elizabeth Maass ng that Morgan Stanley was guilty of d and owed the Revlon chief $1.58 bil- Her rulings criticized the bank in strong uage, saying it had shown "willful and s abuse of its discovery obligations." In June it was clear that the company's ings, announced on June 22, were going lower than its competitors'. (They were, falling 24 percent.) According to one board member, the pressure from shareholders became overwhelming. "We could have held out until the next annual meeting," says this person, "but that would not have been the right thing to do."

On the evening of Wednesday, June 8, the board called an emergency meeting in Chicago. Though reports vary as to who was the first to stick his neck out and urge action, several sources say it was Laura D'Andrea Tyson, dean of the London Business School, who apparently said she had had enough. A former Clinton-administration economist who hopes to work in the White House again someday, she had always felt like a fish out of water on this mostly white, male, conservative board, colleagues say. Despite Marty Lipton's admonitions to stick together, she allegedly said she could see lawsuits ahead if they didn't act. Still, there was no announcement.



THE LONG AND WINDING ROAD
Purcell in his office at Discover Financial Services, a division of Morgan Stanley, in Riverwoods, Illinois, July 18, 2005. Twenty years ago, he came up with what is considered the triumph of his career: the Discover card.

On Friday, June 10, a team of nine people in the equities-derivatives unit—the same team which, according to the bank's March manifesto, was to play the key role in Morgan Stanley's "new" strategy of integration—walked out to more lucrative pay packages at Wachovia. By the end of the weekend, Purcell had quit—but not before holding out for some control. In a meeting in Chicago, he asked the board to make a statement that neither Pandit nor his followers, nor any of the Group of Eight, nor any people they'd suggested, nor John Mack, be considered for C.E.O. The board agreed, even though to do so was unprecedented—and was to cause further unhappiness among shareholders. "What Morgan Stanley needs most is someone who knows the organization inside out and can come in and fix it," says a former senior executive. "To rule out most of the people who could do that is totally irresponsible."

On Monday, June 13, Purcell announced his resignation at the morning meeting. Charles "Chuck" Knight, the former chairman of Emerson Electric and the head of the new search committee on the board, immediately followed with an announcement about who would *not* be considered for C.E.O.

When Purcell gave his speech, he was emotional. He blamed the media and a "jihad," consisting of personal attacks, rather than the internal discord and fallen stock price. At the end, applause occurred, but outside the organization there was no such support. One of the people who'd quit the previous Friday left a euphoric voice mail on a former colleague's machine. "I just heard the news: the Evil Empire has fallen. I'd like to think that in some small way we were part of the straw that broke the camel's back—or these jackasses' back, as the case may be."

The question that many people now ask themselves is: How could one man bring one of America's premier financial-services franchises to its knees, single-handedly? This was echoed over and over during the reporting of this piece. (A source close to Purcell says any Dean Witter person filling the role of C.E.O. would have had difficulties with Morgan Stanley, and Purcell points out that the market capitalization of Morgan Stanley went from $22 billion to $58 billion after the merger.)

In hindsight, say many people, it's easy to see how, but it wasn't so easy at the time. Purcell, after all, is a strategist who thinks long-term. In his Dean Witter days he had a 10-year plan. "I don't know if I ever met anyone who put a 10-year plan together," one of his former colleagues reportedly remarked.

Purcell grew up in Salt Lake City, the son of an insurance executive. An avid athlete, he attended Notre Dame (where he is now on the board) and got master's degrees at both the University of Chicago and the London School of Economics. In 1964 he married his high-school sweetheart, Anne, with whom he has seven sons, all grown. The

couple moved to the Chicago suburb of Wilmette, and he rose through the ranks of McKinsey & Company, a management-consulting firm, where one of his clients was the mid-market retailer Sears.

Sears, under Edward Telling, hired Purcell to become head of planning. In 1981, Sears acquired Dean Witter, which sold stocks to a growing affluent middle class. In 1985, Purcell came up with what is generally considered to be the triumph of his career: Discover—a credit card for customers that earned them a rebate on purchases. The card had a rocky beginning, but soon became a great success. Dean Witter, Discover & Co. was spun off from Sears in 1993, with Purcell as its C.E.O. and chairman. Morgan Stanley advised on the transaction.

Thus began the relationship between the two companies. By the late 1990s the idea of the financial supermarket was coming into vogue (the Citigroup behemoth formed in 1998), and Dick Fisher and John Mack felt that if they added a retail outlet to their advisory business they'd have far greater distribution. "The advantage of merging with Dean Witter Discover was that it would mean relatively little bloodletting, since there was relatively little overlap," says someone familiar with the talks.

Both men were so entranced with the idea that they didn't balk at Purcell's demands, including the installation of the Dean Witter chief legal officer, Christine Edwards, over the more qualified and more experienced Wall Street lawyer Jonathan Clark, who'd been Morgan Stanley's chief legal officer for three years. "I'm sure Christine is good at compliance and things that are important to a retail business," says a former senior management executive from the Morgan Stanley side, "but a global institutional-securities firm, where the legal issues are really complicated? John Clark is a lot more experienced, and he's a great businessman." Edwards and Purcell had a close friendship. "Her entire career she had followed him around until that point," says a former high-ranking Dean Witter employee. Another Dean Witter person says, "They both had family in Chicago, but had apartments in New York City. They traveled back and forth together." A former, very senior Morgan Stanley person points out, "She was the only person allowed to answer him back in meetings with him."

But Mack took the view that the deal needed to be done, and if there were a few personnel concessions, so what? It was a price he was willing to pay—and he set the example, stepping aside for what he thought would be just three years or so. Wall Street colleagues were astonished at the sacrifice. One source says that KKR co-founder Henry Kravis called Mack to say, "I don't know any C.E.O. who'd do what you did."

Fisher allegedly told his protégé before the merger was completed that he had misgivings, but Mack convinced him to proceed. (A Fisher family member says that he did not have doubts until after the merger.) Why didn't Mack get the so-called handshake agreement with Purcell written down? "Mack is a former bond salesman who grew up through the ranks at Morgan Stanley," says a former colleague of his. "He lives by a code that says your handshake is worth something. That's how the old Morgan Stanley was."

But it wasn't too long before some in the Morgan Stanley camp began thinking that Purcell was not their kind of people, as they say. Soon after the merger, Purcell came to an informal meeting at the clubhouse of the Muirfield Village Golf Club, in Dublin, Ohio. Mack and Peter Karches, then the head of institutional securities and perhaps Mack's closest friend within the organization, were having breakfast when Purcell joined them. Purcell's clothing, according to someone who was there, stood out: a Panama hat, bright-red shirt, and ill-fitting shorts. Karches, who is renowned for being blunt, turned to Mack and said, "John, this is not going to work."

The incident characterized the deep cultural rift that would tear apart Morgan Stanley for the next few years. "Hatfields and McCoys" and "White shoe meets white belt" were phrases bandied about to describe the incongruity between the consumer-oriented Dean Witter employees and the Morgan Stanley elite. The Dean Witter crowd regarded the Morgan Stanley employees as arrogant snobs.

Shortly after the merger, Mack became the head of the retail side of the firm—theoretically, so he could gain the requisite experience for when he took over. In retrospect many saw it as a move to sideline him, since some of Mack's underlings—including, reportedly, Jim Higgins, head of Morgan Stanley's private-client group—tended to go around Mack and report directly to Purcell. Higgins went so far as to complain to Purcell when Mack dropped in unannounced on the brokers in Hayward, California, to see how they were doing. Purcell told him not to do this. "They [the brokers] want to be prepared ... put on a coat and tie," a source says he told Mack.

But formality—and adherence to hierarchy—was Purcell's style. He built a lavish executive floor, but left the office of Dick Fisher, then chairman of the executive committee of the board, on the old executive floor, which many saw as a snub (although, evidently, Fisher did not). What *was* wounding to Fisher, however, was when he went to see the board as they were discussing Mack's resignation, and Purcell popped his head out the door to say the board didn't [illegible] to see him.

Purcell did not have an open-door p[olicy] and insisted that people make appointm[ents] with him, and he rarely visited clients [or] indeed, anyone except his own lieuten[ants]. Even though Morgan Stanley prided [itself] on being a "horizontal" institution—in [other] words a place that was swarming with [talent]—Purcell would choose the top 50 [em]ployees and take them to an off-site me[eting] each year, as he'd done at Dean Witter. [He] didn't seem to get that at Morgan Stanl[ey] single individual could make or break a [quarter]; it just wasn't like Dean Witter, whe[re] was all about volume," says Robert Scot[t].

The Dean Witter faction, however, [re]mained steadfast in its loyalty to Pur[cell]. A posting on the job-search Web [site] Vault.com, dated April 2005, reads, "Pu[rcell] made A LOT of people A LOT of mone[y]. I was at the firm when we went public in [1986] and were allowed to buy shares at $17. It [has] split twice and is in the 50s. Many of th[e] brokers have been with the firm 20+ y[ears] and Phil helped pay for those beach hou[ses]. They will lay down in traffic."

At the time of the merger, Purcell w[as] to pay himself, Mack, and senior ex[ecu]tives incentive bonuses; Karches, an out[spo]ken character, thought this ludicrous, e[ven] though he was a beneficiary. "We had [built] this stock; that should have been incen[tive] enough," he said. (Purcell doesn't recall [the] incident.) Karches was not the kind of m[an] to keep his opinions to himself. He felt t[hat] Purcell was out of his depth—and he [was] not afraid to tell him so on an ongoing ba[sis]. At one point he said to him, "Just leave. [It's] You are the most incompetent mana[ger] I've been around." (Purcell, according [to] sources, did not feel Karches's opinions w[ere] representative of a meritocracy, since K[ar]ches had worked for only one person, J[ohn] Mack, all his career.)

Purcell, in turn, was thought to be afraid [of] Karches and eventually got rid of him. Ma[ck], at the behest of Robert Scott, had asked [for] Jim Higgins, head of Morgan Stanley's priv[ate] client group, to be removed. "You gotta m[ake] a change with Higgins. Make him vi[ce] chairman. Let's put someone else in retai[l]," Mack supposedly said. Purcell took a trip [to] Hawaii. On his return he told Mack, acco[rd]ing to a source, that Higgins could go, b[ut] Karches had to as well—because of poor p[er]formance in technology. Mack was asto[n]ished. "Peter is one of the best managers [we] have. How can you tie him to Higgins?" [he] allegedly said.

Purcell then reportedly told a senior M[or]gan Stanley executive that Goldman Sac[hs] C.E.O. Henry Paulson and then Merr[ill] Lynch C.E.O. David Komansky felt th[at] Karches had performed poorly in meetin[gs].

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n we first handed out samples of ectin formula to employees and s as part of our market research, le tubes were simply marked cream' with the lot number th," Ms. Gay explains. "As the were passed to friends and fami- essage became a little muddled people used this 'topical cream' al moisturizer. As we began to edback from users, like 'I look younger' and 'I can't even notice s' feet,' we knew we had some- re than America's most effective ark cream. The point was driv- as store owners began reporting that almost as many people were purchasing StriVectin as an anti-wrinkle cream as were buying it to reduce stretch marks."

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Then, on Tuesday, July 2, 2002, at a meeting of the 20th World Congress of Dermatology in Paris, France, a series of studies detailing the superior wrinkle-reducing properties of a patented oligo-peptide (called Pal-KTTKS) versus retinol, vitamin C, and placebo, on "photo-aged skin" was presented.[1,2] "As luck would have it," Dr. Mowrey states, "the anti-wrinkle oligo-peptide tested in the breakthrough clinical trials turned out to be a key ingredient in the StriVectin cream."

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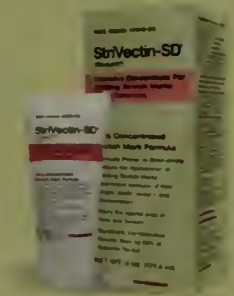


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organ Stanley

other investment banks—something that lson and Komansky subsequently de- ever having said. Purcell paid off Kar- handsomely—$50 million over three s, according to a source. "He gave me his extra money which I didn't expect eserve," Karches says. In return, Karches not to disparage the company for a set . At their final meeting Karches, in his cally blunt style, said to Purcell, "Phil, don't have the game for this business." cell is said to have replied, "Don't tell ody."

s the months went by, Mack grew in- singly frustrated as the members of the d who'd been elected by the Morgan ley side of the merger resigned either be- e of age, such as Dick Fisher, or because nforeseen circumstances, as was the case Diana "DeDe" Brooks, the former O. of Sotheby's, who pleaded guilty to e-fixing. Michael Miles, former C.E.O. hilip Morris Companies and a friend ally of Purcell's, was the head of the d's nominating committee, and under eadership the new board came to be e up of those perceived to have ties to s or McKinsey or Chicago, the home- of Phil Purcell. By 2001 the ratio of n Witter to Morgan Stanley board mem- stood at eight to three.

y then Mack realized he was outposi- d, and in January 2001 he resigned. By point he'd met with Purcell several times scuss the issue of succession, and each Purcell had stonewalled. (A source to Purcell says this was the third time k had threatened to resign and this time oard decided to accept it.) According source, when the board met to discuss k's resignation, it set a time when Purcell v that Laura D'Andrea Tyson, Mack's est ally, would be on a plane, unavail- . (Purcell says that the board was gath- as quickly as possible because the resig- n occurred suddenly, and that every ef- was made to include everyone.)

fter Fisher tried unsuccessfully to speak he board about Mack, he washed his ds of the place, say people close to him. k's departure was not the only thing that bled Fisher. By this time the firm had on the front page of the newspapers nd on for two years because of a high- ile racial-discrimination suit filed by an can-American former employee named stian Curry. The case caused immense age to the firm's reputation and an even er problem internally.

urry had been a 23-year-old junior ana- lyst at Morgan Stanley for less than a in 1998 when it was discovered that he had posed nude for a photographer who then sold the pictures to a gay-porn maga- zine. The son of a Manhattan surgeon, he was a first-rate athlete, a serious pianist, and a Columbia graduate. Morgan Stanley fired him shortly afterward, claiming he'd abused expenses; Curry turned around and sued for $1.35 billion.

During the legal proceedings that unfold- ed, the D.A. learned that Morgan Stanley had paid a former friend of Curry's, Charles Joseph Luethke, to set up a sting operation, in which Curry was arrested for plotting to plant racially charged messages in the Mor- gan Stanley e-mail system. In the ensuing brouhaha both Monroe Sonnenborn, a head securities lawyer, and Christine Edwards took the fall.

Few tears were shed within the company over Edwards's departure. A stunningly at- tractive woman, she was widely resented for what some saw as her imperious attitude and her close relationship with Purcell. Several sources said that a high-ranking executive had spoken to Purcell about the problem and how it was affecting morale.

After Morgan Stanley, Edwards spent three years at Bank One, and is currently a partner in the firm Winston & Strawn, in Chicago. She was replaced by Donald Kempf, who was a senior partner in the Chicago office of the firm Kirkland & El- lis. "He was hired for one reason—to get Purcell out of that [Christian Curry] mess," says someone involved with the legal pro- ceedings at the time. Kempf obliged. The case was settled one week before Purcell and other Morgan Stanley executives were due to be deposed. Someone familiar with the matter has stated that Kempf was look- ing into setting up parameters so that ques- tioning under oath would not include de- tails of the executives' private lives. Another source says that Curry suddenly became eager to settle because of events extraneous to the case that neither side will now talk about. Morgan Stanley paid $1 million to the National Urban League and stated that Curry was never paid a dime by them in the settlement.

What the board did and did not know over the past eight years is now a key question. Certainly, some critics ask why it did not push Purcell harder in the last three years as the stock plummeted and the bank's reputation was severely diminished.

On top of the Curry case, it has paid a se- ries of fines to regulators, as well as settling a class-action discrimination lawsuit stemming from a complaint filed by former Morgan Stanley bond saleswoman Allison Schieffelin, 44, who claimed she had been passed over for promotion. Several former senior female executives said that Morgan Stanley under Purcell had been a terrible place for women to work. (Purcell says he prides himself on the number of senior-level women employed by Discover.)

Last year Morgan Stanley settled with the Equal Employment Opportunity Com- mission, which brought the suit on behalf of Schieffelin and other female employees, for $54 million, rather than stand trial. This was the second-largest settlement the com- mission had ever reached with a company (the highest was $81 million, with Publix Super Markets, in 1997), and the first with a major securities firm.

Yet Purcell publicly remained unbowed, going so far as to remark to the attendees of an institutional-investor conference—which included a *New York Times* reporter—that re- tail investors need not be concerned by Mor- gan Stanley's involvement in a $1.4 billion set- tlement the firm, along with nine other finan- cial companies, paid to the Securities and Exchange Commission. (The case was based on claims that the firm's reports misled in- vestors.) S.E.C. chief William Donaldson re- sponded by saying that Purcell's remarks showed "a troubling lack of contrition."

Over the years Purcell's thick-skinned at- titude has won him few friends and many detractors. Under him, the company ran through presidents—the number-two job—at a record pace: there were five in eight years. The day Mack left, in 2001, Purcell allegedly went to Robert Scott and said, "John's quit. I would like you to become president, and you need to say yes right now because John will put out a press release, and I need to issue one, too." Scott had lit- tle choice but to agree. (Purcell says there was no pressure on Scott to make a quick decision.)

But about a year into Scott's tenure as president, he, like Karches before him, began telling Purcell to his face that he had lost his grip on the firm. Scott eventually found himself off to the side on an orga- nizational chart in Purcell's office. "Does this mean I'm fired?" he asked. "I guess so," said Purcell. Two months later, Scott resigned. He was replaced by Stephan New- house, who was thought to be more client- friendly than Purcell and thus a good com- plement. He lasted in the job less than two years.

As it happened, the Perelman case turned out to be Purcell's final blunder. "It's quite clear that here was a C.E.O. who did not even know that the ball was in play and did not set up a system where disputes involving significant amounts of money reached him," says the head of one of the bank's bigger pri- vate equity clients.

In 2003, Donald Kempf told then investment- banking division head Tarek Abdel- Meguid that Perelman was filing a suit for fraud. Kempf's recommendation—unchar-

Morgan Stanley

acteristic, according to many sources—was to settle, for $20 million. But several people on the institutional side of the bank said they didn't want to do so. "Part of the problem was that no one felt like they wanted to give a man like Ronald Perelman $20 million," says a high-ranking source.

Time after time during the discovery process Morgan Stanley failed to produce requested e-mails and relevant documentation it said it didn't have—only to find them later. In June 2004, a Morgan Stanley technology executive signed a document certifying that the company had turned over all e-mails ordered by the court. However, the firm later revealed that an employee had stumbled upon 1,423 additional e-mail storage tapes. In February, even more tapes were unearthed.

By March 2005 the judge in the case, Elizabeth Maass, was fed up; she took the extremely unusual step of telling the jury that Morgan Stanley had helped to defraud Perelman. Now all the jurors had to do was decide whether Perelman had relied on Morgan Stanley's faulty information and lost money because of it, as he claimed. From the perspective of someone close to Perelman's legal team, the behavior of Morgan Stanley was a "classic case of the bully in the schoolyard . . . they behaved with astonishing arrogance."

Toward the end of the trial, which took place in West Palm Beach, Florida, people saw Kempf huddled with journalists in what seemed, in retrospect, an attempt to save Morgan Stanley's reputation. It was too late. On June 3, Kempf announced his retirement after Shearman & Sterling senior partner David Heleniak was hired in May to report directly to Purcell. Lawyers all over Wall Street shook their heads at such an ignominious end for a lawyer that even former adversaries consider one of the best. "It's a sad day that that guy had to take the fall for something he'd never even believed in," commented a friend of his.

Meanwhile, for Purcell, too, the end was drawing near, though he remained determined to tough it out. "He still believes the firm was on the right course under him," says a person close to him. "He took the board's decision badly."

No sooner had Purcell resigned than a close associate of Cruz's began to campaign for her to be C.E.O., it was reported in *The New York Times,* and she told people that she would have "some say" in the board's selection process. Names came up and were dismissed: Robert Diamond, president of Barclays; Citigroup's executive-committee chairman, Robert Rubin; and Laurence Fink, the chairman of Black Rock, who told the board they'd be better off considering Mack.

"Really, to fix this problem, all the divisions and scars, it has to be someone who knows the firm, who knows the business," said a veteran. "There's really only one person who can do it."

And so, five years after he'd walked out, John Mack, nicknamed "Mack the Knife," got the call many felt he should have gotten years earlier. Eventually, Charles Knight, the head of the search committee, had to reverse his position because of the overwhelming support for Mack both inside and outside the bank.

As the news seeped out that he might come back, the stock price immediately rose. "He's one of the most challenging people I've ever worked for. He's terrific with regulators, clients, the employees; he's passionate, he's disciplined, he's there for everybody. If you looked up the antonym to Phil Purcell in the dictionary, you'd see John Mack's face," says one of his more senior former executives.

During negotiations, Mack hung tough. "If he's going to do this, he's got to replace some of that board," says a friend of his. It was unclear at the time of this writing precisely how Mack was going to restore harmony and stability. According to one source, he made offers to Pandit, Harris and Newhouse, but it was not clear which had accepted. In part, this was because on July 11, Zoe Cruz was appointed as president, and co-president Steve Crawford announced he'd be resigning—along with a $32 million package, previously agreed to by the board. Purcell's severance package was an estimated $106 million, including a $44 million bonus and retirement pay, as well as some previously granted stock and options. Many people both inside and outside the company were appalled at the board for signing off on these. "I can't believe that someone's not going to do something [about it], like [New York State attorney general Eliot] Spitzer," said a former senior executive. "The Morgan Stanley board of directors continues to give capitalism a bad name," Neil Barsky, a former Morgan Stanley analyst and now a hedge-fund manager, told *The Wall Street Journal.* (Mack quickly agreed to invoke a merit-based standard for himself.)

When asked recently how he felt about his tenure at Morgan Stanley, Purcell replied, "I'm proud of what we've done. We've built enormous value for shareholders. And I have every confidence that this will continue." Meanwhile, there was a feeling of excitement and optimism inside the Morgan Stanley building for the first time in years. Except, that is, in one corner of the 39th floor, where Philip Purcell's belongings had already been packed in boxes. □

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 334 private, accompanied only by her elderly corgi-terrier mix, Norman, who spends most of his time snoring on his dog bed. Public sympathy seemed to be on her side; the Hollywood boutique Kitson reported that its "Team Aniston" T-shirts were outselling "Team Jolie" T-shirts by a margin of 25 to 1. But that was cold comfort as Aniston was assaulted by one provocation after another.

When the Pitts split up, Brad insisted he hadn't slept with Jolie, and Aniston accepted his denial. "She wasn't naïve," says Kristin Hahn, an executive at the Pitts' production company, Plan B. "She's not suggesting she didn't know there was an enchantment, and a friendship. But Brad was saying, 'This is not about another woman.'"

The moment he and Aniston separated, however, he re-emerged in what looked like a full-blown affair with Jolie. Struggling to accept a separation she never wanted, Aniston found that the "facts" she had been told kept shifting like quicksand beneath her feet. When I ask about that gracious, no-one-is-to-blame announcement of their separation, she takes a deep breath. "What we said was true—"

As I raise my eyebrows, she pauses for a moment, and then adds carefully, "—as far as I knew. We wrote it together, very consciously, and felt very good about it. We exited this relationship as beautifully as we entered it."

All Aniston wanted then was to figure out what happened; how did the happy couple they'd planned drift so far off course? But everything changed on April 29, when photographs broke of Brad and Angelina frolicking on the beach with Maddox at a romantic resort in Africa. "The world was shocked and I was shocked," she says, still bending over backward not to excoriate her ex.

But to say that this news was like pouring salt in the wound would understate the impact considerably; how about pouring molten lava in the hole where somebody ripped your heart out?

And then things got worse.

The skies over Los Angeles are uncharacteristically gray today, and the Pacific shimmers with an opalescent sheen. Although the weather is gloomy, the ocean

, waves lap gently at the shoreline, mak- soft shushing sound that Aniston has d very soothing lately.

'hat's quite a backyard, in my opin- she says as we stand on her deck, ing the hypnotic rhythm of the waves. being able to go to the water's edge scream—"

e grins. "Not too loudly. You don't want le to think that you're crazy. But it can ry cathartic."

e is wearing a white tank top and white string linen pants, with a vivid laven- ashmere cardiwrap around her to ward e unseasonable chill. Formidably toned ga, her body is in superb shape, but te her tanned skin and megawatt smile oks fragile and wan.

e remains resolutely upbeat none- ss, casting her current situation in the positive light possible. "It's beautiful I love it," she says. "I've always want- have a little Malibu beach house, t feels good. I'm enjoying simplifying s."

though the bungalow was dark and ssing when she first saw it, a quickie over has transformed it into a cozy uary that's far more representative of ton's personal taste than the show- she and Pitt shared, where the décor ed all hard edges and unforgiving ials. "Brad and I used to joke that ev- iece of furniture was either a museum or just uncomfortable," Aniston says. definitely had his sense of style, and I itely have my sense of style, and some- they clashed. I wasn't so much into rn."

mention Nicole Kidman's quip after ng up with Tom Cruise, when she was what she looked forward to in her new ithout the diminutive husband who abruptly ended their marriage. "Wear- igh heels again," Kidman retorted.

I ask Aniston—who filed for divorce larch 25 and expects it to become final all—what she's enjoying about being on wn. "I can have a comfortable couch," ays with a wry smile.

he tabloids and celebrity gossip maga- es, the soap-opera version of her life nues to hurtle along like a runaway ex- train, rushing Aniston through major ages with ludicrous speed: Jen Is Dev- ed! Jen Is Furious! Jen Gets Revenge! Has a New Man! Jen Is Over Brad! of the stories are wrong. (No, Oprah t try to get Brad and Jen back togeth- , Jen is not romantically involved with e Vaughn, her co-star in *The Break-Up,* medy about a separating couple who nue to live together, which they shot in go over the summer.)

her reports are just idiotically simple- minded, breathlessly advancing a plot that bears little resemblance to the long, complex, painful experience of getting over a divorce. While the tabloids insist on dividing Aniston's emotions into neat, distinct chapters, the reality is that pain and denial and anger and resignation all blur together, sometimes at the same moment—and the lengthy process of mourning is nowhere near over.

"There are many stages of grief," she says. "It's sad, something coming to an end. It cracks you open, in a way—cracks you open to feeling. When you try to avoid the pain, it creates greater pain. I'm a human being, having a human experience in front of the world. I wish it weren't in front of the world. I try really hard to rise above it."

Aniston is struggling to find a deeper meaning in the debacle. "I have to think there's some reason I have called this into my life," she says. "I have to believe that—otherwise it's just cruel."

Her friends are filled with admiration for the way she's handled the whole mess. "This woman is basically having a root canal without anesthesia, but she's really trying not to numb the pain or shove it under the rug," says Hahn. "She's grown so much, and she continues to grow on a daily basis, because every time you think, 'Well, I've dealt with this,' there's another hurdle to get over. It's a bit Job-like at the moment."

Aniston's response has been to retreat into her cocoon, "in an effort to take care of myself and my heart," she says. "I feel like I'm nesting. I love being home. I have friends that come over. My girlfriends I've had for 20 years. When things happen, the tribe gathers around and lifts you up. I've had lonely moments, sure, but I'm also enjoying being alone. There's no question it takes getting used to; I'm a partnership person, and if something happens your instinct is to share it—but you're no longer part of a couple. I definitely miss that. It's sort of like Bambi—like you're trying to learn how to walk. You're a little awkward; you stumble a little bit. The things you would do with your partner, you don't do. It's uncharted territory, but I think it's good for me to be a solo person right now. You're forced to re-discover yourself and take it to another level. If you can find a way to see the glass half full, these are the moments when you learn the most. I've had to reintroduce myself to myself in a way that's different."

She doesn't downplay the difficulties. "Am I lonely? Yes. Am I upset? Yes. Am I confused? Yes. Do I have my days when I've thrown a little pity party for myself? Absolutely. But I'm also doing really well," she says. "I've got an unbelievable support team, and I'm a tough cookie. . . . I believe in therapy; I think it's an incredible tool in educating the self on the self. I feel very strong. I'm really proud of how I've conducted myself."

A crucial part of Aniston's strategy has been to ignore the putrid stew of rumor, speculation, and outright falsehood in the tabloid media. "It's been very important for me not to read anything, not to see anything," she says. "It's been my saving grace. That stuff is just toxic for me right now. I probably avoided a lot of suffering by not engaging in it, not reading, not watching."

She gestures toward Norman, who has roused himself for a moment to check on his mistress's whereabouts. "It's like those dog cones," she says, encircling her neck as if putting on one of the plastic cones prescribed by vets to prevent dogs from scratching their ears. "I have my imaginary dog cone on, so I don't see anything. It just allows for a much more peaceful life."

Nevertheless, as Pitt publicly flaunted the instant family he had created with Jolie, the tableaux of their newfound togetherness were humiliating. "I would be a robot if I said I didn't feel moments of anger, of hurt, of embarrassment," Aniston acknowledges.

But she tries to keep the lurid details to herself. "She is grieving, but she's taken the high road," says Bendewald. "She's mourning the death of a marriage, and she's done it very privately. She can have her moments of rage, but she doesn't want to out him, and that keeps her heart clear. She's not bad-mouthing him. She doesn't want to make him the villain and her the victim."

Indeed, Aniston vehemently rejects the interpretation that she was left for another woman. "I don't feel like a victim," she says. "I've worked with this therapist for a long time, and her major focus is that you get one day of being a victim—and that's it. Then we take responsibility for our own input. To live in a victim place is pointing a finger at someone else, as if you have no control. Relationships are two people; everyone is accountable. A lot goes into a relationship coming together, and a lot goes into a relationship falling apart. She'd say, 'Even if it's 98 percent the other person's fault, it's 2 percent yours, and that's what we're going to focus on.' You can only clean up your side of the street."

These days, one index of recovery is the fact that Aniston's sardonic humor is resurfacing. When I tell her that my 13-year-old son is a big fan of hers, she doesn't miss a beat. "Is he single?" she asks, deadpan.

She'll toss off a crack about Pitt's startling transformation into a punky bleached

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blond. "Billy Idol called—he wants his look back," she murmurs with a sly smile.

By now she can even talk about those gut-wrenching photos of Jolie and Pitt in Kenya with mordant resignation rather than tears. "I can't say it was one of the highlights of my year," she says. "Who would deal with that and say, 'Isn't that sweet! That looks like fun!'? But shit happens. You joke and say, 'What doesn't kill you makes you stronger.'"

She sighs. "I feel like I've earned a superpower shield," she says. Then, afraid of sounding grandiose, she adds, "I'm not comparing my suffering to other people's suffering. Everybody has their own."

Aniston's friends were particularly horrified by *W* magazine's 60-page photo spread featuring Pitt and Jolie as an early-1960s-style married couple with a brood of miniature blond Brads. "You want to shake the shit out of him and say, 'Your timing sucks!'" says one. "He's made some choices that have been tremendously insensitive."

The *W* feature, which was entitled "Domestic Bliss," couldn't be blamed on the paparazzi; not only did Pitt conceptualize it, but he retained the international rights, so he actually profited from it. Aniston's eyes widen in surprise when I mention that last fact, and she grimaces. "I didn't know that," she says. But she refuses to indulge herself in an angry reaction. "Is it odd timing? Yeah. But it's not my life," she says. "He makes his choices. He can do—whatever. We're divorced, and you can see why."

She shakes her head in exasperation. "I can also imagine Brad having absolutely no clue why people would be appalled by it," she adds. "Brad is not mean-spirited; he would never intentionally try to rub something in my face. In hindsight, I can see him going, 'Oh—I can see that that was inconsiderate.' But I know Brad. Brad would say, 'That's art!'"

She rolls her eyes, pretending to screw something into her forehead. "There's a sensitivity chip that's missing," she says.

Aniston's friends are amazed at her willingness to give Pitt the benefit of the doubt, but they basically agree with her assessment. "I don't think he was trying to hurt Jen," says Courteney Cox, Aniston's dear friend and former co-star on *Friends*. "I don't think that Brad is malicious, or a liar. The *W* thing was his idea, but I don't think he thought that one through, about what it would look like to anyone else."

Although Aniston remains determined not to lash out, she sometimes questions her own restraint. "Why am I protecting him?" she exclaimed to one friend, only to continue with what she sees as the dignified course of action.

"I'm not interested in taking public potshots," she explains. "It's not my concern anymore. What happened to him after the separation—it's his life now. I've made a conscious effort not to add to the toxicity of this situation. I haven't retaliated. I don't want to be a part of it. I don't have a halo that I'm polishing here; everyone has their personal thoughts. But I would much rather everyone move on. I am not defined by this relationship. I am not defined by the part they're making me play in the triangle. It's maddening to me. But I had a mom who was very angry about her divorce, and made shots, and I don't want to play that out. If people are frustrated that I don't want to do that, I'm sorry. I'm figuring this out as I go along. This is my first time at this particular picnic."

As befits a storybook tale, the Pitts' marriage was the first for both of them, and some of Aniston's fondest memories are from the time they shared before the world discovered their romance. "We had so much fun falling in love," she says wistfully. "It was so private; we kept it to ourselves for so long. It was something we were really proud of."

But after the relationship became public, it was always difficult to reconcile their mythic image with the quotidian reality of their private life, which was more likely to involve watching television, ordering takeout, and having close friends over than swanning around on red carpets.

"We were put on a pedestal, but we were just a couple like anybody else," Aniston says. "When we were home, we'd watch the shows we loved, and one time there was this program called *It's Good to Be Brad and Jen*. It was all about us going to Scotland and Greece and having our matching S.U.V.'s, and it wasn't my life—I'd never even been to some of these places, but even I got sucked in. We're sitting there saying, 'Yeah, boy, it sure must be good to be Brad and Jen!' So is it our responsibility to demystify this, to say, 'This is not what it's like—it's not that fabulous, not that great'? There's no doubt our life is fortunate, but . . . "

But even golden couples struggle with the formidable challenges of marriage. "It's like the ebb and flow of every relationship," Aniston says. "It's hard; it gets easy; it gets fun again. What's hard to sustain is some ideal that it's perfect. That's ridiculous. What's fantastic about marriage is getting through those ebbs and flows with the same person, and looking across the room and saying, 'I'm still here. And I still love you.' You re-meet, reconnect. You have marriages within marriages within marr
That's what I love about marriage.
what I want in marriage. It's unfortunat
we live in a very disposable society.
moments where it looks like 'Uh-oh
isn't working!'—those are the most i
tant, transformative moments. Most c
draw up divorce papers when they're
ing out on an amazing moment of de
ing and enlightenment and connectio

She sighs heavily and turns away to
a Merit cigarette. "That's not Brad's
of it," she says, glum again. "We beli
different things, I guess. You can't fo
relationship, even if it's your view of
you would like it to be conducted. Ob
ly two people leave a relationship bec
there's a different thought pattern
pening. My goal is to try and achieve a
deep, committed relationship. That's
I'm interested in, but it's someone's pr
ative to be or not to be in or out of a
tionship."

"I think Jen wanted to work it out, a
don't think he wanted to work it out,"
drea Bendewald observes. "I don't thin
knew what he wanted."

Nevertheless, Aniston has only l
words about her marriage. "I still fe
lucky to have experienced it. I woul
know what I know now if I hadn't b
married to Brad," she says. "I love Br
really love him. I will love him for the
of my life. He's a fantastic man. I don
gret any of it, and I'm not going to
myself up about it. We spent seven
intense years together; we taught each
er a lot—about healing, and about fun
helped each other through a lot, and I
ly value that. It was a beautiful, compl
ed relationship. The sad thing, for m
the way it's been reduced to a Hollyw
cliché—or maybe it's just a human clich
have a lot of compassion for everyone
ing through this."

As for what went wrong, Aniston
jects any simplistic explanation. '
just complicated," she says. "Relationsh
are complicated, whether they're frie
ships or business relationships or par
relationships. I don't think anybody i
marriage gets to a point where they
like 'We've got it!' You're two people c
tinually evolving, and there will be tir
when those changes clash. There are
these levels of growth—and when you s
growing together, that's when the proble
happen."

Friends say that it was always diffic
for Aniston and Pitt to maintain the intir
cy they craved while juggling their dema
ing work schedules, which often requi
long separations. Those tensions notw
standing, Aniston believed her marriage
the real thing. "We both did," she says.

o what happened? "I think—it changed," says haltingly. "We both changed."

he sighs again. "You do the best you and I think we did. We did the best ould."

oth of them? She looks me straight in ye. "Both parties," she says.

ut nagging questions remain about s conduct during the months leading o their separation. "She was commito the marriage," says Bendewald. "He ed to figure out who he was and what anted, but he seemed to want to do it out being married. She wanted him gure out what he wanted and stay mar- He didn't think he could do that, so at point she was like, 'O.K., go figure t.'"

hroughout that period, Pitt insisted his relationship with Jolie was not the e of his marital discontent, but his ac- since the separation have suggested oth- se.

I just don't know what happened," ton admits. "There's a lot I don't un- and, a lot I don't know, and probably r will know, really. So I choose to take with me as much integrity and dignity respect for what that relationship was can. I feel as if I'm trying to scrounge nd and pick up the pieces in the midst is media circus."

oes she buy Brad's claim that he didn't t on her before they separated? "I choose elieve my husband," Aniston says. "At point, I wouldn't be surprised by any- g, but I would much rather choose to ve him."

heir friends are still trying to parse what happened with Jolie. "I don't think he ed an affair physically, but I think he attracted to her," says Courteney Cox, vacationed with her husband, David uette, and the Pitts on Anguilla just re they announced their separation. ere was a connection, and he was honbout that with Jen. Most of the time, n people are attracted to other people, don't tell. At least he was honest about was an attraction that he fought for a od of time."

e may have been fighting it, but Pitt ually checked out of his marriage as n as he began working with Jolie, acling to Aniston's intimates. "He was ," says one.

niston has met Jolie only once, when ook a passing opportunity to say hello. vas on the lot of *Friends*—I pulled over introduced myself," Aniston recalls. aid, 'Brad is so excited about working you. I hope you guys have a really d time.'"

ut he soon became emotionally unavailto his wife, at a time when she needed him desperately. Pitt's withdrawal coincided with the end of *Friends,* which Aniston experienced as a huge loss. "That was really painful. It was a family, and I don't do great with families splitting up," says Aniston, who was deeply wounded by her parents' bitter divorce, which happened when she was 9. "It was hard to have such a wonderful constant in your life, a place to go every day, and then all of a sudden it's not there."

When she reached out for her husband's support, she didn't get it. "He just wasn't there for me," she says.

To the amazement of Aniston's friends, Pitt didn't even show up for the final taping of *Friends.*

"He was working," she says, still defending him, even though movie stars have been known to request changes in a shooting schedule to accommodate events that are important to them.

Although she isn't talking to Pitt these days, Aniston remains in regular contact with his mother, whom she loves dearly, and she doesn't rule out a better relationship with Brad in the future. "I really do hope that someday we can be friends again," she says.

She certainly doesn't regret her four-and-a-half-year marriage—not even the million-dollar wedding with 50,000 flowers, a 40-member gospel choir, a Greek bouzouki band, and fireworks exploding over the Pacific. ("It was fantastic!" she says.) But she does have other regrets.

"There's a lot I would probably do differently," she says. "I'd take more vacations—getting away from work, enjoying each other in different environments. But there was always something preventing it; either he was working or I was."

She made more profound mistakes as well. "I wouldn't give over so much of myself, which I did at times," she admits. "It was that thing about being a nurturer; I love taking care of people, and I definitely put his needs before mine sometimes. It's seamless; somewhere along the way, you sort of lose yourself. You just don't know when it happens. It's such an insidious thing, you don't really see where it started—and where you ended. There's no one to blame but yourself. I've always been that way in relationships, even with my mom. It's not the healthiest. I feel like I've broken the pattern now. I'll never let myself down like that again. I feel like my sense of self is being strengthened because of it."

Aniston's unhappy family history colored her experience of marriage from the outset. "I come from a fighting family, and I had a tough time arguing," she says. "Fighting scared me. I wouldn't speak up for myself. That's something I've learned; I will always speak my mind."

In recent months, the process of healing from the breakup with Brad has also created a new openness to healing relations with her mother. Their estrangement began nearly a decade ago, when Nancy Aniston gossiped about Jennifer on a television show, and worsened when she tried to cash in on Jennifer's fame by writing an appalling book called *From Mother and Daughter to Friends.* Jennifer severed all contact, but she is now re-assessing their relationship.

"We've exchanged messages," she says. "Our doors are open. We're taking baby steps. It's a good thing."

Although Aniston incurred criticism for distancing herself from her mother, who did not attend her wedding, she offers no apologies. "I feel pretty good about the choices I've made. The choice of not speaking to Mom for a while—that's ours. Nobody else has to understand it. The same thing with Brad and myself," she says. "I wouldn't change my childhood, I wouldn't change my heartaches, I wouldn't change my successes. I wouldn't change any of it, because I really love who I am, and am continuing to become.

"Besides, it's all in the past," she adds. "This doesn't kill you. You move on. You can't let the devastation of a divorce take over and win—let it make you this bitter, closed-off, angry, skeptical person. Then you're just falling victim to it. You don't want to shut your heart down. You don't want to feel that when a marriage ends, your life is over. You can survive anything. Compared to what other people are surviving out there in the world, this is not so bad, in the grand scheme of things. Human endurance is unbelievable. Think of what mothers of soldiers have to rise above! Everything's relative."

She looks down at her firm, fit body. "Nothing's broke," she says.

Catching the quizzical look on my face, she concedes, "Maybe a little bruised."

A few weeks later, on a stiflingly hot day in Chicago, Aniston and I are sitting in her hotel suite looking out on Lake Michigan, which is studded with little white boats. I've just told her about the gossip magazine that says she's registered here as "Mrs. Smith." The report claims Aniston is taking perverse pleasure in making hotel staffers address her as Mrs. Smith, even though they know perfectly well who she is.

The only problem with this amusing tidbit is that it's not true. "I wish I'd thought of it," says Aniston, who is registered under an entirely different, although equally humorous, name.

Despite her vow of abstinence, she succumbed to a celebrity magazine the other

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evening—and immediately regretted it. "I feel like I've fallen off the wagon," she moans. Unfortunately, the first publication she picked up featured an insult from Kimberly Stewart, Rod's party-girl daughter. "She said I'm homely," Aniston says. "It literally ruined my night. I got my feelings very hurt, actually. That was my instant Karma."

She has always fretted about her appearance, although that is often hard for others to believe. Posing for her *Vanity Fair* cover shoot, Aniston was equally fetching in French-dance-hall-girl black stockings and in a half-open oversize shirt that evoked every man's favorite just-rolled-out-of-bed look. With her tousled hair, cobalt-blue eyes, and dazzling smile, she seemed the ultimate adorable sexpot. Far from pining away in seclusion, she appeared to be sending a far more spirited message—like "Eat your heart out, Brad!"

But Aniston has never been able to reconcile the glamorous Jen on page or screen with the self-doubting woman she sees in the mirror, and the current tabloid coverage has exacerbated that gap. "It's literally two different people—the real me, and the 'Jen' they write about, 'fighting back,' 'getting revenge'—everything I couldn't be farther from wanting to do," she says. "So I'm back on the wagon."

When she arrived in Chicago to film *The Break-Up,* the gossip media, frantic for a new development, immediately plunged her into a torrid romance with her co-star, Vince Vaughn. This affair apparently does not exist.

"I adore Vince Vaughn, but I'm not going out with Vince Vaughn," she says. "I barely know the guy. We've exchanged a wine-and-cheese basket for the start of the movie, and we've gone out to dinner with the director and other people. We've got to get to know each other."

But is Aniston seeing him—or anyone else? "Nobody," she says firmly. "I like a lot of people, but I am sooo not 'in like' with anybody. I am really enjoying being by myself. I'm excited that I know there's somebody out there for me, but I am absolutely in no rush. This is all very fresh, very new. This was a seven-year relationship that was very dear, very complicated, very special. I need to honor it."

Aside from her initial flurry of tears, Aniston remains calm and thoughtful through hours of conversation with me over the course of several weeks. But there is one final topic to be addressed, and it's the most hurtful of all. The rumor that Jolie is pregnant with Pitt's child has swept around the world; some reports even have her finishing her first trimester.

When I ask Aniston about that, she looks as if I've stabbed her in the heart. Her eyes well up and spill over. Several long minutes go by as the tears keep rolling down her cheeks; she bites her lip, seemingly unable to speak. Finally she shakes her head; this subject is simply too excruciating to discuss.

"My worst fear is that Jen will have to face them having a baby together soon, because that would be *beyond* beyond painful," says Kristin Hahn.

Fortunately, there are many other things to keep Aniston occupied these days. Although she took some time off after *Friends* ended, she has since shot several movies, and the coming months will bring a series of premieres. First up is *Derailed,* a thriller starring Aniston and Clive Owen as two married strangers who meet on a train and arrange a hotel-room tryst—only to have an armed man burst in, rape the woman, and beat the man and blackmail him, setting off a horrific chain of events. The film will make adultery look about as appealing as *Fatal Attraction* did, according to Aniston: "It will be one of those movies you leave and say, 'The affair thing? M not!'"

Then there's *Rumor Has It,* whose revolves around a young reporter's viction that *The Graduate* was based o family, and that she herself is adop Mark Ruffalo plays her fiancé, and Sh MacLaine is the Mrs. Robinson chara with Kevin Costner as the Benjamin B dock who may or may not be Anist father.

Yet another upcoming film is *Fri with Money,* in which Aniston portra pothead maid whose friends—playe Catherine Keener, Joan Cusack, and Fra McDormand—are all married and far n successful in life.

Aniston is also re-evaluating her fu role at Plan B, the production company formed with Pitt and Brad Grey, who since become chairman of Paramount. is now assuming the lead role at Plan B, Aniston says she will still produce mo through the company.

"I'm excited about what the future hol she says. "I'm not a fortune-teller; I h no idea how it will play out. People 'What are you going to do?' I don't kn I kind of love that not knowing."

She is trying to outgrow some youth illusions. Prince Charming let her do and Aniston no longer believes in one t love. "I think there are many people, m soul mates," she says.

But she still has faith in the redeem power of love itself. "It's out there," she s "It will happen. There's an amazing m that's wandering the streets right now wh the father of my children. In five yea would hope to be married and have a I still believe in marriage 100 percent. Wh I hear people say that they would never it again, it's like cutting off your nose spite your face. Why would you ever cl your heart down?"

She gives me a sheepish smile. "May it's a fairy tale, but I believe in happily e after." □

9/11 Widow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 346 freakin' weeks!"

"Who told you this?" I ask, my mind racing.

"Chief Norman. He came by last night and told me and a bunch of the guys that they're closing Squad. We're goin' over to Lynn Tierney's house now."

"Do you have Chief Norman's number?" I ask him and write it down. "This is bullshit. I'm gonna call a couple of friends. See what I can do." I am pacing now, fast and furious, across the cracking linoleum floor. "I think we should have a protest tomorrow."

"We're all going to Tim Stackpole's funeral."

"They found Timmy?"

"Yeah, the other day. I thought you knew. It was in the papers."

"Where was he found?"

"South tower, I think." My mind makes a sharp turn. I know Dave is in the south tower. They are finally finding bodies there.

"What time's his funeral?" I ask.

"Eleven o'clock. It's in Marine Park. Call in the morning. One of us will drive you over."

I hang up, my rage refueling me, giving me purpose. I call Dede, my friend on Th Street. We decide to start a phone chain the neighborhood. "We'll have two rallies," decide suddenly. "One at 3:30 so the ki can come. One at 6:30 so the press will ha time to hear about it." Adrenaline rush through me like caffeine.

At my computer that night I e-mail Ch Norman's phone number to my newly ga ered list of 786 friends, family members, a business acquaintances.

It is after two in the morning when r sister, Leah, who arrived on the 12th a has been staying with me ever since, sig audibly. "Are you almost finished?" she ask

-yed. I'm still hammering the keyboard
ously, working on a flyer to plaster around
neighborhood in the morning.

A WIDOW'S PLEA

husband Dave Fontana is a firefighter
n Squad 1 missing from September 11th's
ck. Last night, the firefighters of Squad 1
rmed me that the firehouse doors will
e tomorrow. The firehouse is not only a
e of refuge for me in my grief, but is an
gral part of the Park Slope community.
he firefighters of Squad 1 are working tire-
y to retrieve their fallen brothers and are
tbroken to be displaced from their home.
se don't let my husband die in vain by let-
the firehouse he loved and served, close.
he firefighters and I have been touched
strengthened by the outpouring of sup-
shown to us by the community, but we
ly need your help now. Please call Chief
man at SOC command and make your
e heard! Thank you!

int 45 copies and find
ick roll of tape. Wired,
ke two Ambien and
on the couch, staring
he cracks in the ceil-
until I fall into a deep,
k sleep.

SEPTEMBER 24,
9:15 A.M.

Marian, it's Don." Chief Hayde's
e bellows through the
ne. "You're going to
my's funeral today,
t?"

Yes," I say.

Can I pick you up?"
sks, and I wonder if he
been told by the Fire Department to quell
to keep me from getting the neighbor-
d up in arms.

Sure," I say tersely, and a long silence
ws.

I'll be there in half an hour, then," he
finally.

climb the high S.U.V. steps and hoist
elf into the wide leather seat, moving his
e chief's hat in order to sit down. I re-
nber Dave telling me how chiefs make
figures a year, standing outside of fires
cting their men and women, like gener-
n a battle.

How are you doing?" Chief Hayde asks.

I'm pissed," I say, staring straight ahead,
he sighs, obviously uncomfortable with
topic.

Listen, Marian," he starts quietly. "I've
wn Chief Norman my whole life, and he's
od guy. You can't shoot the messenger."

The messenger should have read the
sage before he sent it," I say curtly.

"Look, you don't need to make a big deal about this. The guys told me you're having a rally—"

"Two, actually," I say, checking my lipstick in the crooked mirror on the back of the visor.

"You really don't have to do that," he says more cautiously, his eye twitching.

"Then why don't you tell the Special Operations chiefs to leave Squad alone?"

"Shit," he says, slamming on his brakes behind a delivery truck. "Sorry," he mumbles, shifting uncomfortably, scrambling for something to say.

"Dave was a great guy," he offers after a long silence.

"The best," I say, looking at my distorted reflection in the window.

"We used to talk for hours about history and books. You could talk to him about anything."



THE MAYOR AND ME

Marian Fontana at one of her many meetings with Mayor Giuliani, whom she confronted after 9/11 when firefighters were removed from the retrieval process at Ground Zero, and with whom she later worked as an advocate for the fire community.

I say nothing and in the window watch the magnified drip of a tear glide down my cheek.

"I really loved that guy," he says softly, the traffic moving again.

"If you really loved him," I say, sitting up and facing forward, "then you wouldn't let them close Squad."

3:30 P.M.

By the time I get back to Squad 1, friends and neighbors have already arrived, and news vans are parked along the street. A stooped woman stands at a table by the curb collecting signatures. I head to the back, where the firemen are hiding, unused to all of the fuss. A few reporters stand around, their long narrow pads in hand. The firefighters look self-conscious and wary.

"Hey, guys," I say, breathless, plopping my bag onto the couch in the back room. "What a freakin' day."

"I heard you talked to Don this morning," Tony says.

"I was hoping it would help," I start. "I've never been so angry in my life."

"I wouldn't fuck with ya," Firefighter Bill Speiss teases.

"Don't. I'm an angry widow." The word catches me off guard.

"I wouldn't mess with you, either," one of the reporters says in a tired voice. "I'm Michael Daly from the *Daily News*. Do you mind if I ask you a couple of questions?" He flips over a page in his notebook.

"I have a rally in a few minutes. Maybe after, O.K.?" He nods and I head out onto the apparatus floor. More people have arrived and are waiting expectantly in the street.

"You're gonna talk to these people, right?" Firefighter Eric Lynch asks, setting up a microphone in the front.

"No. You guys should," I offer.

"We can't. We can get into trouble," he says, his hair flopping over his eyes, making him look like a little boy. "C'mon. You're an actress," he says, smirking. (A bunch of the firefighters had recently attended my one-woman comedy show at a small theater in Chelsea.)

"This is different," I say to Eric, looking at the crowd that has swelled past where I can see.

Bernie Graham, a lawyer in the neighborhood, gives a short speech, then turns to me, his red eyebrows raised. "Do you want to say anything?" I spot my sister, who stares at me anxiously from the audience. holding Aidan's hand.

"Why not?" I say, stepping up to the microphone and pulling Dave's denim jacket tightly around me. My mouth feels as if I had swallowed dirt. I jam my hands into my pockets to keep them from shaking and I look out at the sea of people standing quietly.

"My name is Marian Fontana. My husband, Dave, is one of the 12 men missing at Ground Zero," I begin.

"We can't hear you!" someone shouts

from the back, and I move the microphone closer to my mouth. "My husband loved this neighborhood and he loved this firehouse," I continue. I clear my throat to try to keep my voice from quavering. "This place was his second home and now it has become mine." I see reporters writing furiously, and people taking pictures, and my former students holding signs that say SAVE SQUAD 1.

"Closing the Squad is a slap in the face not only to the men missing but to their surviving brothers who have been searching for them." I stop suddenly, my voice cracking, and I squeeze my lips closed trying not to cry. I feel Bernie's hand on my back as I try to breathe, but my chest feels as if it had a tight belt around it. I can feel Dave around me, inside me, with me, and the tears come, quiet and strong, dripping onto the sleeve of Dave's denim coat.

I look up again and see that my neighbors are crying, too. I step back up to the microphone and continue. "The firehouse has become my second family, and this neighborhood that has been so amazing needs this family here. It is a special part of this special community. Thank you all so much."

"We love you!" someone yells from the audience as applause crescendos into a solid, deafening sound. Voices in the crowd begin chanting, "Squad 1. Squad 1. Squad 1." The energy is overpowering, like the force of a blast, and I can do nothing but stare dumbstruck and overwhelmed into the crowd. Finally, someone leads me to the side as City Comptroller Alan Hevesi and a horde of local politicians take the mike.

My sister grabs my shaking hand and pulls me toward the sitting room at the back of the firehouse, but we are intercepted by a blonde woman with teeth like Chiclets gum.

"Hi. I'm with ABC. Can I talk to you for just a sec?" Signaling Leah to go ahead, I stand awkwardly. "I just want to say how sorry I am. This has been such a hard time and my prayers are with you."

"Thank you," I mumble.

"Can I ask you to spell your name, please?" she says, stepping closer to me, the cameraman peeking behind her like a shy child. I notice other reporters inching toward me, some with microphones, others with long memo pads.

"M-a—"

"Don't look at the camera. Look at me," she warns, and I turn toward her again, trying hard not to glance at the wide, black lens pointed in my face.

"Why is it so important that Squad stay open?" she asks, her head tilting to the side.

"Well, we have not—there are 12 men missing altogether." I stutter angrily, stumbling over my words like a drunk.

"Your husband is one of them," she tries.

"Yes," I say more slowly, steadying myself. "My husband's locker is still full. I am still waiting to hear where he is, and I know if my husband knew that Squad 1 was closing, he would roll over in his grave if he had one." The reporter nods vigorously.

"Your husband's name is . . . ?" she asks.

"Dave."

"How old was he?"

"He'd be 38 in three weeks." I am talking about him in the past tense. I guess this is what I have to do now. It feels wrong, like a grammatically incorrect sentence.

"Thirty-seven," she says into her microphone.

"Have they found your husband yet?"

"No."

"How long was your husband a firefighter?"

"Ten years September 8th."

"Is it possible to get a shot of your husband's locker?" the reporter asks brazenly. Thankfully, another reporter steps in, wielding a tiny tape recorder.

Five interviews later, Eric pulls me into the back room where eight of the guys sit.

"What?" I say defensively, eyeing Tony, who is smiling wryly.

"Nothing," Tony says. "Dave would be proud of you."

I bite my lip to keep the tears from coming again.

"You shouldn't even have to be doing this," Huey says.

"But we appreciate it . . . We can't say nothin' or the job will come back at us," another firefighter says.

"Well," I say, wiping my eyes. "I know this would kill Dave if he were here." Eric enters with a fax in his hand.

"Von Essen's saying that it was only a rumor. They never planned to close Squad," he mumbles.

"A rumor!" I say, snatching the paper from his hand and reading. "They're backpedaling," I add, thinking of Dave. Dave, like most firefighters, had an inherent mistrust of "Headquarters" and the chiefs and commissioners who worked there.

"Are you gonna have the next rally?" Eric asks.

"Yeah," I say slowly, still reading, "because this doesn't say that you won't be dispersed all over the city. Hey, where's Leah?" I ask, suddenly realizing her absence.

"She went to Lento's with Jason," Tony says.

Dodging reporters, I head to Lento's, a dark pizzeria across the street.

"What took you so long?"my sister asks, sipping Jack Daniel's and ginger ale. I order a Cosmopolitan.

"How's Aidan doing?" I ask her exp-tantly.

"He's fine. He went home with Mom a Dad. They're going to tuck him in." I t a deep breath and pull out a cigarette.

"You were amazing, honey," Jason s sincerely. "I don't know how you're do this." My sister leans in and grabs the ci rette from my hand and lights it.

"Man, I was like, Who is this perso She takes a long drag and hands it back me. On the TV perched in the corner the bar, the same blonde newscaster m cally appears standing in front of Squad

"Ooh! Can you turn this up, please?" son says to the bartender, straightening, a I watch in disbelief as my image appe on the television. I look different than I p ture myself, the lines of grief evident un my eyes, my flaws raw and exposed.

"Oh my God. I look like shit," I say, r ning my fingers through my hair, emb rassed.

"Shut up. You look beautiful," Jason sa

November 1, 8 A.M.

The day after Halloween, Martha Butl one of the widows from Squad 1, cal "Marian, have you heard what happened Her soft voice is full of ire.

"No," I say groggily, adjusting the cove on my bed.

"Mayor Giuliani and Commissioner V Essen cut the firefighters from Groun Zero."

"What?" I say, bolting upright.

"They took them off the site. There only a few guys left, I think."

"Why?" I ask, feeling the flush of ou rage.

"I dunno. I thought you would kno That's why I'm calling," she says, upset.

"I don't know . . . I'm barely awake . I'll find out," I say, furious. "I can't fuckin believe this. I want those guys looking f Dave." I hang up and start walking bac and forth in the living room. This pacing ha become familiar. This constant waiting. imagine my brain is spin art, the thought flying with centrifugal force all around m I try to pin them down, to put them in a order.

1. I will look for Dave myself. I will di through the rubble with my bare hands un til I find him.

2. I will organize the families. We will g down to City Hall and protest.

3. I will go from firehouse to firehous gathering firefighters, and we will march to gether to the site.

4. I will enlarge all the photos of the vic tims and place them all over City Hall.

5. I will call the mayor's office and F.D.N headquarters and arrange a meeting.

November 5, 12:43 P.M.

Alone in my car en route to Mike Russo's wake, my mind blank, I can't focus on anything. I don't even answer my cell phone, which sits on the passenger seat ringing and ringing.

The front foyer of the funeral parlor is wide, with faded blue carpet. Crooked white plastic letters spell MIKE RUSSO—ROOM 2 on a board in front. I pin my Squad patch on and follow some firefighters to a windowless room on the right.

Theresa Russo is standing in front of her husband's casket. She is carrying Mike junior, now 18 months old. He is a serious little boy with Theresa's small lips and stick-straight strawberry-blond hair. The rest of him looks like his father; the wiry build and eyes like two blue kaleidoscopes. Mike's parents stand next to Theresa, their faces long and sullen. Spotting me, Theresa smiles and signals me to come up to the front. I greet Mike's parents and his older brother Tony, who looks so much like Mike it is difficult not to gasp.

"You gotta see this," Theresa says, pulling me toward the back of the room, where a wreath of golf clubs made from black and gray carnations stands more than five feet tall. I cup my hand over my mouth to stifle a giggle. "Wait. Look at this one," she says, chuckling, and she pulls me to another corner where a wreath of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle is so large it takes three easels to hold it up. Another wreath is squeezed in next to it depicting a football jersey the size of a blackboard.

A few weeks earlier, Theresa and I attended a wake that looked like a casting call for a *Sopranos* episode. We stood at the end of a long line of men in dark, shiny suits, with greased-back hair and gold chains. They were talking about meat in thick Staten Island accents.

"The ting is," said one, "people tink da fat is bad, but you gotta have some fat to grill it right."

"Yeah . . . marbleizin'," the second one said.

"Wha?"

"Marbleizin'. The fat. Like you said, it has to be marbled."

"What the fuck are you talkin' about?"

"Fat! You was talkin' about fat and I happen to know somethin' about it. Dat's all."

"You got a fat freakin' head is what you got," the third one said, and Theresa and I tried not to giggle too loudly behind them. They went on and on like this as the line snaked through two rooms until we finally approached the large room where the casket stood. Funeral wreaths as big as cars stood around the room. A giant fire truck made from red and black carnations dominated the corner. I had seen these wreaths at most of the wakes, depicting everything the lost firefighter loved: footballs, American flags, surfboards, baseballs, cigars, logos of bands and movies.

"I do NOT want these at Mike's funeral," Theresa had said, motioning to a giant soccer ball on our right. We couldn't stop giggling as we made our way past 12 wreaths in all.

"I guess no one got the memo," I say to Theresa before I start laughing out loud. Theresa is laughing too.

"We're gonna get into trouble," Theresa says, pulling me into the hall as some white-haired relatives turn to stare. She leads me to the back of the hall.

"What are you two laughing at?" Martha says, smiling. I dry my eyes and try to catch my breath.

"Those wreaths," Theresa says, wiping her own eyes with a tissue.

"Aren't they gorgeous?" Debbie says, and Theresa and I are laughing hard again. "You two are bad," Debbie says, smiling. "They're nice! I like them."

"We're going to hell," I say.

"I already have my passport," Debbie says, laughing now. Theresa chases Mike to a chair as he tries to climb it.

"Shall I organize a Merry Widows night?" I ask.

"Stop! I hate that word," Martha says.

"Well, come up with something better then!" I tease and, after a moment, gesture Martha to step away from the other women. When I have her in the corner, I lean in and whisper. "Martha, we have to talk," I say.

"Yeah, what are we gonna do about the site?"

"I'm going to call all the media connections I know. And I think we need a meeting. We need to get the widows together."

"Stop saying widows!" she says, pretending to cover her ears.

"I know, but I think if we do, we can have some political clout and get the firefighters back working on the site."

"Yeah, whatever it takes," she says. Suddenly I bite my lip and smile.

"What?" Martha asks. She can see my wheels turning. "WHAT?"

"I'm going to print up some flyers tonight to give to whatever politicians are there at the funeral tomorrow."

"You can't do that! It's Mike's funeral!"

"I'll ask Theresa. She won't mind. We'll tell them the families are concerned and would like to dialogue."

"Marian!"

"C'mon . . . You have any better ideas?" Martha shakes her head.

"O.K., fine," she says quietly and we stand to head back into the wake room with Theresa, the words of the flyer already forming in my head.

November 6, 9:47 A.M.

I am speeding toward the church in Bayside, the flyers pressed into my black bag, my veins pulsing from too much caffeine. The widows from Squad are lining up on the steps when I arrive. I tiptoe in between them, kissing their cheeks and handing them flyers. Across the street, the politicians have already taken their places in front of the firefighters lined six rows deep. The deputy commissioner, Lynn Tierney, catches my eye, and I break through the crowd and cross over to greet her. I feel the crowd watching me, but I don't care. I need to talk to her before she leaves.

"We need to have a meeting," I say, handing her a flyer.

"I heard you were trying to get a group of widows together. I think that's great," Lynn says, handing me back my letter. She sounds like she's imagining a group of women sipping tea and crying over their husbands.

"We're all really upset about the firefighters," I continue, noticing Governor George Pataki's wife, Libby, turning to listen and Lynn shifting onto her other hip. "I think we need to get accurate information out to the families."

"I completely agree," Lynn says, her blue eyes flashing. "Why don't I call you tomorrow to set it up, 'cause we've been meaning to do this and I could use your help," she adds.

"Good," I say. I hear the bagpipes begin in the distance, so I run across the street and take my place on the steps, wiping the sweat off the back of my neck.

November 9, 7:05 P.M.

Lynn lives on 12th Street in a large factory building where they made clocks a century ago. Her apartment has exposed-brick walls, dark cavernous rooms, and high ceilings. Lynn had called yesterday, her voice as thick as a cinder block. "The mayor says he'll meet with you. Just a casual thing at my apartment, I think, since you're in Park Slope, too."

"Great," I'd said. "There'll just be a few of us."

"Make yourselves at home," she says now, quickly unloading groceries from plastic bags. She flutters around the kitchen, taking out glasses and bottles of wine.

"The mayor likes red, so I bought more of that," she says, digging through an overstuffed drawer for a bottle opener. Martha

and I glance at each other, and I wonder if she, like me, is thinking that this is all a farce and that the mayor is not going to come after all. The city is falling apart—why would he want to listen to a bunch of grief-stricken widows complain?

"I guess he's late. He had two funerals today. This schedule is just so intense," Lynn says, entering from her bedroom, where she has quickly changed into jeans and a long-sleeved shirt.

"I know. Too many funerals," I say.

"Yeah, and it's terrible that we can't be at all of them. The mayor really wants to, but sometimes there are six or seven on the same day. What do you do? I mean—"

The buzzer interrupts her, and Lynn presses the intercom. I take a seat and help myself to a piece of salami and wait. The doorbell rings, and two large, graying men enter the apartment, looking past us. They mutter into small microphones on their lapels, and in a moment the mayor enters with Tom Von Essen close behind.

The mayor's large forehead wrinkles as he smiles warmly, offering condolences and shaking hands with everyone. Tom Von Essen plops into one of the wing chairs, his red face lined with fatigue. The mayor chats casually with Lynn in the kitchen and then helps himself to a glass of wine. He eases himself into a chair next to Tom and leans back, looking expectantly at me. I sit up tall and begin.

"Thank you for coming, Mr. Mayor."

"I'm glad to be here," he says, leaning forward and taking a piece of bread.

"I'm sure you know this, but the families are concerned about how the site is being handled, particularly in regard to the firefighters." He nods, fixing his eyes on mine, so I continue. "I think I speak for everyone when I tell you that we want the firefighters who were removed from the site last week to be put back where they belong. We don't want our husbands scooped up, thrown in a truck, and found at a dump, when we know they can be found by their brothers on the site." I bite my lip and lean back in my chair to let him know I am finished.

"Well, first of all, we don't want any of your husbands to be found that way," the mayor begins. He speaks casually, as if we had been friends for a long time. "The reason we made the choice to remove the firefighters is that a safety organization we're working with has deemed the site unsafe. Now, maybe they're wrong, but I don't want to lose any more men if we don't have to."

"I don't think any of us want anyone getting hurt, but these guys are trained to search. You funded them to learn confined-space rescue and collapse, and actually, except for a construction worker breaking his arm, there have been no injuries on the site since the recovery began."

The mayor shakes his head and continues. "I was at the site today, and a grappler came within two inches of hitting a firefighter who was down in a hole and didn't know the grappler was there. Now, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I would agree with you, but these rescue guys are fatigued and emotionally upset."

"But no one's gotten hurt," I repeat, and Tom looks at the mayor with what seems like a combination of mild disgust and exhaustion. I feel my palms sweat and wipe them against the soft arms of my chair, uncrossing and crossing my legs. "I'm sure you know there is a long-standing tradition in the Fire Department that you do not leave a fire until every last man is out. You can't just remove these guys with all their friends still buried. Not to mention, we need them there. It's just not right to take them off."

"Listen, I don't think anyone understands that more than Tom and I, and we certainly would not have made this decision if we didn't feel like it was the right thing to do. Tom?" The commissioner shifts in his seat, rolling his head back, his eyes droopy with fatigue.

"Look, you got guys down there that haven't gone home since the 11th, that are going to funerals and coming back to the site. There are fathers looking for sons, brothers looking for brothers. People aren't thinking clearly—it's just not safe. I mean, our guys are doing things down there that are—look, I won't even go into it. They're not used to working in a paramilitary fashion, the way police officers are."

I feel Martha bristle next to me.

"I completely disagree. The entire make-up and training of the department is paramilitary," I snip.

"Yeah, and many of the guys in the Fire Department are in the reserves," Martha says, sitting up, her diminutive frame becoming slightly larger. "My husband was in the navy, and Tommy loved the Fire Department because it was paramilitary."

I nod emphatically at Martha's remark, which quiets both Tom and the mayor.

Two hours pass and we make our points over and over, refusing to back down. Tom grows silent, but the mayor continues, rolling up his sleeves. We bring up health issues, communication, the need for a place at Ground Zero where the families can go.

"Look, the men we lost—these men will never be replaced. I feel a sense of duty to your husbands to protect these firefighters down there. They are my employees. I mean I lost a lot of friends that day," the mayor says, then looks at Tom, who is staring at the floor, his face tense. "I think we can safely put back some of the firefighters. Tom and I have been considering this. Maybe 50 firefighters onto the pile."

"What about all of them?" I ask. "I think they all need to be put back."

"We'll start with 50 and see how it goes," Tom says.

November 23, 2:45 P.M.

Since I listed my telephone number on the flyers, calls have been coming in nonstop. I try to answer panicked questions from family members and quell rumors about seagulls flying off with body parts in their beaks from Fresh Kills. The more calls I receive, the more issues arise. The fiancées of firefighters have received no money. The air quality at Ground Zero has worsened, and firefighters are getting sick. The Red Cross can't find files. The fires are still burning. The firefighters have begun to argue with the police. Are there enough supplies for rescue workers? Is there enough staff at Fresh Kills? Is the medical examiner's office getting adequate DNA samples? While I make lists and return calls and my planet spins so fast I can barely think, the thought of Thanksgiving, my first holiday without Dave, sits like a moon in my peripheral vision, looming.

Nearly every week, the firefighters from Squad 1 call to tell me about free trips to places all over the world that I have never been, and while I politely refuse, I cannot believe how people have mobilized in an endless ribbon of generosity that crosses borders and oceans.

One afternoon, while frantically searching for the cordless phone, I place my hand on my heart to feel it racing. Did I drink too much coffee? Was I running too fast? Why had this feeling become so familiar? I press the Page button on the phone base. Nothing. I sigh. Giving up, I go into the bathroom, the only room where I can get reception on my cell phone, and begin to check my messages. When I stand up from the toilet and lift the lid, I notice the phone sitting at the bottom of the toilet bowl, a small sunken ship. It is an SOS from a five-year-old. Since Dave died, I find it difficult to parent alone, like we are a triangle missing a corner. We stumble through our days, Aidan waking frightened in the night, hyperactive during the day. I feel the familiar wave of guilt pass over me and call the firehouse. A bunch of the families from Squad are taking their kids out of school to go to Hawaii next week. "Put us on the list."

December 2, 8:07 A.M.

Hawaiian Air has chartered a 747 for the families of firefighters, police, and rescue workers. I scan the plane for friends from Squad. I immediately spot some of the widows, who are sitting toward the back. When the aircraft taxis down the runway, we all fall silent. I know we are collectively thinking about our loved ones, how airplanes were the bullets that killed them. Fear quickens my breath again. I need something to do with my hands, and so I tighten Aidan's seat belt and look across the aisle to my sister. Leah. She seems as frightened as I am, the back of her head pressed against the headrest, her fingers clenching the arms of her seat. We are picking up speed, running out of tarmac, and somehow the plane ascends, defying all logic as its massive weight climbs higher and higher into the air. It feels as if the whole plane were holding its breath.

"I see Daddy on the clouds!" Aidan yells as we coast above a blanket of white. "Look, Mommy! I can see him!" People turn to stare, their faces contorted with pity. I bite my lip and look out of the small oval window. I half expect to see Dave, but all I see are clouds stretching like the ocean as far as the horizon. "See him?" Aidan asks eagerly, and I am rifling through the files in my brain, trying to find the right thing to say.

"I don't see anything," I tell him, crying despite my efforts not to.

"He's right there," Aidan insists, pointing. A tissue appears on my armrest, and I turn to see Mrs. Hetzel, the mother of one of the firefighters killed. She is sitting behind me with her daughter-in-law, Diane, and her three-year-old granddaughter.

"Thank you," I whisper, and she nods her head, her gray eyes wet from crying, too. She reaches forward and extends her hand for me to take. We sit this way for a long time, crying together while Aidan waves to his imaginary father in the clouds.

December 6, 9:30 A.M.

Tony Edwards persuades me to sign up for surfing lessons with some of the other families. I have always been afraid of the ocean, the waves like drunken men, powerful and unpredictable. I envied how carefree Dave was in the water, his body becoming supple and light when he swam with the ease of a dolphin. I tell our instructor, John, about Dave, how he was a lifeguard at Jones Beach, how he surfed and swam and loved the ocean like an old friend.

It takes me a few tries, but eventually I stand on the board and ride the waves. I take a deep breath and smile, careful to stay balanced, to enjoy this feeling. I go over and over again. I don't want this sense of lightness to end, the water like salvation itself.

"My husband would be so proud of me," I tell John.

"Why don't I take Aidan?" he asks. "He'll love it."

"I dunno . . . He's only five . . . He doesn't swim very well." I don't want to tell him how scared I am of losing Aidan, too, that he's all I have left in the world.

Aidan learns how to paddle and pop up, and in less than five minutes he is in the water with John. He is standing on his board, his arms outstretched, a slight smile on his face. I feel my heart racing with excitement, and John is cheering him on. I snap pictures, laughing and crying at the same time. It seems like every possible emotion is filling my heart, stretching it like an overblown balloon. I can feel Dave everywhere. The warm beach air is his breath, his voice whispering on the surf. For the first time I listen to him, my ears poised to hear his reedy voice when he says, "I am right here with you."

5:48 P.M.

Leah bangs on the door when I am in the shower.

"What!"

"I need you to come out here."

"I just got in!" I say, annoyed. I swing open the door, dripping, my body wrapped in a too small towel. Tony, Huey, and Mike Stackpole are standing in the foyer, their faces grim and serious.

"They found Dave, Marian," Mike Stackpole says. I clench the towel tighter around me, to hold me together.

"Where was he?" I ask.

"I dunno the details. It was in the south tower, I think."

"Was he in good shape?" The guys shift uncomfortably; Huey is twisting his mouth, trying not to cry.

"It's been three months, Marian. Joe O'Donnell was there, but he didn't know it was him. He probably wasn't in too good shape." Everyone is silent. They are all watching me, waiting for me to react, but I stare at a tiny piece of lint on the rug. I feel confused. I should be happy he is found. It is what I have worked so hard for, and yet the pain feels as heavy as the day he died.

"This is a good thing, Marian," says Mike Stackpole. "This is what you've been fighting for."

"No, I know. It's good." I am nodding because I don't know what else to do. "I'm glad you guys are here." My eyes meet Leah's, and I know I am going to lose it. I force my mouth closed and the tears to wait. "Thank you for telling me," I say, and the firefighters tiptoe out as if I were a sleeping child. After the door closes, I cry with abandon, imagining Dave in parts, pieces of him scattered across the site like seeds. "MY BEAUTIFUL HUSBAND," I wail, cupping my hands over my eyes so I can see the site, the rescue workers excavating Dave's shattered skull, his body parts rotted beyond recognition. Behind my lids, I can picture the pieces of Dave as they zip him into a body bag and place him on a stretcher called a Stokes basket. The rescue workers heed the silent ritual by removing their helmets and hard hats as he is draped in an American flag and carried reverently out of Ground Zero.

January 3, 2002, 12:34 P.M.

I walk along the cobblestoned streets in front of City Hall for my last meeting with Mayor Giuliani, and I hate to admit, even to myself, that I am genuinely sad to see him go. I did not vote for him in the last election. Yet, as suspicious as I am, he has endeared himself to me. I have heard of his stubbornness and dictatorial nature, but with our group he has rolled up his sleeves to help. I like the way he refers to the firefighters as "his men," even though I am often tempted to chime in, "Then why haven't you paid them what they're worth?" I find him charismatic and easy to talk to.

The meeting is in the West Wing of the building, my favorite room, with tall oil paintings of former mayors and a giant round conference table. I greet the usual 9/11-family group leaders. Mayor Giuliani enters with Tom and Lynn and all the staff. Even Judith Nathan, the mayor's girlfriend, is here to say good-bye. Mayor Giuliani kisses me on the cheek, smashing me in the face as he usually does. I wonder if Dave, even more suspicious of politicians than I, would have come to like Mayor Giuliani. Or would he have considered me naïve? I know it serves the politicians to be good to the families. Yet, I want to believe, even temporarily, that the mayor was genuinely changed by the events of September 11.

It has been interesting to watch each politician adopt a family leader like a pet. Senator Chuck Schumer and Governor Pataki chose the Cartier family. Eliot Spitzer likes Anthony Gardner. Hillary Clinton and Mayor Giuliani adopted me. Mayor Giuliani invites me to attend benefits and serve on the advisory board of the Twin Towers Fund. Hillary Clinton asks me to luncheons and calls to offer her help. I cautiously accept their invitations, careful not to align myself with anyone in particular. Through all the speeches and press conferences and meetings, I can never quite shake the feeling that I have stepped through the looking glass. I look around at the group leaders shuffling papers as they sit soberly around the table. We have become diplomats of grief, the faces of 9/11, and I wonder if any of us will return to the lives we once knew. □

CREDITS

FASHION



Cover: Jennifer Aniston's Frette pajama top from Frette, N.Y.C., or go to frette.com; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.
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Page 224: Top, **Z Berg, Tennessee Thomas,** and **Charlotte Froom** styled by Justin D. Kennedy. Berg's dress by **Magda Berliner,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., or call 212-826-8900. Thomas's dress by **Wyeth by Todd Magill,** from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., or call 212-826-8900. Froom's vintage dress from Resurrection, L.A., or call 323-651-5516; vintage necklace from The Way We Wore, L.A., or call 323-937-0878.
Page 321: Q'orianka Kilcher's Abercrombie & Fitch jeans from Abercrombie & Fitch stores nationwide, or go to abercrombie.com; Deda Coben for celestineagency.com.
Page 326: Jesse Metcalfe styled by Emmo Trask for Partos; shirt by **Dolce & Gabbana,** from Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUSA; pants by **Krizia,** from Krizia, N.Y.C., or call 212-879-1211; for shoes by **Donald J. Pliner,** call 888-307-1630, or go to donaldjpliner.com; for watch by **Montblanc,** call 800-995-4810, or go to montblanc.com.



Page 331: See credits for cover.
Page 333: Jennifer Aniston's La Perla panties from La Perla boutiques nationwide, or go to laperla.com.
Page 335: Phi shirt from Phi, N.Y.C., or call 212-966-0076; **La Cosa** boy shorts from Touch Gallery, Dallas, Tex.; **Spanx** kneesocks from Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to spanx.com.
Page 336: Tuleh sweater from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C.
Page 337: Bottega Veneta coat from Bottega Veneto boutiques nationwide, or call 877-362-1715, or go to bottegoveneta.com; **Zimmerli** briefs from La Petite Coquette, N.Y.C., or call 212-473-2478.
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Page 347: Rachel Weisz's Jean Paul Gaultier dress from Ikram, Chicago; Victoria Bartlett for Management Artists.
Page 353: Dita Von Teese's Vivienne Westwood Gold Label dress by special order only; call 011-44-207-629-3757; Sarajane Hoare for Vernon Jolly.



Page 354: Dolce & Gabbana coat by special order from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUSA; **Graff** earrings from Graff, N.Y.C., or call 212-355-9292, or go to graffdiamonds.com.
Page 355: Prada panties and shoes from selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; **Georges Morand** gloves from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., and selected Neiman Marcus stores.
Pages 356–57: Janus Friis's Jil Sander shirt from Jil Sander, Chicago, or call 800-704-7317; **Yohji Yamamoto** pants from Yohji Yamamoto, N.Y.C., or call 212-966-9066, or go to yohjiyamamoto.co.jp; **Boss Black** shoes from Hugo Boss, N.Y.C., or call 800-HUGOBOSS. **Niklas Zennström's Canali** suit from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., or call 212-753-4000; **Prada** shirt and shoes from selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900. Jodie Barnes for Streeters.
Page 361: Jone Alexander for Era Management.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING



Cover: Jennifer Aniston's hair styled with **Kérastase Paris** Mousse Nutri-Sculpt, Serum Nutri-Sculpt, and Nacre Nutri-Sculpt, from Butterfly Studio and Orlo Salon, both in N.Y.C., or call 877-748-8357; Orlando Pita for Kérastase Paris/Orlo Salon. **Lancôme** products from Lancôme counters in fine department and specialty stores nationwide, or go to lancome.com; on her eyes, the Velvet Diary Shadow Palette for Eyes in Vanité, Artliner in Smoke Grey, and Hypnôse Custom Volume Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Pommette Long Lasting Silky Soft Blush in Exquisite; on her lips, Le Rouge Absolu Reshaping and Replenishing LipColour S.P.F. 15 in Satin Romance; Gucci Westman for Lancôme. Nail enamel by **Sally Hansen** in Teflon Tuff 07 Sheer French Pink, from Walgreens and other major drugstores nationwide, or go to drugstore.com; Gina Viviano for artistsbytimothypriono.com.
Page 128: See credits for cover.
Page 152: Fred Turner's grooming by Naomi Warden for artistsbytimothypriano.com.
Page 208: Top, **Alice Temperley's** and **Mary Temperley's** hair by Duffy for Premier; makeup by Audrey Bourke for MAC.
Page 224: Top, **Z Berg's, Tennessee Thomas's,** and **Charlotte Froom's** hair styled by Keiko Hamaguchi for Redken/celestineagency.com; makeup by Karan Mitchell for MAC/celestineagency.com. Bottom, **Marcel Dzama's** grooming by Marina Andersson for MAC/igroupnyc.com.
Page 226: Top, **Ralph Lauren** Polo Black from Bloomingdale's stores nationwide, or go to polo.com. Bottom left, **Grassroots** from Kohl's department stores nationwide, or go to kohls.com. Bottom right, **Dior's** Miss Dior Chérie from Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Clé de Peau Beauté** Compact Yeux et Lèvres from Bergdorf Goodman and Takashimoyo, both in N.Y.C., and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Prada Beauty** Hydrating Compact Powder S.P.F. 15 from Saks Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, or go to neimanmarcus.com; **Shiseido** Bio-Performance Super Restoring Cream from fine department stores nationwide; **Michael Kors** White Luxe Hydrating Body Mist from Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom stores nationwide.



Page 250: Helene Macauley for artistsbytimothypriano.com.
Page 264: Sibel Edmonds's hair and make by Nicholette Nicci for T.H.E Artist Agency.
Page 281: Grooming by Rob Conner for T.H.E Artist Agency.
Page 282: Coleen Rowley's hair and make by Nicholette Nicci for T.H.E Artist Agency.
Page 326: Jesse Metcalfe's grooming by Steeve Daviault for linknyla.com. Hair and grooming products by **Aveda,** from Aveda stores nationwide; his hair styled with Control Granules Hair Texturizer; his face moisturized with Brightening Moisture Treatment; on his lips Lip Saver S.P.F. 15.
Pages 331–39: See credits for cover.
Pages 340–41: Eloine Madelon for Nars.
Page 347: Rachel Weisz's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Styling Balm, from Bumble and Bumble salons, N.Y.C., or go to bumbleandbumble.com; Hollie Bowmon for Matrix/The Wall Group. Makeup products by **Laura Mercier,** from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Barneys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; by **MAC,** from MAC stores and department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com; and by **Stephane Marais,** from Barneys New York, Henri Bendel and Jeffrey, all in N.Y.C. On her face, Lauro Mercier Concealer No. 4 and Moisturizing Blush in Ivory; on her eyes, MAC Eye Shadow



Satin Taupe and Stephane Marais Mascara Black; on her lips, MAC Lipstick in Cherish d Lip Pencil in Subculture; Polly Osmand far ristian Diar/Art Department.

ges 352–55: Dita Von Teese's hair styled h **Physique** Frizz Cantrol Curl Cream; far ysique praducts, go to physique.com; Danilo the Wall Graup. Makeup praducts by **AC,** from MAC stores and department



stores nationwide, ar ga to maccosmetics.com; far **Revlon** products, ga ta revlon.com; **Shu Uemura** products from Shu Uemura, N.Y.C. and San Francisco, and Sephara stores nationwide. On her e and body, MAC Foundotion in NI; an her es, MAC Eye Shadow in Coquette and Bahemia, Liquid Liner in Boot Black, and om Lash Mascara in Zaam Black; an her eeks, Shu Uemura Glow On in Red 19; on her s, Revlon Super Lustraus Lipstick in Love That d; Susan Giardano far ggirlcasmetics.com/ mer & Kramer. Roseann Singletan far eative Nails/Art Department.

ges 356–57: Lee Jacksan far Kinninmant.

ge 361: Teru far Perle Management; aran Ive for Era Management.

HOTOGRAPHS AND MISCELLANY

over: Produced an lacatian by GE Prajects.

ge 74: Detail fram *In the Gaod Ole mmer-Time*/Candé Nast Archive.

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ge 128: See credits far cover.

ge 174: Fram Sygma Corbis.

ge 185: Fram Splash News.

ge 189: From Eric Baman's *Dames*, blished by the Vendame Press, 2005.

ge 192: Courtesy of Christian Dior eptember 1); from Comstack/PunchStack); fram the Everett Collectian (6); from omstack/PictureQuest (8); cauртesy of ntendo (13); from Burke/Triala/PictureQuest 0); by Hal Rath/Caurtesy af the Bata oe Museum, Taranta (22); from Carbis/PunchStack (24); fram the Everett Callection (26); *Alice & the Sailboat*, mixed media ail on canvas, 2005, by Isca Greenfield-Sanders (28); Richard Cummins/Carbis (surfer).

Page 196: Tap, by Marion Ettlinger.

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Page 202: Battam left and center right, caurtesy of Per Aquum Resorts & Spas; tap and battom right, by Jan Baldwin and Barbara Kraft, courtesy af One&Only Resarts.

Page 206: Tap, fram Eric Baman's *Dames*, published by the Vendame Press, 2005; battom left, caurtesy af Warner Home Videa; bottam right, by Merie Weismiller Wallace.

Page 208: Center, airplane illustration by Dover Baaks; battam, Eugène Thiebault's *Henri Rabin and a Ghast*, 1863, collection of Gerard Lévy, Paris/Caurtesy of the Metrapalitan Museum af Art, New York.

Page 214: Clackwise from top left: from Bettmann Carbis, by Eric Estrade/AFP/Getty Images, Marcia Madeira/style.com, fram patrickmcmullan.com, by Nadine Rupp/Bangarts/Getty Images, Darren McNamara/Getty Images.

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Pages 342–44: Caurtesy af Marian Fontana.

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Page 367: From the New Yark *Daily News*.

Pages 368–69: Inset fram Jahn Maggia; right, from Ullsteinbild/The Granger Callectian.

Pages 370–71: Fram A.P. Wide Warld Photos (5, 9), fram Bettmann Carbis (2, 3, 4, 6, 7), fram Jahn Maggia (8), fram the New Yark *Daily News* (1).

Pages 372–73: Left and center inset fram the New Yark *Daily News*; right, fram A.P. Wide Warld Phatas.

Page 375: Both courtesy af David Margolick.

Page 377: From Papperfata.

Page 395: Caurtesy af Marian Fontana.

CORRECTION:

On page 52 in the August issue, the set was designed by Piers Hanmer. On pages 124–25 in the August issue, the clathing was incarrectly identified. Scarlett Johanssan was wearing a tap by Alireza and a skirt by Yigal Azrauël.

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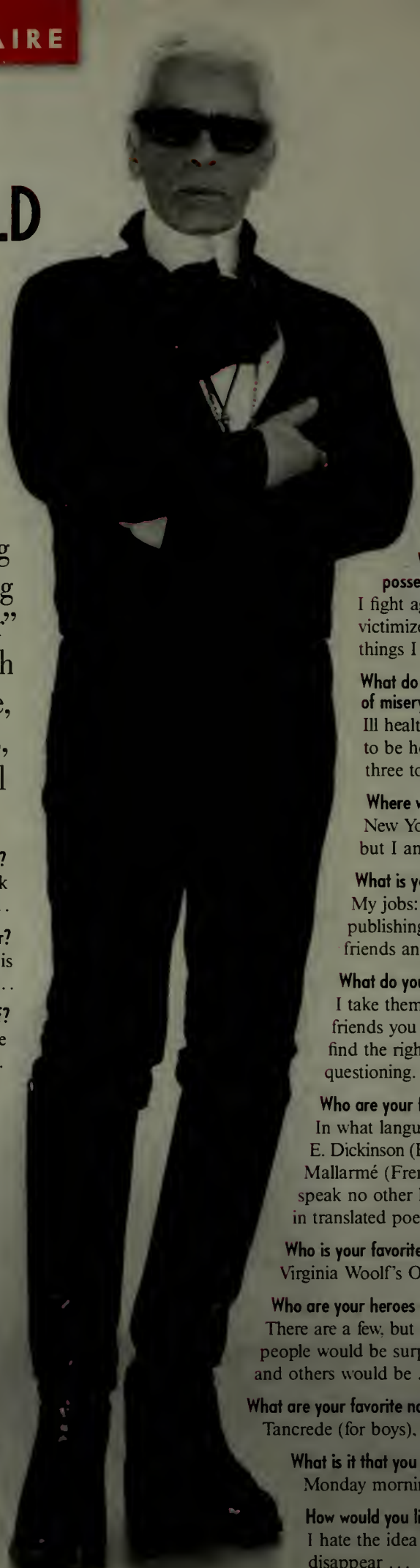
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KARL LAGERFELD

Fashion icon Karl Lagerfeld, who designs for Chanel, Fendi, and his own Lagerfeld Gallery line—in addition to his work as a photographer and book publisher—has a secret: he loves what he does. Looking back on a career spanning half a century, the "Kaiser" indulges Proust, and us, with his thoughts on indifference, Monday mornings, and being quadrilingual



What is your idea of perfect happiness?
I am perfectly happy as long as I don't ask myself if I am happy . . .

What is your greatest fear?
To lose my health. A boring subject, but life is more fun when you feel great . . .

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
I got used to even my bad traits. Indifference is one of them . . . I still fight against it.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
I take people the way they are . . . with me . . . but that may be also a part of my indifference.

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Manipulative religious hypocrisy.

On what occasion do you lie?
When it makes circumstances easier . . .

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
I spend my life working on that subject . . .

What is your greatest regret?
I have little regret for wrongdoings of my past. Just a little remorse sometimes . . .

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
My life is not over yet. There is no other way to answer such a question . . .

What is your current state of mind?
Much more positive than I expected it to be at my age . . .

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
It may sound strange: myself, or what I did with myself—how I manipulated myself.

What is your most treasured possession?
I fight against possessions. They victimize you . . . if not, little worthless things I would not mention.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Ill health, unwanted loneliness, and—to be honest—to be poor; or the three together . . .

Where would you like to live?
New York could be the next step . . . but I am not a one-place person.

What is your favorite occupation?
My jobs: fashion, photography, publishing books. If not, time with my friends and daydreaming.

What do you most value in your friends?
I take them as they are. Family you get—friends you have to find . . . Up to you to find the right friends without too much questioning.

Who are your favorite writers?
In what language? I like poets best, E. Dickinson (English), R. M. Rilke (German), Mallarmé (French), Leopardi (Italian). I speak no other languages and I don't believe in translated poetry . . .

Who is your favorite hero of fiction?
Virginia Woolf's Orlando . . .

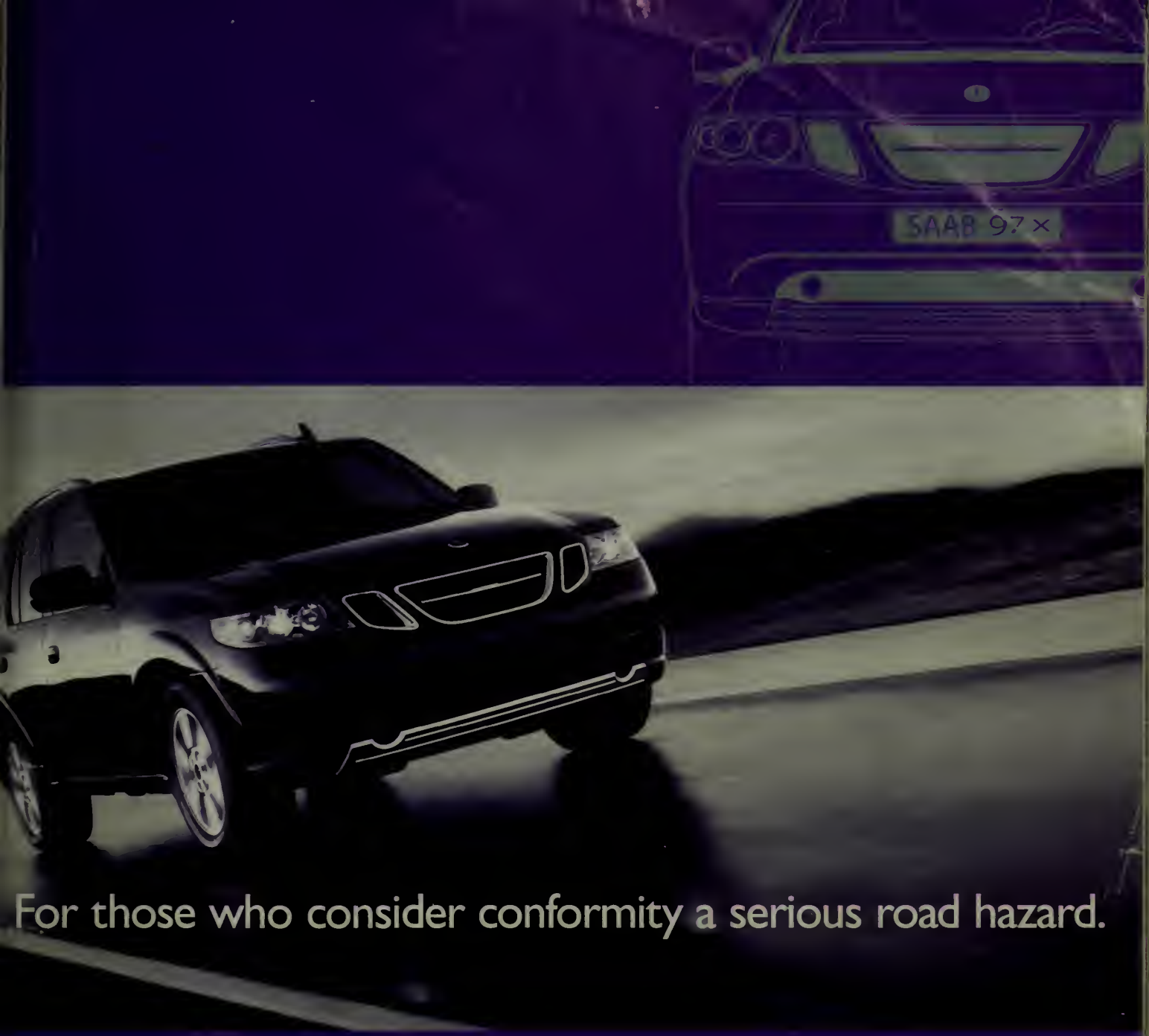
Who are your heroes in real life?
There are a few, but I cannot mention them. Some people would be surprised not to be on the list—and others would be . . . perhaps . . .

What are your favorite names?
Tancrede (for boys), Allegra (for girls).

What is it that you most dislike?
Monday mornings . . .

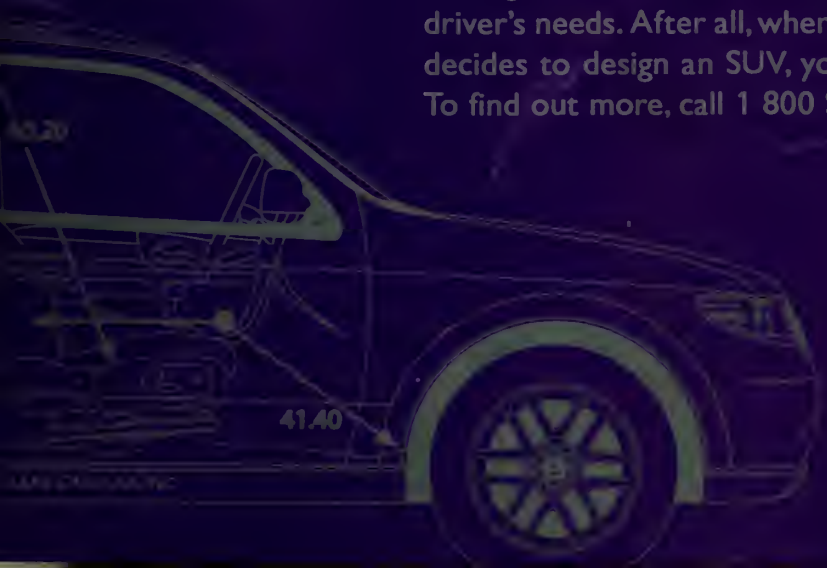
How would you like to die?
I hate the idea of death—I prefer to disappear . . .

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E OUTING OF
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THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT 2005
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A CANCER MEMOIR P. 208
BY MARJORIE WILLIAMS

CAN THE KING OF SILICON VALLEY FIND HAPPINESS ON THE WORLD'S LONGEST YACHT? ...

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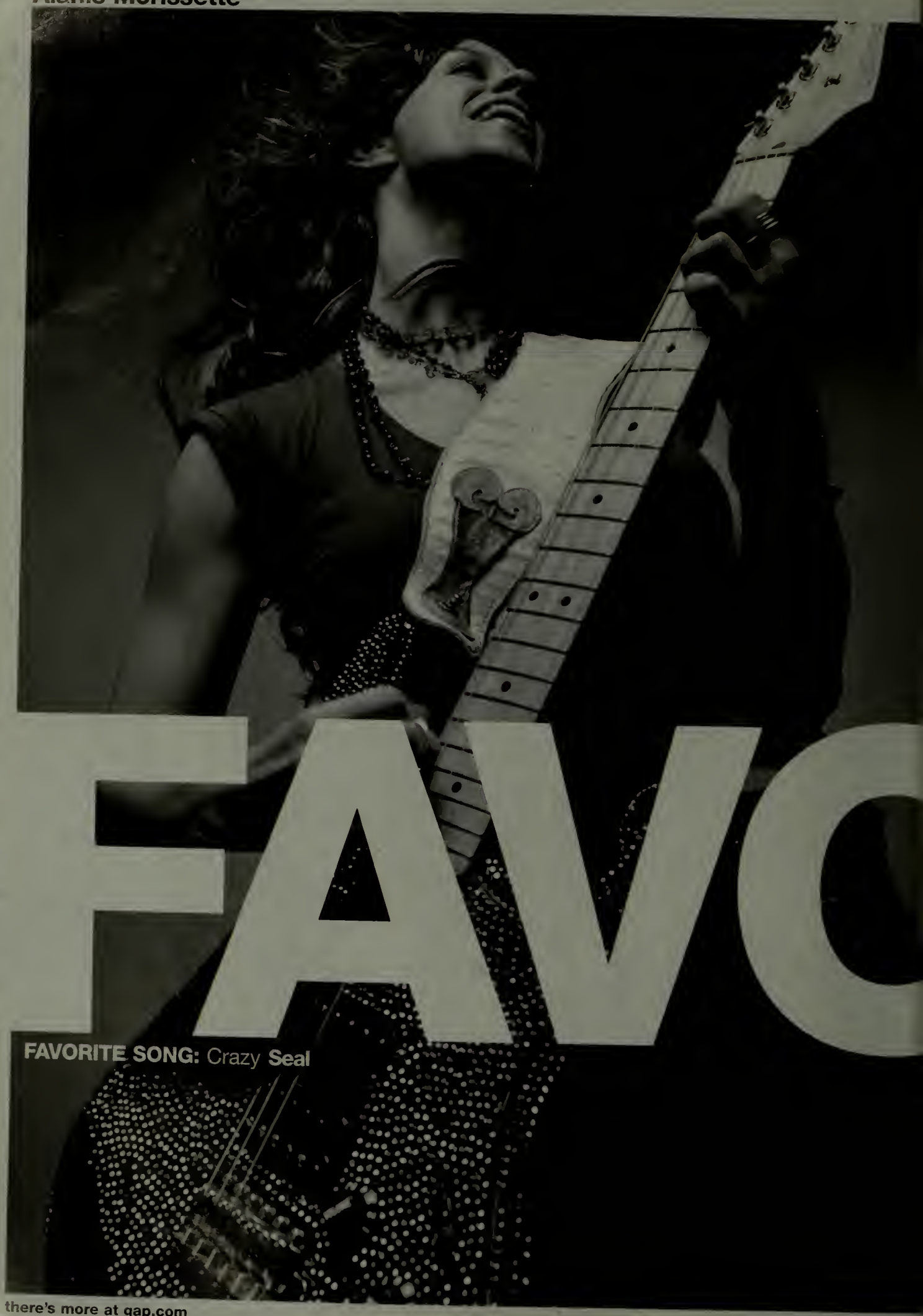




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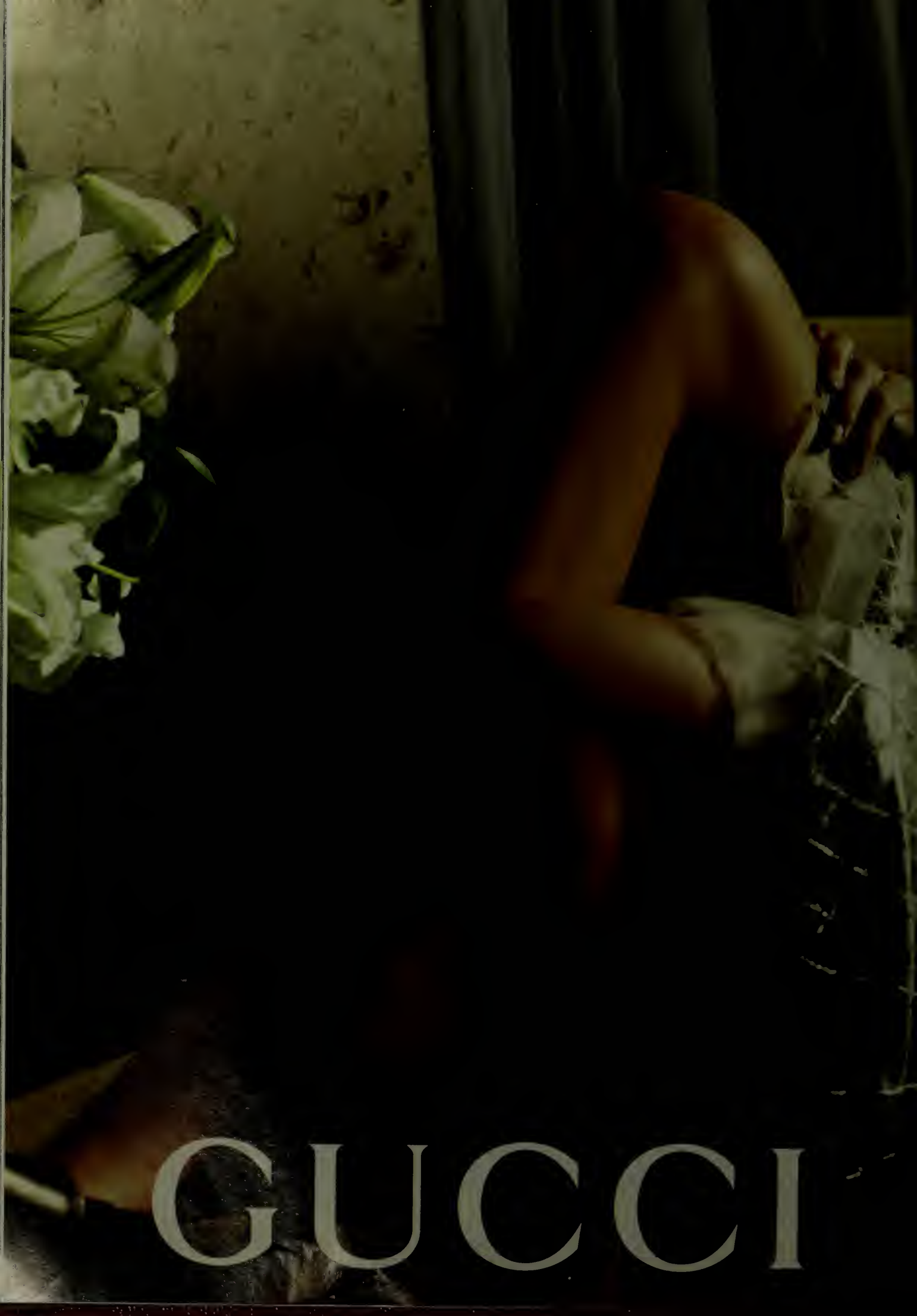
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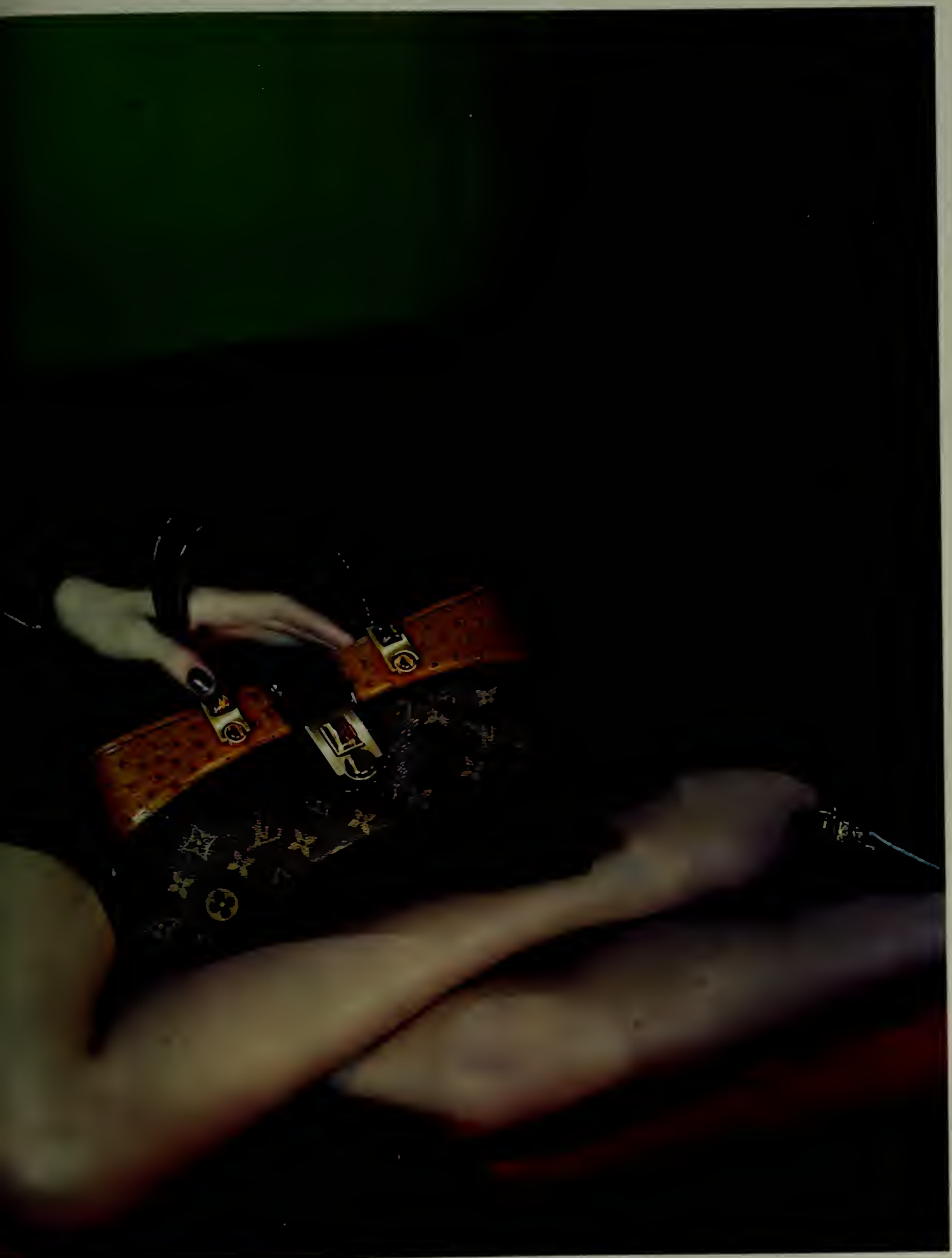





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ON THE SILVER SCREEN

Based on a true story, *The Prize Winner of Defiance, Ohio* is the tale of a woman who defies the odds to keep a roof over her family's heads. Starring Julianne Moore, Woody Harrelson, and Laura Dern, the film follows Evelyn Ryan (Moore), a devoted housewife and mother of 10, as she applies her remarkable resourcefulness and uncommon wit in the profitable jingle contests popular in the 1950s and 1960s. A Go Fish Pictures release, the film opens in select theaters on September 30 and in additional theaters on October 14. Visit gofishpictures.com/prizewinner for more information.

ARE YOU ON THE A-LIST?

Opinian leaders and thase in the knaw are wanted far *Vanity Fair*'s new anline panel. Jain the *Vanity Fair* A-List and you'll have the appartunity ta give us your apinians thraugh periadic surveys and palls, as well as receive updates an upcaming events and pragrams.

Visit icealagy.cam/VF/A-ListPanel and join taday.

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Join Janes New Yark In The Classroom, a nanprafit arganizatian supporting teachers, and shap for children's education.

From October 15–22 at select Macy's stares, 10 percent af the selling price (up ta a maximum af $500,000) af apparel sald fram the fallawing Janes New Yark lines—Callectian, Signature, Sport, Dress, Suit, and Outerwear—will be danated ta Janes New Yark In The Classroom.

Stop by the fallawing Macy's stares far a special Recess! event and enjay sweet treats and receive a complimentary portrait by a caricaturist.

Saturday, October 15
South Shore Plaza, Braintree, MA, at 2 p.m.

Sunday, October 16
Bridgewater Commons, Bridgewater, NJ, at 2 p.m.

Monday, October 17
Herald Square, New Yark City, at 6 p.m.

Saturday, October 22
Roosevelt Field, Garden City, NY, at 2 p.m.
King af Prussia, PA, at 2 p.m.

Visit jayintheclassraam.arg far mare infarmatian.

TAKE NOTE

This month, Topanga Canyon progeny Inara George hits the road with Idlewild, the group she lent her voice to for their latest single. George's band comes equipped to rock, but as on her debut album, *All Rise* (Everloving), her lofty vocals and gorgeous songs will have you floating high above the clouds.





A copy of Metallica's book *So What! The Good, The Bad, and the Ugly*, autographed by the entire band, will be auctioned.

IN CONCERT WITH CHARITY

In celebratian af the faurth annual *Vanity Fair* In Cancert, *Vanity Fair* is hasting an anline charity auctian ta benefit Step Up Wamen's Network. Inspired by the star-studded cancert events taking place in New Yark and Las Angeles, the auctian gives fans the chance ta bid an ane-af-a-kind, music-inspired items. The auctian begins an October 11 and lasts far 10 days. Log an ta ebay.cam/vanityfairmagazine far mare details.



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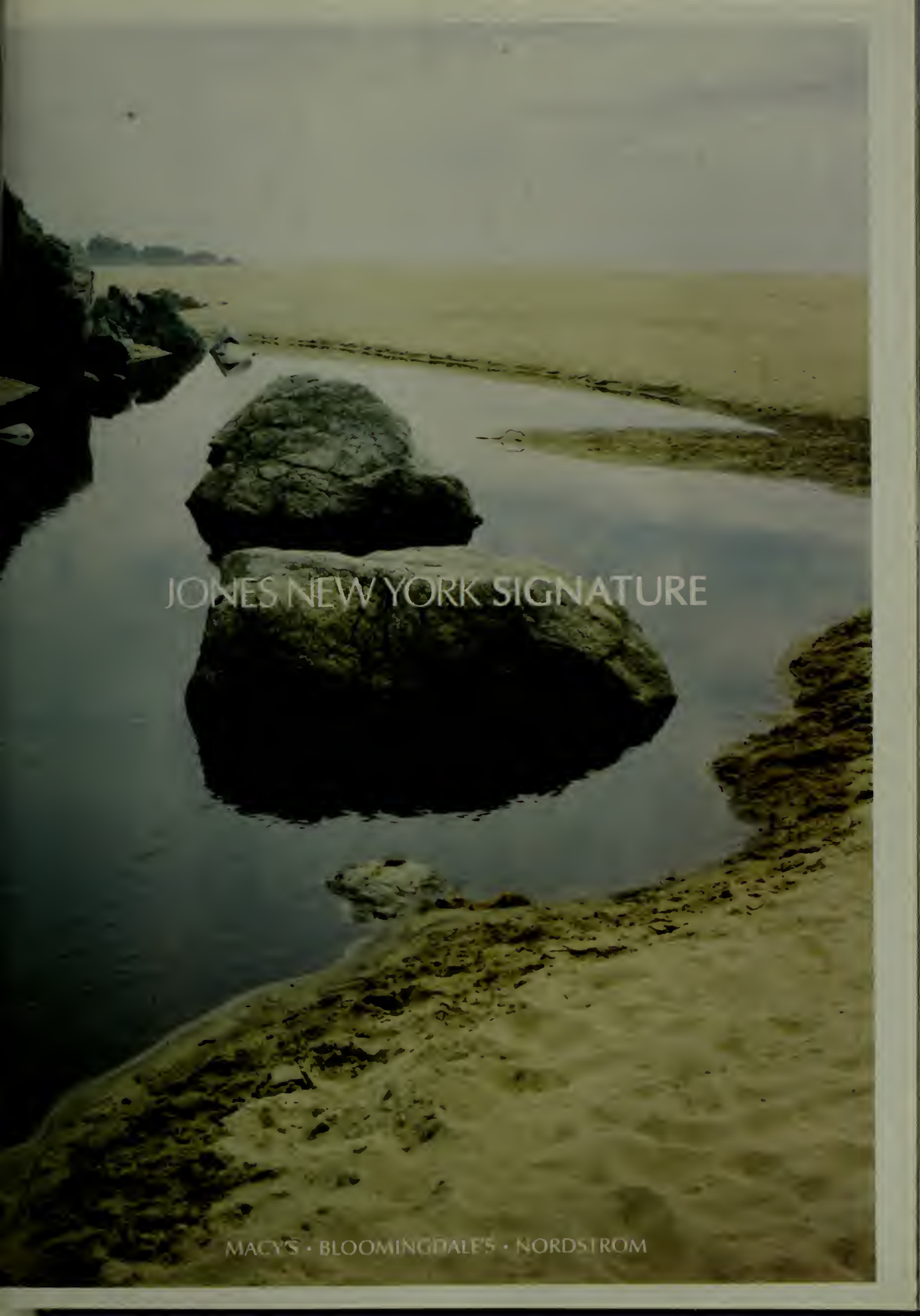






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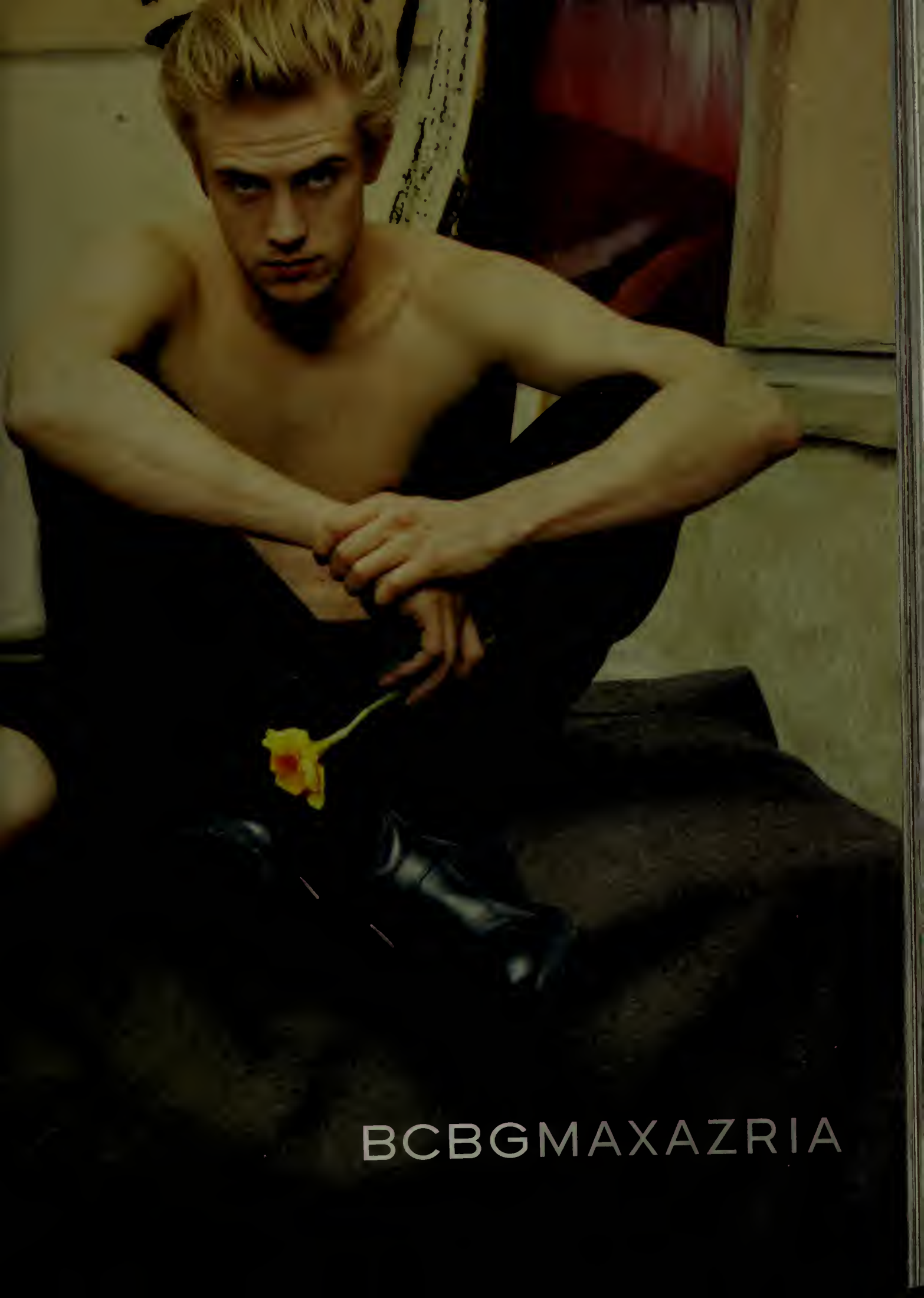

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- PARIS HILTON—THE OUTTAKES!
- A TRIBUTE TO *V.F.*'S MARJORIE WILLIAMS
- DOROTHY PARKER JOINS THE *V.F.* ROUNDTABLE

FEATURES

280 THE INESCAPABLE PARIS Paris Hilton has earned multi-media fame as a paparazzi-luring, nightclub-hopping, sex-tape-scandal-ensnared hotel heiress on the loose. What more is there to say? Plenty, as Krista Smith discovers: with her global branding empire and her Greek-shipping-heir fiancé, Hilton just might be doing the unexpected—growing up. Photographs by Mario Testino.

290 WATERGATE'S LAST CHAPTER *Vanity Fair*'s revelation of the long-concealed identity of "Deep Throat" caught the secret's guardians by surprise. Recalling a tense day of decision as he, Bob Woodward, and the *Washington Post* top brass debated their response, Carl Bernstein explores the very different calculus of investigating scandal today.

298 THE AUSTRIAN CONNECTION Jonas Karlsson and Jeremy Eichler spotlight Franz Welser-Möst, the Cleveland Orchestra's refreshingly un-Olympian music director.

300 WILD ABOUT HARRY'S Mark Birley's clubs have long been the aristocratic cornerstones of London nightlife, as much for their old-world perfectionism as for their exclusivity. But now, Vicky Ward reports, the future of "the jewel in the crown," Harry's Bar, is threatened by a clash of civilizations between Birley and his American tycoon partner, James Sherwood.

306 KID CROSBY Kurt Markus and Brett Forrest spotlight Sidney Crosby, whose straight shot from high school to the N.H.L. is bringing hope to hockey fans.

308 THE HOUSE THAT ESTÉE BUILT She began selling jars of homemade face cream in the 1930s. By the time she died, in April 2004, Estée Lauder had conquered the beauty business, become a major philanthropist, and founded a talented, passionate family dynasty. Talking to those who knew her best, Bob Colacello recalls Lauder's irresistible force, her outrageous candor, and her love of cooking—wearing a hat, purse, and makeup, naturally.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54


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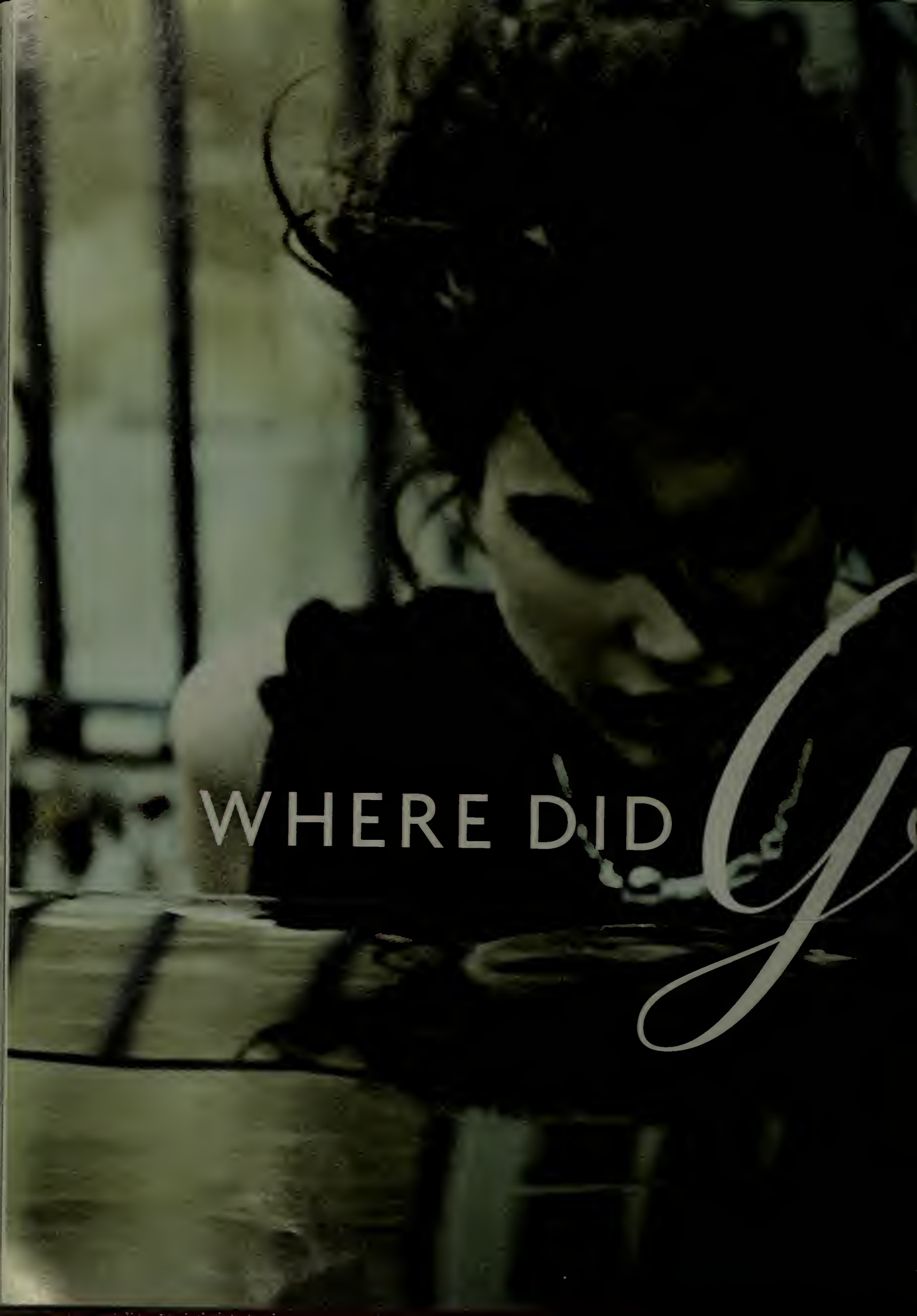
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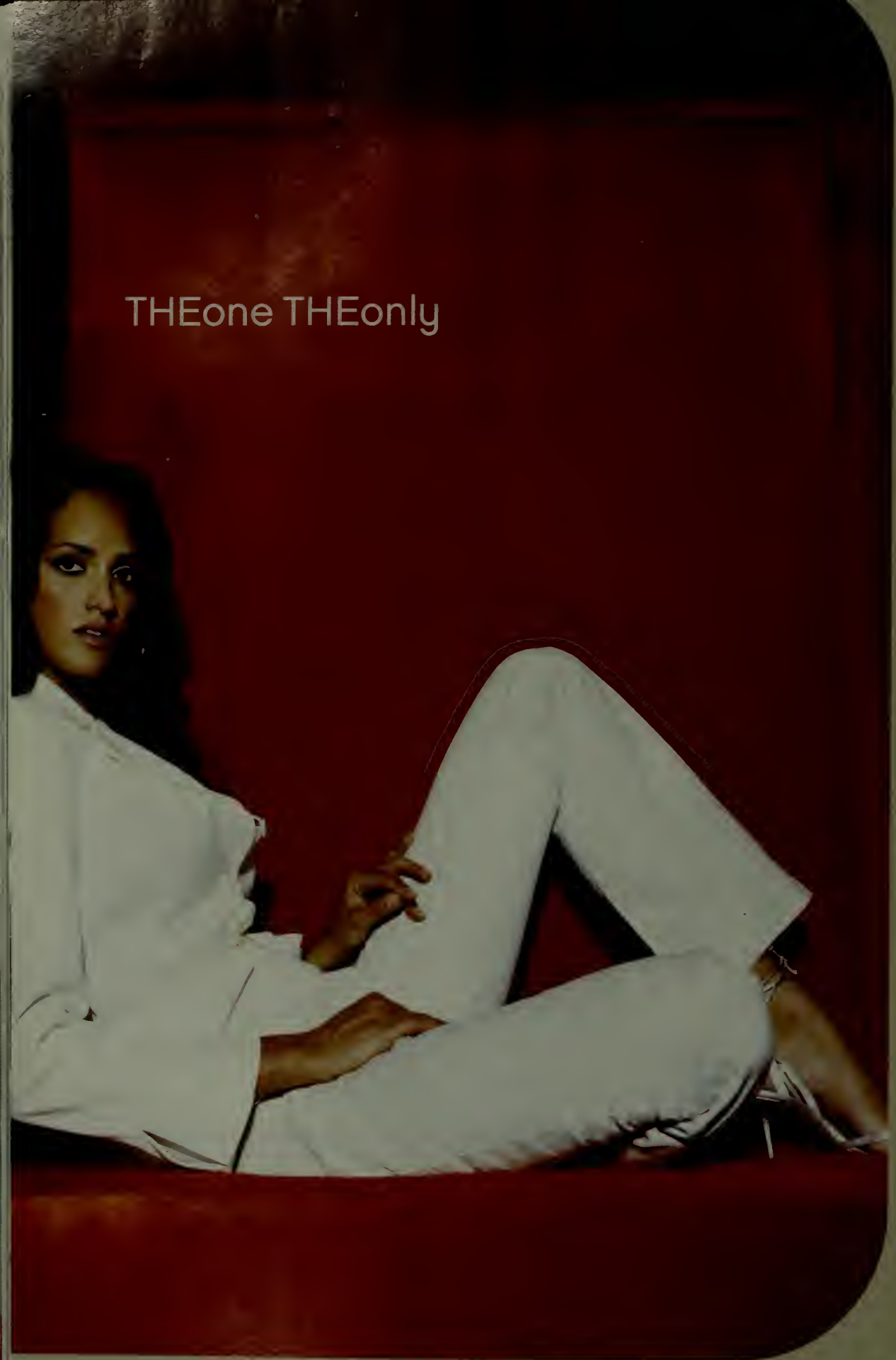
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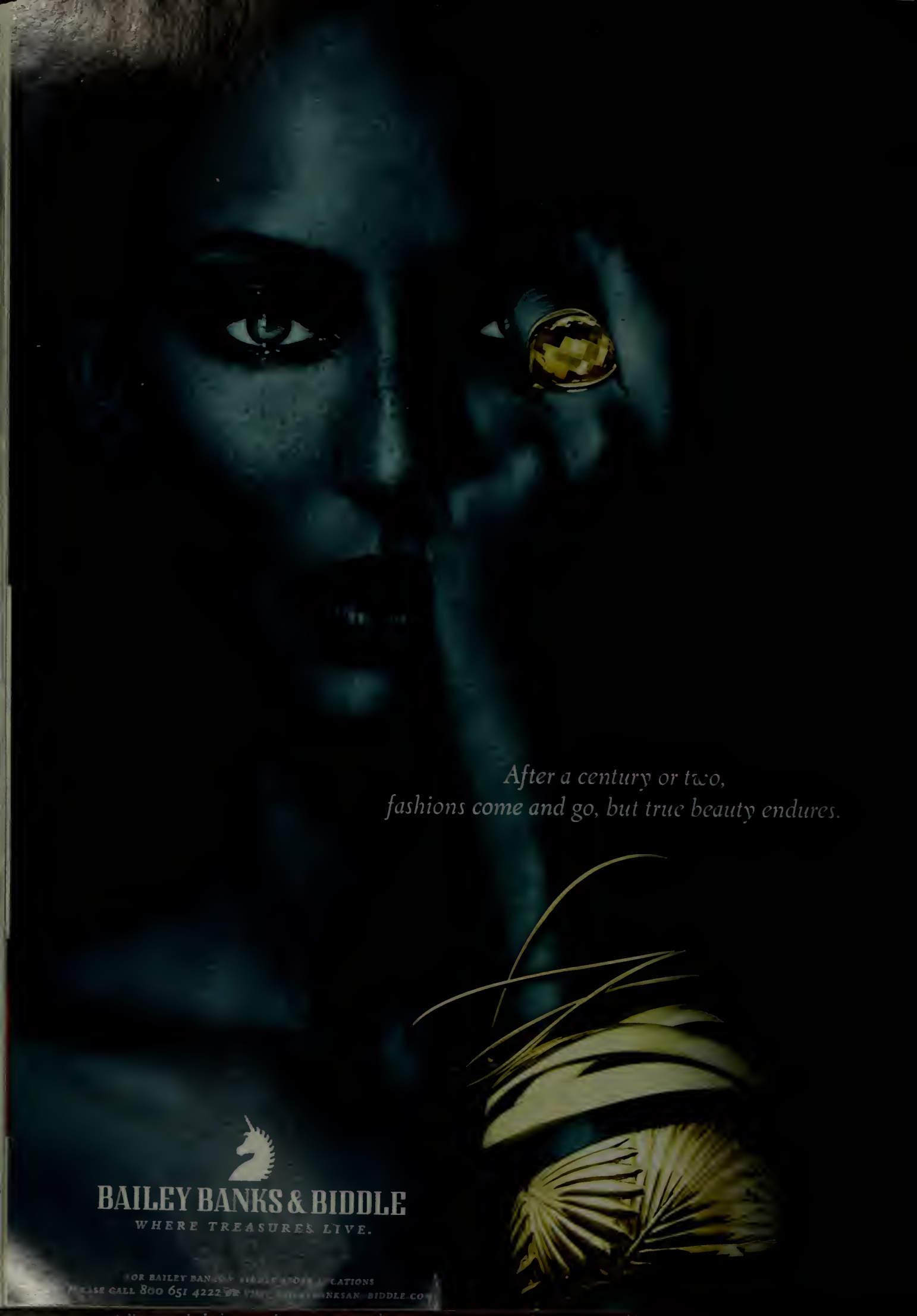
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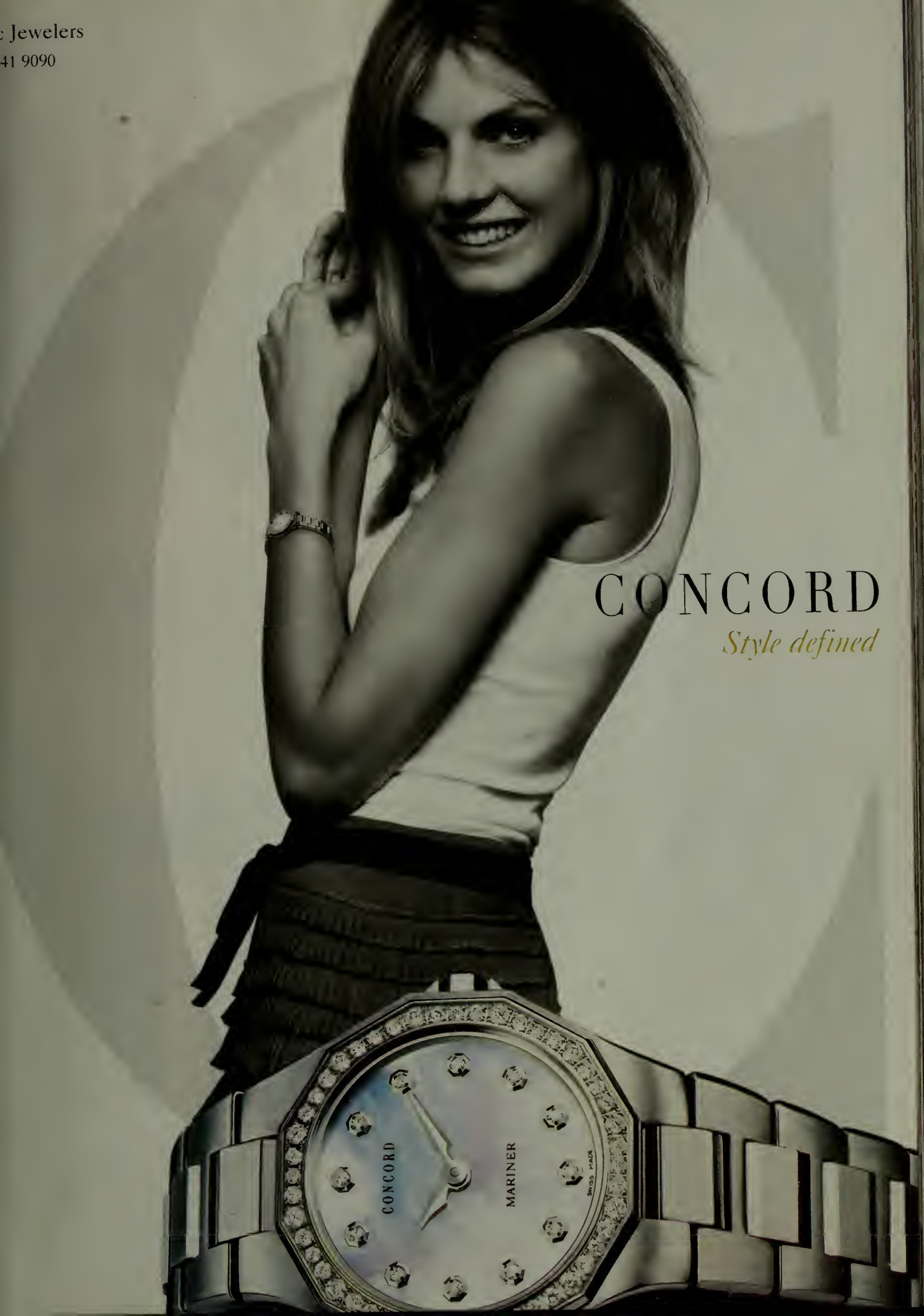

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VANITY FAIR

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38

316 **"ABSOLUTELY EXCESSIVE!"** Oracle C.E.O. Larry Ellison knows it's all over-the-top: the private Japanese-style village, the America's Cup sailing team, the boat *Rising Sun*—which, at 454 feet, is now the longest privately owned yacht in the world. But, Matthew Symonds reveals, the Silicon Valley power player has struggled to keep pace with his own epic vision. Exclusive photographs by Jonathan Becker.

FANFAIR

133 **31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE** Breezy days—The Standard Miami gets set to open. Elissa Schappell reviews Justine Lévy's latest. Emily Poenisch on Georgina Brandolini; David Kamp celebrates Union Square Cafe; Kevin Sessums on Jed Johnson. Punch Hutton sits in the good seats. Betsy Bloomingdale remembers William Haines. Anne Fulenwider satisfies her George curiosity; Edward Helmore browses the Frieze Art Fair; Christine Muhlke accessorizes with Stacey Lapidus. John Brodie reads Ron Hogan; Bruce Handy reviews *The Squid and the Whale* and *Good Night. And, Good Luck.* Victoria Mather buys the hotel. Lisa Eisner gets into *Lucha VaVoom;* Aaron Gell on girl bands; A. M. Homes on L.A.'s comic-book exhibition. Eve Epstein meets Olivia Chantecaille; My Stuff—Marc Newson; Dany Levy on foot guru Bastien Gonzalez.

COLUMNS

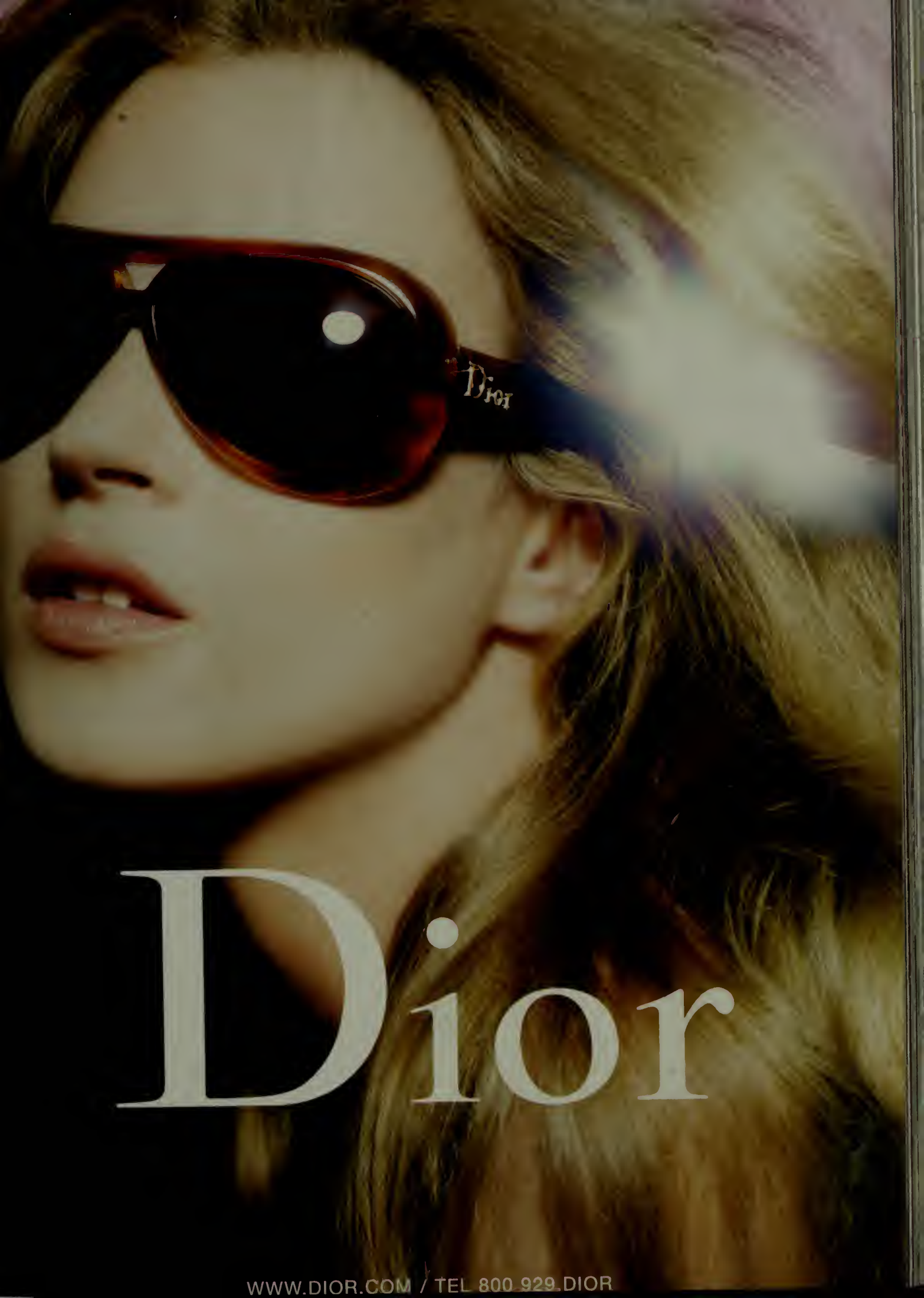
164 **TRU GRIT** Examining two Truman Capote biopics headed for theaters, James Wolcott shows how four murders led to a single masterpiece—*In Cold Blood*—that revealed both the depth of Capote's talent and the conflicts of his heart. Photographs by Brigitte Lacombe.

182 **SCANDAL BY THE BOOK** Dominick Dunne takes his diary to London this month, with two missions: interview Lord Conrad and Lady Barbara Black and watch the pulping of the controversial novel that had Lily Safra threatening legal action. Both led to surprise meetings, amid a whirl of parties. Photograph by Jason Bell.

194 **BYE, BYE, BROADSHEET** In a fevered circulation chase, England's venerable broadsheets have been shrinking to tabloid size on the assumption that small sells. But with breakfast-table reading going the way of five-o'clock cocktails, Michael Wolff wonders whether quality newspapers can keep from disappearing altogether. Portraits by Jillian Edelstein.

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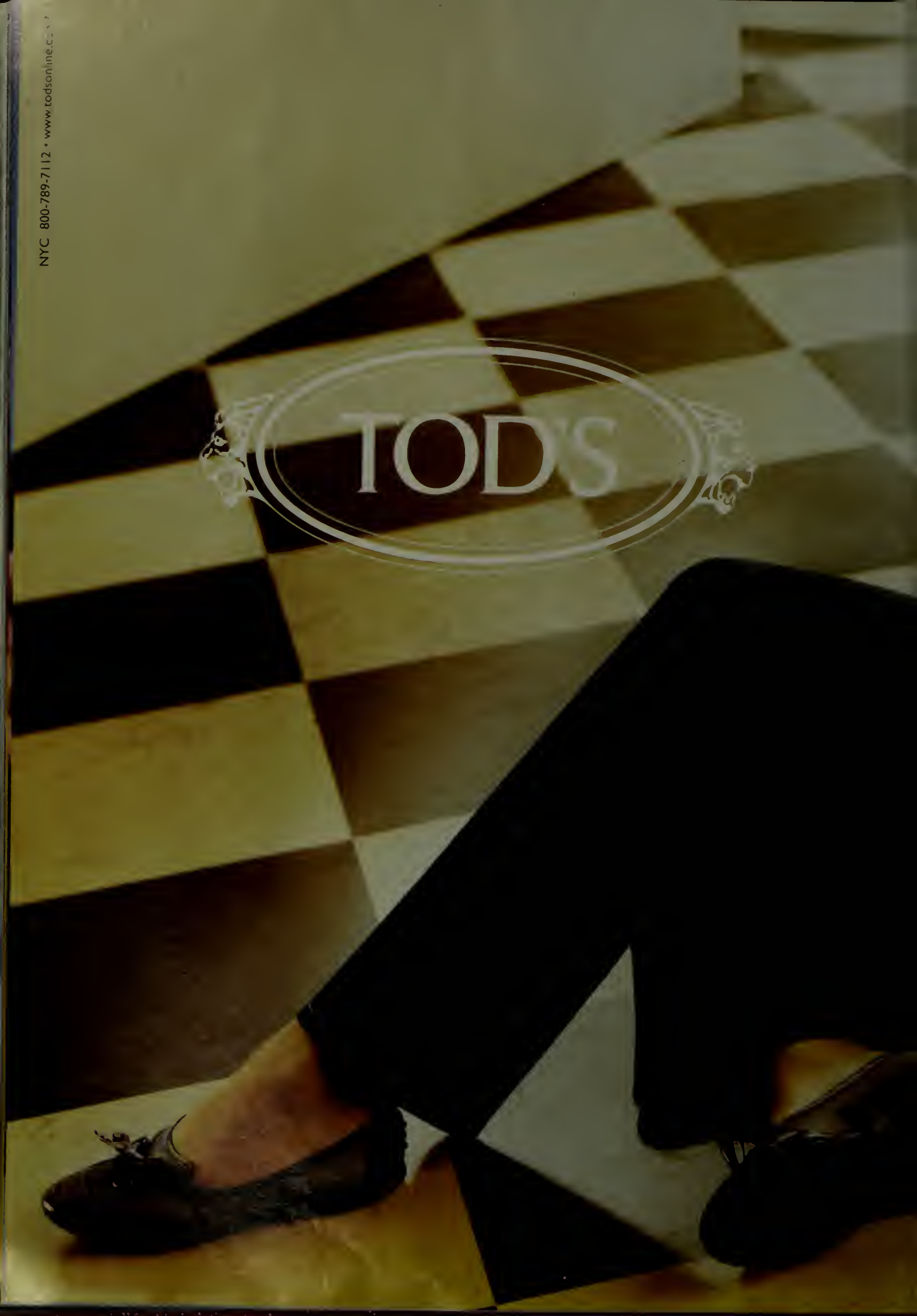
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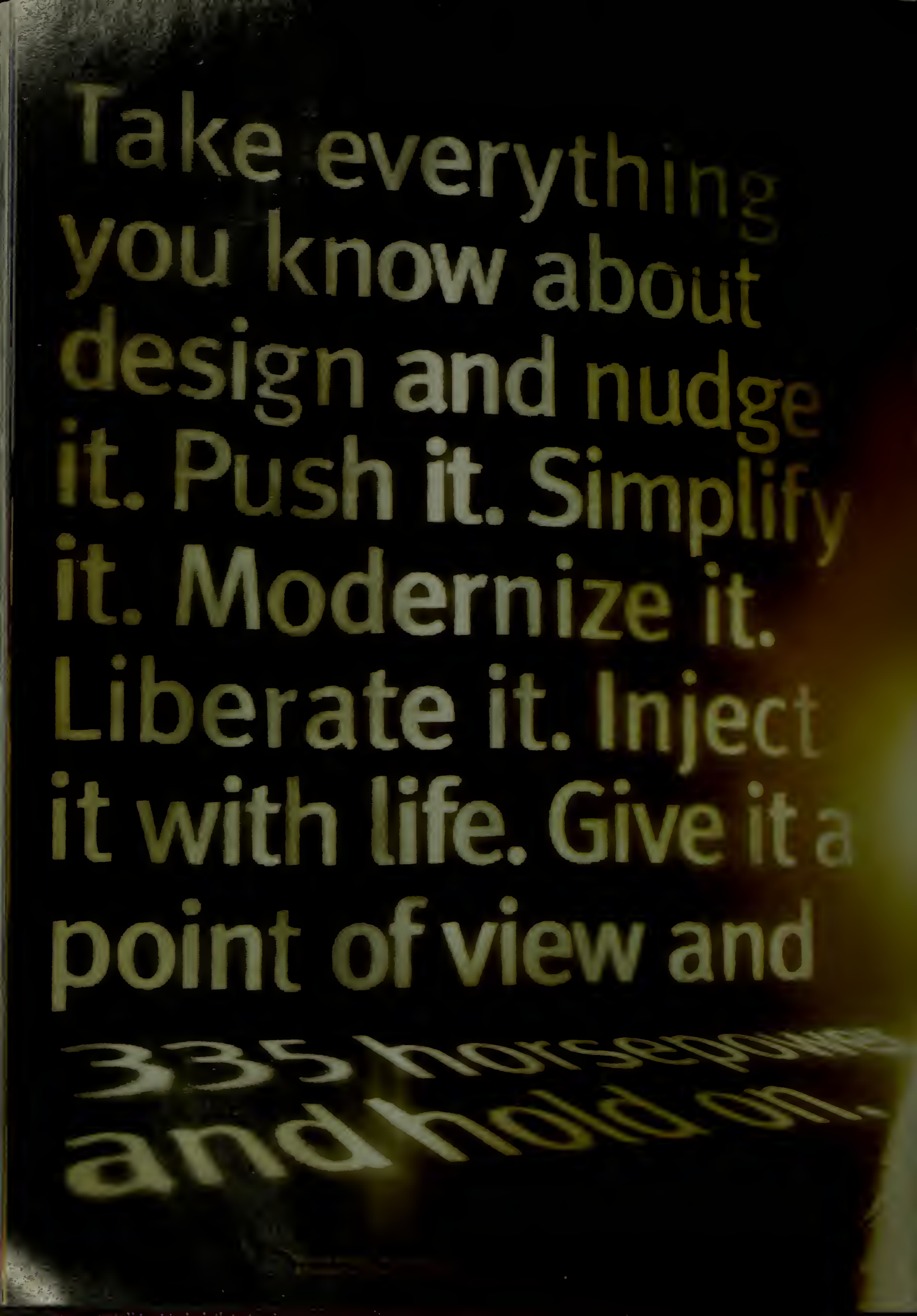
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208 A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH Marjorie Williams wrote indelible, acid-tipped portraits of Washington's power figures. But in 2001, after a lump in her abdomen turned into a death sentence (liver cancer, six months), she began documenting the strengths and foibles of a new subject—herself—as she fought for a miracle: three more years with her husband and young children.

228 WONDERFUL WORLD A century ago, Joseph Pulitzer's New York *World* was a nickel ticket to a colorful realm of adventure, progress, and entertainment, outselling all its rivals. An excerpt from the new book by Nicholson Baker and his wife, Margaret Brentano, who rescued what may be the last remaining set of original newspapers, offers a glimpse of its glories.

SPECIAL REPORT

243 THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT 2005 In *VF*'s 11th annual ranking of the 50 most powerful leaders of the Information Age, the top spot has been captured by a new generation. By the numbers and the lowdown, find out how Wal-Mart's H. Lee Scott Jr., News Corp.'s Rupert Murdoch, and Apple's Steve Jobs stack up against the guys at Google. Photo composite by Michael Elins.

VANITIES

265 SWEET MELISSA George Wayne shoots the s#%t with potty-mouthed family fave Bob Saget. David Kamp and Peter Richmond present the Pro Football Snob's Dictionary, Vol. 2. Intelligence Report: America at War, by Adam Leff and Richard Rushfield.

ET CETERA

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96 CONTRIBUTORS

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346 PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE Donald Sutherland

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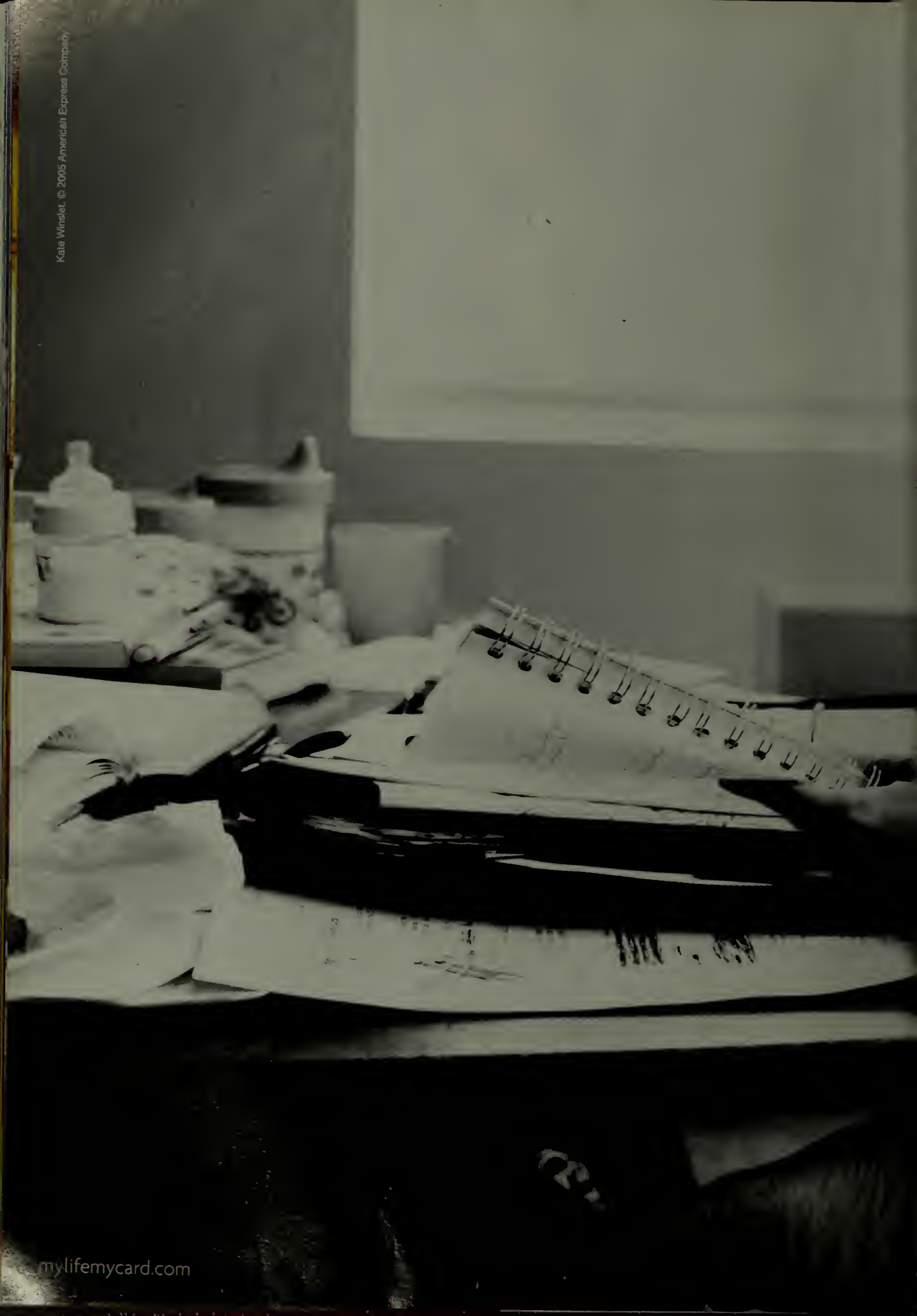
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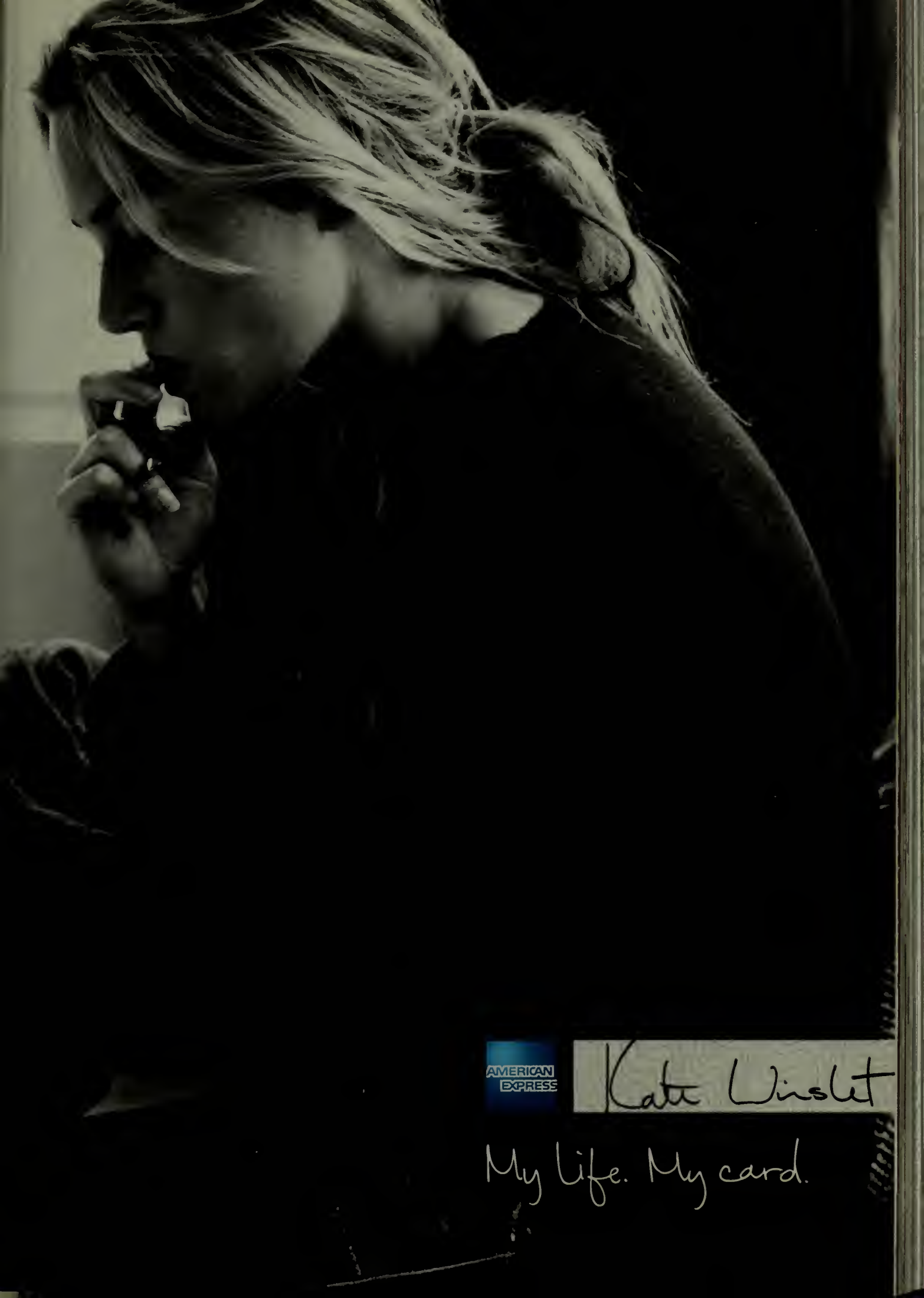




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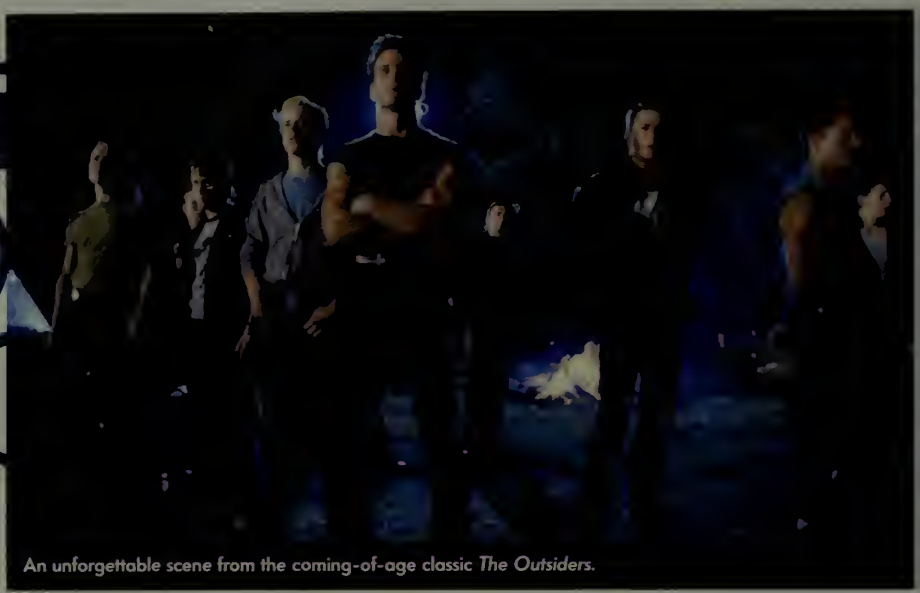
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Roman Holiday



Why should Dominick have all the fun? On a London morning in mid-July, a week and a half after the transit bombings, I found myself in Courtroom No. 13 of the Royal Courts of Justice as *Vanity Fair* defended itself in a libel action brought by the film director Roman Polanski, a fugitive from American justice who has been living in France for the past 27 years. That an American magazine could be brought to trial in an English court by a man who resides in France is one of the many vagaries of the British legal system. But more of that later.

Sadly, there are lots of things I can't say in this column without upsetting the courts. I will say this about the British courts: in rig and finery, they do not disappoint. Court No. 13 was a beautiful Victorian paneled room, decorated to the hilt with wigs, flowing robes, barristers, solicitors, and lots of "If it pleases m'Lord" this and "Yes, m'Lord" that. Very *Witness for the Prosecution,* except, blessedly, with air-conditioning.

In the British court system, you have two kinds of lawyers for each side: the solicitor, who gathers the facts of the case, and the barrister, who delivers the argument. During the actual trial, the solicitors sit in the front row, and the barristers sit behind them, standing when addressing the judge or the jury. Unlike American courts, where many statements are interrupted with an "Objection," followed by an "Objection sustained" or an "Objection overruled" from the judge, English courts, or at least the one I attended, are much more mannered. Barristers for both sides delivered their cases and completed their cross-examinations calmly and virtually without interruption from the other camp. It probably does not play out as well on television, but up close it's more relaxed. Unless you are the plaintiff. Or the defendant.

Where British libel law differs from American law is in the area of burden of proof. In the U.S. it lies with the plaintiff; in the U.K., with the defendant. American law requires that the plaintiff prove not only that written statements are incorrect but also, in the case of a public figure, that the publication knew this when it printed them and thus did so with malice. British law requires the defendant to prove that what was printed was correct.

Our case hinged on a few sente buried within a 17-page story Elaine's, the famed New York l ary restaurant which celebrated its 4 anniversary two years ago. The st which appeared in our July 2002 is was written by A. E. Hotchner, the di guished journalist and author who been Ernest Hemingway's pal and l written a memoir of their friendship. D into the *V.F.* article was an anecdote t by Lewis Lapham, the editor of *Harp* magazine and an Elaine's regular. said that the only time he remembered the place being hushed v when Roman Polanski had walked in not long after the brutal m der of his wife, the actress Sharon Tate, in August 1969. Accord to Lapham, the director had stopped in New York while on his v from London to Los Angeles, where his wife's funeral was to be h Lapham went on to relate how Polanski joined his table and seat himself between Lapham and a Scandinavian model who was th with Lapham's friend Edward Perlberg. Lapham claimed that he s Polanski make a pass at the model, invoking the name of his wife as did so. Polanski denied that the incident ever took place, and su the magazine in England for libel for the edition published there

I first met Polanski a dozen or so years ago in Paris and have c tainly admired his work as a director. We have friends in comm such as Robert Evans, who produced Polanski's film *Chinatown* a was head of production at Paramount when Polanski made *Ro mary's Baby* for the studio. At dinner one night in Los Angeles year or so after the suit was filed, Warren Beatty, another of Pola ski's chums, urged me to consider settling the case, arguing force ly that Polanski truly believed the magazine had wronged him. A a year and a half ago, at a dinner for Diane von Furstenberg in Par I talked with Polanski at length about the suit. We were still in t process of gathering our information, and I thought there might b way of resolving it outside of court. There are some cases that are i portant to fight, but I didn't really think this was one of them. Exce for the fact that, once our evidence had been collected, I believed th the gist of our story was true, and I wasn't going to say otherwis

I was buoyed by the fact that our chief witness would be Lapha himself, a patrician throwback to old-school editing values of intelle curiosity, smoking, and drinking. He is a man of the utmost integri

Which brought us all to Courtroom No. 13, presided over th week by the Honorable Mr. Justice Eady, resplendent his wig and silk robe with a sash and magnificent mau cuffs. Our team comprised our solicitor, David Hooper, whom I ha worked with for more than a decade, and our barrister, Tom Shiel Q.C.—or Queen's Counsel. Shields is the son of the former manag director of Associated Newspapers, owners of the *Daily Mail.* He h a posh accent, and I was told that he owns his own cricket pitch— American terms, his own baseball diamond. Polanski was represent by John Kelsey-Fry, also a Q.C. He is a barrister with a backgrou in criminal law who once prosecuted one of the Kray brothe I liked that. I also liked the fact that he smoked. He looked a l like Anthony Newley. And he looked like a man who wanted to w

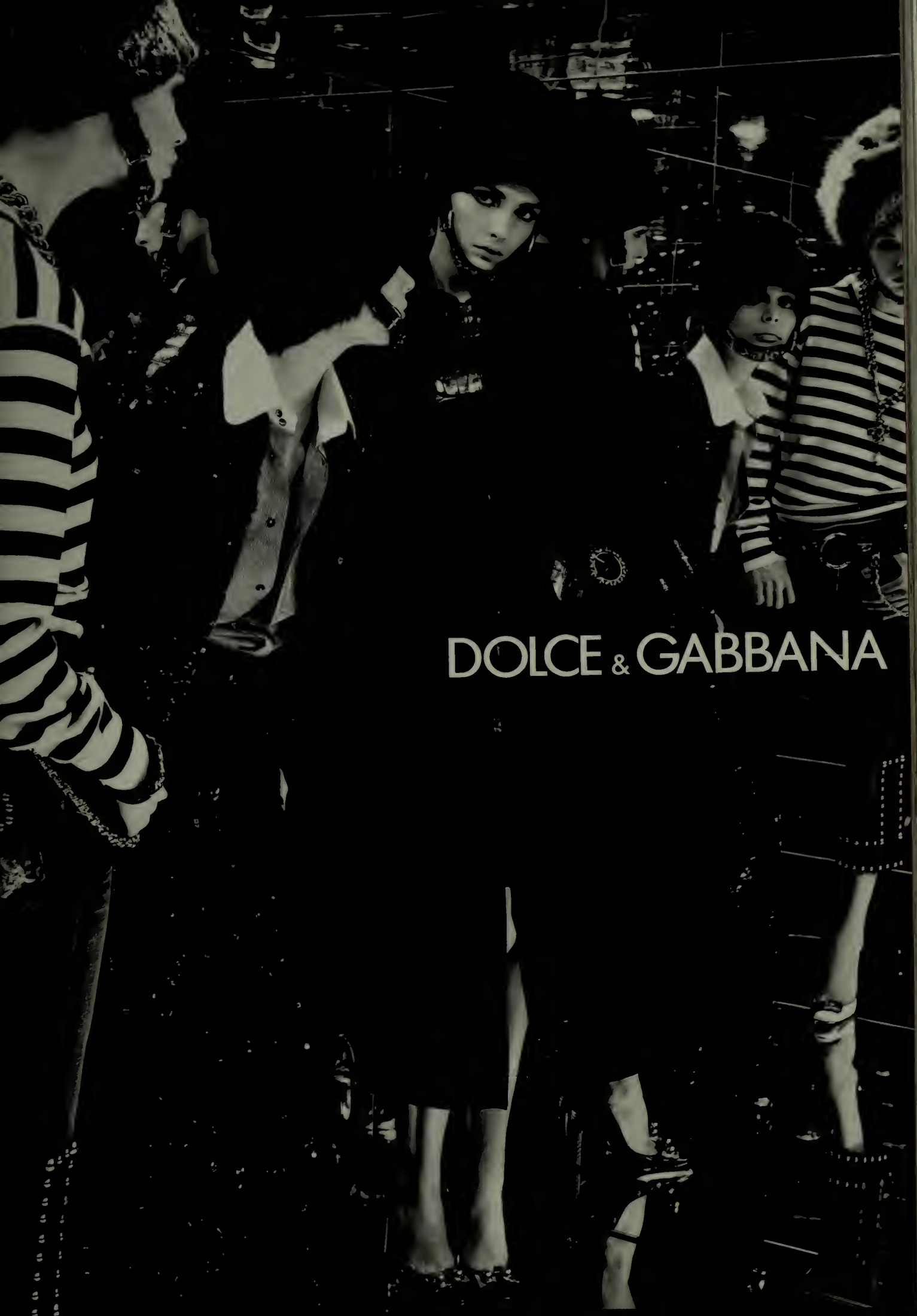
The jury selection produced what would CONTINUED ON PAGE



Paris Is Burning

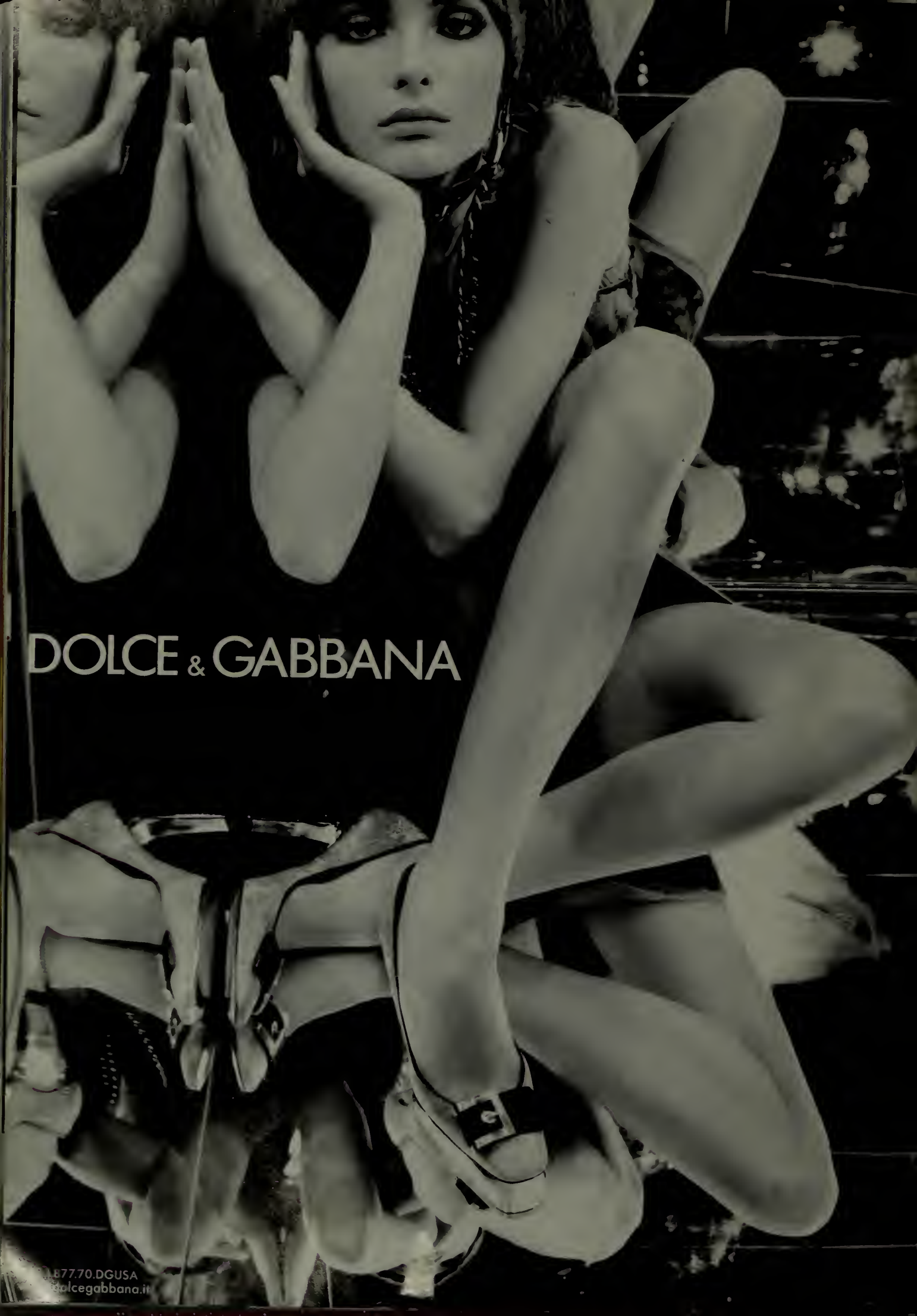
ON THE COVER

Paris Hilton wears pants by Ariat, boots by Regent, earrings by Bulgari, necklace and ring by Vivid, and watch by Cartier. Hair products by Kérastase Paris. Makeup products by Shiseido. Hair by Orlando Pita. Makeup by Tom Pecheux. Manicure by Gina Viviano. Props styled by Bill Doig. Styled by Andrew Richardson. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Mario Testino at Ventura Farms, Thousand Oaks, California, on June 17, 2005.


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80 be one of many disappointments for us. British courts don't feature the sort of jury-interview process we have in America. Rather, the names of potential jurors are put on pieces of paper. They are then crudely shuffled by the court clerk, and the first 12 names are called out. Hoping for a female majority, we got instead three women and nine men. Most of the men were young.

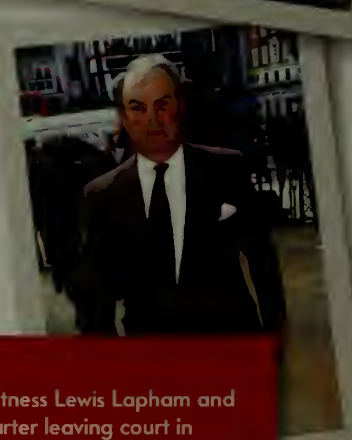
Prior to the trial, Polanski had gotten around a major obstacle. If he sued in the U.S. and showed up in person, he would likely be arrested for a crime committed more than a quarter of a century before. If he sued in the U.K. and showed up in person, he would run the risk of extradition back to the United States. Polanski's lawyers argued that for him to get a fair hearing he should be allowed to fight his case in the U.K. from the safety of France. The House of Lords, in a landmark decision, by a majority of three to two, overruled the Court of Appeal, which had unanimously ruled against Polanski's being allowed to give his evidence from France.

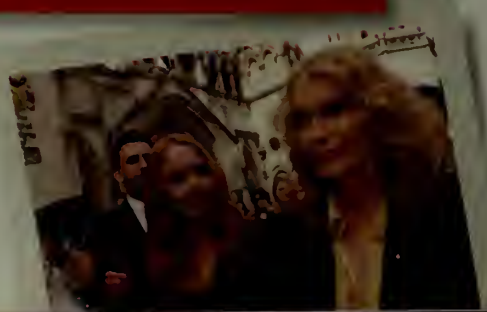
A video link between Paris and London, by which Polanski could both be interviewed and watch the proceedings, was set up. For my part, I felt this put us at a disadvantage, in that the jury could not see him except when he was testifying. They could not watch his face, or his mannerisms, as the case unfolded.

Polanski, still handsome and animated at 71, was a superb witness. During his first day of testimony, he stood for a while and then politely asked the court's permission to sit down. Ever the director, by the second day he was already seated when the testimony began, and the camera had seemingly been moved in closer, so that he appeared larger on the screen. On the witness stand, Polanski denied that he had tried to seduce the Scandinavian model, calling the anecdote "an abominable lie" which showed "callous indifference" to his wife's murder. He admitted under cross-examination, however, that a month after his wife's murder he had begun having sex again, on a casual basis. He also admitted that he had been in Elaine's "around that period," in August 1969, but said that the only time he had gone there he had been with Mia Farrow.

Farrow came to give testimony on his behalf, and her arrival caused a commotion both outside the courthouse and within Court No. 13. She is still child-like at 60 and came across as slightly dazed and waifish. Farrow, who in 1968 had starred in *Rosemary's Baby,* recalled meeting Polanski at Elaine's after Tate's death. She testified that he was a wreck when she saw him. Asked if she had remained with him the whole night, Farrow said that she wasn't sure, but that she thought her then boyfriend, the conductor André Previn, had picked them up. According to her original statement, she thought they might have dropped Polanski off at his hotel, the Essex House, on Central Park South, before driving to the airport for a flight to Martha's Vineyard. As most New Yorkers know, going from Elaine's, on Second Avenue and 88th Street, to Central Park South and then out to La Guardia in time for a dusk flight to the Vineyard would have meant that her dinner with Polanski would probably have had to end in the early evening. (Note to midwestern readers: This would seem unlikely, as Elaine's doesn't start hopping until 9 or 10.)







THE TRIAL
From top: witness Lewis Lapham and Graydon Carter leaving court in London; Edward Perlberg, whose date was at the center of the case; Debra Tate (Sharon's sister) and Mia Farrow.

I felt that both Lapham and Perlberg proved to be solid, thoug witnesses. Lapham recounted the evening at Elaine's in terms simil those which had appeared in the article. Confronted with the fact Polanski had flown directly from London to Los Angeles after hea of his wife's murder, Lapham admitted that it was impossible for incident to have occurred before the burial of Sharon Tate, th must have happened on Polanski's way back to London. Perlber friend of Lapham's, is now a retired Wall Street executive. The L don tabloids referred to him as a "financier." He recalled the even as well. He testified that he did not see or hear Polanski's repor advances on his date. But Perlberg said that he did recall Polans sitting beside her and that she stood up suddenly and asked to le

Polanski said that he could barely recall a thing about his tim New York during that period. (Indeed, in his earlier letters of c plaint, he said he had no memory of having been in New York at time.) He was dependent on Farrow's recollections. Our two witne spoke with confidence about what they saw and heard that night. they were rigorously cross-examined on the details of the evening.

Now is as good a time as any to review why the man whose go name we were accused of besmirching and on whose reputat the jury had to place a value could not be in the courtroom t week. In early 1977, Polanski, then 43, had been hired to photogra some girls for a French fashion magazine. He was directed to o young girl, whom he met with her mother at their home in Woodla Hills, in Los Angeles. The girl was 13. She had a dog and a pet bi "I was rather disappointed," Polanski wrote in his autobiograph "[She] was about my own height, slim and quite graceful, with unexpectedly husky voice for her age good-looking girl, but nothing sensationa

A week after that first encounter, Pola ski drove back to the girl's house in his re ed Mercedes, and the pair went for a wa in the hills so that he could take some ph tographs. According to the girl's subseque grand-jury testimony, he told her to take her top, and he shot her breasts. A few wee later Polanski turned up at the house in Woo land Hills again and said that he was going take her to see a friend and that he wanted shoot some more pictures, but that they ha to hurry because the afternoon light was fadin The girl wanted to bring along a friend as chaperone, she recalled in a recent intervie but Polanski talked her out of it. Her mother w unaware that she was alone with Polanski.

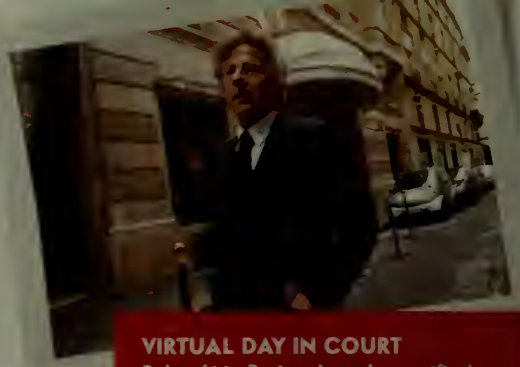
He drove her to his friend's house and bega photographing her. Polanski poured her a glass Cristal champagne from a bottle he had found the fridge and refilled her glass from time to tim Polanski then led her outside to take pictur of her in a Jacuzzi. He produced a yellow via and they each took a part of a Quaalude. Sh said he urged her to remove more and more her clothes until she was completely nake According to the girl, Polanski began takin nude photos of her in the hot tub. And the he took his clothes off and joined her. When h attempted to grope her, she said, she rushed o and went inside to dry off. Polanski followe her into a bedroom, kissed her, and began perform oral sex on her. She said she asked hi to stop several times, whereupon he began have intercourse with her. When he discovere that she was not on the pill, Polanski, ever th gentleman, withdrew, and then proceeded



sodomize the 13-year-old. Afterward, as he drove her home, the girl recalled, Polanski said: "Don't tell your mother about this, and don't tell your boyfriend, either. This is our secret."

The case absolutely floored the American public, even in the sexually libertine days of the late 1970s. Polanski was indicted on six counts—including sodomy and rape by use of drugs. After negotiations, he was allowed to plead guilty to one count of unlawful sexual intercourse with a minor, and the other charges were dropped. He spent a total of 42 days in jail undergoing psychiatric tests before fleeing the country in fear of a stiff prison sentence.

Under English law, the jury in London was permitted to hear only the outline of the formal conviction and not the background to the offense as testified to by the girl in front of the grand jury. The details I've mentioned could not be published in the U.K. during Polanski's suit against *Vanity Fair;* after the verdict, the reporting restrictions were lifted.





VIRTUAL DAY IN COURT
Polanski in Paris, where he testified via video link; Roxy Beaujolais, friendly proprietor of the Seven Stars pub—"the Elaine's of London!"

Thursday was the day for the barristers to wrap up their arguments. Polanski's case essentially boiled down to his insistence that he could not have been so unfeeling as to use his late wife's name in the manner described by Lapham. And that the director had been at Elaine's, but that he had gone to the restaurant *after* Sharon Tate's funeral and not before it, as our story had said. His lawyers further stated that the incident had not occurred at all and that the defense witnesses should not be believed. Our side agreed that we had gotten the timing on the story wrong, but maintained that the incident happened substantially as stated. Furthermore, Shields argued, Polanski did not have the sort of personal reputation that is capable of being sullied. He elaborated on this by pointing out that, since Polanski was suing in a British court, any damage to his reputation was limited to those readers living in England and Wales, countries Polanski had not visited for 27 years.

When the jury retired to deliberate, both sides repaired to the hallway outside the court, where they gathered in two groups. That morning, a mystery woman had appeared in court. Polanski had been represented by Debra Tate, Sharon's sister, who sat in court for most of the trial, and later by his third wife, the actress Emmanuelle Seigner. But this woman was new. She had hair to her shoulders and bangs. She looked to be in her 40s or 50s and had an ample chest. But she was dressed like a little girl, in a shirt with a Peter Pan collar, buttoned up to the top, and a long skirt. We were interested in finding out who she was.

By that point, I was not feeling particularly encouraged. But as we headed to lunch, I had a moment's uplift. A nice-looking older fellow who was part of the city's maintenance crew was walking toward us, moving at a brisk pace and talking on a cell phone. Barely looking at me, he said "Love your magazine" as he passed. I turned around and said "Thanks!" He didn't stop or even slow down.

The jury deliberations went into Friday. By lunchtime, we still didn't have a verdict, and so my wife and I slipped out a back entrance and ducked into a pub across the street for a quick bite. The place was called the Seven Stars, named not for its food but for the seven provinces of Denmark. It had been named four centuries ago, long before the courts were built, when a river ran through the area. We walked in and were confronted by the publican, a sturdy, cheerful woman with claret-colored hair.

"Well, if it isn't Mr. Graydon Carter himself," she said, clearly a businesswoman who keeps abreast of the goings-on across the street. "Welcome to the Elaine's of London!"

Her name was Roxy Beaujolais, and cast her arm out in a gesture meant me to take in the room. "And over he she said, "is our *literary table*." She n tioned in the direction of a small, circu table where two female office workers w polishing off lunch.

"Now, a gentleman such as your will, I expect, be wanting a table."

I indicated that this was indeed case.

"Fine, then, let me show you to one our *terrace* tables." We walked out onto street, where on the narrowest of sidewa was the narrowest of tables. We sat dow The table wobbled. As Roxy was runn through the specials, a cab pulled up, a through the window I could see the passeng It was the mystery woman from the day fore. She got out and Roxy rushed over to g her a hug and a kiss. She introduced us.

"Mr. and Mrs. Graydon Carter, I'd li you to meet Marilyn Lownes." We all s hello, and the mystery lady, now dress much more provocatively than the day befo went into the pub. "You know who she don't you?" Roxy asked. "No," I replied. S said Marilyn was the wife of Victor Lown part owner and manager way back when the London Playboy Club, and a friend an consort of Polanski's. Victor Lownes was ill and could not attend t trial in support of his old chum, and so his wife came in his stea

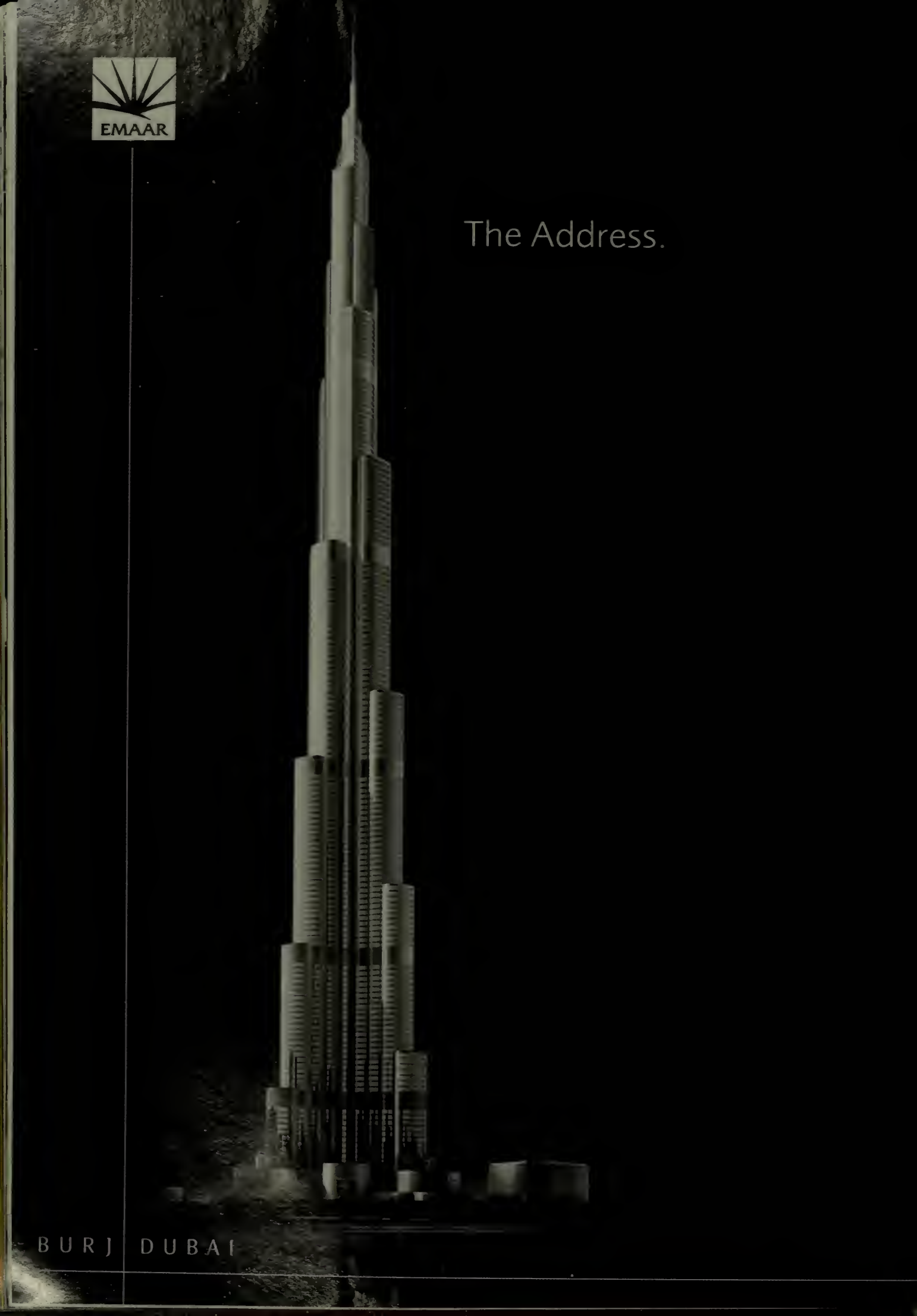
Roxy indicated that Mrs. Lownes was a public figure in her ow right. "You know why, don't you?" I said I didn't. "Why, she's the fi *Playboy* Playmate to go full-frontal. You know, the tits, the bush, t whole thing!" Roxy is a woman of rare candor and social observatio

The verdict was less entertaining than lunch. The jury foun for Polanski and asked for damages of around $100,000– quarter of the maximum the judge said was possible to awa for very serious cases. The trial over, Lapham, Perlberg, and I le the Royal Courts of Justice. Ahead of us was the wall of reporte and photographers who had been there all week. Other days I ha tried to walk straight ahead and not look too dopey. This time had to stop and give a comment. I said this: "I find it amazing th a man who lives in France can sue a magazine that is published America in a British courtroom. As a father of four children—on of whom is a 12-year-old daughter—I find it equally outrageou that this story is considered defamatory, given the fact that M Polanski can't be here because he slept with a 13-year-old girl quarter of a century ago. Nevertheless, it is interesting to see ho the wheels of British justice move. I wish Mr. Polanski well. No if you'll excuse me, we have a magazine to put out."

The final word on the case belonged to Samantha Geimer, th woman who said Polanski had raped and sodomized her those ma years ago. Now a married mother of three and living in Hawaii, she ha her own opinion of the verdict. "The libel case makes no sense," she to *The Mirror.* "Surely a man like this hasn't got a reputation to tarnish"

I was stirred but not shaken by the verdict. Richard Ingra founder of *Private Eye,* eventually relinquished the reins to Ian Hislo a younger man, not because he was tired of editing the magazine, h told me once, but because he was tired of the libel suits. The landma decision to allow plaintiffs to sue in England from the comfort of the homes elsewhere will turn the country's court system into a souk f those shopping their libel cases. I pray I never wind up in a British bel trial again. If I do, look out, Dominick! —GRAYDON CART


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Carl Bernstein

After reading a hurriedly faxed copy of John D. O'Connor's story, "'I'm the Guy They Called Deep Throat,'" as it went to press for the July issue of *V.F.*, contributing editor Carl Bernstein and his former *Washington Post* colleague Bob Woodward agreed reluctantly that there was no choice but to give up their secret of 33 years. In "Watergate's Last Chapter" (page 290), Bernstein describes the chaos and tension of that day. "The last thing I could have ever imagined writ for *Vanity Fair* would be an account of Deep Throat's unmasking," he sa



SUNHEE GRINNELL

Mario Testino

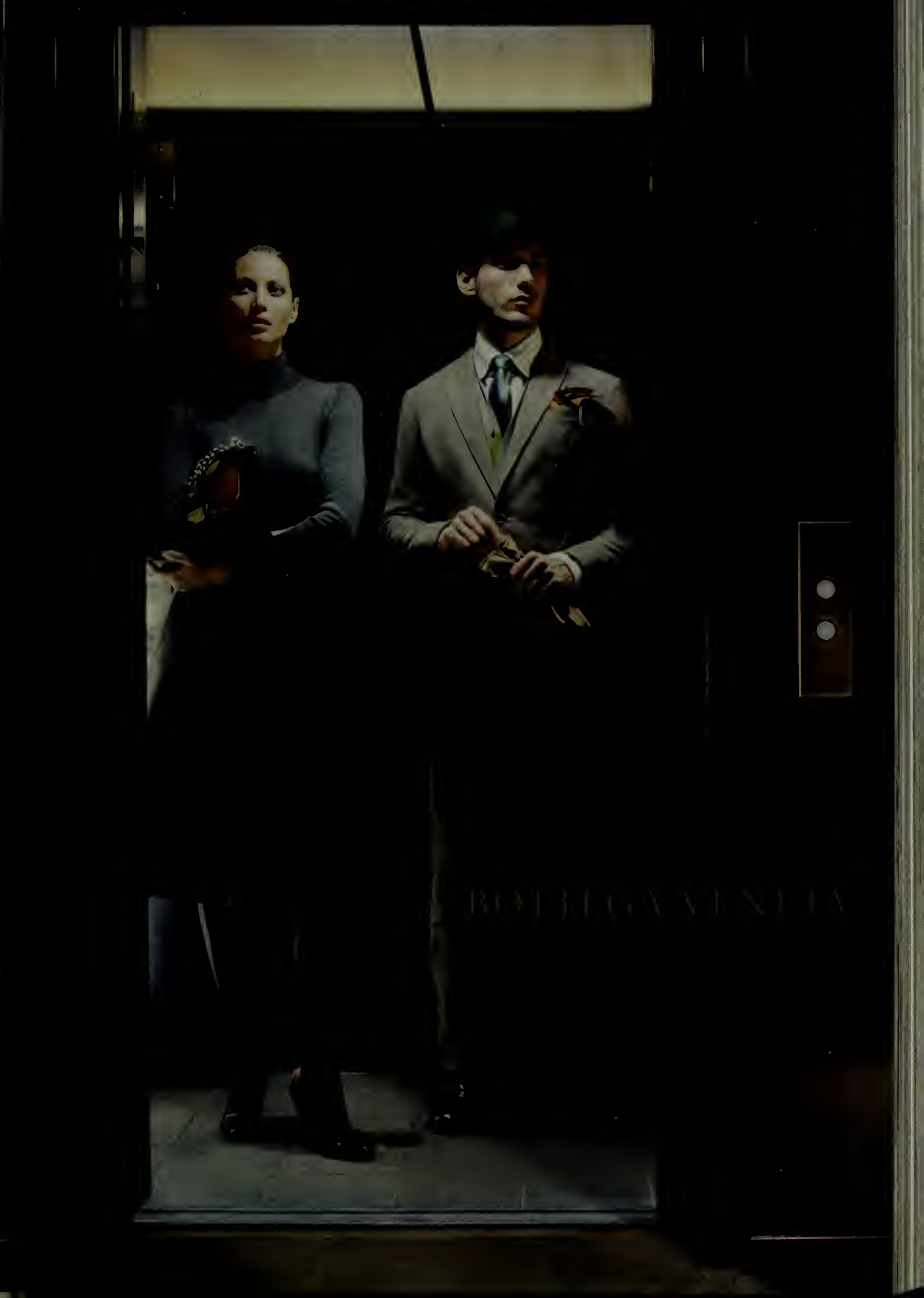
Last month Mario Testino, one of the world's most sought-after celebrity and fashion photographers, added Jennifer Aniston to his extensive portfolio of *V.F.* covers. This month, Testino captured hotel heiress Paris Hilton for the magazine's prime real estate. "What amaze me the most about her," he says, "was her natural sense of business for someone her age. She was very sure of herself and wasn't afraid to work. And I was able to treat her just like a model because of her proportions." Testino recently edited *Visionaire 46 Uncensored* (Visionaire), a limited-edition fashion-and-art publication that showcases the work of artists such as Cecily Brown, Tracey Emin, and Tim Noble.

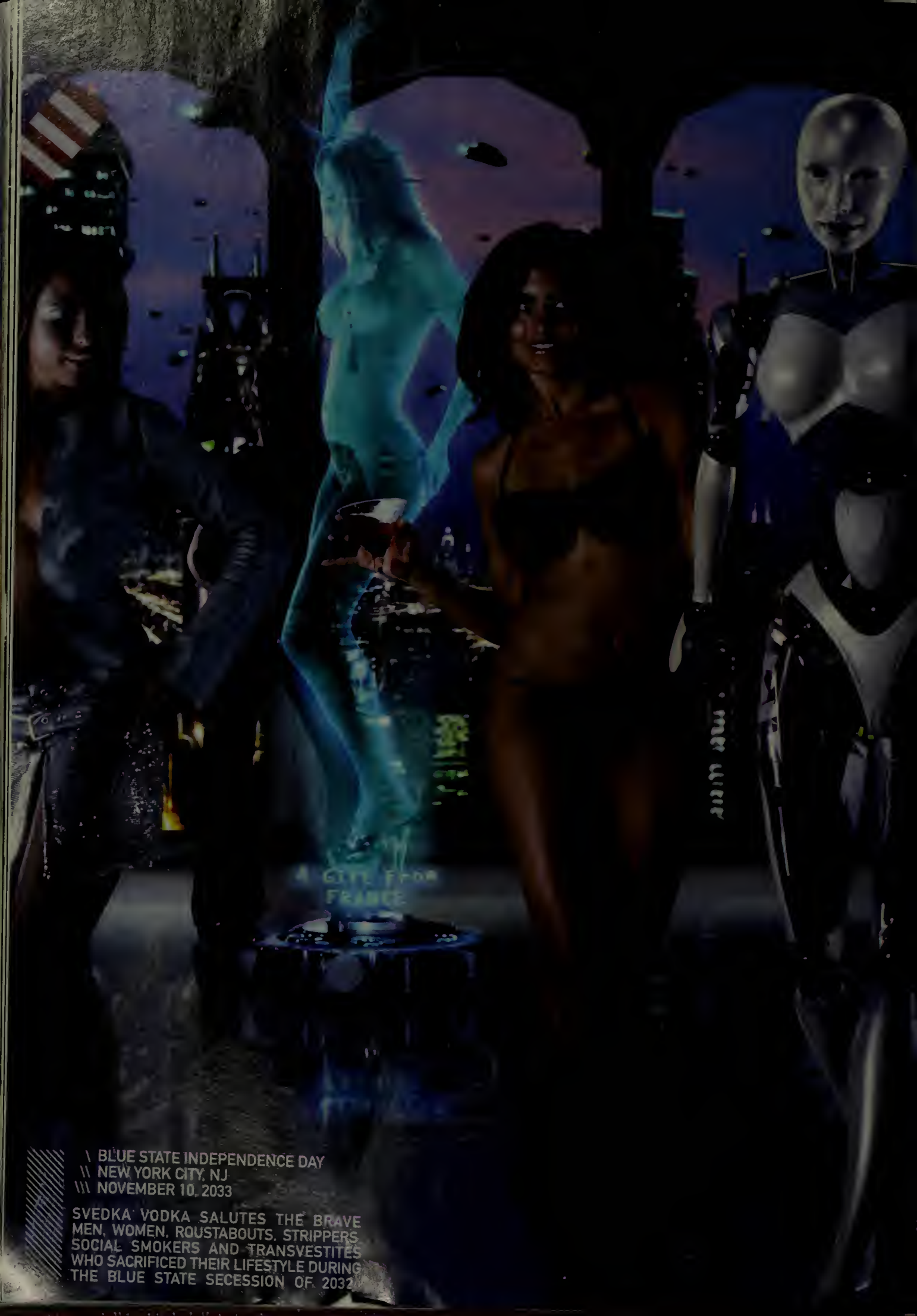
Jonathan Becker

For this month's feature on Larry Ellison ("'Absolutely Excessive!'" page 316), Jonathan Becker traveled to the software mogul's 40-acre estate, in Northern California, then to the Mediterranean aboard *Rising Sun,* currently the world's longest privately owned yacht. "During my voyages throughout Larry Ellison's world," Becker says, "I couldn't help but think of my favorite fortune cookie: 'Some men dream of fortunes and others dream of cookies.'" Becker, a *V.F.* contributor for 22 years, was recently named photographer-at-large.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100




BOTTEGA VENETA



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96



JESPER NORGAARD

Brigitte Lacombe

For James Wolcott's piece this mon Brigitte Lacombe took her camera into the world of Truman Capote, focusing her lens on two actors who are playing the controversial Americ author in upcoming movies. She snapped shots of Toby Jones, who portrays Capote in *Have You Heard* and Philip Seymour Hoffman, who plays the writer in *Capote*. "I had seen Hoffman's film two days before the shoot," Lacombe says. "When you photograph someone after you've seen his work it's so much more interesting." Lacombe, whose pictures have appeared in *Vanity Fair* for 16 years, is working on a book called *Travel/Personal,* due out in 2006.

Krista Smith



West Coast editor Krista Smith admits to having been a little skeptical as she began her profile of Paris Hilton. "I think you'd be hard-pressed to find anyone who doesn't have a preconceived notion of this girl." But as Smith looked into her business deals, she found an empire in the making. "She plays a train wreck of a bimbo, but ask her a serious question and suddenly you find an articulate young woman," Smith says. "She will stop at nothing short of Martha Stewart domination. This kind of fame isn't circumstantial—she's worked for it." And what about that notorious vanity? "Put it this way: I've never met anyone who looks in the mirror as much, but then again, she rarely lives off-camera."



MARK SCHÄFER

From left: Duff McDonald, Richard Siklos, John Brodie, Craig Offman, Heather Halberstadt, and Matt Tyrnauer.

New Establishment

Editor-at-large **MATT TYRNAUER** has overseen the New Establishment list (page 243) since the height of the dot-com craze, but he does not see Google, whose co-founders are ranked No. 1 this year, as another Netscape or Pets.com. "It's amazing to see two 32-year-olds taunting Bill Gates and Microsoft." Tyrnauer says. "For now, it is a David-versus-Goliath scenario." The New Establishment is a year-round project, so as soon as the 2004 edition closed, work began on 2005's, particularly for associate editor **HEATHER HALBERSTADT** who heads the research effort and coordinates the reporting.

Contributors to this year's list include **ALAN DEUTSCHMAN,** a senior writer at *Fast Company;* **RICHARD SIKLOS,** who recently joined *The New York Times* as its corporate media correspondent; *V.F.* contributing editor and LATimes.com senior editor **RICHARD RUSHFIELD; CRAIG OFFMAN,** a contributor to the *Financial Times;* **DUFF McDONALD,** who wrote about Hollywood and poker in *V.F.*'s March 2005 issue and also writes for *Wired;* and **JOHN BRODIE,** deputy editor of the men's lifestyle magazine *Best Life.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10


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NEW YORK

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disappeared and wrinkles are fast asleep. The most beautif
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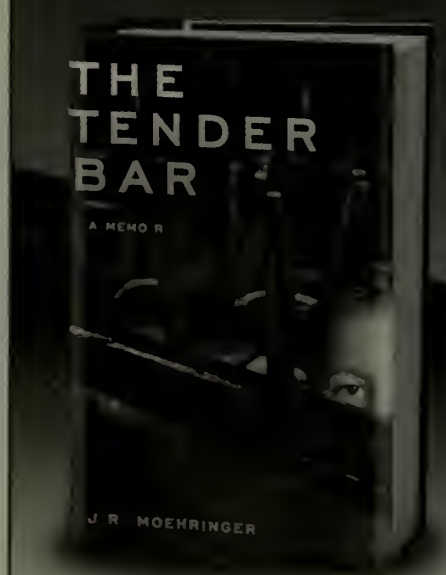
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Nicholson Baker



Six years ago, novelist Nicholson Baker and his wife, Margaret Brentano, shown here at their home in Maine, bought original copies of the turn-of-the-century newspaper the New York *World* as a conservation project, but upon opening them, particularly the Sunday editions, they found themselves transfixed. "It was as if you got to spend months being in a Sunday 100 years ago," Brentano says. "It was a miracle for a nickel, th tremendous thing that you could buy on Sundays," Baker adds. "It was in color, it w funny and strange, and it had something everyone in the family could look at." *The Wor on Sunday,* with captions and notes by Brentano and an introduction by Baker, is o this month from Bulfinch Press and is excerpted beginning on page 22



CHLOE CRESPI

Vicky Ward

During her four years as a *V.F.* contributing editor, Vicky Ward's assignments have taken her all over the U.S. and as far away as South Africa. But for this month's article, about the battle between Mark Birley and James Sherwood over the future of the London club Harry's Bar (page 300), she traveled home to England. "This is a quintessentially English story," says Ward. "Harry's Bar, which is considered the jewel in the crown, is not about minimalism. It's about perfectionism; it's good old English." Meeting Birley, she says, reminded her of all the things she loves about the country in which she grew up—"charm, style, taking time to enjoy the good things in life."

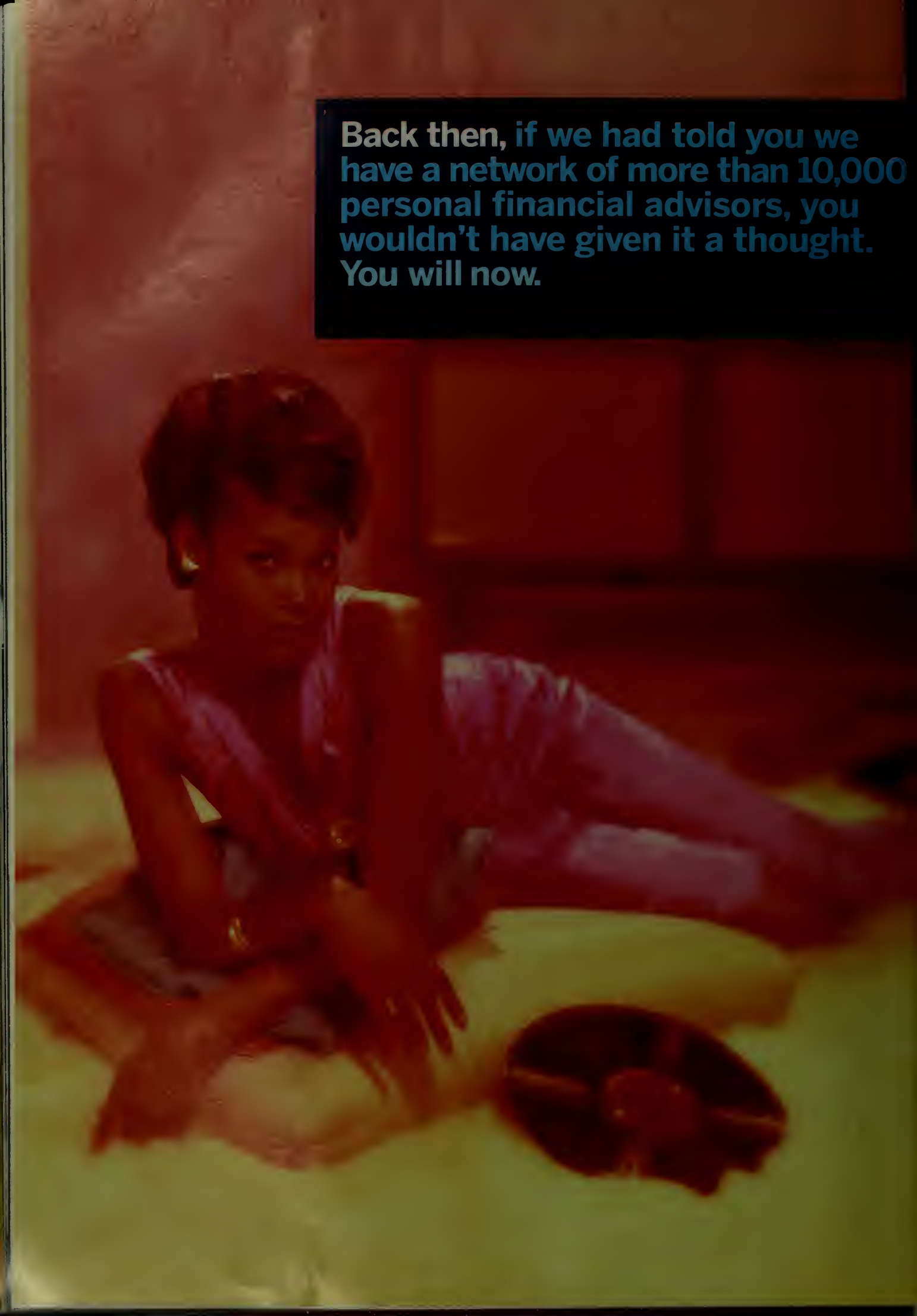
Michael Wolff



"If you are a newspaper person, London is your real home, the last place where the newspaper craft is truly practiced," says contributing editor Michael Wolff, who has written for *The Guardian,* which is among the subjects of his column on page 194. If that paper is able to miniaturize its format without diminishing its stature or appeal, he says, it will be interesting to see how *The New York Times* or *The Wall Street Journal* responds. For Wolff, the dynamism of the industry in Britain belies announcements of its coming end. "Newspapers will go on for some time even in their death throes," he says.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 108


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104



PETER ROSS

Marjorie Williams

Marjorie Williams, whose cancer memoir begins on pag 208, was one of *V.F.*'s most respected and beloved—and *feared*—writers. Considered th magazine's own Jane Austen c the Potomac, she wrote profile that helped illuminate an era and expose its most fascinatin personalities. "A master of the political profile, Marjorie had that rare combination of old-school reporting smarts and newer-school social and psychological insight," Graydo Carter wrote in his March 20 Editor's Letter. "On top of this, she was a witty and graceful stylist—in short, what I'd lik to think of as the beau ideal of a *Vanity Fair* writer." A collection of Williams's writing entitled *The Woman at the Washington Zoo* is due out this fall from PublicAffairs Books

Bob Colacello

As a journalist for nearly 30 years, *V.F.* special correspondent Bob Colacello has befriended some of the most famous and well-respected women in international society. These include Nancy Reagan, Diana Vreeland, and the late Estée Lauder, whom he profiles on page 308 in a piece he considers an affectionate memoir rather than reportage. "Estée was as strong as they come," Colacello, shown here with the cosmetics guru at an event in 1985, says. "But she was also very thoughtful and funny." Through her, Colacello came to know the whole Lauder family. Estée's son Ronald and his wife, Jo Carole, hosted the launch party to celebrate Colacello's book *Ronnie & Nancy: Their Path to the White House* at the Neue Galerie last October.





GASPER TRINGALE

James Wolcott

It's rare for two movies to come out on the same subject, particularly a subject as rarefied as Truman Capote, contributing editor James Wolcott notes in his column on page 164. He suggests that Capote fascinates largely by contrast to a more diligent, tamer generation of young writers. "He was an original oddball," Wolcott says, "a raconteur, and the type of literary personality that we're not going to see again." As for the movies, Bennett Miller's *Capote* and Douglas McGrath's *Have You Heard?*, Wolcott believes "people are making it out to be a contest between the two. But it's not a matter of either/or—why not see both?"


COACH
EST. 1941



ANKLE NOT SHOW
Martha Stewart
meadow at Cantitoe F
in Bedford, New Y
on May 18, 20

BRUCE WEBER

MIXED ABOUT MARTHA

Readers debate the plight of the domestic diva; James Wolcott for president?; under Disney's spell; Cruise needs control; Elle enchants; and more

Your "Big Post-Prison Interview" with Martha Stewart, in the August issue, lived up to the "big" designation ["The Prisoner of Bedford"]. Matt Tyrnauer provided excellent reporting on the chain of events that led to the verdict and sentencing, and an insightful review of how she is doing now. While her conviction, in my opinion, was a travesty of justice, since it appeared to be an attempt to throw her off the top of the business heap, it seems that her sojourn in Alderson has worked to benefit her personally. And while she should be free to do what she does best without the constraints of staying within the footprint of her home, it was refreshing to read that she is hitting her stride despite the ankle bracelet. I am looking forward to the new era of Martha Stewart.

CHERYL B. OWEN
Arlington, Virginia

I WAS VERY DISAPPOINTED to see a smiling photograph of Martha Stewart on your cover. Although I do not hold any grudges toward Ms. Stewart and I am sure that she has rightfully served her sentence, I feel it was inappropriate for your editorial staff to glorify her by featuring her so prominently in your August issue.

ROSE DISANTO
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

IN HIS WELL-WRITTEN and informative article on Martha Stewart, Matt Tyrnauer asked Ms. Stewart whether she feels she owes anyone an apology. Her response: "But *I* didn't hurt a lot of people—the situation hurt a lot of people."

Regardless of how one feels about Ms. Stewart's guilt or innocence, or how Clinton-esquely one manages to slice, sterilize, or parse the facts of her case, Tyrnauer said it best: "On December 27, 2001, Stewart made the worst business decision of her career. Acting on a tip from Bacanovic . . . she sold 3,928 shares of ImClone's stock the day before the [F.D.A.] said it would not approve ImClone's main drug."

It was not "the situation" that autho-

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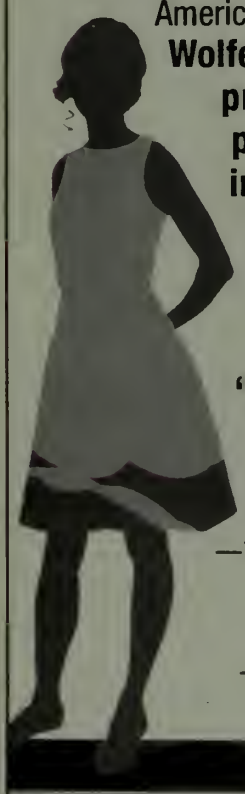
—*The Independent* (U.K.)

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*The Weekly Standard

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RHEA RIPPEY
Nashville, Tennessee

I WAS ONE OF MS. STEWART'S trial attorneys in *United States of America* v. *Martha Stewart and Peter Bacanovic.* In discussing the government's investigation and prosecution of Ms. Stewart for her sale of 3,928 shares of ImClone stock, the article reports that for Ms. Stewart it was a "major blunder to speak to investigators without an attorney." The factual premise is false. Ms. Stewart never spoke to investigators without an attorney present. As the trial record and other published accounts make clear, Ms. Stewart was represented by counsel at every step of the government's investigation and prosecution.

JOHN R. CUTI
New York, New York

I HAD TO CHUCKLE at some of the observations in your article on Martha Stewart. That Stewart stipulated her horse barn be "airy and bright" struck me as hilarious.

But what was not so hilarious was finding out that Stewart's bizarre sense of vanity has motivated her to imprison her black Friesian horses inside stables during the day to prevent their coats from turning red from the sun. This is callous, even cruel. And also indicative of a woman who apparently learned little about life over the course of her legal travails.

Maybe Ms. Stewart is the imperious, self-absorbed, vain individual that some people claim she is. Or perhaps that is unfairly harsh. But in regard to those beautiful horses in her custody, I know of some lovely acreage where they are welcome anytime, where they would be treated with respect and care, and not as set pieces to polish a woman's image.

ELLEN BARAGON
White Rock, British Columbia

I AM SURE YOUR EDITORS gleefully highlighted the quote about Martha's keeping her horses out of the sun to preserve their black coats (and her farm's aesthetic). No doubt tongues are wagging over her maniacal pursuit of perfection. In fact, any good horseman avoids bleaching out and ruining a horse's coat by keeping him in the comfort of a barn on summer days and turning him out to romp in the cool night air. For an illustration of what a horse looks like under considerably lesser management, check out the unfortunate creature used in the Elle Macpherson shoot in the Bahamas ["And God Created Elle," by Krista Smith, August].

JEAN M. RUDE
Iowa City, Iowa

WHAT A SURPRISE—Martha Stewart on the cover of *Vanity Fair.* I guess in some cases crime does pay. Setting aside her die-hard and apparently forgiving fans, there are some of us who believe that being found guilty of a federal crime is definitely not cool. Stewart may know how to set a table and make darling Christmas ornaments, but she is most assuredly not a role model for honesty or high moral standards. In looking at her behavior leading up to her arrest and conviction, one sees primarily a self-motivated control freak. Now that she is near the end of her tawdry debacle, she would have shown far more class had she retreated from the public eye for a time.

BETTE AMSLER
Palm Springs, California

MATT TYRNAUER reported that the contestants from *The Apprentice: Martha Stewart* live in a loft designed in part by Gael Towey. In fact, as production designer of *The Apprentice,* I was responsible for the design of the loft. Receiving proper credit is essential in my line of work as a production designer.

KELLY VAN PATTER
Los Angeles, California

I AM MARTHA STEWART'S AGE and a prep-school English teacher. Even after 35 years of teaching, it would take me another 14,925 years at my current salary to make approximately $1 billion. I certainly would not have thrown that away for $230,000, and I will never believe that Martha did. In no need of resurrection—although sacrificial lamb is an apt metaphor for her circumstance—she remains my hero.

ANNE ROBINSON
Fort Worth, Texas

THE PHANTOM WAR

JAMES WOLCOTT'S bare-knuckle condemnation of the media's self-censorship regarding the Iraq occupation was spot-on ["To Live and Die in Iraq," August]. The media have been complicit in the cover-up and the lies fed to the American people. My heart aches for the suffering Iraqi people, and I am ashamed of the misery and deaths our country has caused because it chose to go to war. Thank you, Mr. Wolcott, for revealing the horrendous truth in Iraq.

ANNE BUCALO
Lauderdale-by-the-Sea, Florida

A VERY BIG THANK-YOU to James Wolcott for hitting the ugly truth right on the head: it is not only the Bush administration that is failing this country horribly but also the media watch- CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

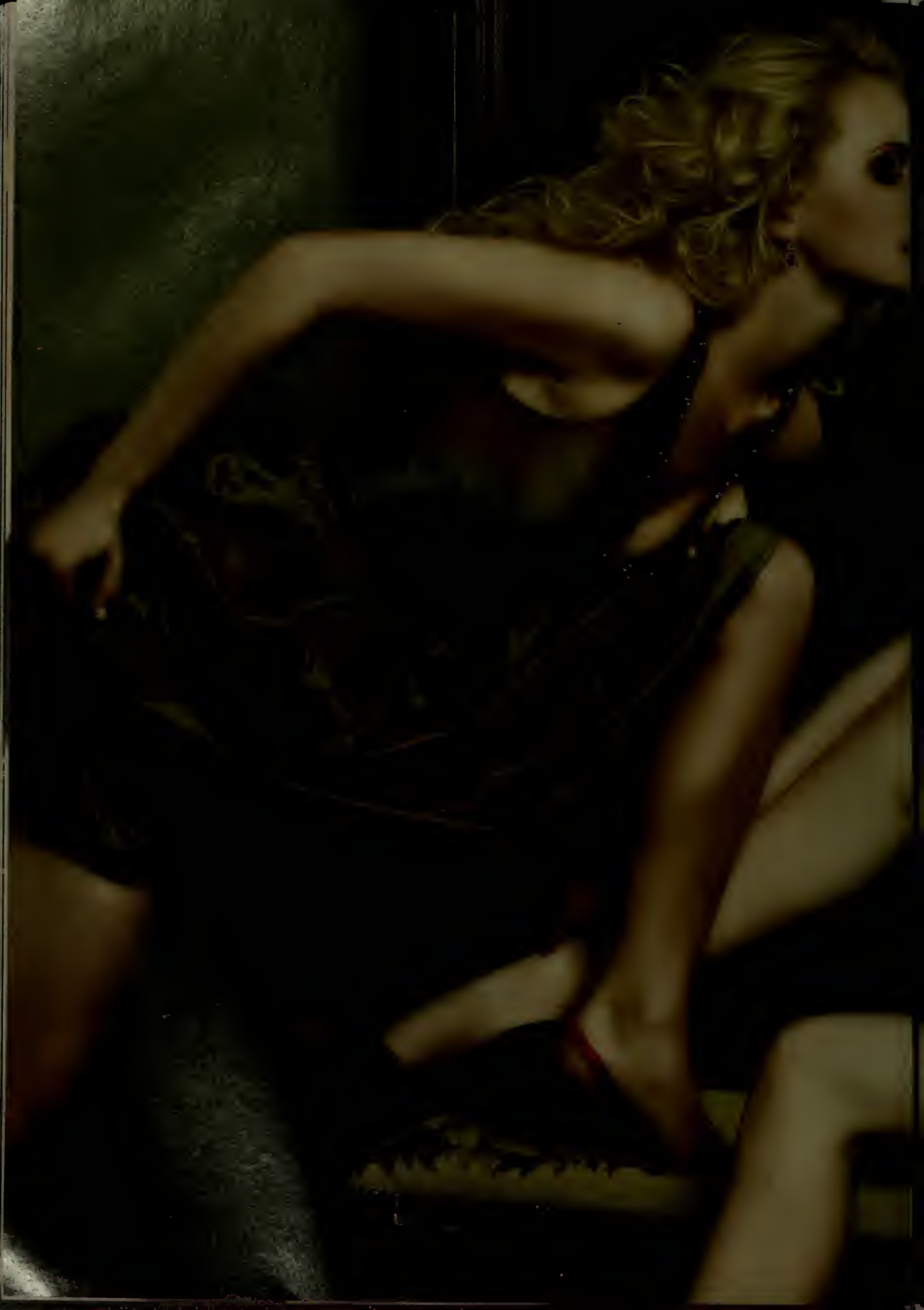

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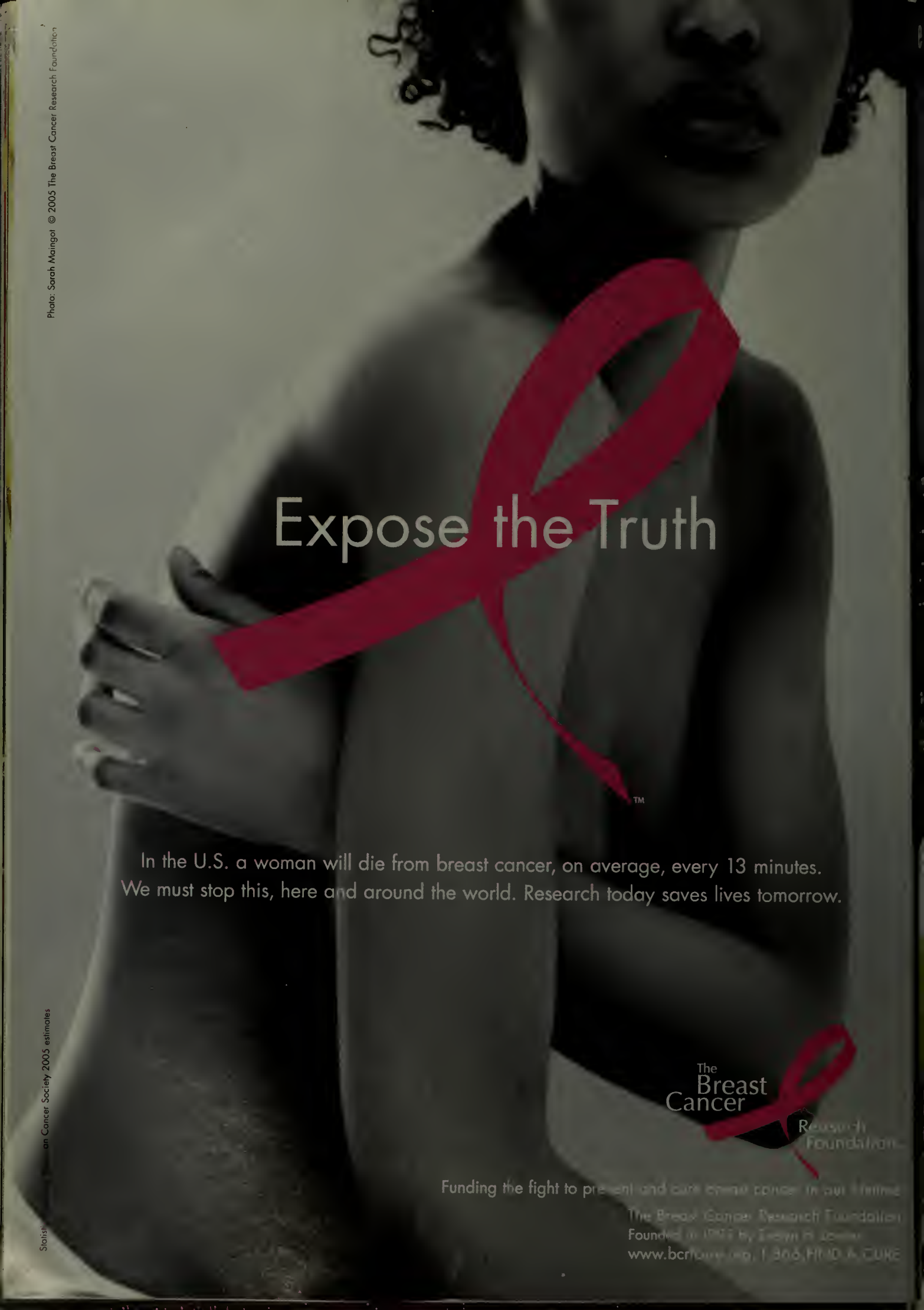

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DEMI MOORE FOR
VERSACE


Photo: Sarah Maingot © 2005 The Breast Cancer Research Foundation
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In the U.S. a woman will die from breast cancer, on average, every 13 minutes.
We must stop this, here and around the world. Research today saves lives tomorrow.
The Breast Cancer Research Foundation
Funding the fight to prevent and cure breast cancer in our lifetime
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thanks to the National Debt.
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NEW YORK - What's really material? That's a question we


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 114 dogs turned lapdogs, who seem to have abdicated almost all responsibility for guarding the fort of the democratic ideal. This toothless bunch is altogether too busy being spoon-fed by the administration to bother with straight reporting on the ongoing horrors in Iraq.

I can't count the number of times I've read our local newspaper and found myself wondering why the Iraq story buried on page 13 wasn't the lead story on page 1.

There are plenty of us out here who are signing electronic petitions to "save our soldiers." We follow up these petitions with donations and time. We e-mail one another furiously to share our profound disgust and anger over the war. Meanwhile, no one is representing us—not the administration, not the media, and certainly not the House or Senate. Perhaps it's time to put Mr. Wolcott on the ticket. He's got my vote.

KATHRYN EVANS
New Orleans, Louisiana

MR. WOLCOTT IS WRONG when he writes, "Americans see and hear and, worst of all, care almost nothing" about the Iraqi people. This is the first subject we talk about at our dinner table. My heart aches with despair over the lack of truthful news reporting and lack of strong opposition to this administration's war games. There must be others out there who feel the same way. Maybe people such as Mr. Wolcott will make us speak out.

DONNA BADER
Laguna Beach, California

I FIND IT IRONIC and disappointing that you would dedicate five pages to how insensitive the American media have become in their reporting on the war in Iraq, its impact on the Iraqi people, and the "unrelenting carnage," yet fail to mention this story on the cover of the August issue. Instead, we're treated to teasers about the Mob, Jimmy Choo, Tom Cruise, and the Guggenheim, all surrounding a cover photo of the issue's "real news"—detailing Martha Stewart's house arrest. You should be ashamed of yourselves.

MICHELLE BARNES
Kirkland, Washington

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF DISNEY

CONGRATULATIONS TO DAVE HICKEY on his wild, highly entertaining ride through the world of Disney ["Welcome to Dreamsville," August]!

From my early childhood in Southern California to a brief cast-member stint at the Disneyland Resort Paris to my current status as a "soccer mom," the Magic Kingdom has somehow managed to keep me under its spell. For me, having seen Mickey at his best and very worst, Hickey's article was pure candy: a deliciously wicked, yet strangely merciful, account that spotlights the silliness and sadness of our Disney heritage, while maintaining a kind respect for the original vision that inspired it all.

JULIE ROLLAND
Quincy-sous-Senart, France

DAVE HICKEY'S over-analysis of Disney World was nothing short of idiotic. Disney World is a place for vacationing. Nothing more. Nothing less. I would venture to say that 99.9 percent of the people who visit the park are not thinking about Walt's vision. These people are going there to have fun. It is a place where kids can be kids, and where adults can act like kids. We don't look at the symbolism of Mickey Mouse. We don't analyze everything we see.

Whether it really is the happiest place on earth or not doesn't matter. For the 10 days that my family is there every year, it is the happiest place on earth for all of us.

LISA COOPER
Oakhurst, New Jersey

IN DESCRIBING the Carousel of Progress, Dave Hickey states that "a large circular platform is divided like a pie into six theatrical stages facing outward. The platform rotates . . . and the stages present themselves in sequence to the audience."

In fact, the stages are stationary. It is the audience that rotates around the six-piece stage after each chapter of progress.

JIM POWERS
Rowley, Massachusetts

CRAZY OVER CRUISE

AS A SUFFERER of both pre- and postpartum depression, who has been successfully treated with drug therapy, I was relieved to read Dominick Dunne's criticism of Tom Cruise ["Celebrities Behaving Madly," August]. Like Mr. Dunne, I had been an admirer of Cruise's decorum in the public arena, up until the superstar's unfair and uninformed judgment of Brooke Shields.

Cruise must know that his mega-celebrity status means that millions pay attention to him; therefore, he has a greater responsibil-



WELCOME TO THE MAGIC
Disney's First Couple, Minnie and Mickey, greet their guests at Disneyland.

TODD EBERLE

New. Classic.

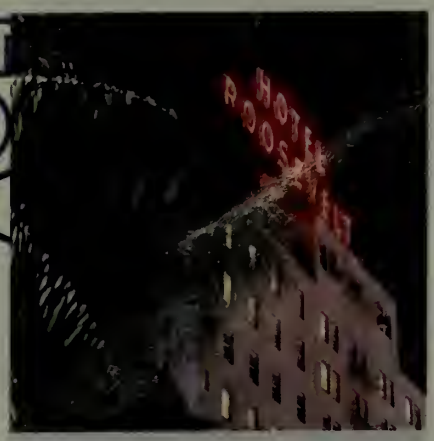
No longer antonyms.



THE NEW RANGE ROVER SUPERCHARGED

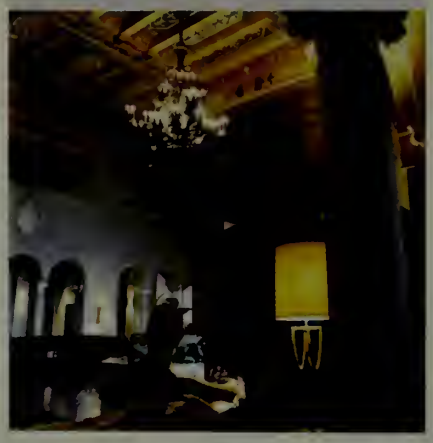
LAND ROVER

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L'ORÉAL PARIS

ity to make statements that he is reasonably sure will not cause harm to the general public. He has done the opposite.

LISA ONO
Vancouver, British Columbia

I WANT TO THANK Dominick Dunne for his insightful, no-holds-barred column in your August issue. Dunne's impassioned yet dignified defense of Brooke Shields's use of antidepressant medication to treat her postpartum depression and his chronicle of the unveiling of the real Tom Cruise are to be applauded.

PENNY JORGENSEN
Renton, Washington

I FIND DUNNE'S statement "the force of celebrity in our culture is positively overwhelming" astoundingly ironic in light of his career focus and column subject matter. Does he not thrive and survive as a columnist by sharing the crimes and social tidbits of every celebrity within shouting distance and dropping the name of every famous person he's ever shared floor space with? Face it, Dunne: the force of celebrity is with you, and your work perpetuates it.

HEATHER CONN
Vancouver, British Columbia

NO, MR. DUNNE, Tom Cruise has not lost his marbles. He lost (or rather fired) his publicist, Pat Kingsley, who had skillfully managed to convince the public that he had some marbles in the first place.

KATE SCHMICK
Portland, Oregon

I HAVE ALWAYS SUSPECTED the Academy Award voting swings not with the performances of the nominees but rather with the "feelings" of the voters themselves. Now, with Dominick Dunne's latest column, I am vindicated. Dunne says that the movie *A Beautiful Mind* would not have been so special without Russell Crowe's performance, yet he couldn't vote for Crowe, given his offscreen behavior. I am deeply saddened by the now confirmed idea that members of the Academy judge actors' performances only in light of their private actions.

LISA DARR
Sherman Oaks, California

THE BUSINESS OF ELLE

AFTER READING MANY ARTICLES in *Vanity Fair* over the last 20 years, I was thrilled and, quite frankly, surprised at how much I enjoyed "And God Created Elle" [by Krista Smith, August]. I am a 39-year-old successful career woman with two small children who, like most teenage girls, grew up following her magazine covers. The grace, positive attitude, and sense of self Ms. Macpherson brought forth in your article reaffirmed my view that women can be business contenders, entrepreneurs, partners, and, best of all, moms. I salute Ms. Macpherson's honesty and sense of humor.

TERI PENFOUND
Toronto, Ontario

FUNNY BOYS

IF ANY DOUBTING THOMAS still questions whether laughter keeps you young, the only piece of evidence he needs to see is Mark Seliger's spectacular picture of the living geniuses behind *Your Show of Shows* ["All Hail Caesar," by Billy Crystal, August].

This remarkable assembly clearly demonstrates comedy's promise of a long and fruitful life if one can just keep giggling. Seeing these titans of comedy in the same room after half a century gave me both goose bumps and a teary, appreciative smile. Thanks, *Vanity Fair,* for bringing the gang together again.

BENNETT YELLIN
West Hollywood, California

MORE ON PALE MALE

NO TWIG WAS LEFT UNTURNED in "Ruffled Feathers on Fifth Avenue" [by Frank DiGiacomo, July]. We could finally see exactly how the co-op board of a building full of millionaires assumed that by slyly complying with the letter of a newly weakened federal law, they would escape accountability for their despicable act. For once, at least, they were wrong.

True, the board was shamed and embarrassed into finally doing right by the hawks, Pale Male and Lola. But what never seems to get talked about in cases like this is the extensive collateral damage done to all the small, underfunded animal-welfare groups that are forced to spend their very limited resources letter-writing, e-mailing, researching, and telephoning for weeks in protest.

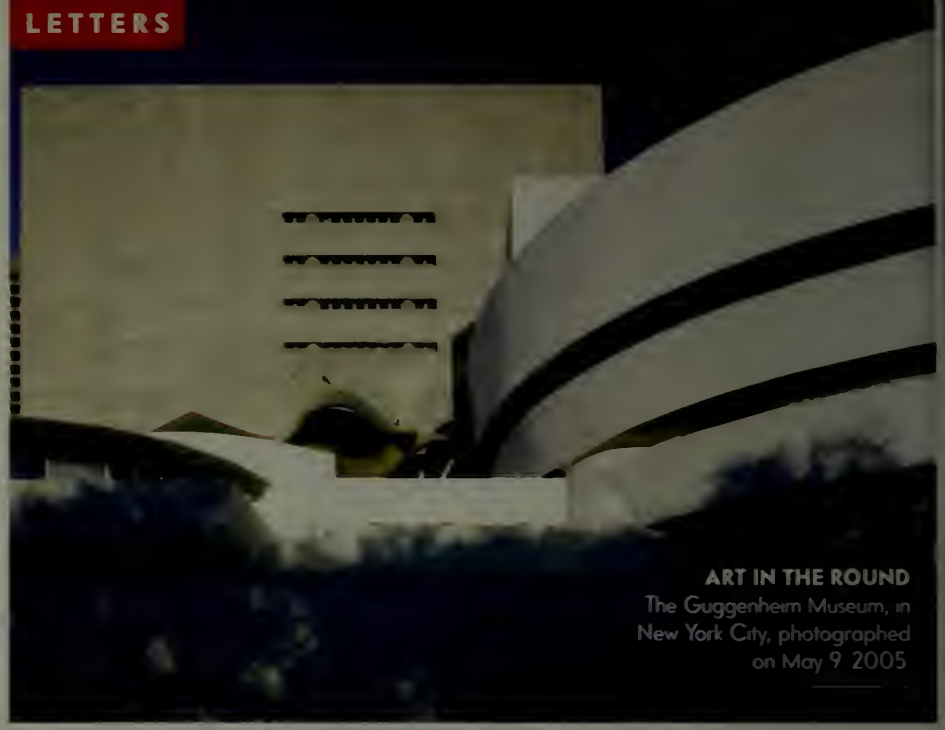
Only truly selfless people help those who can't vote or speak for themselves. Shouldn't these co-op board members of 927 Fifth Avenue, then, be ordered to make restitution to, for example, New York City Audubon, Lincoln Karim, and all the animal-welfare groups that were forced by that board's aggressive, ugly act to spend scant money and/or use tiny and overworked staffs to stay focused on the issue until it was rectified? If the perpetrators were fined in this way, then perhaps in the future people like these board members would pause before acting.

But what is probably most pathetic in this whole tragic episode is that board president Richard Cohen missed the entire point



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ART IN THE ROUND
The Guggenheim Museum, in New York City, photographed on May 9 2005

of everything when he concluded to DiGiacomo, "It wasn't about the health and well-being of the birds. It was about what these birds mean to the people." Mr. Cohen, it was about the birds.

PAIGE POWELL
Portland, Oregon

WOMEN AND RELIGION

I DO NOT BELIEVE in writing letters in response to letters to the editor, but Clare Oliver's reply in August to James Wolcott's article "Caution: Women Seething" [June] is so utterly beyond rationality that I must respond. Only a person who knows virtually nothing of the history of mankind or who has read just selected portions of the Jewish Bible, the Christian Bible, or the Koran could possibly have made the statement she did: "I do not know of a single religion that encourages female suppression." Ms. Oliver needs not only to take a second look at the religious condemnations of women in those sources, but also to look about her today to see that men consistently demean women as chattels in keeping with the inhumane pronouncements within these so-called "holy" books. Humanists do not demean women, but religions do have the authority within their historic writings to do so, and very many of them do.

DONALD C. FELLER
Portland, Oregon

EMPIRE ON THE EDGE

THANKS for the interesting article on the board dynamics at the Guggenheim by Vicky Ward ["A House Divided," August]. I grew up in upstate New York with Guggenheim director Tom Krens and considered him my best friend in grade school, high school, and early college. He's always been an amazing person, with a fearless, expansive vision.

The story lines haven't changed much over the years: the people who surround Krens wonder whether he is an arrogant egomaniac or a kindhearted, deeply artistic visionary. It makes me smile to watch people try to decipher this natural, personal mystery. I can only feel that if we hang in there with Krens on his global art adventures we will probably not regret it.

SCOTT HESS
Petaluma, California

THE ISSUES regarding the Guggenheim Museum in your August story highlight the concerns many of us as museum trustees face on a regular basis. We at the Museum Trustee Association have worked to further the concept that running a museum is a partnership between the director and the board of trustees and that volunteer trustees need to take their governance responsibilities very seriously. A disengaged board combined with a strong chairman of the board and a strong director locked in a battle of wills leads to the kinds of conflict discussed in your article. One hopes that the Guggenheim will learn from its recent experience and become a better-managed museum as a result.

JAMES McCREIGHT
Chairman, Museum Trustee Association
Washington, D.C.

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

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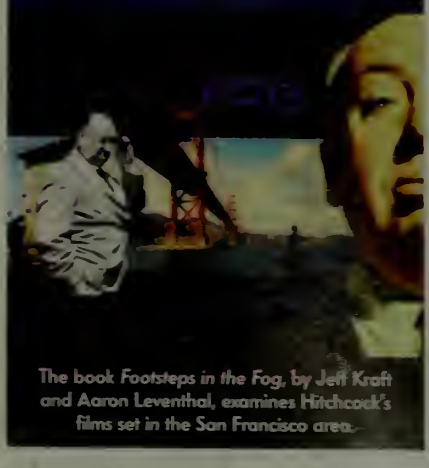
The Birds



Vertigo

FOLLOW IN HITCHCOCK'S FOOTSTEPS

Turner Classic Movies invites you on an unforgettable journey into the mischievously maudlin mind of the Master of Suspense. Begin the exploration with a comprehensive, weeklong festival of 36 films, from October 24 to 30. Then, you could find yourself in Hitchcock's shoes by entering the "Footsteps in the Fog" Sweepstakes. To register, visit turnerclassicmovies.com.



The book Footsteps in the Fog, by Jeff Kraft and Aaron Leventhal, examines Hitchcock's films set in the San Francisco area.




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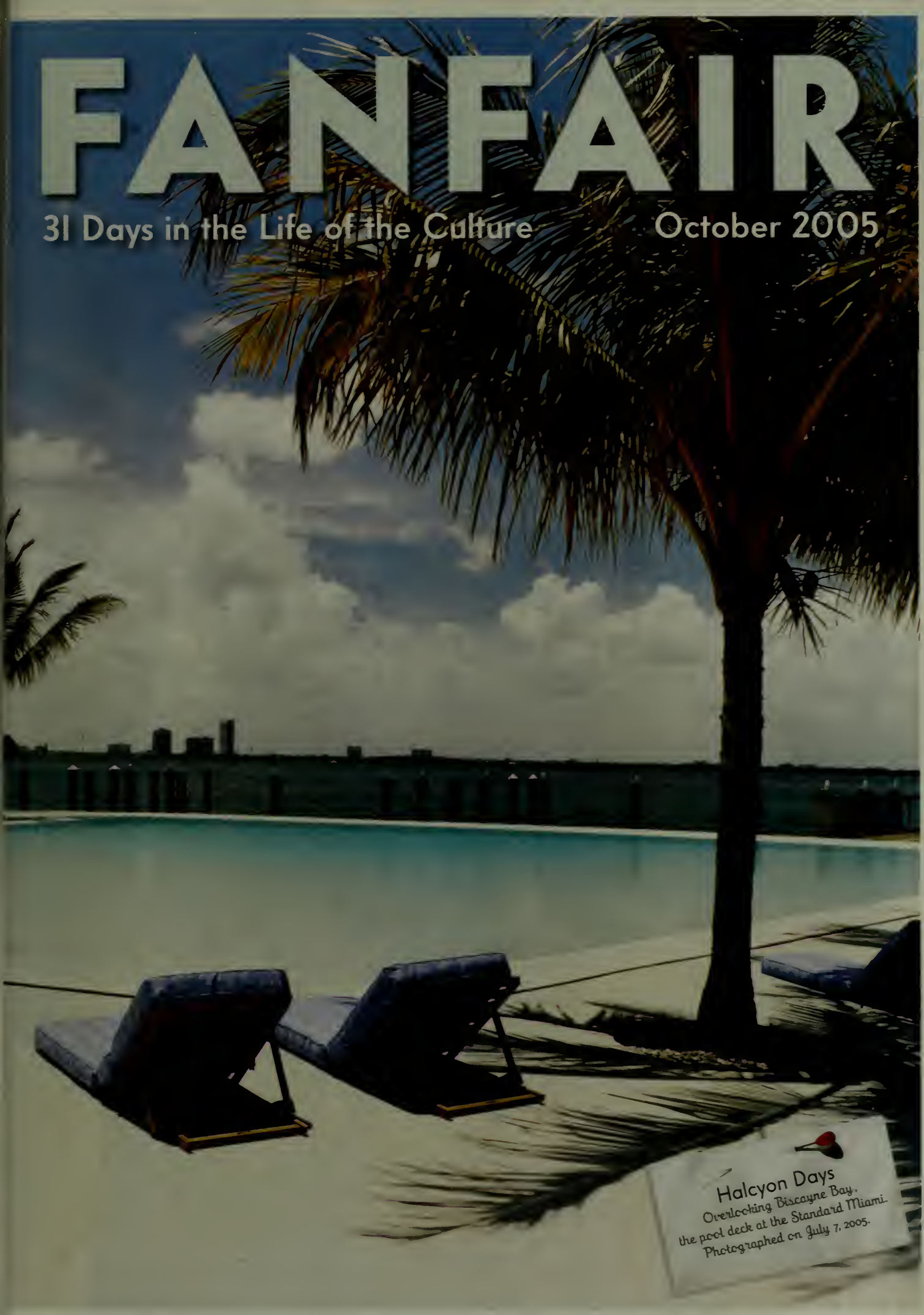

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October 2005



Halcyon Days
Overlooking Biscayne Bay, the pool deck at the Standard Miami. Photographed on July 7, 2005.



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NINE THINGS TO DO OCTOBER

1



Sing it loud

at the Staples Center, in L.A. Perennial favorite **Neil Diamond** is back on tour (in L.A., September 29 to October 2). His new album, produced with **Rick Rubin,** debuts this fall.

5



Try it again.

The new **N.H.L.** season begins.

8



Tour.

Open House New York showcases the city's historic and contemporary architecture and design sites—among which are private residences, art galleries, design studios, and landmarks throughout all five boroughs (ohny.org, October 8 and 9).

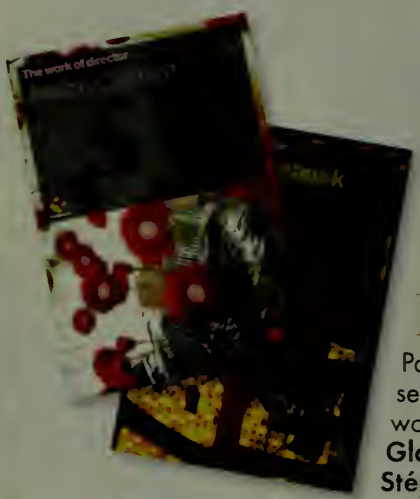
16

L.A. Fashion Week

The movie capital is determined to also be taken seriously as a fashion mecca. On the heels of 7th on Sixth, in N.Y.C., Smashbox Studios, in Culver City, hosts **Mercedes-Benz Fashion Week** (October 16 to 20).



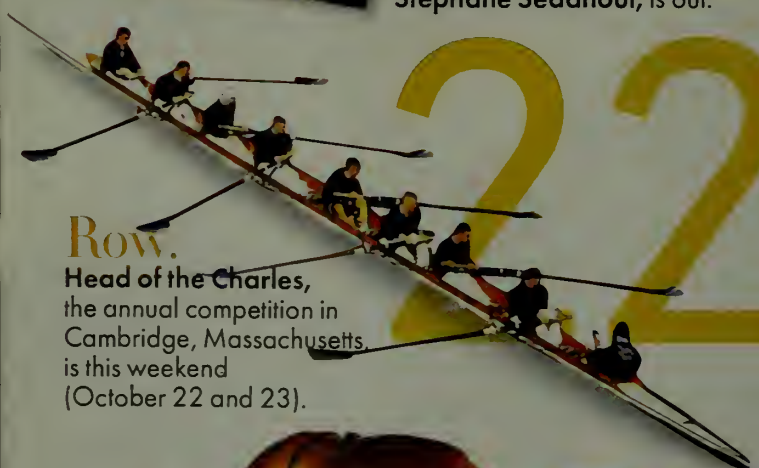
20



Buy the set.

Palm Pictures Directors Label DVD series, featuring music videos and work by **Anton Corbijn, Jonathan Glazer, Mark Romanek,** and **Stéphane Sedanoui,** is out.

22



Row.

Head of the Charles, the annual competition in Cambridge, Massachusetts, is this weekend (October 22 and 23).

26



Plié.

Ballets Russes, a documentary celebrating choreographers, designers, and composers such as **Diaghilev, Balanchine, de Mille,** and **Picasso,** who transformed ballet into a "true" art form, opens in N.Y.C. at the Film Forum.

27



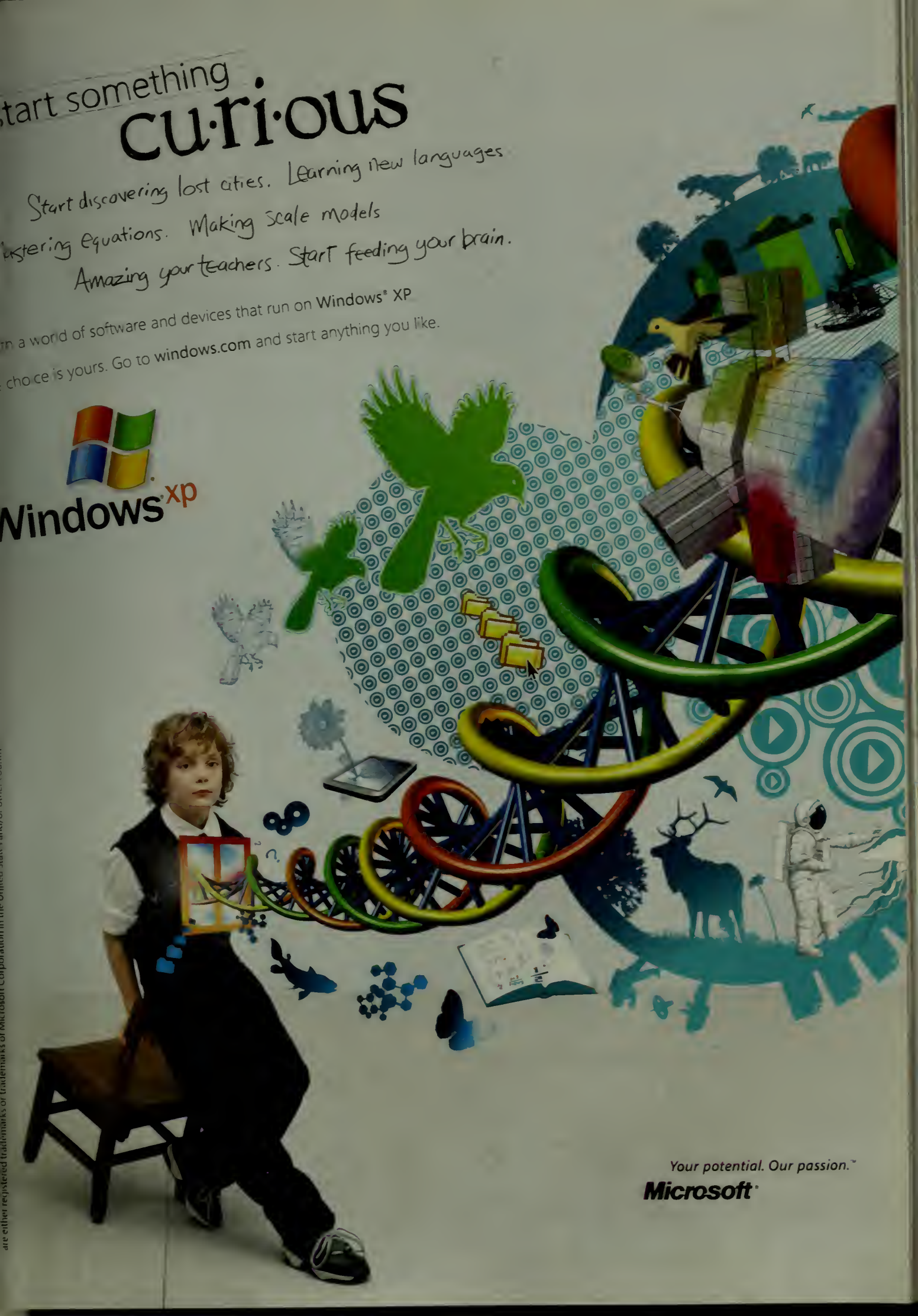
Get cracking

at the **16th Annual Stone Crab, Seafood & Wine Festival.** The nation's top chefs and vintners gather at the Colony Beach & Tennis Resort, in Longboat Key, Florida, for cooking demonstrations, wine tasting, and a chefs' gala seven-course dinner (October 27 to 30).

31



Trick-or-treat. Happy Halloween.


tart something
cu·ri·ous
Start discovering lost cities. Learning new languages
astering equations. Making scale models
Amazing your teachers. Start feeding your brain.
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Clockwise from below: *Le Tobou*, 1947, by Robert Daisneou, from *Paris Jozz*; I House, fram *Jopon Hauses*; the Relax-It massoger, designed by Cosper J. Miller, fram *Americon Streamlined Design*.





h! You pretty things! **Robert Hofler** exposes dirty-dealing agent Henry Willson, famed for turning gay beefcake into teen-pinup-boy gold. Not only was he *The Man Who Invented Rock Hudson* (Carroll & Graf), he also gave us dreamy **Tab Hunter,** who relives his own glory days in *Tab Hunter Confidential* (Algonquin).

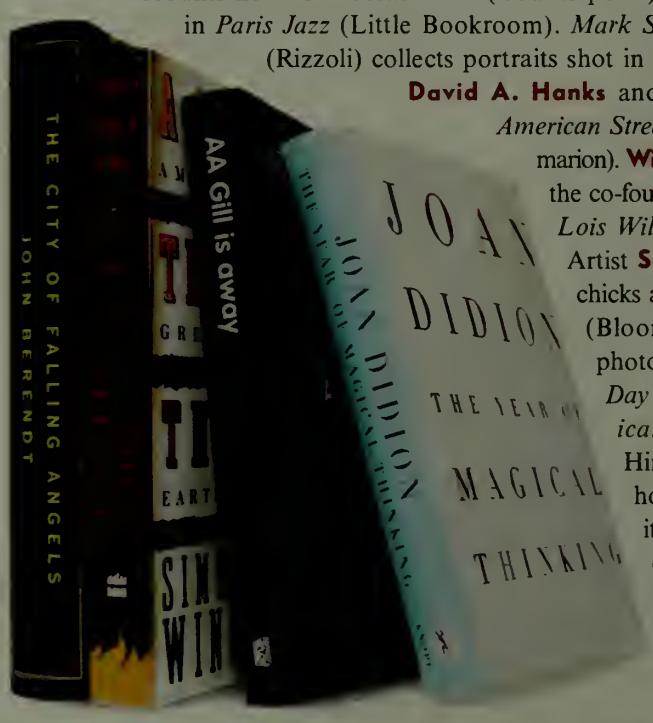
HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL



John Berendt once again captures the marvelous seamy side of midnight society; this time it's tourist-seducing Venice, *The City of Falling Angels* (Penguin Press). The late, lovely **Geoffrey Beene** stitched *Beene by Beene* (Vendome), a remembrance of his 40 years in fashion, with exquisite detailing by **Pamela A. Parmal** and *V.F.* contributors **James Wolcott** and **Laura Jacobs.** In *The Year of Magical Thinking* (Knopf), **Joan Didion** ruminates on the sudden death of her husband—one week after her daughter's slip into a coma—with searing honesty and intensity. Solid-gold rock hagiographer **Peter Guralnick's** *Dream Boogie* (Little, Brown) recounts the life and times of soul legend Sam Cooke. *AA Gill Is Away* (Simon & Schuster) collects the caustically witty U.K. journalist and *V.F.* contributor's dispatches from far-flung locales. In *Blood Relation* (HarperCollins), **Eric Konigsberg** shears his family's black sheep, his great-uncle Heshy, a notorious Mafia hit man. Strange, beautiful, unsettling—**Sally Mann** uses 19th-century techniques to photograph the *Deep South* (Bulfinch). In *A Crack in the Edge of the World* (HarperCollins), **Simon Winchester** registers the damage of the great California quake of 1906. **William Wright** exposes the 1920 witch hunt of campus homosexuals by *Harvard's Secret Court* (St. Martin's).

Worthy and in brief: **Marcia Iwatate** and **Geeta K. Mehta** tour *Japan Houses* (Tuttle). **Michael Gross** checks into *740 Park* (Broadway). **Julia Sheere's** memoir recounts her life in *Jesus Land* (Counterpoint). **Luke Miner** bebops in *Paris Jazz* (Little Bookroom). *Mark Seliger in My Stairwell* (Rizzoli) collects portraits shot in his impromptu studio. **David A. Hanks** and **Anne Hoy** celebrate *American Streamlined Design* (Flammarion). **William G. Borchert** toasts the co-founder of Al-Anon in *The Lois Wilson Story* (Hazelden). Artist **Sloane Tanen's** puffball chicks are *Going for the Bronze* (Bloomsbury). Fifty female photographers document *A Day in the Life of the American Woman* (Bulfinch). Hint: it's not all bringing home the bacon, frying it up in a pan, and never, ever letting him forget he's a man . . .



PHOTOGRAPHS BOTTOM LEFT BY TOM WATSON BOTTOM RIGHT BY DAVID LAWRENCE FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

French Sensation

JUSTINE LÉVY'S *ROMAN À CLEF*

Anaïs Nin once said, "We don't see things as they are, we see them as we are." *Nothing Seriaus*, the new navel by **Justine Lévy,** daughter af the flamboyant French maralist and political philasapher **Bernard-Henri Lévy,** is a thinly veiled raman à clef that has set tongues a-wagging aver its scandalaus cantent, even knocking *The Da Vinci Cade* aff the tap of European best-seller lists. *Nothing Seriaus*, out fram Melville House this month, features Lauise, the jaded daughter af a famaus European writer. Lauise is in trauble: her mather is fighting cancer, her grandmather has died, and her marriage has fallen inta ruin—a break seemingly precipitated by her husband's envy af her father's success, Lauise's absessive lave af her father, and her husband's falling in love with his stepmother, suppasedly modeled an **Mick Jagger's** nubile ex-laver **Carla Bruni.** Despite all this, Lauise narrates the baak with an appealing and caal *C'est la guerre* attitude. Whether she is in lave ar in pain, she speaks, sometimes maddeningly, as thaugh she were squinting through a haze af cigarette smoke, shrugging her shoulders. This slim, sexy little baak will make yau want to steal away an your lunch break ta savar its pleasures.

—E.S.



OOH LA LA
Justine Lévy, photographed in Paris on August 1, 2005.

WHEN A GROWN MAN LIVES WITH HIS MOTHER,

that's

PATHETIC.



WHEN A GROWN MAN LIVES WITH HIS DEAD MOTHER,

that's

CLASSIC.

• ALWAYS COMMERCIAL FREE •

TURNER CLASSIC MOVIES

TCM

See *Psycho* during Hitchcock Week, October 24-30.



TREASURED BEAUTY
Haines and architect A. Quincy Jones collaborated on this 1950 home featured in *Class Act: William Haines, Legendary Hollywood Decorator*, by Peter Schifando and Jean Mathisen (Paintedleaf Press), out this month.

Class Act

A NEW BOOK ON HOLLYWOOD DESIGNER BILLY HAINES INSPIRES BETSY BLOOMINGDALE'S MEMORIES OF HER DEAR FRIEND

When I was a young girl I was invited to dinner at **Jack Warner's** house, which **William Haines** had designed. I thought longingly, If I can ever have a house that looks anything like this . . . Later, Alfred and I went to dinner at **Joan Crawford's,** and I loved her long, narrow dining room with no carpet. Also Haines's work.

Our first house needed a decorator, so William Haines was engaged, just to do the library. We went to his Cañon Drive office. I was fearful of the design, Alfred of the cost. "The walls are going to be red, the floor black, the ceiling pink . . . " I gasped. "Now, Miss Newling . . . " he said, invoking my maiden name. As it turned out, the library was divine.

When our family grew, we bought a larger, old Mediterranean villa. It was a style I'd grown up in and didn't want. Billy assured me I would have my California Palladian house. Calla Hill, our new home, was a great success. A rich lady with 10 children saw it and tried to hire Billy. He said, "Madam, you don't need a house, you need a kennel."

We adored him and went to his home for small dinners with interesting people. There was always his "friend," **Jimmie Shields,** and his pal "Cranberry," Billy's name for Joan Crawford. I wanted to give dinners the way he did and I'd get the recipes from him the next day.

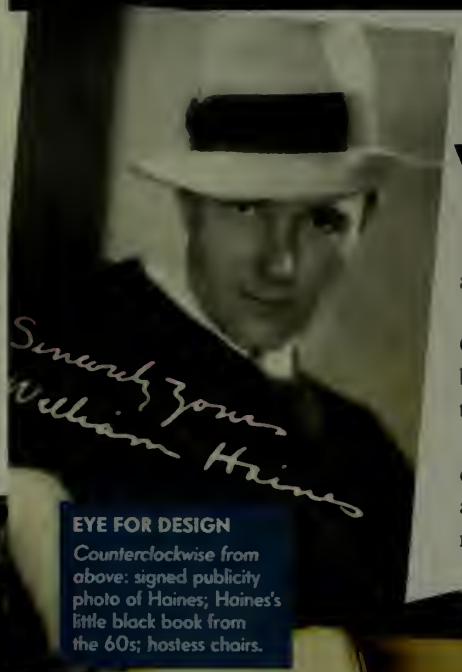
Billy gave me books on furniture and entertaining, educating me. By the time he did our present house he had digressed from the wonderful antiques in Jack Warner's home and become famous for contemporary furniture. Billy designed a pair of coffee tables from an old lacquered chest—**Thomas Chippendale** would have approved.

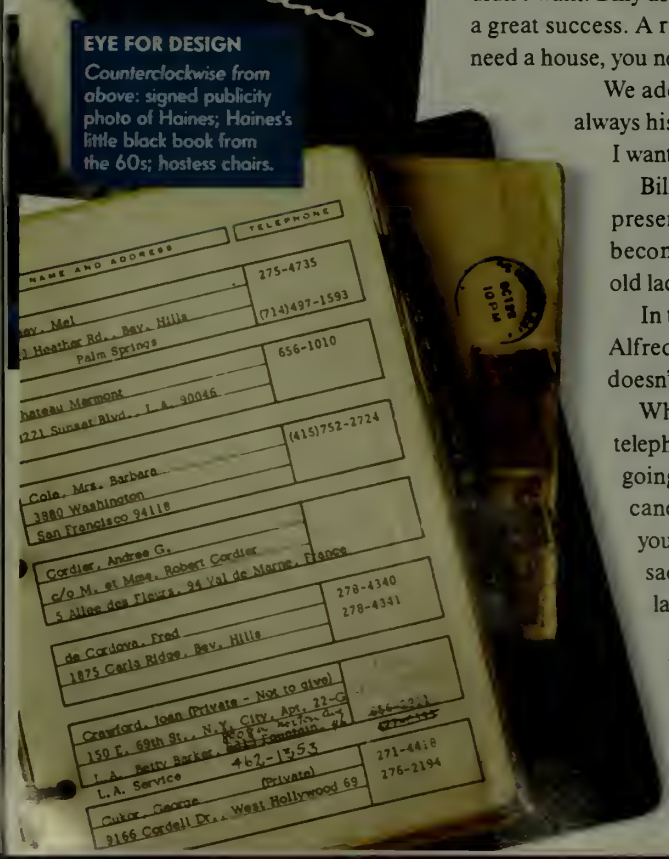
In the early 60s it was difficult to invite two men who were living together for dinner, but Alfred adored Billy and Jimmie. "To hell with it. If anyone doesn't like it, they don't have to come," he would say.

When Billy and I hadn't seen each other we'd catch up by telephone. He loved to know the gossip. But then he stopped going out. He didn't see anyone. We knew he was dying of cancer. I called him every Sunday. "Well, little girl, what'd you do this week?" His voice grew fainter, and then, on one sad Sunday, he said, "Well, little girl, this is probably the last time we'll talk . . . "

When the Warner house was sold to **David Geffen,** I bought four Billy Haines chairs at auction. Later, David said, "I'd have given them to you." In any case, now I have four chairs from my original dream house.

—BETSY BLOOMINGDALE WITH BURT BOYAR





EYE FOR DESIGN
Counterclockwise from above: signed publicity photo of Haines; Haines's little black book from the 60s; hostess chairs.




New Pasha de Cartier Jewelry Collection
Cartier

Just Curious

THE JOURNEY OF GEORGE'S CREATORS

The adventures of **Curious George** have been etched in the memories of generations of children, but until now, the details of his very first journey—taken on the backs of his creators—have remained a secret. In June of 1940, only hours before the Nazis seized control of Paris, **Margret** and **H. A. Rey** built two bicycles from spare parts, packed a few belongings (including one very important manuscript), and rode through the South of France for three days, beginning a trip that would take them to Portugal, Rio de Janeiro, and, eventually, New York. Using H.A.'s personal papers, children's author **Louise Borden** has lovingly pieced together the story, illustrated by **Allan Drummond**, in *The Journey That Saved Curious George* (Houghton Mifflin). The tale ends happily: not only did the Reys escape the Nazis, but George escaped his original name, Fifi. —ANNE FULENWIDER





FANS OF GEORGE
Above, cover art from Curious George, 1941; right, H. A. and Margret Rey at a book signing, circa 1945.





Frieze Art Fair

REGENT'S PARK, LONDON

OCTOBER 21 TO 24



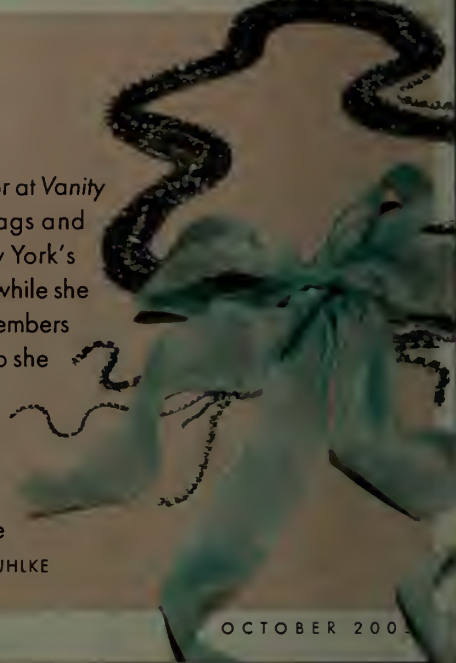
ART V.I.P.'S
From top: guests arriving at the 2003 Frieze Art Fair, through the corridor designed by David Adjaye; John Dunbar, Anita Pallenberg, Walter Cassidy III, Stella Schnabel, and Dan Colen at a private preview during the Frieze Art Fair in 2004; Jay Jopling at his White Cube gallery, 2004.

Once upon a time, art fairs were where the business of art took place and places that artists, not wishing to appear to be too interested in money, tended to avoid. But now that we're as excited by the deal as the idea, art fairs have become not only arty but also highly social. Nowhere is this more apparent than at the Frieze Art Fair, the Cartier-sponsored, Caprice-catered, four-day blowout of parties and exhibitionism held in architect **David Adjaye**–designed tents set in the late-summer grandeur of London's Regent's Park. Founders **Amanda Sharp** and **Matthew Slotover** encourage the 100 or so exhibiting galleries to curate rather than simply organize their spaces, and they commission especially for the event. Now in its third year, "it works as a trade fair, but that doesn't limit what we can do with it," explains Sharp. This year, the grandfather of electronic music, 76-year-old **Karlheinz Stockhausen,** is set to perform; White Cube–gallery owner **Jay Jopling** will have his annual party; **Andrea Zittel** has fashioned a base camp for hikers; and **David Bailey** is bringing his 12-foot camera. Additionally, stylists **Katie Grand** and **Isabella Blow** will lead walking tours during which they will critique what people are wearing, American artist **Martha Rosler** will focus on kitchen and garbage areas, and chosen young artists will walk you, if you are so inclined, round the fair and talk to you about "absolutely nothing"—which, given the level of overstimulation Frieze typically produces, might be highly desirable. —EDWARD HELMORE



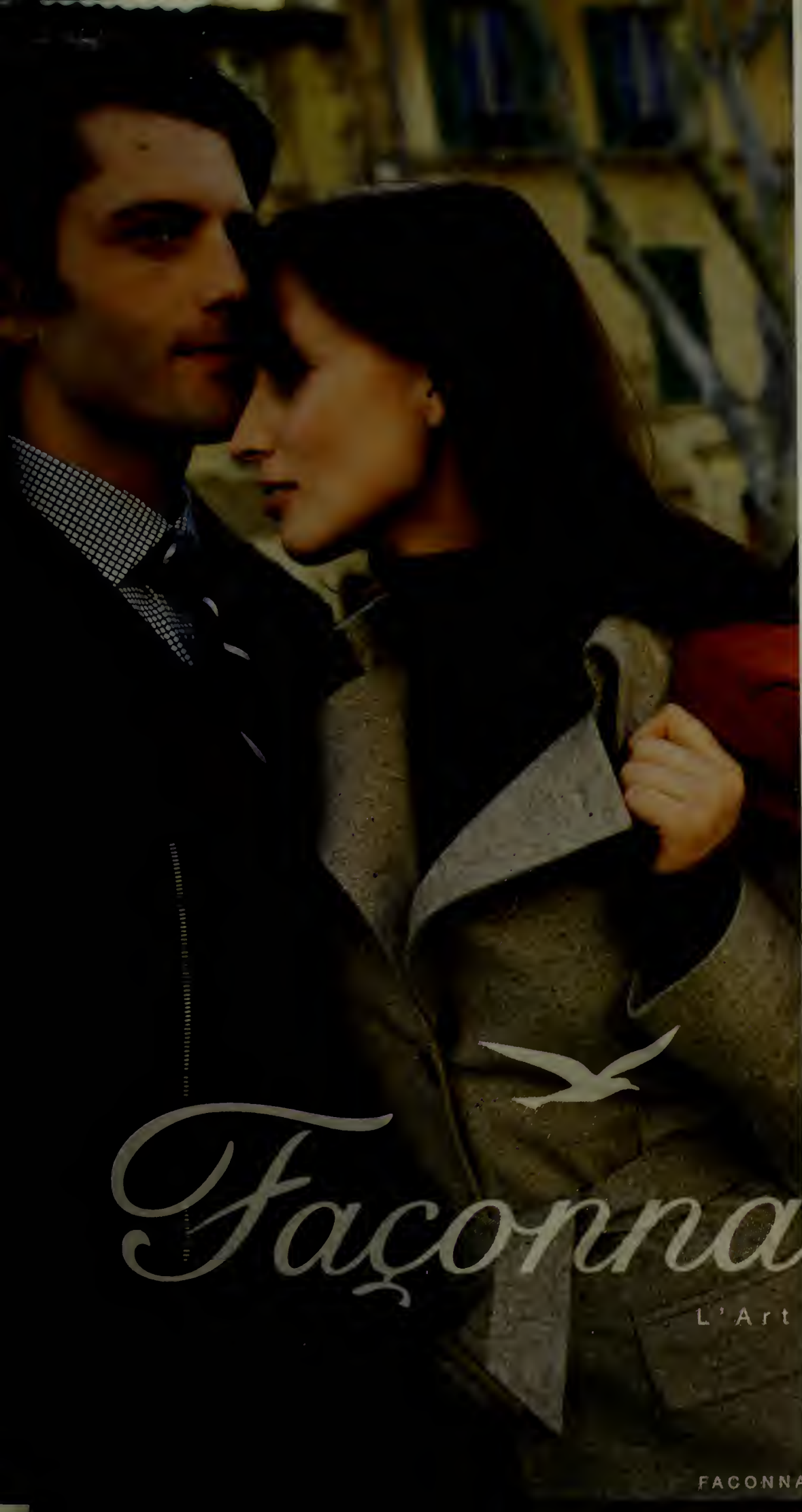
Lap of Luxury

DAZZLING ACCESSORIES FOR FALL



Thirty-two-year-old **Stacey Lapidus,** a former accessories editor at *Vanity Fair,* is launching an eponymous line of festive, fearless bags and beribboned rhinestone jewelry—available at such stores as New York's Bergdorf Goodman and Kirna Zabête. Lapidus's inspiration came while she was creative director for her family's company, Bag Borrow or Steal, which lends members designer purses. Her brother joked that the ugliest bags were the most popular, so she should order only ones she didn't like. Better yet, why didn't she design her own?

Her line of belts and bracelets that pair frayed silk ribbons with braids of rhinestones and her distressed-leather purses, accented with flowers, jewels, and Liberty-print lining, are favored by celebrities such as **Heidi Klum** and **Jessica Simpson.** "My things are for girls who are a little risky when it comes to fashion," the designer says. "For me, more is more: the more it doesn't match, the more I like it." —CHRISTINE MUHLKE



New York

Beverly Hills

South Coast Plaza

Dallas

Coral Gables

Nordstrom Stores

Façonnable

L'Art de Vivre

FACONNABLE.COM



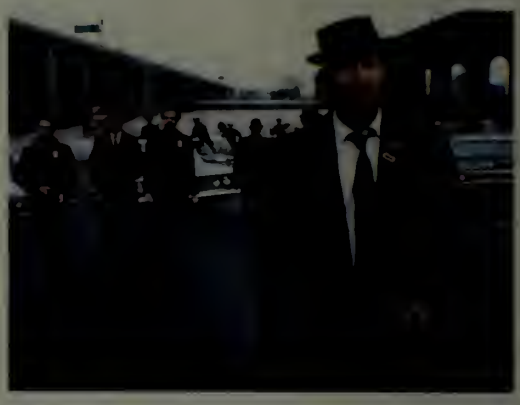
Left, Jock Nicholson in Carnal Knowledge, 1971; right, Gene Hackmon in The French Connection, 1971. Both from The Stewordess Is Flying the Plone! Americon Films of the 1970s.

1970s Flashback

ICONIC IMAGES FROM HOLLYWOOD'S LAST GOLDEN AGE

Ron Hogan's new film-history book, *The Stewardess Is Flying the Plane! American Films of the 1970s* (Bulfinch), should be required reading for directors and others who would, for example, dare mess with a classic that had **Shelley Winters** saving **Gene Hackman** from drowning on a capsized ocean liner.

Hogan's collection is full of a fan's notes and facts about trivial pursuits, such as the battle between **Paul Newman** and **Steve McQueen** for top billing in *The Towering Inferno.*



"**Peter Biskind's** *Easy Riders, Raging Bulls* is a great book, but the 70s films I remember wanting to see as a kid were *Grease, Saturday Night Fever,* and *Star Wars.* I wanted to look back at everything that was going on in the 70s," says Hogan.

The pages contain shout-outs to the ultra-cool actors who helped define the decade, from **Warren Oates** behind the wheel of a GTO in *Two-Lane Blacktop* to **George Kennedy** hauling his well-marbled self around the Alps in *The Eiger Sanction.* And it is chockablock with memorable dialogue, most notably the line plucked as the book's title—a reference to the moment in *Airport 1975* when sexy stew **Karen Black** takes the helm of the crippled jumbo jet. —JOHN BRODIE



Noah Boumboch on the set of his new movie.

Sundance Film Festival Darling The Squid and the Whale

Hoping to impress o girl in his high-school chemistry closs, Wolt Berkmon, who seems to have borrowed his pickup technique from old **Jules Feiffer** cartoons, recommends *The Metamorphosis.* "It's very Kofko-esque," he soys helpfully. Long pouse. "'Couse it's written by Fronz Kofko," the girl replies. This is one of the leost excrucioting scenes in *The Squid ond the Whale,* o poinful, tough-minded, ond ultimotely heortbreoking film obout divorce. If thot sounds like work, you should know thot it is olso o very funny movie, with rich performonces by **Laura Linney** ond **Jeff Daniels** os the sundered couple; **Jesse Eisenberg** os Wolt, their older son; ond **Owen Kline** os the fomily's youngest ond most quietly troubled member. Writer ond director **Noah Baumbach's** story is semi-autobiogrophicol ond its telling is knife-edged. But Boumbach doesn't sneer ot his chorocters; they retain their humonity, no motter how selfish or poorly behoved, which should provide his mom ond dod with ot leost o dollop of succor—and complicoted pride! (**Rating:** ★★★½) —BRUCE HANDY

The Real Deal

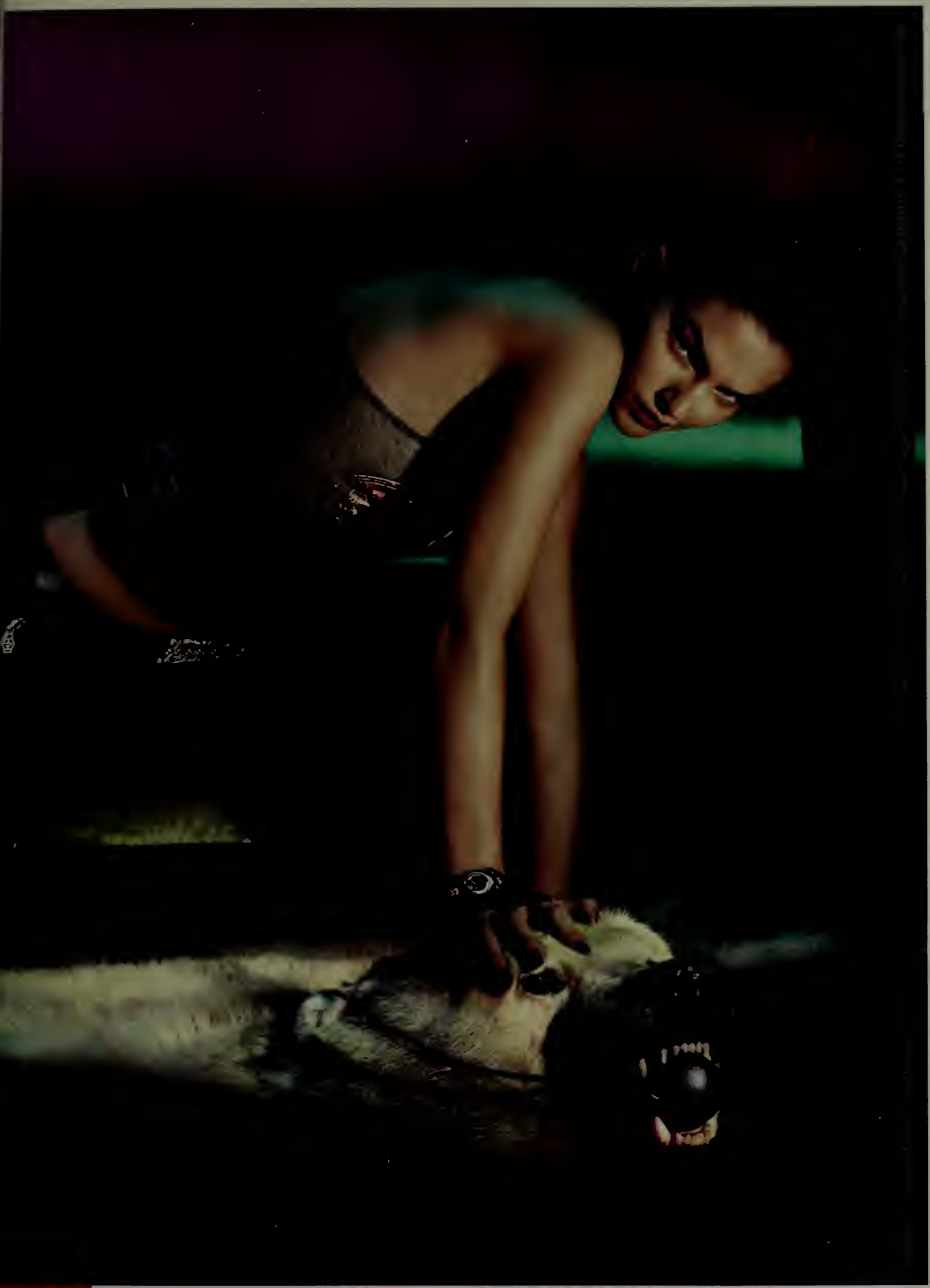
EDWARD MURROW'S LEGACY UNSPOOLED

Good Night. And, Good Luck is on obsorbing but sometimes dry film obout **Edward R. Murrow,** the soint of CBS News, ond his fomous *See It Now* broodcost dissecting **Joe McCarthy's** smeor toctics ot the peok of the senotor's Red-boiting power. The film's director ond co-writer is **George Clooney,** whose jozzy, sometimes oblique woy of cutting oround within o scene shows he hos leorned something from his producing portner, **Steven Soderbergh,** but whose olmost fetishistic offection for midcentury design seems cleorly his own. **David Strathairn** ploys Murrow os o courogeous but hounted, olmost sepulchrol figure, weoring his probity like o shroud: it's os if he olone con see the specters of infotoinment ond Rothergote lurking just below the horizon. The film certoinly comes to proise him, os well os his producer, **Fred Friendly** (Clooney), ond their colleogues (including **Robert Downey Jr.** ond **Patricia Clarkson** os morried reporters); this isn't o revisionist toke on Murrow, nor is it porticulorly probing. But Clooney, himself o network veteron, is too sovvy on observer not to point out thot even in its so-colled golden oge television news hod one foot in the pop whorehouse. (**Rating:** ★★★) —B.H.



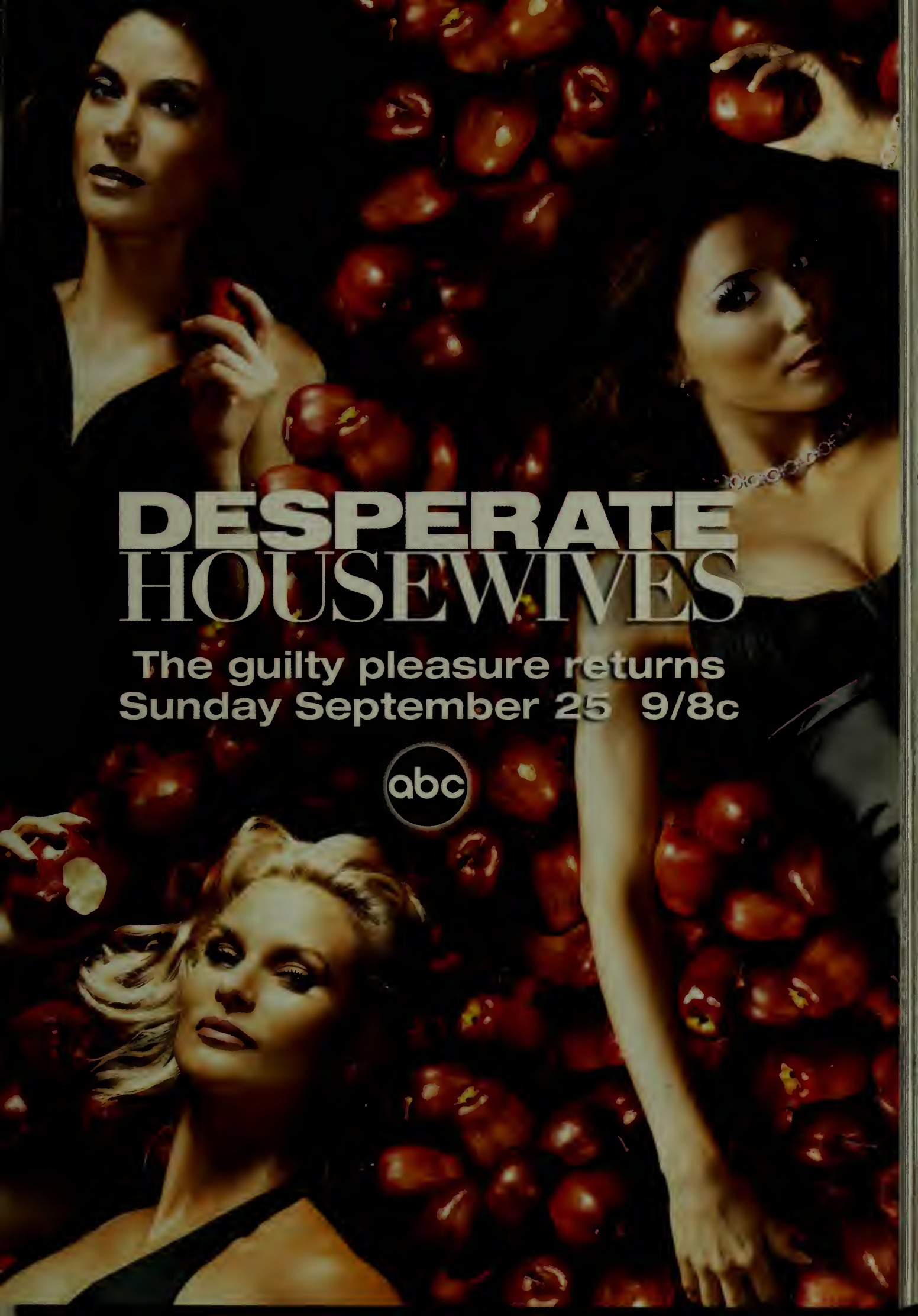
THE NEWSROOM George Clooney, Robert Downey Jr., and David Strothairn in *Good Night. And, Good Luck.*

TOP LEFT, BY MARY ELLEN MARK



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DESPERATE
HOUSEWIVES
The guilty pleasure returns
Sunday September 25 9/8c
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BUY THE HOTEL

FORGET ABOUT STEALING A BATHROBE. NOW YOU CAN HAVE THE BATHTUB

Once, you got the T-shirt. Now you get the telescope, the bed, the apple-martini cocktail rimmer, the Jacuzzi, and the woodchip pillow. From Telluride to Tokyo you can buy the contents of your hotel.

This is the latest manifestation of the hotel as lifestyle statement. In the 21st century, the hotel you stay in says more about you than cash ever can. It is a crazy, wonderful spin-off from 90s hotel gurus **Ian Schrager, André Balazs,** and **Adrian Zecha,** who broke the mold by making hotels hip. The alliance of Schrager and his favorite designer, **Philippe Starck,** created a scene in which to be seen, as did Balazs. In Asia, Zecha and architect **Ed Tuttle** began the Amanresorts—building first in Thailand, later in locales such as Bali, Java, India, and now Bhutan, a travel destination on the cutting edge of dinner-party conversation—which spawned a new *Über*-race of traveler, the Amanjunkie.

Now, if you buy a Starck tap, it's a little bit of Delano/Downtown L.A. Standard cool, and you're buying a bit of the action. It is a fact that the least a hotel owes you is a good night's sleep, and every Four Seasons sells its beds. A bandbox-new, king-size Sealy bed, the type slept in at the Four Seasons Hotel Los Angeles at Beverly Hills by Oscar winners from **Cuba Gooding Jr.** to **Dame Judi Dench,** will arrive at your door at a cost of $2,200 plus delivery. It's a steal. Next up, the Sofitel hotels, which have just gotten in on the act with MyBed: box spring, extra-thick mattress, feather bed, ultra-light duvet, and oversize cotton pillows that you can buy online at **soboutique.com** for "an overwhelmingly comfortable cocoon-like experience." This is weepingly funny but fabulously indicative of the fact that we live in a million-thread-count world, fretting about Frette. But, trust me, if you want the most sublime feather bed in hotel world—it feels like a cloud—get it from Montage Resort & Spa, **Alan Fuerstman's** re-invention of the glamorous hotel in Laguna Beach; just go to **montageshops.com,** click on "Sleep," and sleep on it for $225 to $325.

And from the hip W Hotels, you can buy not only the bed, but also the bedding. At **whotelsthestore.com,** there's an entire sheet world where you can find everything from classic sheets with black edging ($65–$315) and tuxedo-stripe sheeting ($35–$88) to duvets, throws, and pillows. It's funky, and unlike buying in Bloomie's, you may have tried the product first.

Where will it all end? At Nine Zero, a design-demented hotel in Boston, you can buy the showerhead for $75, telescopes for $375, furry dog beds for $150, and cocktail rimmers (apple martini, Bloody Mary, Cosmopolitan, margarita, and mojito) at $9.50 each. Not to mention your Jacuzzi for $3,700. There's a new Web site under way called **hoteluxury.com,** and at Sweni, a safari lodge in Kruger National Park, South Africa, you can even buy the exquisite wirework chargers for some $76 each, the wine from the Singita Lebombo cellar—one of the finest in South Africa—which will be shipped home to you, and also silver candelabra from Singita Boulders in the Sabi Sand Reserve, designed by **Patrick Mavros** with elephants weaving their way round the base. We travel, therefore we shop. Hotels are now a design experience, and we want a bit of them. It is no longer enough to nick the bathrobe. —VICTORIA MATHER



ILLUSTRATION BY ED FOTHERINGHAM



Must be something in the water.

What makes us attractive? Is it how we look, or how we feel?
Maybe a bit of both. That's where Evian comes in.
Every drop of Evian comes from deep in the heart of the French Alps.
It's naturally filtered for over 15 years through pristine glacial rock formations. The result is a neutral pH balance and a unique blend of minerals, including calcium, magnesium and silica.
So when you choose a bottled water to believe in, consider the source.

evian your natural source of youth™



Mayan Madness

LUCHA VAVOOM GETS DOWN AND DIRTY



THE PLAYERS
Left, Kitten DeVille, above DeVille wi[th] m[a]ni-wrestler Que Monito!

A couple of times o yeor I beot a path to the historic Mayan Theater, in dawntown L.A., for the cult stoge spectoculor *Lucha VoVoom*, a modcop, crazy mix af Mexican wrestling, comedy, ond vintoge burlesque. I lave, love, lave it. I just don't know which port I crave the most: The 1927 Mayon Theoter, with its cost-cancrete, bos-relief busts of Mayans wearing giant heoddresses. Or the "for reol" Mexicon wrestlers—masked alpho moles like **Blue Demon Jr.** ond **Son of Santo.** Or the mighty Mexicon "minis" (little people). Big ogoinst small, gaad ogoinst evil.

"Our inspiration far *Lucha VoVoom* come from the *cine luchodor*—jewels of 60s Mexicon cinema," soys **Rita D'Albert,** ane af *Lucho VoVoom*'s creotors.

Then there ore the stripteose lodies, such os **Ming Dynatease** in a piñoto costume with one of the "minis" swinging a bat ot her ond sending condy flying aut inta the oudience. Or **Roky Roulette,** the pogo-stick sensotian, wha storts out in o full gorillo costume and strips down without ever jumping off. It's olways a surprise, always a blost. Next up, the Holloween shaw, October 26 ond 27. —LISA EISNER

GIRLS GONE SINGING



With its chiming harmonies, sun-through-the-clouds sonic reveries, and pink-slippered emotional landscape, the girl-group sound of the early 60s was as innocent as rock 'n' roll has ever dared be. Maybe too innocent—because when the Brits invaded, pop went the bubblegum, its fans dropping the sound like a high-school crush on the first day of summer. This month brings the first boxed set ever devoted to the genre, the long-overdue and elaborately packaged *One Kiss Can Lead to Another: Girl Group Sounds—Lost & Found* (Rhino). Though the **Phil Spector** oeuvre is notably absent (his company refused to grant the rights), co-producers **Sheryl Farber** and **Gary Stewart** have unearthed a trove of finely cut gems, from shimmery originals later madė into hits by other artists (**the Velvelettes'** "He Was Really Sayin' Somethin'," **P. P. Arnold's** "The First Cut Is the Deepest") and youthful ventures by **Cher** and **Dolly Parton** to little-heard masterpieces like **the Cookies'** "I Never Dreamed." Innocent these 120 girl-pop confections may be, but they're "not for the faint of heart," notes Farber, who became steeped in the music while singing with the kitschy early-90s girl group **the Pussywillows.** "You've got to be prepared to feel." —AARON GELL



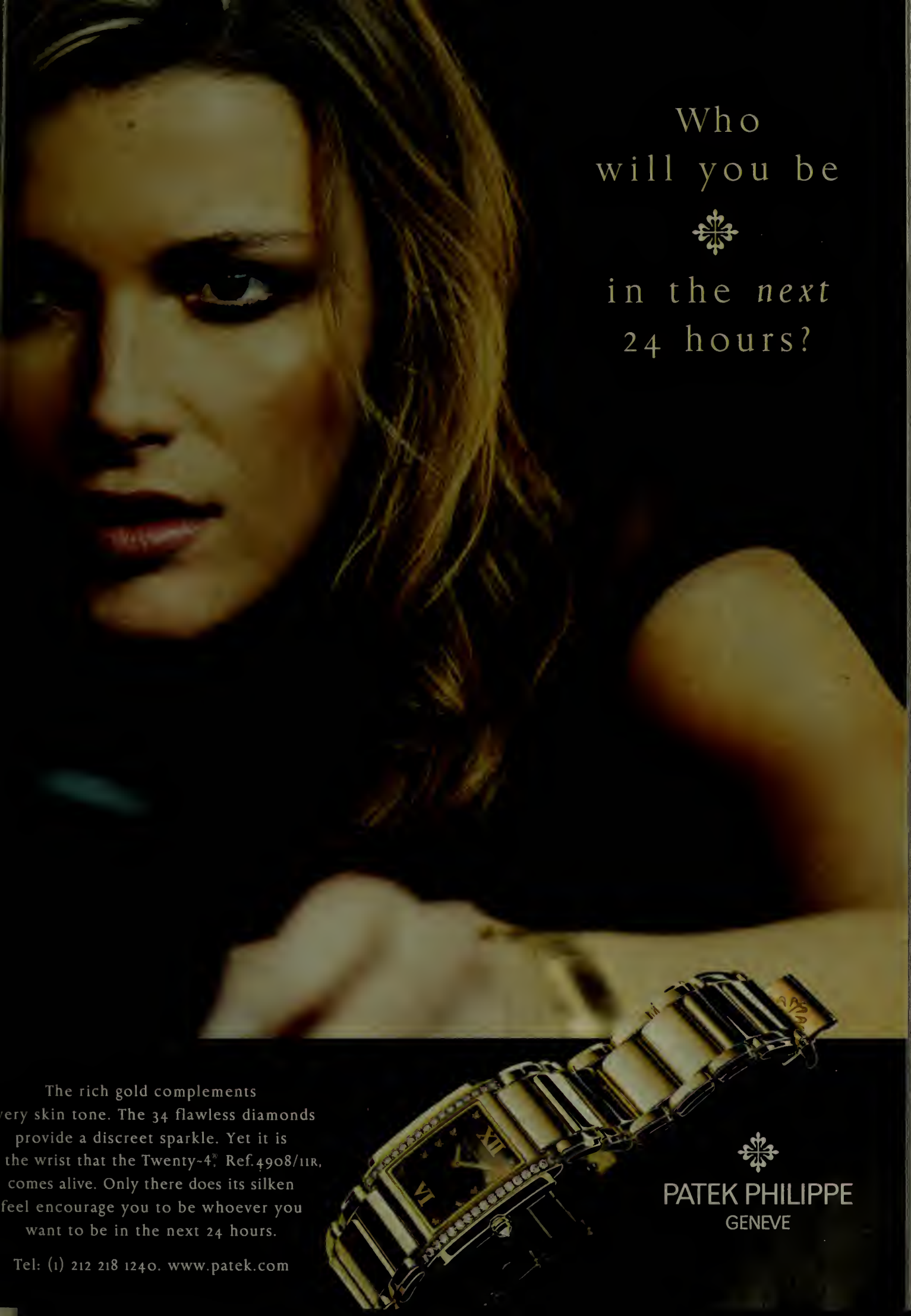
Funny Business

CELEBRATING THE ART OF COMICS

They are the underdogs of the art warld, kings af the funnies, masters of the scratchy pen-and-ink drawing and the word balloon. Camic-strip artists and graphic navelists specialize in pranks and pratfalls, futuristic adventures, rebellious celebrations, and serious social comment. Theirs is autsider art for the masses, pop culture and high art all at once. "One af the most fascinating elements is the degree ta which comics intersect with sa many histaries," says Museum of Contemporary Art director **Jeremy Strick,** "art history, graphic history, social, political, and gender history." The characters range from **Lyonel Feininger's** Kin-der-Kids and **George Herriman's** Krazy Kat to **Jack Kirby's** Captain America and **Chester Gould's** Dick Tracy, up through **Charles Schulz's** Snoopy, **Art Spiegelman's** Artie, fram his Pulitzer Prize–winning *Maus*, and into the brave new warld af **Gary Panter's** Jimbo and **Chris Ware's** Jimmy Corrigan. "Masters of American Comics," a callaboration between Las Angeles's Hammer Museum and MoCA apening this fall, represents a much-delayed recognitian af camic art as legitimate art. "It's a remarkable narrative medium," says co-curatar **John Carlin,** "a hybrid af verbal and visual expression. Cartaanists, like great musicians, practice their craft every day—the level grows ta an extraordinary mastery." —A. M. HOMES

PHOTOGRAPHS TOP BOTH BY DON M. SPIRO

SHAZAM! "The Kin-der-Kids" in *The Chicaga Sunday Tribune* in 1906; a 1947 "Steve Canyon" comic strip.


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24 hours?
The rich gold complements
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provide a discreet sparkle. Yet it is
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HEIR OF BEAUTY
Olivia Chantecaille photographed at her home in East Hampton on July 29, 2005

In Full Bloom

CHANTECAILLE'S BOOMING BEAUTY LINE

To go or not to go into the family business is a question that's plagued young people for centuries. But when "It girl" and former model **Olivia Chantecaille** was approached eight years ago by her mother, **Sylvie,** with the idea of starting a fragrance line, she couldn't refuse. "I always thought this was my mother's industry," Olivia says, referring to Sylvie's experience launching **Prescriptives** for Estée Lauder and being partner-in-cosmetics to **Diane von Furstenberg.** "But it was such an incredible opportunity I knew I would be a fool to say no."

Today, **Chantecaille** is one of the best-loved luxury cosmetics brands in the world, with fans ranging from **Catherine Deneuve** to singer **Avril Lavigne.** Having subsequently launched makeup and skin-care products, the line is known for initiating the industry-wide obsession with incorporating anti-aging and healing elements into makeup formulations—and for its uncompromising botanical bent. (Its latest product is a line of flower waters distilled from fresh-picked petals in artesian water.)

As for the experience of running a business with Mom, Olivia has no complaints. "Working together opened up another door in our relationship," she says. "I have so much more respect for her. A lot of times you don't get to see that side of your parents." —EVE EPSTEIN

The work of award-winning international designer Marc Newson ranges from the interiors of private and commercial jets to restaurants such as Lever House, in New York, and Coast, in London, to concept cars and the uniforms worn by the 2004 Australian Olympic team. His designs can be found in the collections of such major museums as MoMA and the Centre Pompidou, in Paris. Herewith, Newson's favorite things . . .

GROOMING PRODUCTS

Shompoo **A VICHY ONE.** Moisturizer **CLARINS**
Toothposte **WHATEVER LITTLE TUBES THEY GIVE ME ON AIRPLANES.**
Soap **I LIKE THE SOAP I GET FROM THE ONSEN IN JAPAN. IT IS QUITE HARD TO GET AND IT IS LIKE CHARCOAL.** Rozor **I DON'T SHAVE—I USE A TRIMMER.**

HOME

Where do you live? **LONDON**
Cor **LAMBORGHINI MIURA**

BEVERAGES

Bottled woter **BADOIT**
Coffee **I DON'T DRINK IT EXCEPT WHEN I AM IN ITALY—WHERE IT ALL TASTES GOOD . . .**
Beer **EBISU**



CLOTHES

Sneokers **ZVEZDOCHKA. MY DESIGN FOR NIKE.**
Watch **IKEPOD HEMIPODE**
T-shirt **THE ONES FROM MY COLLECTION FOR G-STAR.** Boxers/briefs **ARMOUR LUX**
Sunglosses **I AM A BIG PERSOL FAN. I HAVE A BIG COLLECTION OF VINTAGE ONES.**
Briefcose **MY 15-YEAR-OLD VALEXTRA BRIEFCASE.**

ELECTRONICS

Cell phone **HOPEFULLY—ONE OF THE ONES I AM DESIGNING. IN JAPAN, I USE TALBY (KDDI). IN THE REST OF THE WORLD . . . I SUFFER.**
Computer **IMAC** Stereo **A VINTAGE QUAD.**

WHAT ARTISTS, DESIGNERS, AND/OR ARCHITECTS INSPIRE YOU?

NOT MANY CONTEMPORARY ONES, FRANKLY. BRUNO MUNARI DEFINITELY, AND MANY OF THE OLDER ONES, LIKE CASTIGLIONE.

FAVORITE PLACE

SEVERAL—JAPAN IS HIGH ON THE LIST.

NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE

GOOD CHAMPAGNE.

October Is National Breast Cancer Awareness Month

Estée Lauder will donate up to $10 per tube sold of its Evelyn Pink—named in honor of cancer crusader **Evelyn H. Lauder**—to a cancer-research foundation. . . . **Bobbi Brown** will give $35,000 from the sales of Ribbon Pink Shimmer Lip Gloss to support finding a cure. . . . **Jo Malone** will contribute a minimum of $10,000 for cancer research based on the sales of Red Roses Cologne and Bath Oil, a scent composed from seven varieties of roses. . . .



Donna Karan's favorite Essence scents—Lavender, Jasmine, Wenge, and Labdanum—come in oil, eau de toilette, or body-lotion form.



FOOT GURU
Bastien Gonzalez photographed at the Hôtel Costes, in Paris, on July 29, 2005.

PLAYING FOOTSIE

The beauty industry traffics in treatments head to toe, but one must admit: the head gets a lot more attention than the toe. When it comes to finding someone to pay serious attention to your feet, you're lucky if you can find anything better than the old one-two-three job at your local nail salon.

Bastien Gonzalez, however, is determined to change all that. For one hour—and $200—his clients get the complete overhaul, from corn and callus removal (Gonzalez uses a dentist's drill to buff his clients' toenails) to basic beautifying. After perfecting his skills at salons in London's Claridge's hotel, the Hôtel Costes, in Paris, and SkinCareLab, in New York, Gonzalez has gone out on his own, setting up shop in luxury destinations around the world—including One & Only Resorts in Mauritius, Dubai, the Maldives, and soon in Cabo San Lucas. And if you can't get to these faraway hot spots, his product line will debut in Bergdorf Goodman this fall. —DANY LEVY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID BAILEY



Jess Jackson — Founder

KENDALL-JACKSON

You don't have to learn to like my wines. Actually, I planned it that way. From the beginning, more than two decades ago, when I made my first small batch of wine from grapes I grew on my family ranch. I blended grapes from select coastal vineyards in Northern and Central California to produce wines with unprecedented flavor intensity and complexity. And our "flavor domaine" philosophy was born. In Chardonnay terms, this means finding the delicate balance of the pineapple and mango flavors from Santa Barbara, the citrus and lime flavors from Monterey, and the red apple and pear flavors from Sonoma. Our Vintner's Reserve is a perfect illustration of our desire to create and deliver complex, world-class wines, the kind of wines people will enjoy the first time they try them and for years to come. I have been told that many of you enjoy the taste of my wines, but you're not sure why. Hopefully, I can help with **A Taste of the Truth.**

Jess S Jackson

kj.com/truth

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PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN



Dale Earnhardt Jr.

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

With Jupiter barreling through your sign, you should be feeling 90 percent better than you have in ages, especially if your birthday falls after October 8. Libras born before then will have to contend with the moon's south node. That sweet little transit may inspire you to clean your closet between naps, but that's about all. The good news: Pluto direct can help you reconnect with people you've been totally cut off from, provided you can balance your joy at being alive with the rage you've been storing up since God knows when.



Bob Woodward

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Although you still probably hanker to be invited to meetings by people you consider jerks, when you really think about it you should see that you've embarked on a journey that makes all social climbing and political butt kissing seem dumb. The reason: Pluto in the 9th house is leading you to a place beyond all childhood conditioning and ethnic, racial, religious, and national prejudices. The point of all this is to free your mind from the pickling it got from parents, church, and school. Mazel tov!



Zadie Smith

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

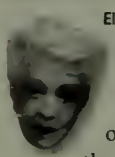
For all your obsessing over the possibility of financial obliteration, you seem to be doing a darned good job of thriving amid the fray. It could be that Jupiter in your 12th house and your ruling planet's direct transit through your 2nd have reminded you that in the end, while hysteria may get the adrenaline flowing, the universe always protects those who work for the betterment of all beings. If you haven't been doing that, better start right away.



Renée Zellweger

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

Even if you assumed such things were out of the question, you're probably entertaining thoughts of romance, children, even public performance. With a lunation in your 5th house and a heavy planet transiting your 4th, your heart is on the line one way or another. The big challenge at work comes from Pluto in your 8th house. It could be a matter of facing your age, being sexually honest, or surrendering to destiny. You have to be pretty cosmic to enjoy such an exercise in non-attachment.



Elsie de Wolfe

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

Power-crazed? That's what certain people would swear you've become in the past few years. It's not easy for loved ones to adjust to the changes that have come over you since the ruler of your solar 12th house moved through your sign, transforming you from a smiling, compliant clone into what some would call a selfish monster. If you've gotten tougher and less available, it's certainly not because you want to hurt people. Only those who've confronted mortality the way you have could possibly understand.



Alfred Molina

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

When you first hook up with someone, you can't predict where the relationship will take you. When Pluto is involved, however, one thing you can bet on is that your life will be transformed. If you have any doubts about that, just compare your situation now with where you were 10 years ago. Relationships can lead either to new heights of love, communication, and intimacy or to messy entanglements that jeopardize both your sanity and your credit rating. If you need a place to run, try family. They *have* to take you in.

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19



Al Capone

Staying positive and achieving some semblance of physical and emotional well-being won't be a picnic, with an asteroid retrograding at the end of your sign just as your ruling planet begins a two-and-a-half-year transit through your solar 8th house. What's wondrous, however, is your way of tramping inexorably onward. It shows that deep down, despite your cursing and moaning, you have an unceasing inward optimism and faith. Be careful: if people find out you're not as desperate as you seem, it could blow your whole curmudgeon image.



Bebe Buell

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

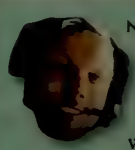
It's lucky for you (and for all the people who cling to you like barnacles) that you have such extraordinary emotional stamina, not to mention your unique capacity in the financial arena. You have a gift for magically generating capital whenever you need it, and the way you can squeeze one dollar out of every dime is positively uncanny. By now, however, 6th-house transits should have taught you that you are still very much a human being with a physical body that needs daily maintenance as well as the occasional overhaul.



Mischa Barton

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

You have a sincere desire to be in a strongly committed relationship, but you also want the freedom to explore options and sides of yourself that don't fit into the context of a loyal, monogamous bond. This applies whether you're single and loving it or married and in denial about your restlessness, and it extends to business as well. Planetary activity in your solar 7th and 12th houses moves you to pledge yourself completely, while a voice from your 11th house whispers, "Are you crazy? Don't give yourself away to *anybody!*"



Neil Armstrong

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

It's inspiring to see how strong you can be when you have to. Despite all your aches, pains, and stiff joints, you can still walk out onto the stage or tennis court and pour your heart into your performance or your game. Saturn in Leo for the next two years may not make you the jolliest camper or the easiest person to deal with, but heaven help the idiot who even tries to block your way. When an outer planet changes direction in your solar 5th house, here's the message: without reservation or hesitation, produce, produce, produce.

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20



Barbara Jordan

Yours is a tale of picaresque irony. You drift along for years, convinced you're on earth by accident, praying that when the end comes it will come peacefully. Suddenly an outer planet hits your midheaven and sweeps you into an arena where you must prove yourself and fight as ferociously as a Roman gladiator. Although you think you're about to surrender, you find yourself not just surviving but becoming Head Gladiator. Similes aside, as of now retirement is nowhere in sight. Damn! And you were just about to take off for the beach.



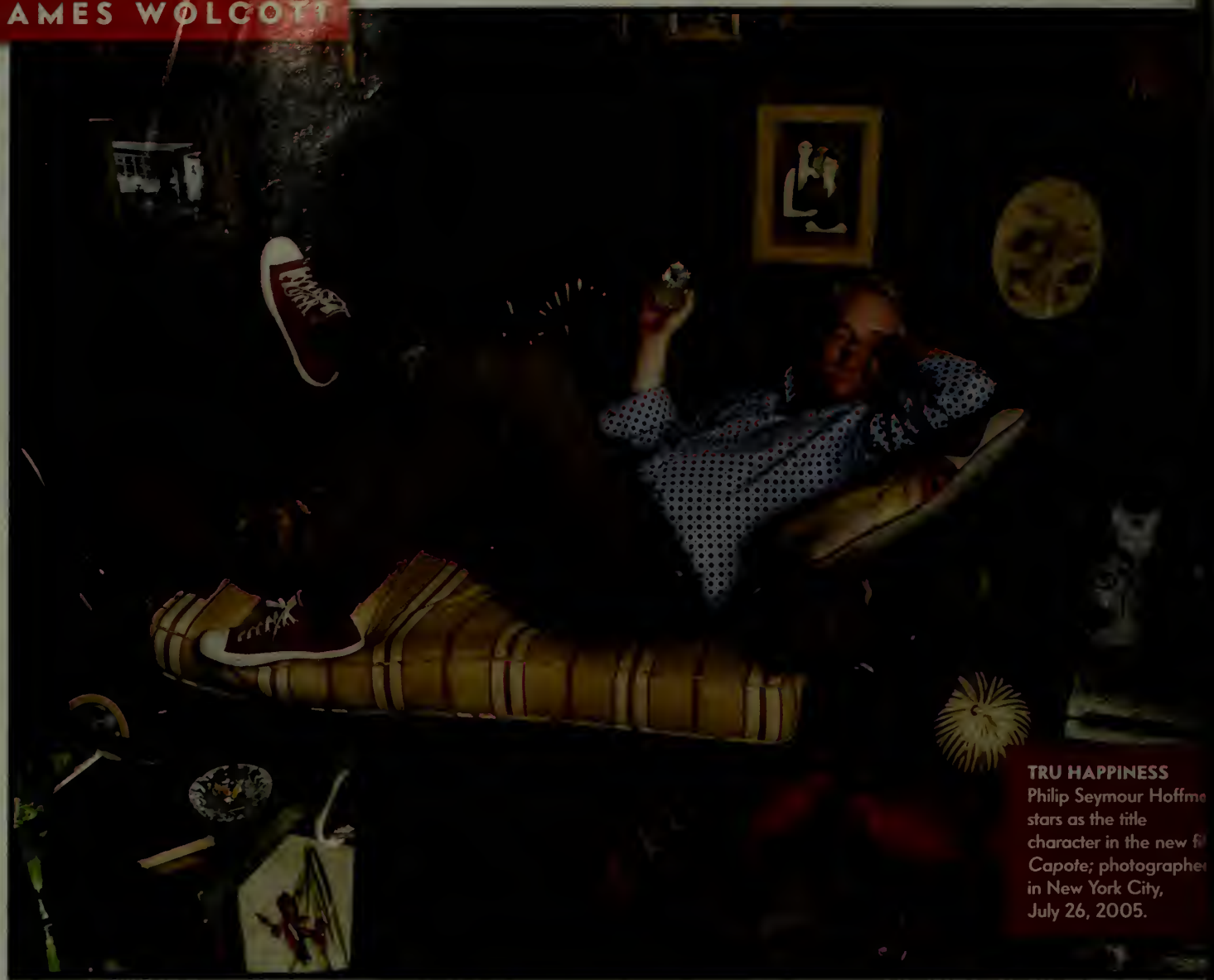
Yao Ming

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

A new moon in your sign always kicks off a positive period, even for the whiniest, poor-me Virgo. This time, it signals the start of a whole new cycle. When you reflect on the last decade, you should be able to see how Pluto's transit first devastated your home and family, then helped you rebuild—in certain cases quite literally from the ground up. Some wounds won't heal for a while yet (if ever), but to continue the job of putting your life back together, pull away from the crowd and don't look back.


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you know you're him.
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JAMES WOLCOTT



TRU HAPPINESS Philip Seymour Hoffman stars as the title character in the new film *Capote*; photographed in New York City, July 26, 2005.

Tru Grit

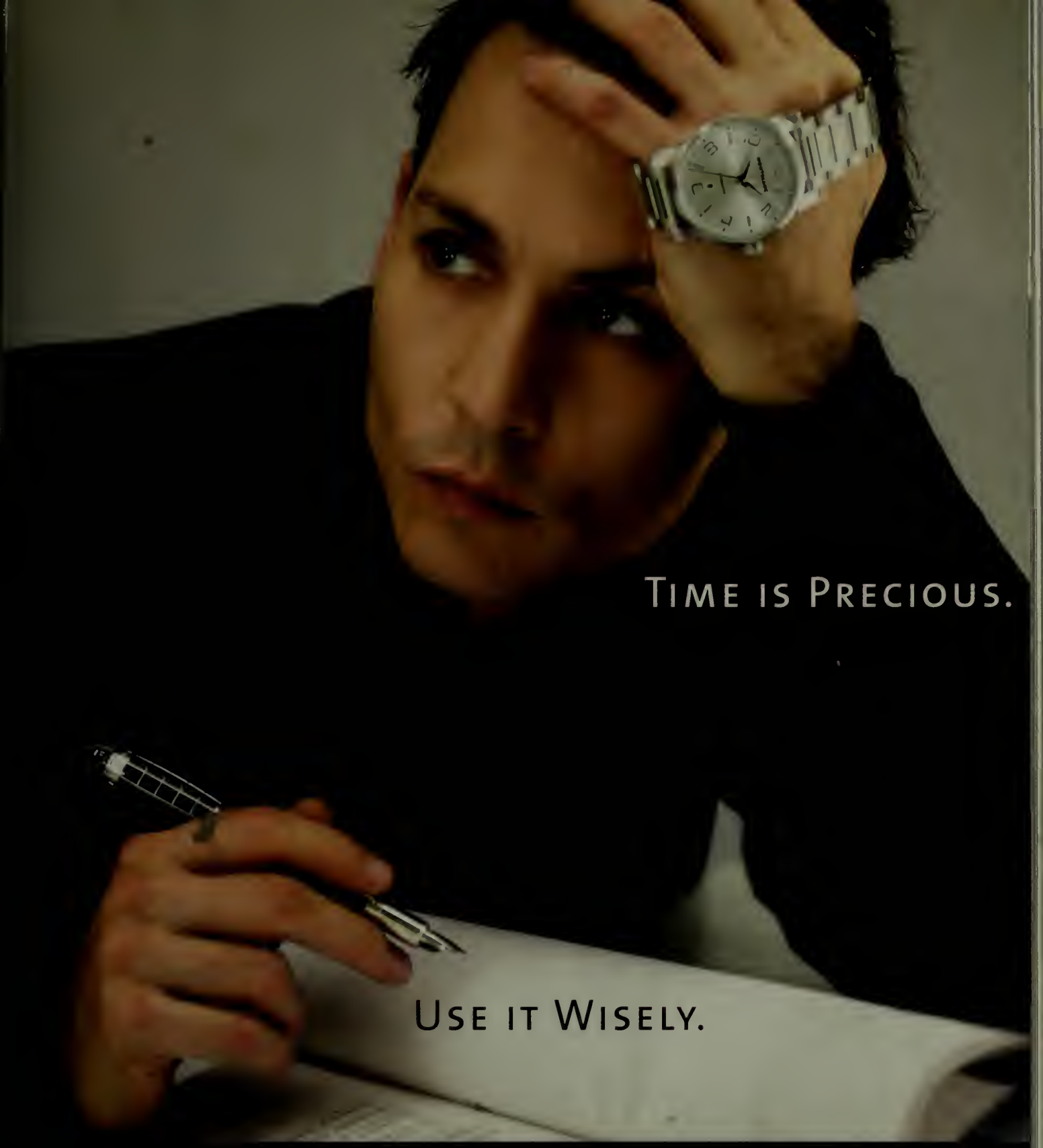
Two upcoming movies—*Capote* and *Have You Heard?*—chronicle Truman Capote's pursuit of the Clutter-murder story. Forty years after publication, *In Cold Blood*, which pioneered the true-crime genre, is Capote's immortality, the only major work that came from his heart. It was also his undoing

Literary fame has led to many a crash landing. The tailspin can come early or late in life; be swift and steep, or slow and arcing, like a long fly ball dying on the warning track. Even those writers hammy and shrewd enough to play the fame game on their own terms may gradually crack under the strain of living up to a legend that grows heavier by the years (which may help explain the suicides of Hemingway and Hunter S. Thompson, and the alcoholic disintegrations of Dorothy Parker and so many others). Aging movie stars can semi-retire into lovable, crusty character parts—Henry Fonda barking at Katharine Hepburn in *On Golden Pond*—that tug on memories of former glories. Writers have smaller leeway to feed off our nostalgic affections. Their flesh may sag and their energy taper, but the prose must remain active and firm: Maintaining a peak condition on the page exacts a punishing toll as one's powers slacken and drift. "Writing is hard, and you get depressed," said Truman Capote, who knew whereof he spoke. Did he ever. He wore himself out from the inside, dying in 1984, and few literary flameouts left a wider burn site of bitter resentments, strewn debris, and blasted talent than his. But Capote bequeathed to literary posterity one undeniable, upright classic, the book that is the life raft of his reputation and, 40 years after its publication, the rising phoenix of his resurrection: *In Cold Blood,* published in 1965.

Two avidly awaited forthcoming films—*Capote,* directed by Bennett Miller, and *Have You Heard?,* written and directed by Douglas McGrath—re-trace Truman's tiny footsteps from the inner sanctums of haute society to the wounded community in the Kansas heartland where four murders were committed in November 1959, and back again. Both are chronicles of attraction and betrayal, eccentric charm and sly manipulation, and both foreshadow the battered beanbag Truman Capote was to become after the stardust turned to cinders.

A recumbent faun in the notorious pho-

STYLED BY STEFAN CAMPBELL; SHOT BY ETRO; PANTS BY JOHN VARVATOS



vest in our future, we must nurture our children's fantasies, and inspire their creativity. This requires access to the arts that too hildren have. Join Johnny Depp, the Entertainment Industry Foundation, and Montblanc in helping children develop their most valuable imagination. With your purchase of a Montblanc watch or writing instrument, a donation will be made to EIF's National Arts Education tive. For more information, please call 800.995.4810 or visit www.montblanc.com/eif.

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tograph on the back cover of his literary debut, *Other Voices, Other Rooms,* published in 1948, when he was 23 but looked barely pubescent (chicken-hawk bait), Capote fulfilled his precocious promise with the tinkling charm bracelet of *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* a novella that Norman Mailer, never a big tipper in handing out literary compliments, considered perfect in every word. Like Mailer and Gore Vidal, whose first novels were published in 1958, it arrived on the screen in 1961, with Audrey Hepburn's Holly Golightly alternately enchanting and exasperating as a Pop-art peppermint stick of 60s hedonism. The country would never be that vivacious again. (The glamour of the 80s, the decade of *Dynasty, Dallas,* and poofy skirts, was baroque and ersatz: Trump l'oeil.) Capote's Black and White Ball, in 1966, inspired by the Ascot-races scene in *My Fair Lady,* was the social event of the year, the decade, the whole bloomin' century; the 500 invitees were required to wear masks (an injunction even the Secret Service agents guarding President Johnson's daughter Lynda Bird obeyed), and to be among the uninvited was to seek a suitable rock to crawl under out of social shame. His comet would never streak brighter.



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH KANSAS? Philip Seymour Hoffman as Truman Capote and Catherine Keener as Harper Lee, circa 1959, in *Capote.*

also published in the postwar 40s, Capote surfaced as one of the literary princes of the golden age of the TV talk show, permanently tattooing Jack Kerouac's prose on David Susskind's *Open End* program with the one-line put-down "That's not writing, it's typing," and regaling Johnny Carson, Dick Cavett, and other hosts with celebrity tittle-tattle and southern-gothic tales (such as the yarn about the woman whose sprayed-solid beehive hairdo housed a family of spiders). His bouncy walk and merry clap of the hands as he crossed the stage, the initial shock for the audience of hearing his high, lisping voice suddenly snapping like a turtle when he reached the lethal punch line—these made him, to use one of his pet phrases, *sui generis.* A blabby confidant of the too rich and too thin, Capote came to full shine in the 60s, the last truly glamorous decade. The injection of Kennedy youth, optimism, and vigorous hair growth following the Eisenhower fuddy-dud 50s electrified the air with sex, prosperity, and adventure. Although *Breakfast at Tiffany's* is set in the 1940s and was

The 70s were less kind to Capote. Hell, they weren't pretty for anyone. A wobbly spinning top on the disco floor of Studio 54, a discount Sydney Greenstreet on-screen in Neil Simon's *Murder by Death,* Capote phased in and out of his third act on the celebrity stage as a woozy spectacle, the victim of a double whammy of booze and prescription drugs. In 1975, *Esquire* published excerpts from his long-promised, long-rumored work in progress, *Answered Prayers,* whose lurid tidbits and private scandals exploded like shrapnel through the gossip columns and pedicure parlors. In the eyes of his lacquered friends and confidantes, Capote the social butterfly had turned vampire bat. To his heartbreak, Babe Paley, the wife of CBS mogul William Paley and one of his regal "swans," dropped him like a sock. So did Slim Keith. He was unwelcome at swanky affairs he once might have adorned. He sounded a note of defiance—I'm a writer, what did they expect?—but social leprosy was hard on his constitution. He suffered and sulked. With the cheap irony that fate often deals from the tarot deck, the very talk-show format that had helped springboard Capote into popular attention became the gangplank off which he staggered.

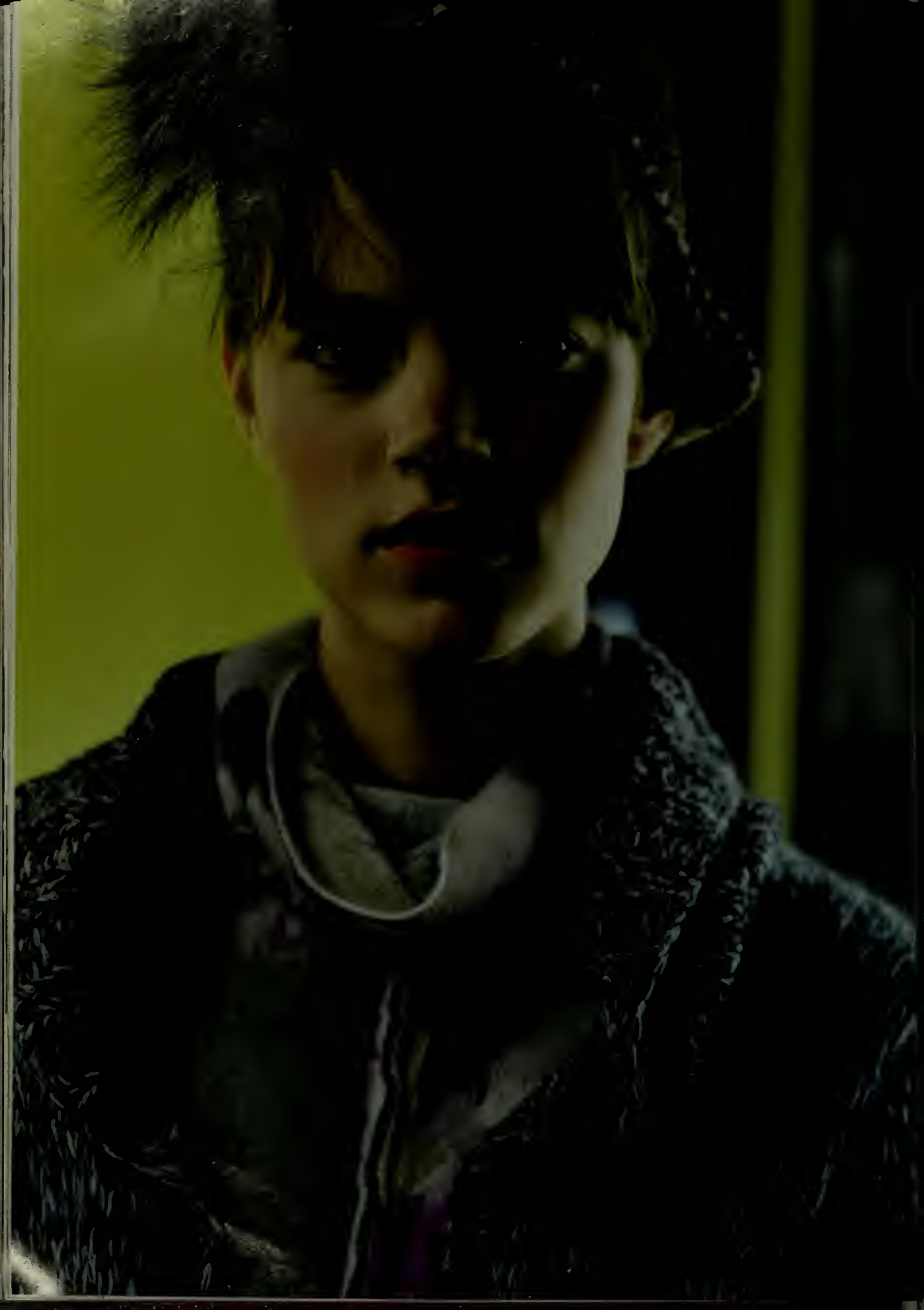
The meltdown took place one July morning in 1978 on *The Stanley Siegel Show,* where a groggy, incoherent Capote, between paralyzing pauses, slurred in answer to the question, "What's going to happen unless you lick this problem of drugs and alcohol?": "The obvious answer is that eventually I'll kill myself." It was irresponsible to let him go on the air in his condition (according to *The Andy Warhol Diaries,* Capote, said to be O.K. when he arrived, may have popped a Thorazine once inside the studio), and Siegel's touchy-feely professions of concern set a new indoor record for smarm. Since *The Stanley Siegel Show* was broadcast from a New York studio, the ick-fest was played as page-one tabloid news and given national currency. Capote never quite recovered from that sad exhibition. When he died, *Answered Prayers*—the Proustian magnum opus that was to have been his crowning glory, wicked vindication, and last laugh—proved to be mostly a mirage. It was not only unfinished but, judging from the excerpts, unfinishable. Piping the novel through the bitchy voice of a bisexual hustler named P. B. Jones was never going to work—his gibes and observations had an impacted sneer. If it weren't for *In Cold Blood,* the tent pole for the second act of his career, Capote's artistic name might have shrunk to a colorful footnote in the minor canon, a fleeting flash of iridescence.

But one morning in November of 1959, he was reading a story in *The New York Times* and a bell went off in his head that summoned him into action and altered everything after. On November 15, four members of the Clutter family were shotgunned to death at their farmhouse in Holcomb, Kansas, by killer or killers un-

Catherine Keener's Harper Lee is a peaceful presence, onto Truman Capote's every trick.

ATTILA DORY


TSE





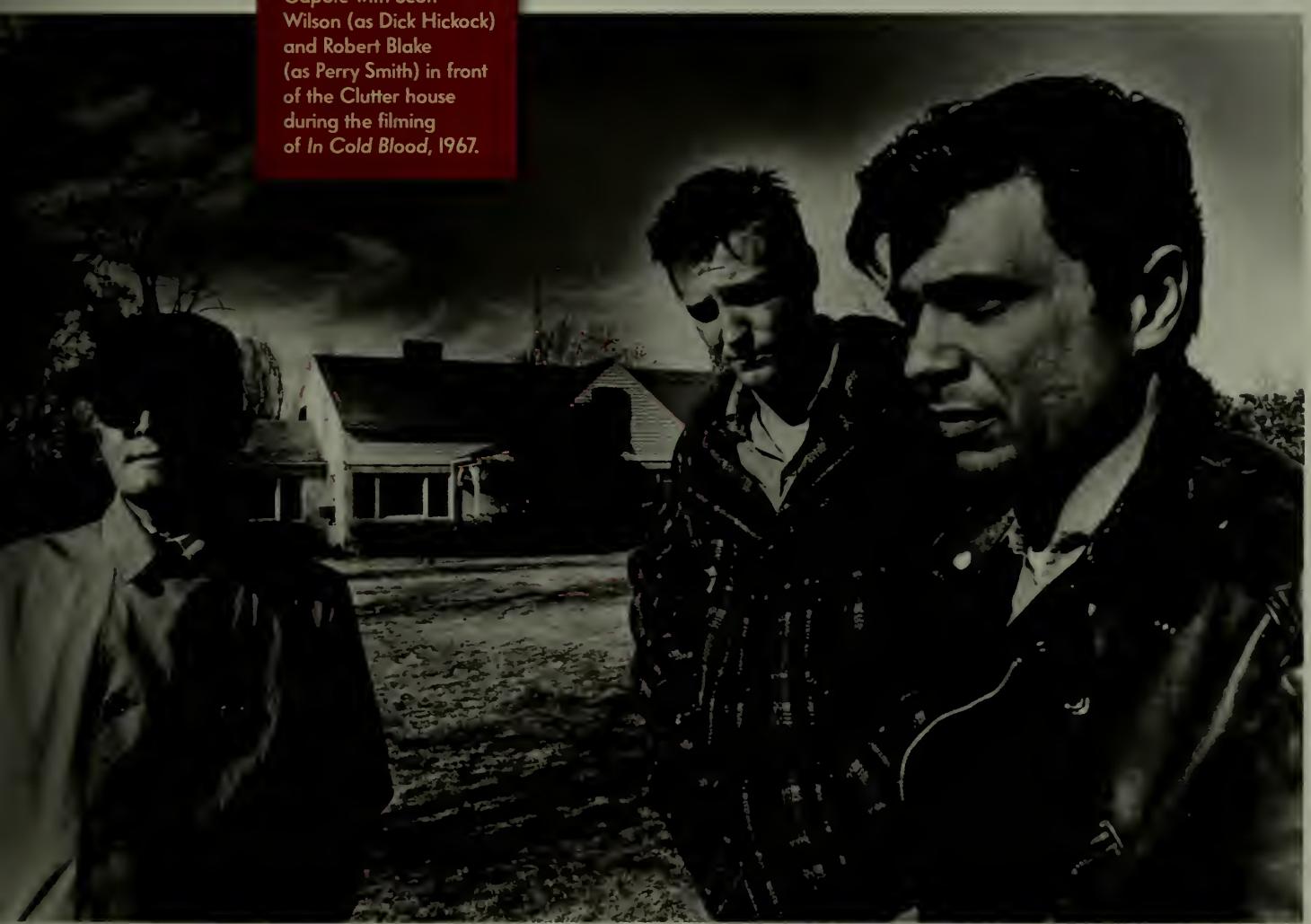


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known. Capote picked up the phone and called William Shawn, the editor of *The New Yorker,* requesting assignment to the small town where the murders had been committed. Initially, Capote was interested in how such a brutal attack affected a small community where everyone knew one another and might begin suspecting their neighbors. So insouciant was Capote upon arriving on the Norman Rockwell scene—accompanied by childhood friend and novelist (Nelle) Harper Lee (whose *To Kill a Mockingbird* was yet to be published)—that he thoughtlessly, unfeelingly blurted to Alvin Dewey, the detective assigned to solving the crimes, that he didn't care if the killers were caught or not. Dewey, who attended the same church as the Clutters and whose family was friends of theirs, did. And told Capote so with a quiet authority that nearly squashed any hope of access he entertained. But just before New Year's, a pair of ex-cons, Perry Smith and Dick Hickock, were apprehended in Las Vegas and extradited back to Kansas. When they were brought handcuffed to the courthouse and escorted inside, Perry's and Truman's eyes met, and, in McGrath's words, Capote experienced "a frisson of excitement." But this tingling sensation traveled deeper than Capote could have imagined, bottoming into a tragic chord.

I've seen the movie *Capote* and read the script for *Have You Heard?,* and to pit one against the other would be to wrong each of them. There's plenty of room to accommodate both, especially since they throw such different shadows. In *Capote,* Philip Seymour Hoffman, in the title role, and Catherine Keener, as Harper Lee (Capote was the model for Dill, the six-year-old discovered sitting in the collard patch in *To Kill a Mockingbird*), are a funny, touching odd couple—he's built like a bowling ball to her tenpin—who have shared so much they can read each other's silences. Hoffman is brilliant and convincing as Capote, but when is he not up to an acting challenge? Keener, who has moved into Diane Keaton's former spot as the cheekboned siren of neurotic urban romance, is the larger revelation, her Harper Lee a peaceful presence who is onto Truman's every trick and indulges his whims and vanities with sisterly fondness until she realizes something has spoiled inside him, gone selfishly sour. Perhaps because the budget was modest and the cast small, *Capote* is scenically and dramatically pared to the evocative essence. A long shot of leafless trees ranked along the horizon like crowded-together telephone poles tells us everything we need to know about the stark isolation of rural Kansas. The four blond wood coffins in the funeral home; a ghostly close-up of one Clutter head encased in a cotton mask to hide the blast damage; a view of an executed prisoner carted away in the shovel of a tractor, his sprawled body washed Christ-like by the rain—each image stays with you. Apart from a few tinny notes (Bob Balaban is weirdly off as William Shawn, having none of

The film adaptation of *In Cold Blood* is Robert Frank–ish in its tight interiors and landscapes.



THE TRUMAN SHOW Capote with Scott Wilson (as Dick Hickock) and Robert Blake (as Perry Smith) in front of the Clutter house during the filming of *In Cold Blood,* 1967.

Shawn's occult power of mental suggestion, his whispery ability to convince writers that his mild misgivings were their own wisdom rising from the unconscious), *Capote* weaves a simple spell that generates a complex response, doing justice to the jagged range of Capote's own contradictions.

In comparison, judging from the screenplay, *Have You Heard?* augurs to be starrier, more bustling and playful, and yet equally serious in its mortal examination. Where *Capote* is based on Gerald Clarke's biography, *Have You Heard?* (starring English up-and-comer Toby Jones as the bow-tie wonder) is adapted from George Plimpton's oral biography *Truman Capote: In Which Various Friends, Enemies, Acquaintances and Detractors Recall His Turbulent Career,* and reflects its more prismatic approach. McGrath, no stranger to big casts as the director of *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Emma,* pays greater heed to the glitzy half of Capote's life in the *In Cold Blood* years, with Sandra Bullock as Harper Lee, Sigourney Weaver as Babe Paley, Hope Davis as Slim Keith, Peter Bogdanovich as editor, game-show panelist, and punster Bennett Cerf, and, in the opening scene, Gwyneth Paltrow in the nightclub spotlight as Miss Peggy Lee. *Have You Heard?* was originally called *Every Word Is True,* a title which is both a pun (true: Tru) and a provocation. Because what the screenplay reveals is how Capote shaded the facts for artistic purposes, trying out various versions of Smith's admission of what a nice gentleman Mr. Clutter was "right up to the moment I cut his throat," and making a depressive recluse out of Mrs. Clutter when, as Harper Lee tartly notes, she was probably just menopausal. "I hope not," says Truman. "That's a little grubby." Since *Have You Heard?* won't be available until 2006 (the release date was pushed back so that it and *Capote* wouldn't collide at the multiplex), there's no way of knowing if Jones and Bullock equal the effortless rapport of Hoffman and Keener, but the screenplay is rudely comic and delicately melancholy, and I can't wait to see it, savoring the prospect of Juliet Stevenson as Diana Vreeland uttering the immortal line "The mouth hangeth open."

Since the verdict on *Have You Heard?* must be suspended until then, the more pressing question is: Why now? What magnetic force is being exerted to make the saga of *In Cold Blood* worthy of double exposure? (A Capote character is also due to appear in a forthcoming film about hoaxster Clifford Irving.) One obvious answer: the lasting theatrical aura of Capote's flamboyant persona, a flamboyance twirled like a toreador's cape to ward off the pain and ridicule of growing up cast off and queer, his wee physique and singsong, almost falsetto drawl setting him forever apart. He looked and sounded like a stunted child—or a hermaphrodite. The finer stuff of which he was made had to toughen into thin steel to endure strangers' first impressions of him as a freak of nature. (In the one-man Broadway show *Tru,* Robert Morse impersonated Capote puttering around his lair after the *Answered Prayers* excerpts, filling the theatrical airspace with fussy, fidgety mannerisms that reminded one at times as much of Charles Nelson Reilly as the ostracized author. But the show did evoke the Gatsby-esque pathos of party favors drooping in a room the guests have abandoned.)

There's also a newsier peg for this comeback interest: the murder trial (and acquittal) of Robert Blake, who gave an unforgettable performance as Perry Smith in Richard Brooks's adaptation of *In Cold Blood.* That an actor playing a convicted killer would himself later be standing trial for murder was a case of Hollywood and reality reflecting each other in a cracked mirror. Re-released in 2003 on DVD, *In Cold Blood* is even more atmospheric, bleak, Robert Frank–ish in its desolate captivity of tight interiors and landscapes (the meat-locker, tabloid fluorescence of Conrad Hall's black-and-white cinematography creeps into the bones), and more harrowing than I remembered. It was something of a shock to look up old reviews of the movie and see how dismissive the more intellectual critics were. Pauline Kael found Hall's cinematography a flashy void of show-off technique and compared Brooks's film to *The Boston Strangler,* a movie that "constantly—almost compulsively—raises the question of why it has been made" (though she was impressed by Scott Wilson as Dick Hickock). Dwight Macdonald took zero notice of the photography and performances in his *Esquire* review, bracketing *In Cold Blood* with Hitchcock's *Psycho* as sadomasochistic exercises in abnormal psychology, and labeling Capote, like Hitchcock, a "skilled and cold-blooded craftsman." How could he get it so wrong? *In Cold Blood* is Capote's one masterpiece because it is his only work where, contrary to its title, the blood runs warm and the heart lies deep.



TRUMAN DOCTRINE *In Cold Blood,* Capote's masterpiece; *inset,* sketch from author's notebook of Perry Smith after the trial, March 29, 1960.

In Cold Blood is the life raft of Truman Capote's reputation, the phoenix of his resurrection.

In *Have You Heard?,* it's Perry Smith who spots the besetting flaw in Capote's previous work, informing him in a letter that "while your books were well-written and your vocabulary prodigious, I ultimately did not like them because I thought the writing lacked kindness." To which Capote hoots to Harper Lee, "Imagine being told your work lacked kindness by a four-time killer!" Later, face-to-face, Capote protests that he never patronizes his characters, to which Perry shoots back, "If I'm going to put my heart in front of you, I need to know I'm doing it with someone who will listen to it, and not make a joke out of it the way you did with Holly Go-fucking-lightly." Perry the death-row critic becomes Perry the provider, supplying the damaged, sacrificial heart of *In Cold Blood* with a sorrow and a pity that


CAMPARI

flow outward to everyone in the story—the Clutters, the members of the community, the observers at the gallows. It's the only Capote work in which kindness and forgiveness touch and grace all. Everything that came after wore the gaze of a reptile sunning itself on a ledge.

It was more than sympathy that was tapped. Perry Smith and Truman Capote found in each other an orphaned soul mate even as they angled to take advantage of that spiritual kinship. Theirs was a homoerotic bond, an incestuous overlapping. Capote's infatuation had an element of vanity, according to McGrath, a narcissistic echo. Both were barely over five feet tall (Perry's feet dangled when he sat in the courtroom chair); both had been abandoned by their mothers; both grew up with the taunting knowledge of being different. Their childhood woes made them tough and opportunistic at the guarded core. In *Capote,* Perry's estranged sister warns Capote not to fall for the puppy-dog act he puts on, because he can whip right around and cut your throat. Similarly, Capote's raconteur charm concealed a slashing malice, a malignant glee. (When told that a rumor he was spreading wasn't true, Capote scoffed, "No, but it will be.") Yet there is no question that each fell in love with the other, and that love was the making of Capote's book and the undoing of his life.

It was an unequal ardor, doomed to being abused. Perry was the loser on the inside with no leverage other than his firsthand knowledge of the night of the murders, Capote the worldly success with favors to grant and understanding to extend—and exploit. Both *Capote* and *Have You Heard?* keenly demonstrate how the killer and his chronicler mind-gamed each other, Capote inevitably coming out on top. When Janet Malcolm wrote in the notorious opening sentence to *The Journalist and the Murderer* (her meditation on Joe McGinniss's best-seller about the Jeffrey MacDonald murders, *Fatal Vision*), "Every journalist who is not too stupid or too full of himself to notice what is going on knows that what he does is morally indefensible," she may have been guilty of rhetorical overreach, but there's no question that in this instance Perry got sold. *Capote* and *Have You Heard?* depict Perry's fury when he learns the title of the book is *In Cold Blood,* and Capote fudges the truth.

Perhaps his meanest moment of one-upmanship in *Capote* is when Perry, who prides himself on his vocabulary (which sets him apart from cons like his partner, Dick Hickock, who has the cocky, lewd grin of a Baldwin brother raised by coyotes), uses the word "exacerbate" and then tacks on a synonym—only to be put in his place by Capote's telling him, "I know what 'exacerbate' means." I don't need any vocabulary lessons from a jailbird. Once Capote has extracted what he wants, the graphic account of how the murders were done, Perry's needy overtures become tiresome—a pestering bore. Perry is now redundant to Capote's professional needs. Completing most of *In Cold Blood* by 1963, Capote needs a final resolution for his narrative, a dramatic closure, and, damn it all, each stay of execution leaves the book longer and longer in the lurch. He starts to behave like a babyish martyr, so lachrymose with self-pity that he hijacks Harper Lee's big night—the New York premiere of the movie version of *To Kill a Mockingbird*—to have himself a hissy fit. "They're torturing me," he moans, as if the state were keeping Smith and Hickock alive just to spite him and his masterpiece. (One of the subtle extras of *Capote* is its awareness of the free-floating sexism that results in even so successful a woman writer as Harper Lee getting treated as a minor novelty compared to Literary Man. She might as well be a coat rack, she's so taken for granted in Capote's orbit.) In *Have You Heard?,* a similar outburst occurs at '21,' where Truman appalls listeners by crying poor pitiful me. "You simply cannot conceive of the agony. I've worked on the book ceaselessly for four years, pouring the whole of myself into it.... And then to be waiting like this, unable to publish what I've done, until they're hanged. [Takes sip of drink.] I can hardly wait."

He finally gets his wish. The two are hanged on April 14, 1965, Hickock's body suspended for 20 agonizing minutes before his heart finally stops. Afterward, in the wan light of day, Capote tries to comfort himself and Harper Lee with the sentiment that, like Lord Byron after witnessing three robbers being guillotined, justice was done and yet he would have saved them if he could. But she is given the last word, the final retort, and it's damning.

Early in 1960, when I was in New York, upper-Bohemian dinner-guests were already full of "Truman and his marvellous bit about Perry and Dick." I attended one such party, which Capote regaled with a dazzling account of the crime and his friendship with the criminals. I said they seemed obviously insane, and he agreed they were "nuts." And what would happen to them? "They'll swing, I guess," he said.

—Kenneth Tynan,
"The Coldest of Blood,"
Tynan Right & Left (Atheneum, 1967).

A stupendous commercial and critical success (the serialization in *The New Yorker* created a newsstand stampede), *In Cold Blood* was a controversial feat. The critic Kenneth Tynan argued that apart from dining out on death Capote downplayed the mental problems of the murderers, who, in Tynan's words, "received only the most perfunctory psychiatric examination." A more thorough exam might have opened the door to an insanity defense, a door Capote might have helped open had he been so inclined. But no. "For the first time," wrote Tynan, "an influential writer in the front rank has been placed in a position of privileged intimacy with criminals about to die, and—in my view—done less than he might have to save them." This provoked a return volley—Capote implied Tynan was a gutless grandstander—but it was primarily a slap fight between two word wizards. More significant was the institutional snub of *In Cold Blood* by the Pulitzer Prize committee. If any book had "Pulitzer Prize winner" stenciled all over it, it was *In Cold Blood.* Which may have been the problem. Capote may have tooted his horn too loud for the panel's tastes. David Brion Davis's *The Problem of Slavery in Western Culture* won the nonfiction prize that year. A peerless self-promoter ("A boy's got to hustle his book," he famously boasted), Capote had touted *In Cold Blood* for years in advance as the maiden voyage in an exciting new genre called "the non-fiction novel," and the Pulitzer people may have wanted to show they were above being swayed by a sales push, however successful it may have been. Moreover, Capote's ultra-fashionability in the society pages and such bibles of chic as *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* had long made him suspect among the starchier cognoscenti and cerebrals, to whom literary dandies lack moral fiber and healthy corpuscles. His relationship with the literary intelligentsia had always been testy. After he disparaged Saul Bellow's winning the Nobel Prize in Literature, in 1976, Bellow bristled, "Maybe I didn't deserve the Nobel Prize, but it's a cinch he

Both of the forthcoming films foreshadow the battered beanbag Truman Capote was to become.


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TRU BRIT
Toby Jones as Truman Capote in *Have You Heard?*, to be released in 2006; photographed in Londo August 9, 2005.

didn't even deserve the Pulitzer. I can't see what Truman deserved at all, except a kick in the ass."

Prize or no prize, ass kick or no ass kick, *In Cold Blood* was such a stratospheric success that Capote could justifiably feel that he had shown them, "them" being intellectual smarties, envious rivals, and his legion of doubters. In retrospect, *In Cold Blood* seems less a breakthrough invention in the experimental lab of creative nonfiction than the Flaubertian consummation of the discreet-narrator, data-gathering-detective tradition of journalism enshrined in *The New Yorker,* whose earlier landmarks included John Hersey's *Hiroshima* and Joseph Mitchell's lithographic reports. *In Cold Blood*'s greatest impact was not on fellow novelists—apart from Norman Mailer, whose *The Armies of the Night* (subtitled "History as a Novel, the Novel as History") and *The Executioner's Song* owed much to Capote's pioneering—but on journalists and other note jotters who went on to produce a library of fascinating, suspenseful true-crime stories ranging from Joe McGinniss's *Fatal Vision* to Vincent Bugliosi's *Helter Skelter,* to Ann Rule's serial-killer studies. That genre has pretty much petered out. When *In Cold Blood* was incubating, polite society and the spattered crime scene occupied different universes, with Capote serving as self-appointed roving ambassador (a role John Waters has reduced to farce). The separation between those alternate universes has been breached since *In Cold Blood* was published. It's gone for good. We can now get the blood-spot patterns and morgue shots beamed into our happy homes.

With the viral explosion of cable news coverage, the advent of Court TV, the velociraptor rampaging of Nancy Grace, and the cloning of supermarket tabloids, high-profile crimes are smeared indiscriminately across the screen, particularly if there's a young white female victim leaving a chalk outline behind. Today the slaughter of the Clutter family would set off a ravenous media munchdown, with blonde former prosecutors convicting the suspects before the trial, high-school snapshots of Nancy Clutter pasted and fetishized on-screen until she joined the honorary sisterhood of JonBenét Ramsey, Elizabeth Smart, and Natalee Holloway, and network helicopters hovering above the courthouse as Jeffrey Toobin spouts color commentary from the municipal steps and Geraldo Rivera offers to knit the hangman's noose out of his own chest hair. They'd pound every nail in the story until we were sick of it. And after all of this "flooding the zone" (to use the Howell Raines phrase), the saturation coverage would recede and the victims would be shorn of dignity, soon forgotten, their killers nothing more than caricatures of rawboned evil. *In Cold Blood* englobed a tragic episode and preserved it as a sepia piece of Americana. Preservation itself is a thing of the past. Even our tragedies now are throwaways. □

McGrath's screenplay for *Have You Heard?* is rudely comic and delicately melancholy.

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GOING BRIT The diarist was photographed in the Tottenham Hale station of the London Underground on August 1, 2005.

Scandal by the Book

In high-alert London, the author has a fistful of party invitations, a surprise meeting with Lord Conrad Black, and champagne with Lady Colin Campbell, whose novel upset Lily Safra so much that the powerful widow forced the book's publisher to pulp it. But Lady Colin Campbell is fighting back

I've just returned from London, which is quite a different city from the one I visited four months ago, when I spent a week at Claridge's celebrating the end of the lawsuit brought against me by former congressman Gary Condit concerning the death of the Washington intern Chandra Levy. Then there was joy in the air. This time, the city was on high alert, after two sets of recent terrorist bombings. The explosions had both occurred on Thursdays, which people feared may have been part of a deliberate pattern. I was there the following Thursday, and there was tension in the air, with policemen everywhere you looked—6,000 of them, carrying machine guns. There were roadblocks and concrete barriers on the streets, and the American Embassy, on Grosvenor Square, was so heavily barricaded it looked like a fortress. Police cars, with sirens blaring and lights flashing, raced by in rapid succession. Everyone seemed reluctant to use public transportation. "I'm staying out of the tube," I heard one man say on television. Traffic was often at a near standstill. I was amazed at how quickly the police were able to track down the terrorists responsible, in just a matter of days. It proved how important it is to have closed-circuit cameras in subways and bus terminals. I followed every movement live on BBC News 24 as police captured two terrorists stripped down to their undershorts on a balcony in West London. As if that were not enough for England to deal with, a violent tornado hit Birmingham and did massive damage. As ever, the Brits soldiered on.

Although it would have shamed me in the past, I have to admit to a certain amount of racial profiling. I found myself drawing away from Muslim men with backpacks and furtively eyeing Muslim women in burkas with black veils that covered their faces except for the eyes. I turned down taxicabs that weren't driven by old-fashioned English cabbies—a number of whom told me they will no longer pick up Muslims. All the time I was perfectly aware that most of the people I looked twice at were probably totally innocent, going about their everyday lives, but I could not keep the words "terrorist" and "suicide bomber" out of my thoughts.

One purpose of this recent trip was to interview Conrad and Barbara Black, now Lord and Lady Black of Crossharbour, who were being written up constantly in the British press because of their efforts to make a comeback as players in London society after a long period of oblivion following the financial scandal that caused Black to lose his media empire, as well as slews of grand friends. My initial reason for going back to London actually interested me even more, because it would be an entirely new experience for me, if it happened. Over the years,

PHOTOGRAPH BY JASON BELL


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I've grown used to observing individuals who have fallen from grace. I've written about many of them, and I've had the experience myself, though to a far lesser degree than the Blacks, in the course of the Condit lawsuit. But I had never witnessed the pulping of a book. Even the word "pulping" was new to me. In this case it meant recalling and destroying all unsold copies of a highly controversial novel entitled *Empress Bianca,* by Lady Colin Campbell, which had caused extreme distress to one of the richest widows in the world, Lily Safra, on whose life the plot was rumored to be based. I wanted to watch the pulping, if possible. Were they going to shred the recalled copies? Or burn them? I was

I knew Lady Black in another life, in the 70s, in Hollywood.

dying to be present when it happened, and I knew the people who could get me in to witness this unusual literary event.

The novel, which was published by Arcadia Books on June 2, had been the talk of international society all summer, especially after it was recalled from every commercial outlet on the insistence of Anthony Julius, the prestigious British solicitor, who is best known for representing the late Princess Diana in her acrimonious and profitable—a reported $30 million—divorce from the Prince of Wales. Julius had acted on the orders of his client the wealthy philanthropist and society figure Lily Safra, the widow of the late banker Edmond Safra, who was asphyxiated in a fire set in his Monte Carlo penthouse in December 1999. It is hard not to think that there would have been far less of a story for the newspapers if Lily Safra had ignored the book, or declared it ridiculous, rather than allowing all hell to break loose by demanding that it be pulped. As it is, her name now appears on a regular basis in the London papers, and none of the coverage is worshipful.

In the end, neither of my quests turned out to be completely successful, but we'll come to that.

Despite all of the inconveniences of a city threatened by terrorists, social life went on as usual. Nicky Haslam, London's most famous man-about-town, is a good friend to have when you arrive for a brief visit. He knows about every lunch, every dinner, and every party on the horizon, and he arranged for me to be invited to a number of them—breakfast at Claridge's, lunch at Cipriani, dinner at George. Among the city's swell set, by the way, Prince Charles and the former Camilla Parker Bowles are humorously referred to as "the Cornwalls." "We saw the Cornwalls at dinner," said Haslam at one party, and everyone collapsed with laughter. It's an aristo kind of joke.

ALTERED STATE
Conrad and Barbara Black, *below,* at a costume ball given by Prince and Princess Michael of Kent at Kensington Palace, 2000. *Bottom,* Lord and Lady Black in Toronto, 2005.





The famous annual summer party of *The Spectator,* which had been scheduled for the night of the first bombing and as a result had to be canceled, finally took place on July 28, at the *Spectator* office, which is a lovely old house and garden in Bloomsbury. The event turned out to be what we call over here a rat fuck—crushingly crowded, with people packed together in every inch of space—but it was enormous fun. I read *The Spectator* religiously every week, and that night I was able to meet all the writers I've been admiring for years, including Boris Johnson, the editor. Some people wondered if Lord Black, who was in town, would drop by, inasmuch as he had once owned *The Spectator,* before he was forced to sell it. "Dru Heinz had the Blacks to lunch," said someone I didn't know, referring to the American literary hostess. Then I put in my two cents: "I saw Conrad yesterday, and he and Barbara left for France this morning." I had a funny chat with Sarah Sands, the new editor of *The Sunday Telegraph,* concerning her paper's interview with Lady Colin Campbell about *Empress Bianca* and the abject apology to Lily Safra the *Telegraph* had been forced to print the following Sunday. I said, "I've quoted your retraction in my diary in *Vanity Fair.*" She had a few things to say about the nature of the retraction, which, as far as I

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have been able to understand, was practically dictated to *The Sunday Telegraph* by representatives of Lily Safra.

I went to a terrific party at a beautiful Rothschild house in Chester Square, quite near Margaret Thatcher's house, which I could see was being more heavily guarded than usual. The house where the party took place had spectacular lighting and an amazing collection of contemporary art. There seems to be a new, rather distancing trend in society: most of the lovely young ladies walking around the splendid surroundings talked endlessly into their cell phones, as if they would rather have been with the person on the other end of the line than at the party, even though it was full of art dealers, celebrity producers, and lords.

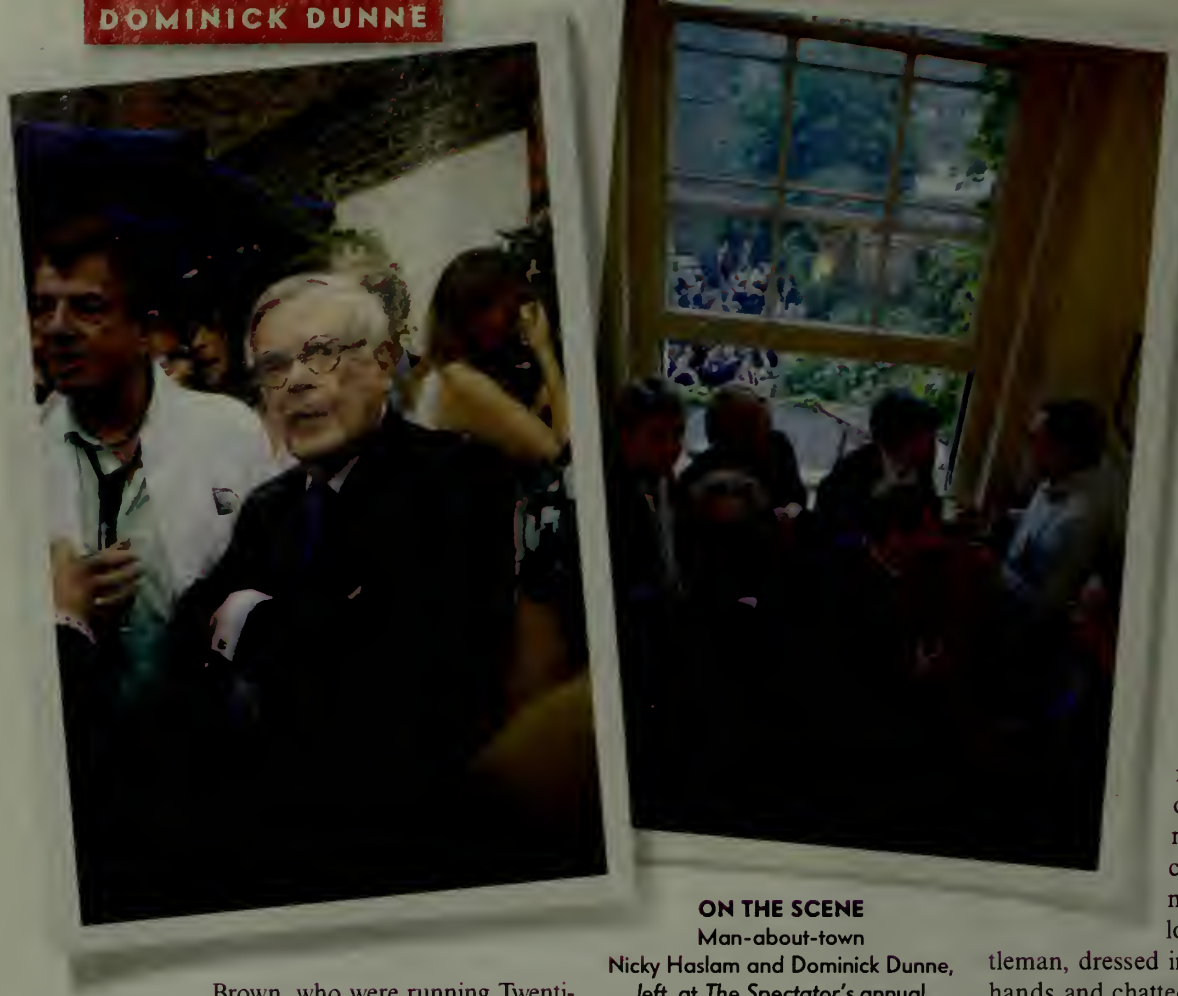
I really knew that London was going to be all right in spite of bomb scares, suicide terrorists, and a pervading sense of nervous anxiety when I attended the West End musical *Billy Elliot,* with music by Elton John. The theater was packed to the rafters, and the audience cheered wildly. I loved the show, which, like the movie on which it is based, is about an 11-year-old boy (the son of a Yorkshire coal miner) who wants to be a ballet dancer. It brought me to tears a couple of times.

I always thought Lord and Lady Black were a fascinating couple, and I still do. There is no question that, despite protests to the contrary, Conrad Black, who is 61, faces serious times ahead, including a trial and the possibility of a prison term. After F. David Radler, his partner and friend for more than 35 years, arranged in August to plead guilty to charges of criminal fraud and cooperate with the authorities, many legal experts felt it was inevitable that Black would be indicted. Considering Black's age, I am reminded of the tradition established recently by WorldCom's Bernie Ebbers and Adelphia's John Rigas, both of whom will probably spend the rest of their lives behind bars. Not too long ago the Blacks were seen everywhere in London, New York, and Palm Beach, where they maintained elaborate residences. For several years the annual dinner given by Hollinger International, Black's media company, with its dazzling board of directors, was a prime social event in New York.

In addition to being a business tycoon, Conrad is an eminent historian and the author of a distinguished book on Franklin D. Roosevelt, which received the kind of laudatory reviews that could have put it on *The New York Times*'s best-seller list. There had been great anticipation over the party to launch the book at the Four Seasons restaurant in New York, given by such luminaries of the social world as Annette de la Renta, Marie-Josée Kravis, and Jayne Wrightsman. I was present at that party, and I hope I won't offend the hostesses when I say what a flop it was. Between the time the invitations were mailed and the day of the party, the financial scandal concerning Black and his empire had broken in every paper. The word around New York was that the grand ladies giving the party all wished that Lord Black would cancel it, but he didn't, or wouldn't. For such a hot invitation, the party was sparsely attended. The hostesses were not in the usual greeting position, at the top of the stairs. They remained together at the back of the room with Lady Black, who wore a coat with a high collar that masked her face. People talked in whispers, saying things like "Do you think Conrad's going to jail?" and "Let's get out of here." Only Black seemed unperturbed as he autographed books and talked to a financial reporter from the *New York Post.* Soon after that, the Blacks disappeared from the scene.

I knew Lady Black in another life. In the early 70s, when I was in the movie business in Hollywood, I produced a film called *The Panic in Needle Park,* starring Al Pacino in his first major role and written by my brother and sister-in-law John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion. The film was initially to be made at Joseph Levine's Avco-Embassy, but after many months it was dropped by Levine and picked up by Richard Zanuck and David





ON THE SCENE
Man-about-town Nicky Haslam and Dominick Dunne, *left, at* The Spectator's *annual summer party. Right, part of the seething throng at the event.*

Brown, who were running Twentieth Century Fox. At Avco-Embassy, we had had a Canadian director, and he had a Canadian girlfriend named Barbara Amiel. I remember her vividly. She wore jeans and was a bit of a hippie. She was beautiful, funny, and very, very smart. When the film moved to Fox, Jerry Schatzberg directed it, and it won a prize at Cannes. I forgot all about Barbara Amiel.

Years passed. In 1994, I was at a Rothschild ball in London, for which Nicky Haslam had transformed a huge art gallery into a replica of El Morocco, the swank New York nightclub of the 30s and 40s, with its blue-and-white zebra-striped banquettes and white palm trees. I checked the place card next to me and it read, "Barbara Black," which meant nothing to me. When the lady herself, wearing a blue-and-white couture dress from Paris, arrived at the table, I was bowled over by her elegance. It took me a few minutes to make the connection that this was Barbara with the blue jeans from 23 years earlier. She was still beautiful, still funny, and still very smart. She said she had a column in *The Daily Telegraph,* which her husband owned. She hadn't married the Canadian director from *Needle Park* days, but she had married a trio of other guys before Conrad Black, a fellow Canadian, who subsequently became a British citizen and a lord of the realm. Somewhere I have a picture of us that night in deep conversation, probably talking about how we had risen in the intervening years to be seated side by side at a Rothschild ball. We never became close friends, but we were party friends, and we always had a laugh or two. After the scandal hit Conrad last year, I didn't hear much about them.

Then came the news that they were suddenly being seen again at fashionable London parties. Since I was heading to England for the pulping of *Empress Bianca,* I sent Barbara an e-mail asking if I could have lunch or tea with her while I was there. She chose not to see me, but she told me so very nicely. "I honestly don't want to be in your diary for all sorts of reasons, none of which have to do with you," she e-mailed. "I haven't spoken to the press since this rather surreal thing began." In her position, I probably would have said exactly the same thing. She said that she was going to Leeds the next day, and that they were leaving for France the day after that.

On my second afternoon in London, I was writing in my room when I decided, for no special reason, to get a manicure in the barbershop off the lobby. To my amazement, sitting in the first barber chair was the embattled media magnate himself, Lord Black, looking every inch a titled gentleman, dressed in country tweeds. We shook hands and chatted briefly. There was no sense that his life was in disarray. They were staying at the Barclay Hotel, he said. I had read that his beautiful London house—actually two houses put together as one—had been sold for $23 million to a former Mexican beauty queen, who was ripping out all the improvements the Blacks had made. I told Conrad that I had met one of his lawyers, Jesse Finkelstein, at the Disney trial in Delaware last year. He complimented Finkelstein, told me he had followed the Disney trial closely, and said how well he thought Michael Ovitz had performed on the stand. He said he had hired Brendan Sullivan, of the Washington law firm Williams and Connolly, to be his lawyer. It has been written of Sullivan that he is "the quintessential litigator, the first choice of almost everyone in trouble—if you can get him." The lawyer is probably best known for representing Colonel Oliver North in the Iran-contra scandal and Housing and Urban Development secretary Henry Cisneros in a case involving false statements made to the F.B.I. He boasts that since the 1970s no client of his has gone to jail. "We're off to France in the morning," said Lord Black as he got up from the barber chair. We shook hands again, and I said, "Love to Barbara." I refrained from saying "Good luck," which would suggest that he was in trouble, and neither his appearance nor his attitude gave any indication of that. After Paris, he said, they were stopping at the Hôtel de Paris, in Monte Carlo.

Charles and Camilla are known humorously as "the Cornwalls."

During my trip I met Gary Pulsifer, the publisher of Arcadia Books, which brought out *Empress Bianca.* Pulsifer went along with Anthony Julius, who was acting for Lily Safra, and agreed to withdraw and pulp all unsold copies of the book, since his company was not rich enough to take on a lawsuit with the billionairess. He is a very decent man, quiet, intellectual, an active member of PEN, the international literary society, and utter-



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ly bewildered to find himself at the center of a controversy involving such vivid characters as the very prominent Lily Safra and the fearless, slightly reckless Lady Colin Campbell.

Lady Colin Campbell has an extraordinary personal history. Born in Jamaica in 1949 with a genital deformity, she was raised as a boy. She had a hard time as a child and quickly learned how to be a fighter. She had corrective surgery in New York when she was 21, and four years later made a socially spectacular marriage to Lord Colin Campbell, the son of the Duke of Argyll. It was a short and disastrous marriage, but she has carried the title ever since. She had telephoned me twice the previous month when she was in the Cayman Islands attending her mother's funeral to talk about the tempest that was building in England over her book, so I had an enormous curiosity to meet her in person. She lives primarily in France, but she keeps a small house in Belgravia. Gary Pulsifer told me she was flying over from France for the night to attend the ballet at Covent Garden, and he asked me if I'd like to meet her at her house before she went out. We got there a few minutes before 5:30, the appointed time, and Lady Colin Campbell wasn't ready. She was still in the shower. She answered the door in only a towel, but she returned 15 minutes later beautifully dressed in an aquamarine tunic and trousers, carrying her jewels, her lipstick, a bottle of chilled champagne, and three glasses.

"Not for me," I said, indicating the champagne.

"You don't drink?"

"No."

"Do you want water?"

"Yes."

"*Bor*-ing."

Lady Colin Campbell's very theatrical, and has a camp humor.

She reminded me of Annette Bening in *Being Julia.* She's very theatrical, and she has a camp sense of humor. She kept holding her champagne glass out for Pulsifer to refill. She put on her lipstick, her necklace, and several rings, including one with a large aquamarine. She told me that aquamarine is her favorite color, and that she is having a tiara made of aquamarines.

She seemed almost eager in her determination to take on the powerful Lily Safra. She printed out on her computer a copy of a five-page, single-spaced letter she had written to Anthony Julius. The main thrust of the letter was to tell Julius that he had no right to be representing Lily Safra against her, because his company, Mishcon de Reya, had once represented Lady Colin Campbell in a lawsuit. Then she proceeded to tear him apart. I know that the *Daily Mail* has a copy of the letter, but the editors have apparently decided not to print it.

Suddenly Lady Colin Campbell looked at her watch and gasped at the lateness of the hour. The curtain, she said, was at 7:30. No sooner had we piled into her hired car than she started to give orders to the driver. "I must be at Covent Garden at 7:28 on the dot. I can't be late. Someone is waiting there for me. Go through the red light. It's all right." She ended up by jumping out of the car and running to meet her escort, waving back to us and calling, "Good-bye, good-bye."

Unfortunately, I had to leave London before the pulping of *Empress Bianca.*

LITIGATING LADIES
Lady Colin Campbell, *below,* at Ascot, 1997. *Bottom,* Lily Safra with Nicholas Ferguson, chairman of the Courtauld Institute of Art, London, December 2004.





My sister-in-law Joan Didion had been married to my brother John Gregory Dunne for 40 years when he died, in December 2003. I have pictures in my scrapbooks of their wedding in San Juan Bautista, California, in 1964, and of the reception afterward at the Lodge at Pebble Beach. Joan was then at the beginning of her literary fame, which came into full blossom in the 60s and has endured through the decades that followed. Her readers are legion and they are passionate. The thing about having a celebrity in the family for 40 years is that you eventually get used to it and cease to marvel, even while watching the adoration she invariably stirs in fans when they meet her. She has always been wonderful to my children: at Christmas, she would give them exactly the right gifts, unique and appropriate for each one's age and interest. She adores her daughter, Quintana, and she adored John. They were total partners in life. John started roughly half of his sentences with the words, "Joan says," and then he'd quote her on whatever subject was under discussion. Suddenly Joan's life crashed down around her. John died in their New York apartment the night before New Year's Eve, while Quintana was in a coma at Beth Israel hospital, where she had been put into the intensive-care unit on Christmas Night. Quintana's illness lasted for months and is ongoing. It was the worst year of my sister-in-law's life, and I, along with her friends and nephews, watched her cope with the vicissitudes of sudden death and grave illness. I have just read the galleys of her new book, *The Year of Magical Thinking,* an account of that period of double misfortune. It is unsparing, enormously personal, tough, and brave. I was deeply moved. I'll never cease to marvel at Joan again. □


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MICHAEL WOLFF

BYE, BYE, BROADSHEET

Britain is witnessing what may be the last big newspaper war—and it's about size, not just circulation. Both *The Independent* and the London *Times* have turned to tabloid formats, while the new *Guardian* can fit in a lady's purse. Is this the last gasp of newsprint, or its future?





THE NEW NEWS THING
Alan Rusbridger, editor of *The Guardian*, in his office on August 2, 2005. *Inset*, the July 8, 2005, *Guardian*, covering the subway and bus bombings.

I am looking at an altogether new newspaper (quite an oxymoron) due to reach newsstands in Britain in the earliest days of autumn. It's demure, pretty, reticent—an odd note because just as I'm looking at the new paper, London is awash in headlines about terrorism and bombs. The paper has a soft palette of seasonal colors. And it's small—most of all, small. Diminutive. In its new incarnation, *The Guardian*—up until now one of the world's great broadsheets, my favorite paper, a liberal's liberal paper—folds up into the size of a woman's purse, a little evening bag.

"What do you think?" asks Alan Rusbridger, *The Guardian*'s editor, at 51 a grown-up Harry Potteresque figure—bright eyes, horn-rims, lots of askew hair—stroking his prototype, this object of desire, this small triumph of origami. (I've written for *The Guardian*, and Rusbridger gave my college-age daughter an internship several summers ago when I was trying, none too successfully, to get her interested in newspapers.)

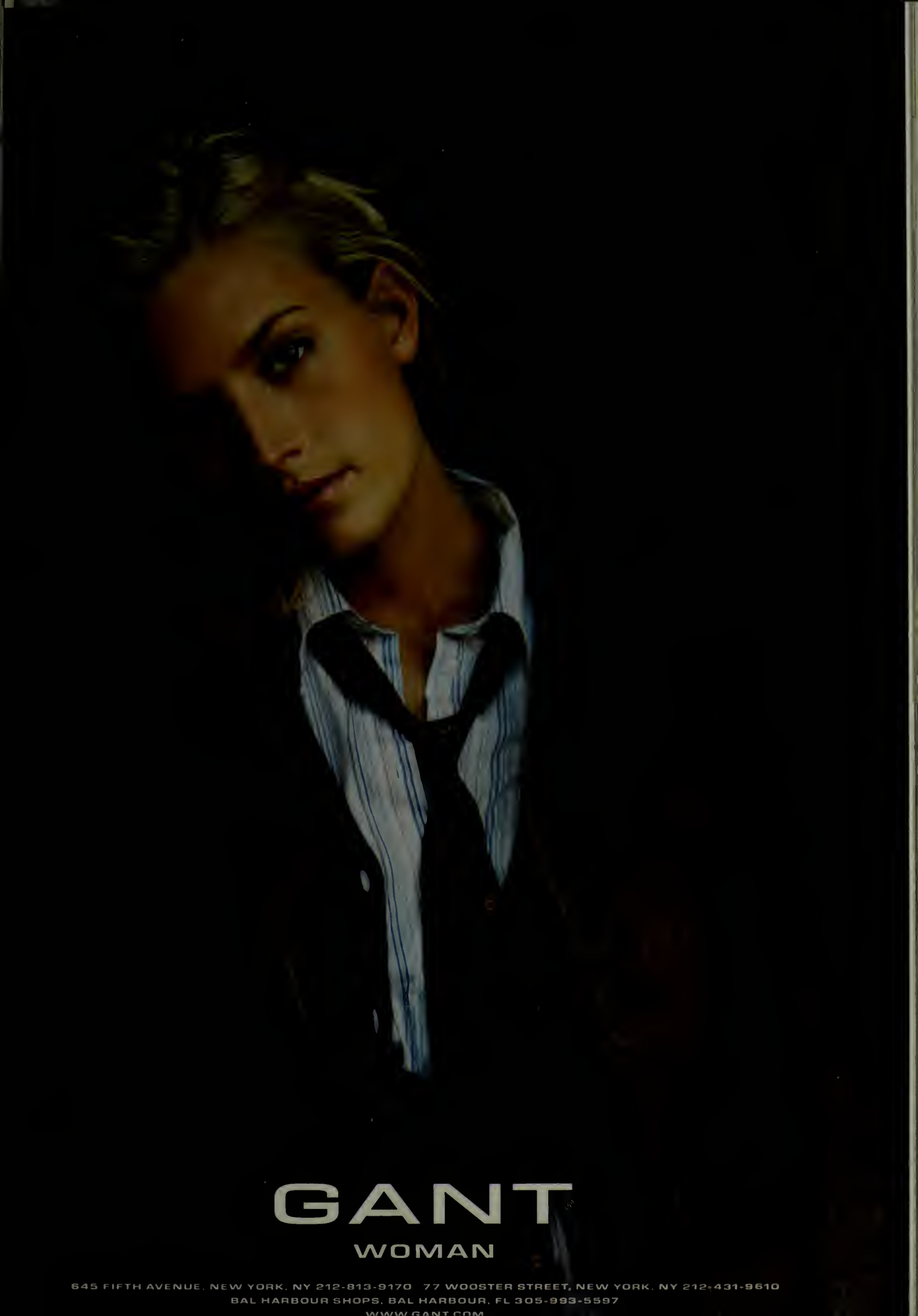
"Why, Alan," I say—and as the words come out, I struggle to call them back—"it's . . . a *Guardian* for girls." I rush to add, "But it's awfully beautiful"—also quite an odd word for a newspaper—"elegant. Quite a perfect thing."

"It's like," Rusbridger says, not in the least defensively, "an iPod."

In the U.S. we've mostly written off newspapers—since the young don't read them, many people believe that the last day of the newspaper business can be figured on an actuarial table. So it feels odd, almost kooky—even if the idea of no newspapers is about the most depressing thing you can think of—to actually be talking about their re-invention.

But there's a consuming theory in London, a city which, with its five upmarket dailies, half-dozen or so mid- and down-market tabloids, and multiple Sunday competitors, is a sort of newspaper theme park: maybe there's nothing wrong with newspapers except that they're just too big! If one of the main themes of the Information Age is miniaturization, then why not try to save newspapers, that hoary 19th-century information-delivery form, by making them more *petite?*

It's not just a theory. It's a full-out battle to get smaller. In a radical repositioning, as well as a revolution of sense and sensibility, even the London *Times*—for more than two centuries the template for the billowing, luxurious, upper-class broadsheet, with its sweeping view of the world—is now . . . ecch . . . a tabloid. It's that greatest of all newspaper diversions, that motivating force of newspaper people everywhere, that crucible from which the true nature of


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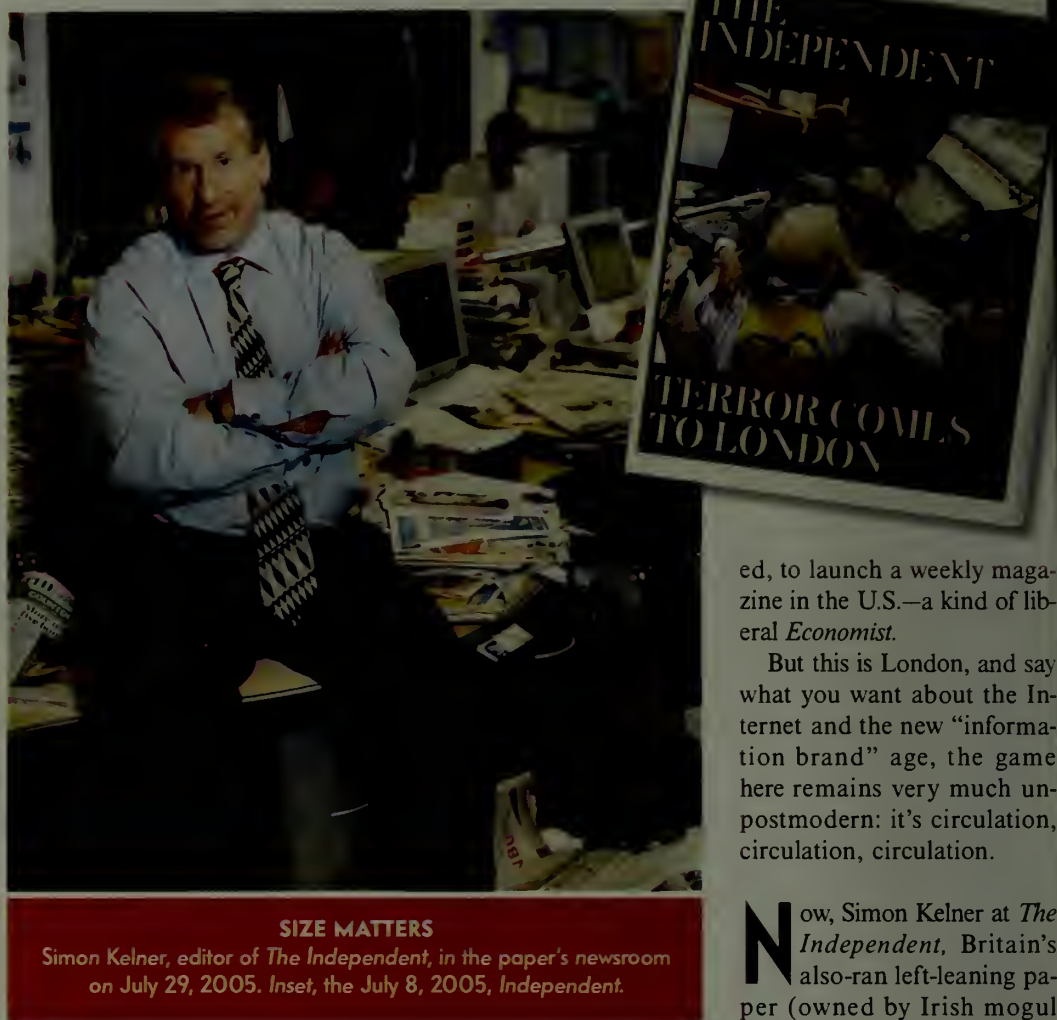
news and narrative emerges—as well as great tales of newspaper people—the newspaper war.

It's the size war, the reinvent-the-thing-itself war, the paper-as-suitable-contemporary-object war—and it may be, possibly, the last great newspaper war.

We are talking about quality papers. "Quality" is the term the British use to make no mistake that we are talking about a higher thing, a distinguishing thing. There are papers for the hoi polloi (rubbishy tabloids) and papers for the quality people (billowing broadsheets).

The issue is whether you can be a quality paper and a rubbishy little paper (no matter how seasonal your palette) at the same time.

Now *The Guardian,* while traditionally the province of the left wing—"for the muesli-eating, sandal-wearing, public-sector-employed set" is how the paper's top business executive, Carolyn McCall, identifies the public perception that *The Guardian*'s marketing people have to fight against—is also, with a little critical interpretation, the most snobbish of all the papers.



SIZE MATTERS
Simon Kelner, editor of *The Independent,* in the paper's newsroom on July 29, 2005. *Inset,* the July 8, 2005, *Independent.*

Its clubbiness and sense that no other paper quite exists may have something to do with a certain insular British leftism, but it has to do also, in counterpoint to its leftiness, with how its editor hovers above the crowd. Rusbridger is cryptic, wry, delphic (or, often, he says nothing at all). He's elegant, upper-class, social—though, perhaps in a bow to his paper's left-wing roots, seems disinclined to change his signature white shirt very often. He is, by frequent acclamation, one of the most brilliant minds in journalism (a profession where brilliance has traditionally been not that highly regarded).

The Guardian's hauteur also has to do with the Web: the paper has been technologically adept, even visionary in an industry that, especially in Britain, temperamentally exists in another age.

Its Web business—which, prior to the size war, was its determined answer to the future of newspapers—has made *The Guardian* one of the leading liberal international voices, never more so than since the start of the Iraq war. Free from U.S.-centricity (and Washington influence), *The Guardian* has come to rival *The New York Times* as global liberal paper of record. (Much like *The New York Times,* whose ownership is dominated by a family trust, *The Guardian* is owned by a trust whose mission is to safeguard the quality of the paper.)

Rusbridger's only-half-secret ambition, I daresay, is to eclipse (or at least seriously rival) *The New York Times* as the necessary read of the liberal-leaning, English-speaking, global-information elite. *The Guardian* was even planning, just as the size war started, to launch a weekly magazine in the U.S.—a kind of liberal *Economist.*

But this is London, and say what you want about the Internet and the new "information brand" age, the game here remains very much unpostmodern: it's circulation, circulation, circulation.

Now, Simon Kelner at *The Independent,* Britain's also-ran left-leaning paper (owned by Irish mogul and former Heinz C.E.O. Tony O'Reilly), who audaciously began the size war, does not exactly have contempt for *The Guardian* (Kelner worked at *The Guardian*'s Sunday paper, *The Observer,* for a time), but he's certainly impatient with its airs.

Kelner is Rusbridger's opposite in class, style, and affect: he's an outsider, Jewish, a proud and consummate old-school newspaper hack (he also, not necessarily out of character for a newspaper hack, uses a private box at several racetracks, drives a Jaguar limo, and has a famous love of Dom Pérignon). About, for instance, the Internet, he could care less. Kelner, at 47, is all newsroom and page makeup. He sees news, in newspapering fashion, not as a pure ideal or professional standard—the view of *The New York Times,* journalism schools, and, Kelner might argue, *The Guardian*—but as a competitive act. Newspapers, Kelner and almost everybody else in London would happily point out, may be more accurate and truthful in the competitionless U.S. (most U.S. daily papers are in one-city-one-paper monopoly markets) but are so much less lively and profitable and have so many fewer loyal readers than in the cutthroat U.K. "I'm a newspaperman," says Kelner. "I like to sell newspapers."

KELNER SEES NEWS NOT AS PURE IDEAL—THE VIEW OF *THE NEW YORK TIMES* AND JOURNALISM SCHOOLS—BUT AS A COMPETITIVE ACT.

Hence, Iraq.

The Guardian is against the Iraq war, but conscientiously *not* the standard-bearer of the against-it line. (Rusbridger refers to "a small core of conventional leftists who want their beliefs mirrored back to them," pronouncing that approach "a cul-de-sac.") *The Independent,* on the other hand—which, when it launched, in 1986, tried to take readers from *The Guardian* by being a more moderate left-wing voice—has become, in an ever more anti-war Britain, the voice of


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its star reporter, Robert Fisk, the country's most celebrated, inspirational, and intractable anti-war correspondent.

In the fall of 2003, as Iraq sinks into crisis, *The Independent,* with a circulation hovering just above 200,000—by far the weakest of the quality British national dailies—abruptly adds to its historical broadsheet format a parallel tabloid version and immediately sees more than a 20 percent circulation jump. (While the paper promised to continue in broadsheet as well as tabloid format, it entirely drops its broadsheet in the spring of 2004.)

Going tabloid—with big, bold, lacerating, crowd-pleasing, anti-war, anti-American, anti-Blair front pages—does for *The Independent* exactly what every worrywart (especially the ones at *The Guardian*) has said that the tabloid format would do: it makes everything louder, more simplistic, and appealing. In this instance, at *The Guardian*'s expense.

By Kelner's estimate, almost all of *The Independent*'s new readers come directly from *The Guardian*.

The Guardian, however, does not react to *The Independent*'s tabloid gambit; its standards, or snobbishness, or both, hold true. What *The Independent* does by going tabloid, at least in the *Guardian* sense of things, is to depart from quality-newspaper ranks. What it becomes is something other than a newspaper (a "viewspaper" is Kelner's happy term; a "viewspaper" is Rusbridger's disparaging term).

"We do a different kind of journalism," says Rusbridger.

But while *The Guardian* can see what's louche about the new *Independent,* what is not-of-our-journalism-class, it can't see what's irresistible. *The Independent* has become an alternative weekly gone daily—amusing, magaziny, purged of newspaper repetitiveness and earnestness (indeed with less news). In American terms, it's reaching for a Jon Stewart–ness. It's also easier to read on a daily commute.

Then, weeks after *The Independent* makes its move, shockingly, confoundingly—not just to the *Guardian* purists, but even more to all the *Times* readers in the big chairs in the clubs along Pall Mall—the London *Times* goes tabloid, too.

The Times's editor is Robert Thomson, 44, a nerdy, intense news professional, who came to the paper from the *Financial Times.* But the actual strategic commander—a general of sweeping, destabilizing, and possibly foolish moves—is its proprietor, Rupert Murdoch. Although his real media-mogul business is in cable and satellite and DVDs, he maintains (often to his shareholders' puzzlement) a deep affection and nostalgia for newspapers. Murdoch launched the last newspaper war in London in 1993, with a death-defying price cut at *The Times*—the paper, while it gained in circulation from the move, has not made money since. He set off the newspaper war before that, in 1986, by picking up stakes and moving *The Times* from Fleet Street to Wapping, on the outskirts of central London, where it effectively broke the union's hold on the paper.

But now *The Times,* following *The Indie* into tabloid form, seemed pitiful.

The Times as tabloid is—especially to the people at *The Guardian*—nothing more than another chapter in one of the longest, saddest, most telling, and most cautionary tales in the long decline of modern journalism. That is, the quarter-century journey of the London *Times* from probity and respectability and tradition to, under the Murdoch ownership, bland and inconsequential market-pandering mediocrity. Going tabloid is merely the topper.

In fact, the move even suggests (at least to the people at *The Guardian*) not just a further devaluation of *The Times,* but also of the 74-year-old Murdoch's power (Murdoch fell this year on *The Guardian*'s much-watched annual list of the most powerful people in the media industry in Britain from No. 1 to No. 3, behind BBC director general Mark Thompson and BBC chairman Michael Grade). Not only was *The Times* being forced out of its upscale market to chase the ever rising middle-market *Daily Mail* (in *Times* editor Thomson's spin, the *Times* reader, traditionally part of a "narrow establishment," is now part of a much "broader establishment"), but Murdoch's most powerful machine, *The Sun,* the downmarket tabloid, has been steadily losing strength—its working-class readers graduating to the ever more powerful *Mail.*

The *Mail*—"the voice of middle England"—with its stolid conservatism, its trumpeting of eternal British verities, and its great storytelling gifts, is the most successful paper in Britain. It may be the most successful paper in the world.

Its editor, 56-year-old Paul Dacre, is the one whom everybody is afraid of (certainly in a newspaper war, he is the person to be most feared). The sense of Dacre, of how others see him and how he sees himself, is that he doesn't dominate just the U.K. newspaper market, he dominates the U.K.—he has some special and intimate relationship with his millions of readers. As a newspaperman, he's unreconstructed (though his office, in the *Mail*'s atrial headquarters in Kensington, is not so much that of a newspaper editor as of a billionaire banker, with its great couches and faraway desk): Dacre's editorial meetings are known among his staff as "the Vagina Monologues" because of his cascade of sexual slurs; staff-

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ers (male staffers) report that you acquire some kind of special status if you've been "double-cunted" by Dacre—that is, called a cunt twice in the same sentence.

With the *Mail* entrenched, with the new *Metro,* the *Mail*'s free daily, having presciently obtained a distribution contract for the London subway, with its *Evening Standard* (which Dacre used to edit) likely to convert to a free commute-home paper, with the profoundly conservative Dacre having become (in Murdochian fashion) the confidant of Blair-government ministers, Dacre makes a move late last year to buy *The Daily Telegraph.*

Historically Britain's largest circulation "quality" paper, the *Telegraph* has gone on the block after its grandiloquent owner, the Canadian Conrad Black, was accused of having had his hand in the till.

Enter a conspiracy theory in the size war: As bidding for the *Telegraph* begins, Stephen Glover, a *Daily Mail* columnist and one of the three founders of *The Independent,* starts to circulate a prototype for a new daily paper—eureka!—a quality tabloid.

DACRE'S EDITORIAL MEETINGS ARE KNOWN AS "THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES" BECAUSE OF HIS CASCADE OF SEXUAL SLURS.

A quality tabloid that some speculated was to be backed by the *Mail* and that would go up directly against the *Telegraph* if someone else buys it.

In this theory, *The Independent*'s Kelner, seizing Glover's idea, double-cunts Dacre and steals the quality-tabloid show. (Kelner dismisses this theory and anyone else's claim to quality-tabloid credit and, as well, dismisses Glover, in a reverse class aspersion, as just "a Garrick Club fogy"—the traditional club for aging journos and actors. For that matter, Glover denies he was anyone's stalking horse and says that he and his partners continue to raise money to launch their quality-tabloid contender.)

Now, in fact, someone else does outbid Dacre and the *Mail* for the *Telegraph:* the Barclay brothers. The Barclays are billionaire twins in their early 70s—geriatric James-Bond-villain-type figures—who live on a fortified island in the English Channel. They seem both helplessly drawn to newspapers (they also own *The Scotsman,* the national paper in Scotland) as well as, with an obsessive interest in their own privacy, repelled by them. Bizarrely, they are now suing the London *Times* in a French court for "criminal defamation" over a story *The Times* wrote about the brothers' business practices. ("We are now," says Rusbridger, "beyond the stage where rich men with great egos and great ambition buy newspapers, and now have entered the stage where newspapers are bought by rich weirdos.")

With the quality tabloids grabbing circulation (people whose very class status was heretofore involved with reading a broadsheet turn out to have no qualms at all about a tab), the ecology of Britain's quality papers is suddenly in radical upset. *The Guardian* is paralyzed by philosophical angst. The *Telegraph* is paralyzed by new owners who know almost nothing about newspapers. This paralysis helps create the sudden, almost *Zeitgeist* sense of the broadsheet as a nearly comical, Edwardian bit of foolishness.

It also, in the contrast, seems to transform *The Times.*

As a broadsheet, *The Times* has seemed, for many years now, to be unfocused and identity-less. As a tabloid, this seems to become a new virtue. The tabloid *Times* is pure function, a news utility, a model of efficiency. A news pill. It's a paper without affect—without snobbery (or even much attitude). It's frictionless. You can almost see people absorbing it while they're in motion.

If *The Independent,* with its tabloid efficiency and antics, has taken a bite out of the benchmark 400,000 *Guardian* circulation, *The Times,* instead of leaving the serious, upmarket broadsheet audience to *The Guardian,* now gouges *The Guardian*'s circulation too.

The thing is—well, duh—nobody, if he reads newspapers at all, reads them at his leisure anymore. Nobody—except perhaps the *Telegraph*'s aging readers—is at the breakfast table. Everybody's on the run.

And it's not just *The Independent* and *The Times* suddenly, lethally, after *The Guardian.* The *Daily Mail*'s free morning tabloid, the *Metro,* is all of a sudden costing *The Guardian,* by Rusbridger's estimate, 5,000 to 7,000 readers a day.

You sense Rusbridger philosophically resisting tabloidization—he's always running his fingers anxiously and compulsively through his hair—just as the broadsheet in his hands turns effectively to ash, and as almost everybody on his staff urges the tabloid on him.

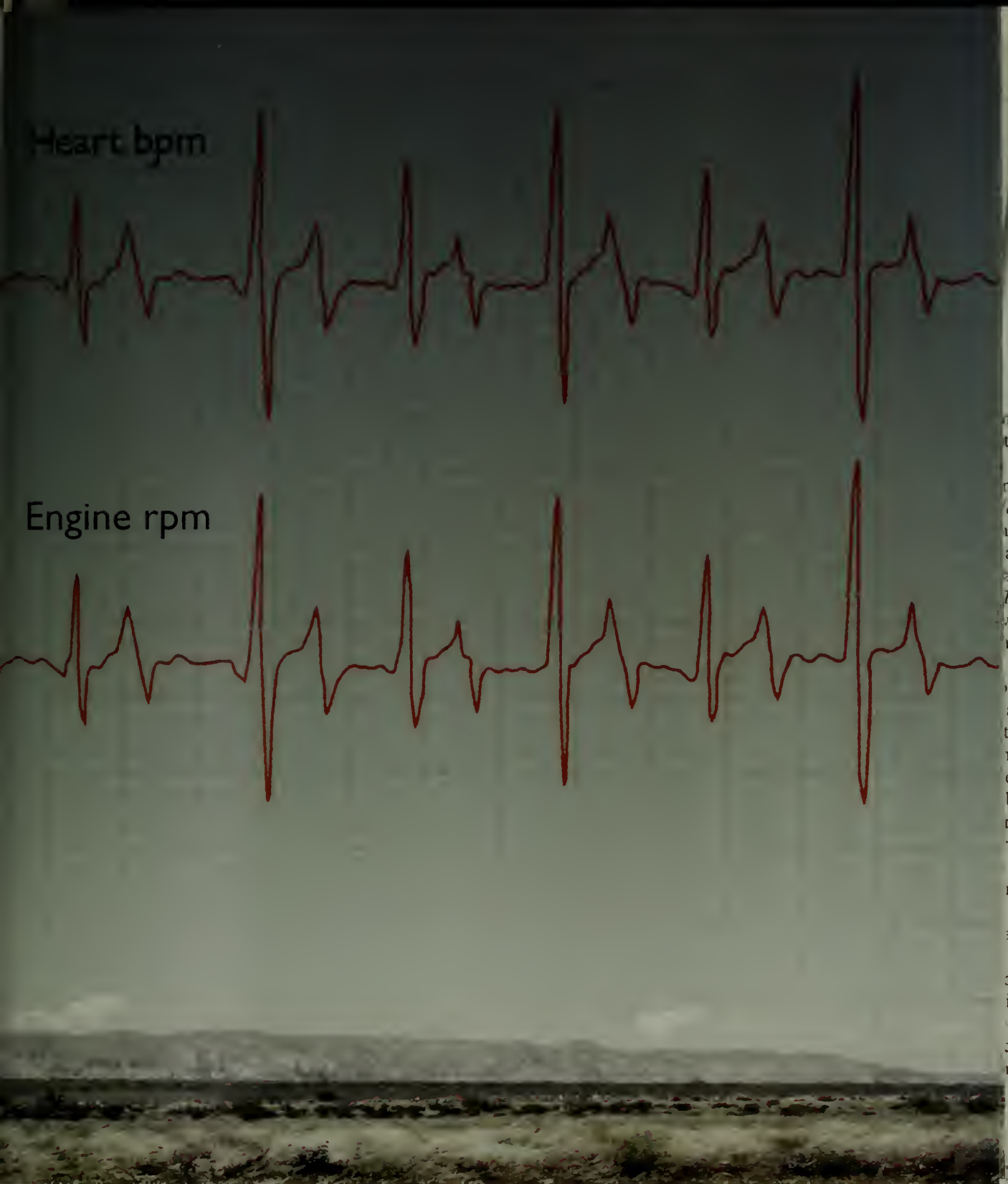
The demographic truth is harsh: the act of becoming a reader of a serious newspaper (requiring at least an hour a day), the choice you make to become such a person—I'd argue that reading a quality newspaper can be as intellectually significant and transformative, as class-conscious and upwardly mobile, as going to college—the developmental process of adapting to the complex and eccentric form of a good newspaper, are no longer widely shared experiences. The newspaper as hour-a-day habit is not just a rarefied experience, it's something of a fetishistic one.

But Rusbridger—accomplished classical pianist, himself a member of the fusty Garrick Club, politically of the left but as conservative in mien as anyone you're likely CONTINUED ON PAGE 207





MAIL CHAUVINISM
Daily Mail editor Paul Dacre at a reception at the Savoy hotel in London on March 5, 2005. *Inset,* the July 8, 2005, *Daily Mail.*


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 200 to meet—decides to stand against tabloidism and save as much of the classical newspaper experience as he can.

His solution is the little news purse I hold in my hand. It will cost *The Guardian* about $60 million in new presses to produce it—it's not *just* a standard tabloid, but a tabloid with a costly three more inches or so added on top. (The "*Berliner*" is what people at *The Guardian* call this new size—not least because the new presses are German-made.)

It is small, and portable, and yet, the front page is still a classic, hierarchical, multi-story front page. But what it does, perhaps most importantly, or quaintly, is preserve that crucial, elemental newspaper distinction: the fold. This is at once a business decision—it will allow *The Guardian* to keep its separate sections, which are appealing to advertisers—as well as an editorial strategy. It maintains the ability—in this relentlessly leveled age—to rank what's important and what's meaningful as well as what's lesser and what's trivial.



PRINT TO FIT
Robert Thomson, editor of *The Times*, in his office on August 1, 2005. *Inset, The Times* from Friday, July 8, 2005.

The idea here, or the compromise, is to go tabloid but to do the opposite of what a tabloid does—if a tabloid enlarges one thing, the new *Guardian* would reduce everything—and thereby save the quality newspaper. It will lower its voice instead of raising it.

"But what happens, Alan, if there's a war?" I say, looking at the small banner on the still-top-secret prototype for the first time just a few days before bombs hit the London subway.

"The point," he says, "is not to have to treat every day like a war."

The great left-wing paper, in other words, becomes—with its emphasis on order, discernment, modulation—the conservative player.

But does small—louche small or fancy small—save the newspaper?

Kelner maintains that since he converted *The Independent* into a tabloid—or a compact, as he likes to call it—55 broadsheets around the world have followed his lead, including *The Wall Street Journal,* which will change its format in Europe and Asia this month.

While no major U.S. papers have yet converted to compact size, the L.A. *Times*—at least to the naked eye—seems to get narrower and narrower with every issue. What's more, you can bet the great American newspaper chains are watching the British experiment and checking their press calibrations.

Even at *The New York Times* someone is surely asking the question: Will the kids like a littler thing? Is small that beautiful?

And yet, one of the odd elements of the size war is that you can't find anybody who is betting on a winner.

The Guardian's evangelizing is tempered by the fact that it obviously only half believes in what it is trying to save. It is working to hold body and soul together until business models jell and technology prevails and it can be released from the body—until it can become, in the highest status of the news business, "platform agnostic" (i.e., in any form anybody might want it to be), rather than, archaically, a news*paper.*

Even Kelner, a man who is obviously having great fun in London's new quality-tabloid business, takes more than passing interest when our conversation turns to the market for English newspaper editors in New York—everybody needs an escape hatch.

At *The Times,* when you ask, What happens here after Murdoch?, eyes go crosswise and you know that the future is a precarious and not-too-hopeful place (what rich weirdo will buy *The Times*?). And certainly at the *Telegraph,* now the last remaining general-interest quality broadsheet, where the new owners are not only odd but old, nobody is celebrating—everybody waits for the ax to fall, the shoe to drop.

Newspapers may be remembered not least of all for how long they took to go away.

Still, small is something—apparently, even, the next big thing. □

THE LONDON *TIMES* [HAD ALREADY DESCENDED TO] MARKET-PANDERING MEDIOCRITY. GOING TABLOID WAS MERELY THE TOPPER.

Indeed, what *The Guardian* now sets out to do, in addition to wresting back the circulation the tabloid *Indie* and *Times* have taken from it, is to use this conservativeness, this fussiness, this preciousness, this obsessive good taste–ness as a way to occupy the pride of place once held by *The Times,* as paper of record, as paper at the center of British political life. (*The Guardian* has hired away from *The Times,* at great cost, its star columnist, the liberal Tory Simon Jenkins.)

This is, you can argue, a kind of newspaper heroism—a high-risk strategy to save the true, serious, elevating, hour-a-day daily read.

You might argue too that it's quixoticism, an effort to preserve what's already lost (the new *Guardian* is a "perfectly formed object created for a fantasy news market," according to *Times* editor Robert Thomson), an effort to embrace for dear life the remains of the day.

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

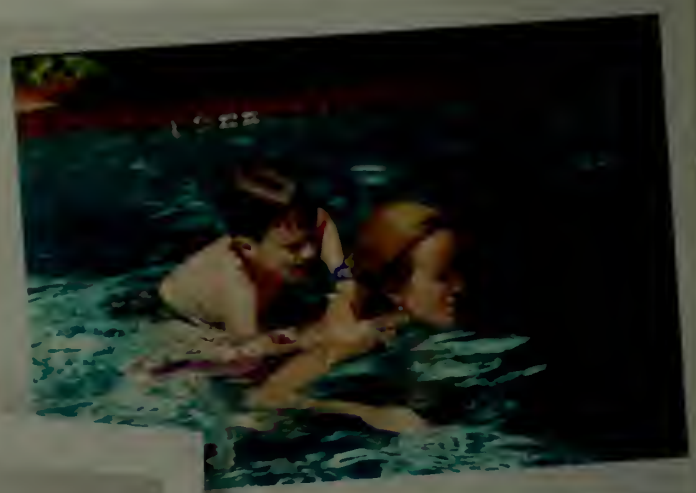
A Matter of Life and Death

It was cancer—a brutally sudden death sentence: the doctors told the author she had probably less than six months. For a 43-year-old woman with two young children and a full life, that prognosis was devastating, but also, in unexpected ways, liberating. And so began more than three years of horror, hope, and grace as she learned to live, and even laugh, on borrowed time

By Marjorie Williams

The beast first showed its face benignly, in the late-June warmth of a California swimming pool, and it would take me more than a year to know it for what it was. Willie and I were lolling happily in the sunny shallow end of my in-laws' pool when he—then only seven—said, "Mommy, you're getting thinner."

It was true, I realized with some pleasure. Those intractable 10 or 15 pounds that had settled in over the course of two pregnancies: hadn't they seemed, lately, to be melting away? I had never gained enough weight to think about trying very hard to lose it, except for sporadic, failed commitments to the health club. But I'd carried—for so many years I hardly noticed it—an unpleasant sensation of being more cushiony than I wanted to be. And now, without trying, I'd lost at least five pounds, perhaps even eight.



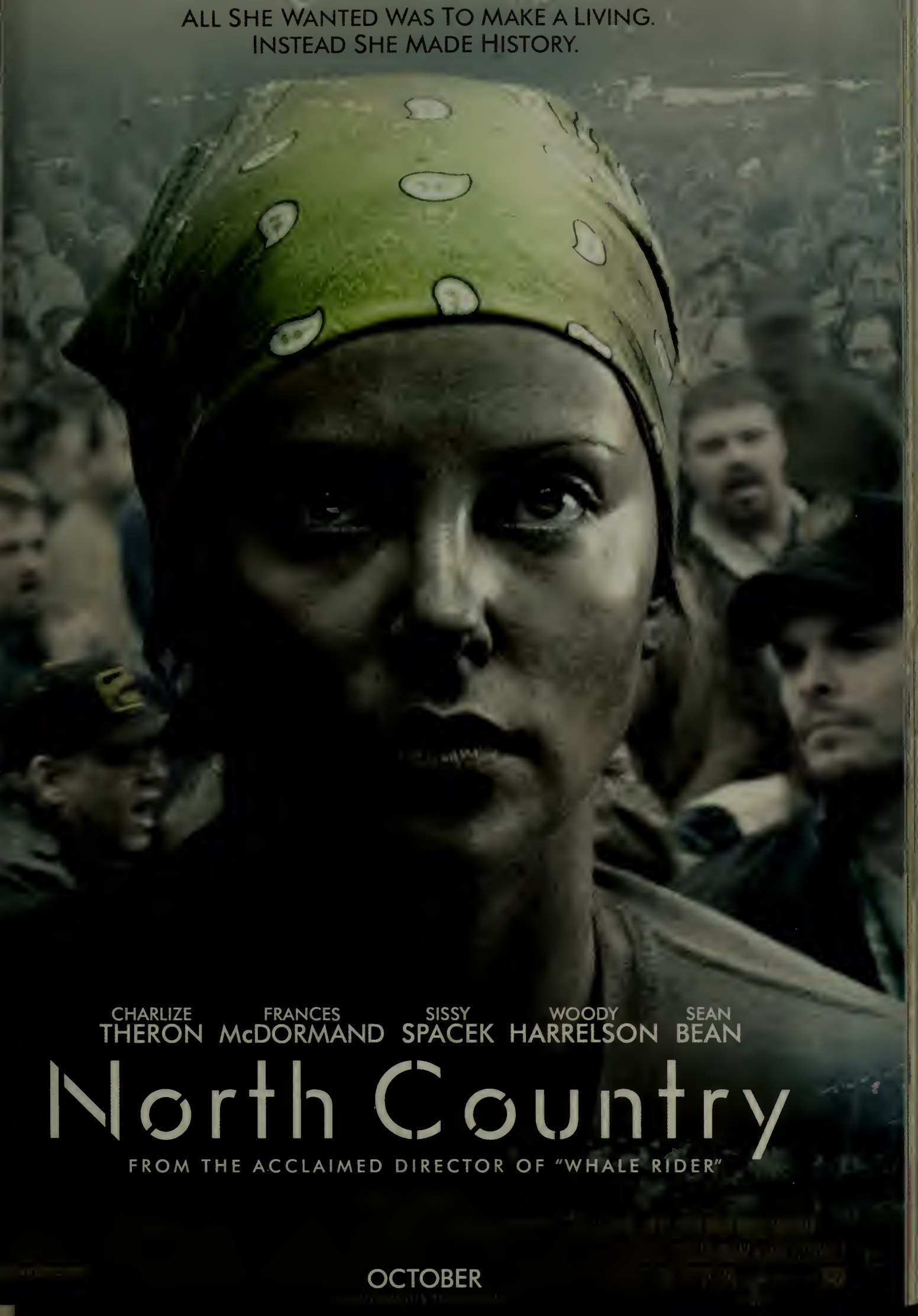


JOURNALIST
Williams, a contributing editor photographed for *Vanity Fair* in November 1998, and, *top*, with her son, Will, in 2001, just weeks before she was diagnosed.

I suppose I fell into the smug assumption that I had magically restored the lucky metabolism of my 20s and 30s, when it had been easy for me to carry between 110 and 120 pounds on a frame of five feet six inches. True, in the months before Willie's observation, I'd been working harder, and more happily, than I had in years—burning more fuel through later nights and busier days. I'd also been smoking, an old habit I'd fallen into again two years earlier, bouncing back and forth between quitting and succumbing, working up to something like eight cigarettes a day.

Of course Willie noticed it first, I now think: children major in the study of their mothers, and Willie has the elder child's umbilical awareness of me. But how is it that I didn't even question a weight loss striking enough for a child to speak up about? I was too happy enjoying this unexpected gift to question it even briefly: the American wom-

TOP BY ROBERT NOAH BOYTON; BOTTOM BY PETER ROSS


ALL SHE WANTED WAS TO MAKE A LIVING.
INSTEAD SHE MADE HISTORY.
CHARLIZE THERON
FRANCES McDORMAND
SISSY SPACEK
WOODY HARRELSON
SEAN BEAN
North Country
FROM THE ACCLAIMED DIRECTOR OF "WHALE RIDER"
OCTOBER

an's yearning for thinness is so deeply a part of me that it never crossed my mind that a weight loss could herald something other than good fortune.

As it happened, I took up running about a month later, in concert with quitting smoking for good. By the end of the summer I was running about four miles a day, at least five days a week. And with all that exercise I found I could eat pretty much anything I wanted without worrying about my weight. So more weight melted away, and the steady weight loss that might have warned me something was going badly wrong disguised itself instead as the reward for all those pounding steps I was taking through the chill of early fall, the sting of winter, the beauty of spring's beginning. I went from around 126 pounds, in the spring of 2000, to about 109 a year later.

Somewhere in there my period became irregular—first it was late, then it stopped altogether. Well, I'd heard of this: women who exercise heavily sometimes do become amenorrheic. I discussed it with my gynecologist in January, and he agreed it was no real cause for alarm. He checked my hormone levels and found I definitely hadn't hit perimenopause, but what I most remember about that visit is the amazed approval with which he commented on the good shape I was in.

Around that time—I can't pinpoint exactly when—I began to have hot flashes, almost unnoticeable at first, gradually increasing in intensity. Well, I said to myself, I must be perimenopausal after all; a gynecologist friend told me that hormone levels can fluctuate so much that the test my doctor had done wasn't necessarily the last word on the subject.

Then one day in April I was lying on my back, talking idly on the telephone (strangely, I don't remember to whom), and running my hand up and down my now deliciously scrawny stomach. And

You know how you've always wondered about it: would you notice if you had a sudden lump?

just like that I felt it: a mass, about the size of a small apricot, on the lower right side of my abdomen. My mind swung sharply into focus: Have I ever felt this thing before, this lump? Well, who knows, maybe this is a part of my anatomy I was just never aware of before—I had always had a little layer of fat between my skin and the mysteries of the innards. Maybe there was some part of the intestine that felt that way, and I had just never been thin enough to notice it before.

You know how you've always wondered about it: Would you notice if you had a sudden lump? Would you be sensible enough to do something about it? How would your mind react? For all of us, those wonderings have a luxuriantly melodramatic quality. Because surely that isn't really how it works; you don't just stumble onto the fact that you have a lethal cancer while you're gabbing on the phone like a teenager. Surely you can't have a death sentence so close to the surface, just resting there, without your being in some other way aware of it.

I thought about calling my doctor, but then remembered that I had a full checkup scheduled in about three weeks anyway; I would bring it up then. In the intervening weeks I often reached down to find this odd bump: sometimes it wasn't there, and at other times it was. Once, I even thought it had moved—could I possibly be feeling it three inches up and two inches to the left, nearly underneath my belly button? Surely not. This must be just another sign that I was imagining things.

Checkup day came. I had been seeing the same doctor for at least a decade. I'd chosen him casually, foolishly, at a time in my life when having a general practitioner didn't seem like a very important decision. For most of the past decade almost all my healthcare issues had taken me to the office of my obstetrician, the man who delivered my two babies. To him I felt infinitely bonded. And because he had tested my health so diligently—and appropriately for a mother who had her first baby at 35—I hadn't really seen the need, for years, for a general checkup.

So this doctor I was seeing now had never had to see me through anything serious. But he had always handled what little I brought to him with sympathy and dispatch; I had a mild liking for him.

To begin the checkup, he ushered me into his office, fully clothed, to talk. I told him about all of it: the stopped periods, the hot flashes, the fact that I could intermittently feel a mass in my belly. But I also told him what seemed most true to me: that overall I felt healthier than I'd been in years.

Right off the bat, Dr. Generalist advised me to press the matter of hot flashes, and of the vanished period, with my gynecologist. No Hormones Handled Here. Then he ushered me into his examining room next door, with the standard instruction to dress in a flimsy robe while he stepped out of the room. He inspected me in all the typical ways, then told me to get back in my clothes and step back into his office. I had to remind him that I had reported a strange lump in my abdomen. So he had me lie back down, and felt all around that area. No mass. He got me to feel there, too; it was one of those times when I couldn't feel it.

"I would think," he said, "that what you're feeling is stool that's moving through your bowel. What you're feeling is a loop of intestine or something where the stool is stuck for a while. That's why sometimes it's there and sometimes it's not. The bad things don't come and go; the bad things only come and stay." He could send me off for a lot of tests, he said, but there really wasn't any point in going to that trouble and expense, because I was so obviously a perfectly healthy patient. He repeated all the same information in a letter mailed to me the following week after my blood tests came back: Healthy healthy healthy.

Looking back, I know I was uneasy even after I got this clean bill of health. Sometimes I sensed what seemed like a flicker of movement in my belly, and got the oddest feeling that I might be pregnant. (At one point, I even bought a home pregnancy test and furtively took it in a stall in the ladies' room in the little mall that housed the pharmacy.) Every now and then, the mass in my abdomen actually stuck out when I lay on my back; once, I looked down to see my stomach distinctly tilted—high on the right side, much lower on the left. I was at some pains never to point this out to my husband, Tim.

Finally, on the last Friday night in June 2001, I had a huge hot flash while my husband was tickling my back, in bed. Suddenly I was drenched; I could feel that his fingers could no longer slide easily along the skin of my back. He turned to me, astonished: "What *is* this?" he asked. "You're *covered* in sweat."

It was as if someone had at last given me permission to notice fully what was happening inside me. I made an appointment with my gynecologist—the earliest one I could get was the next week, on Thursday, July 5—and began deliberately noticing how overwhelming the hot flashes had gotten. Now that I was paying close attention, I realized they were coming 15 or 20 times a day, sweeping over and through me and leaving me sheathed in a layer of


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sweat. They came when I ran, making my joyous morning run a tedious slog that must be gotten through; they came when I sat still. They exceeded anything that had been described to me as the gradual coming of menopause. This was more like walking into a wall. On both Monday and Tuesday of that week, I remember, I stopped about two miles into my morning run, simply stopped, despite the freshness of the morning and the beauty of the path I usually cut through the gardened streets of Takoma Park. Any runner knows the feeling of having to push past the body's observation that it might be more fun to walk slowly home and pop open a beer (just keep putting one foot in front of the other), but this was something different, like an override system I could no longer ignore. It said: Stop. It said: This is a body that can no longer afford to run.

My gynecologist's office is way, way out in the long exurban belt stretching westward from D.C. Pat was running late that afternoon, so it was probably after five when he finally called me into his office. I told him about the hot flashes, and about the lump I was feeling in my abdomen. "Yup, you're in menopause," he said somewhat brusquely. "We can start giving you hormones, but first let's check out that lump you say you're feeling."

"There," he said. "Yeah, there's something here." The doctor's face looked as neutral as he could possibly make it, which alarmed me instantly.

We went into the examining room, where he keeps his ultrasound equipment. He'd given me dozens of quick exams with it over my childbearing years. I hopped up on the table, and he slapped on some of the chilly goo they apply to your belly, to make the ultrasound mouse slide over your skin, and almost immediately he stopped: "There," he said. "Yeah, there's something here." He looked at it a bit more, very briefly, then started snapping off his gloves. His face looked as neutral as he could possibly make it, which alarmed me instantly. "Just so you know," he said quickly, "it's probably fibroids. I'm not thinking cancer, but I am thinking surgery. So get dressed and come on back to my office, and I'll explain."

We sat back down on opposite sides of his desk. But before we talked, he called out to his receptionist, who was just packing up for the evening. "Before you go," he said, "I need you to book her an ultrasound and a CT scan. Tomorrow, if possible."

I told Pat he was scaring me: what was all this speed about if he wasn't thinking cancer?

"Well," he said, "I'm pretty sure it's not—I'll explain why in a minute—but I hate to have something like this hanging over a weekend. I want to know for sure what we're dealing with."

He went on to explain that he'd seen what looked like a fairly large growth on my ovary, but that it didn't look like ovarian cancer; its consistency was different. (Here, he drew me a picture on the back of a piece of scrap paper.) He explained that fibroids can sometimes be removed with surgery but that very often they grew back, even worse than before. His own typical recommendation, for a woman who was done having babies, he said, was a hysterectomy.

"Does this have anything to do with my hot flashes?" I asked.

"No, not a thing, in all probability. You just happen to be starting menopause, too."

I felt on the verge of tears. When I left, I sat in the car to collect myself, boggling at the thought of losing my uterus at the age of 43. I didn't even call my husband on my cell phone. I just wanted to calm down and get home and then seek the sanctuary of his sympathy.

The next morning, Pat's office called to say they had scored a formal ultrasound examination at three in the afternoon, in a D.C. radiology practice I'd visited from time to time before. When I got there, Pat's nurse told me, they would give me an appointment—probably early the next week—to come back for a CT scan.

I told my husband I didn't need him to come to the sonogram: it would probably only give a clearer picture of what Pat's ultrasound had already told us, I assumed. There's nothing painful or difficult about a sonogram, and I didn't want to haul Tim out of work twice; I knew I'd want him with me for the CT scan later.

That was a bad decision.

I remember waiting endlessly at the desk for the receptionist to finish a peckish, convoluted phone conversation with the manager of the garage downstairs, about why she'd been billed wrong for that month's parking. She talked on and on ("Yes, I *know* that's what I owe for each month, but I already paid you for both June and July"), with zero self-consciousness about keeping a patient standing there at the desk. There was a sign that instructed one to sign in and then take a seat, but, of course, I needed to talk to her about scheduling the CT scan after the sonogram. She kept flicking her hand at me and trying to shoo me toward a chair, then pointing at the sign. I just waited.

Finally I told her why I was standing there: "Um, CAT scan . . . The doctor's office told me . . . as soon as possible . . . "

"What are you?" she said. A puzzled silence. "I mean, what *kind* are you?"

"Well, um, they're looking at something in my pelvis—"

"Oh, body," she said, her scowl regathering. "We are really, really booked on bodies." She started to flip through her appointment book. I stood there, trying to radiate as palatable a combination of charm and



WIFE AND MOTHER On vacation with family in Vermont, 2002. From left: daughter Alice, Marjorie, Will, and husband Tim Noah.

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distress as I could manage. "Well, I'll talk to the doctor," she finally mumbled. "Ask me again when your sonogram's done. We might be able to do Monday morning, 11 o'clock."

When my father was under treatment for cancer, which put him in and out of various hospitals for five years, I used to roll my eyes at the way he ingratiated himself with all the staff. You could walk into intensive care and he'd be there, his face wan against the pillow, but with his usual charming, modest smile ready for everyone. He would introduce his nurse and tell you where she was born, and how her sister wrote romance novels, and that her brother was on a track-and-field scholarship at the State University of New York.

Part and parcel, I thought, of his lifelong campaign to be loved by everyone he met. He had always put more energy into captivating strangers than anyone else I knew.

But I learned right away, when I went for this very first test, how wrong I'd been. As a patient, you come to feel that you need everyone—from the chairman of the oncology service at a major cancer center down to the least-paid clerk in the admissions department—to like you. Some of them may have the power to save your life. Others have the power to make you comfortable in the middle of the night, or to steer away from you the nurse-in-training who is still just learning to insert IVs, or to squeeze you in for a test you might otherwise wait days for.

I was discovering this truth on my back, while the ultrasound technician guided her wand through the chilly gel she had squeezed onto my belly. She was a friendly young woman with a Spanish accent of some kind, and her job was to get an accurate picture of what was going on in my pelvis while divulging the least information possible to the anxious patient. My job was to find out as much as I could, as quickly as I could.

Tumors so widespread automatically "stage" my cancer at IV(b). There is no V or (c).

So there I am: "Gosh, Friday afternoon . . . Have you had a long week? . . . How long have you been working in ultrasound?. . . Oh! Is that my ovary there, really? . . . Ah, so you're taking pictures now . . . Uh-huh . . . Gee, that must be the growth my gynecologist was talking about."

Under this onslaught of niceness, the technician begins to think aloud a bit. Yes, she is seeing a growth. But usually fibroids, which grow from the outside of the uterus, move in concert with it: poke the uterus and the growth will move too. This growth seemed to be independent of the uterus.

Is it a mild chill I'm feeling, or a mild thrill? I am still reeling at the thought that I might have a hysterectomy at 43; perhaps I am thinking it would at least be fun to have something more interesting than a fibroid?

But if there is a tinge of that interest, it vanishes when she speaks again: "Huh. Here's another one." And another. Suddenly, we are seeing three strange round plants that yield to a mild shove, but don't behave like anything she's ever seen before. She is doubly skeptical now about the fibroid theory. My gynecologist had examined me in detail the previous January, so much of what we're looking at has to have grown within six months. Fibroids, she says, don't grow nearly that fast.

I am surprised that she is so forthcoming, but soon see that it is of little use to me: she is looking at something she's never seen before. She summons the doctor—the chief radiologist in the practice—who in turn summons a younger colleague she is training. They all crowd around the machine in fascination.

Again, we do the poking-the-uterus exercise. We try the transvaginal sonography wand. Their mystification has begun to make me seriously frightened. I begin to question the doctor very directly. She is quite kind. She really can't say what she's seeing, she tells me.

It almost seems an afterthought—the indulgence of a hunch—when the doctor turns to the technician and says, "Try moving up, yes, to the navel or so." I can still remember the feel of the equipment casually gliding up toward my navel, and then a sudden palpable tension in the air. For, immediately, another large growth—one even bigger than the three below—looms into view.

This is the moment when I know for certain that I have cancer. Without anyone's even looking very hard, this exam has been turning up mysterious blobs in every quarter. I go very still as the doctor begins directing the technician to turn here, look there. Her voice has dropped almost to a whisper, and I don't want to distract her with my anxious questions: I can hold them long enough for her to find out what I need to know.

But then I hear one of them mumble to the other, "You see there? There is some ascites . . . ," and I feel panic wash through me. Along with my sisters, I nursed my mother through her death from a liver illness, and I know that ascites is the fluid that collects around the liver when it is badly diseased.

"Are you finding something on my liver too?" I croak.

"Yes, something, we're not sure what," says the doctor, pressing a sympathetic hand to my shoulder. And then suddenly I'm aware that they've made a decision to stop this exam. What's the point in finding more? They've found out enough to know that they need the more subtle diagnostic view of a CT scan.

"Is there a case to be made against my freaking out now?" I ask.

Well, yes, replies the doctor. There's a lot we don't know; there's a lot we need to find out; it could be a great range of different things, some of which would be better than others.

"But then let me ask you this way," I press. "Do you know of anything other than cancer that could give rise to the number of growths we just saw? Could it be anything benign?"

"Well, no," she says. "Not that I'm aware of. But we'll be sure to work you in Monday morning for a CT scan, and then we'll know a lot more. I'm going to call your doctor now, and then I assume you'd like to talk to him after me?"

She shows me to a private office to wait; she will let me know when I should pick up the phone there. In the meantime, I choose a free phone line and dial my husband's cell phone. I have caught him somewhere on the street. There is a huge noise behind him; he can barely hear me.

"I need you—" I begin, barely in control of my voice. "I need you to get in a cab and come to the Foxhall medical building."

This is what he says: "O.K." He doesn't say, "What's wrong?" He doesn't ask, "What did the test show?" It is my first glimpse of the miraculous generosity that will help me get through everything that is about to happen. He can tell how tenuous my control is; he can tell that I need him; he has agreed without speech to hold the anxiety of knowing nothing more for the 20 minutes it will take him to get here.

After this, I talk briefly with my gynecologist on the phone. Pat's first words are "What time's your CT scan? I'm going to cancel all my Monday-morning appointments and come to your

scan." I have never heard of a doctor coming to a CAT scan before this. It foretells the huge seams of good fortune that will run through the black rock of the next three years. There is nothing like having a doctor who really cares about you—who can speed up the inhuman pace of medical time, which usually leaves patients begging to hear their test results, waiting too many days for an appointment, at a loss until the conveyor belt brings along the next hurried intervention. Pat is one of the doctors who are willing to break the rules: Here is my cell-phone number—call me anytime this weekend. We will figure out together what to do on Monday.

Somehow, my husband and I stagger through the weekend. Every hour or so one of us steals away to a computer to re- or misdiagnose for the 14th time. The truth is we know for sure I have some kind of cancer, and that any cancer that has metastasized is bad, and that that is all we will know for a few more days.

Finally, Monday comes. After the CT scan, Pat takes me directly to the hospital to get prodded by his favorite surgeon, whom I'll call Dr. Goodguy. ("The surgeon I'd take my own family to," Pat says.) In the examining room, Dr. Goodguy frowns over my films, palpates my abdomen, interviews me, and schedules me for both an M.R.I. that afternoon and a biopsy two days later. I think to ask how big all these growths are. *Several oranges and even one grapefruit,* Dr. Goodguy says, my first inkling that citrus metaphor is essential to cancer treatment.

Being a patient requires that you master the Zen of living in hospital time, tuning out as much as possible while also demanding a constant vigilance, because some people really will screw up your treatment if you're not paying strict attention. When I go for my M.R.I., the technician—a lovely, smiling man with a very uncertain command of English—seems very vague about what, exactly, he's supposed to be examining. I insist that he call Dr. Goodguy's office.

Pat and Dr. Goodguy have been scratching their heads. What could possibly grow so fast, and so widely? Probably—maybe—lymphoma. They keep telling me this, which would be the good news, because lymphomas are increasingly treatable. My gynecologist friend, Laura, has told me the same thing over the weekend. My psychotherapist nods at the wisdom of this off-the-cuff prognosis. I find myself on the point of hysterical laughter. How many more people, I wonder, are going to tell me, Congratulations! You've got lymphoma!!

By Thursday afternoon this is no longer funny. I've had a biopsy the previous day, and Dr. Goodguy calls about three P.M. He has a Very Serious Doctor Voice on, and jumps right in: "Well, this isn't good. It's not lymphoma. Your pathology report shows that your tumor is consistent with hepatoma, which is, uh, which is liver cancer." Already I am struggling: does "consistent with" mean they think that but they don't really know it? No, those are just scientific weasel words they use in pathology reports. (A pathologist, I will learn, would look at your nose and report that it is consistent with a breathing apparatus.)

I know this diagnosis is very, very bad. Liver cancer is one of the possibilities I researched in my compulsive tours of the Internet over the weekend, so I already know it's one of the worst things you can have. Still, I say to the doctor, "Well, how bad is that?"

"I won't avoid it. It's very serious."

"And it would presumably be bad news that it's already created other tumors around my body?"

"Yes. Yes, that is a bad sign."

A lovely man, who's doing a hard job with a patient he just met three days before. There are at least five large metastases of the cancer in my pelvis and abdomen, and the mother ship—a tumor the size of a navel orange—straddles the channel where the major blood vessels run into and out of the liver. Tumors so widespread automatically "stage" my cancer at IV(b). There is no V, and there is no (c).

When I hang up the phone I call Tim and tell him. We make it as clinical a conversation as possible, because otherwise there will be so much feeling it might stand in the way of acting. He is on his way home, right away.

I call my friend Liz and tell her. I tell her some of the statistics—that, as I read the data, I may be dead by Christmas. Liz almost always says the perfect thing, from the heart, and now she says the two things I most need to hear. The first is "I want you to know that, whatever happens, I will be with you the whole way."

I call Tim. We make it as clinical a conversation as possible, because otherwise there will be so much feeling it might stand in the way of acting.

The second is "And you know that all of us—but this is my promise—we will all work to keep you alive in your children's minds." Now tears are pouring down my cheeks, and they feel good.

The drama of discovery and diagnosis happened so long ago, and has been followed by so many drastic plot twists, that it feels to me like ancient history. But I've noticed that almost everyone I talk to is very curious to know those details. Whenever the whim of disease takes me into the view of a new doctor or nurse, we fall into the standard, boring rhythm of summarizing history and condition (when diagnosed; at what stage; what treatments have been administered since, with what results). If the person I'm talking to is young and relatively inexperienced, I may find myself more schooled in this procedure even than she or he is. But there always comes a moment when their professionalism suddenly drops, their clipboards drift to their sides, and they say, "Uhn, how—do you mind if I ask you how you happened to find out you had cancer?" I realize at these times that they are asking as fellow humans, not too much younger than I am, and their fascination is the same as everyone else's: Could this happen to me? How would I know? What would that feel like?

We have all indulged this curiosity, haven't we? What would I do if I suddenly found I had a short time to live . . . What would it be like to sit in a doctor's office and hear a death sentence? I had entertained those fantasies just like the next person. So when it actually happened, I felt weirdly like an actor in a melodrama. I had—and still sometimes have—the feeling that I was doing, or had done, something faintly self-dramatizing, something a bit too attention-getting. (I was raised by people who had a horror of melodrama, but that's another part of the story.)

In two months I will mark the finish of year 3 B.T.—my third year of Borrowed Time. (Or, as I think of it on my best days, Bonus Time.) When I was diagnosed with Stage IV(b) liver cancer in early July of 2001, every doctor was at great pains to make clear to me that this was a death sentence. Unless you find liver cancer early enough to have a surgeon cut out the primary tumor before it

spreads, you have little chance of parole. The five-year survival rate for those who can't have surgery is less than 1 percent; my cancer had spread so widely that I was facing a prognosis somewhere between three and six months. I was 43; my children were 5 and 8.

Liver cancer is so untreatable because chemotherapy has little effect. There are other, localized treatments that can slow the growth of the main tumor, or tumors, in the liver. (They pump chemo through an artery directly into the tumors and block the exits; they ablate them with radio-frequency waves; they freeze them; or they install localized chemo pumps to blast them.) But if the cancer has spread, the medical textbooks say, there is no therapy that can stop it, or even slow it down much. Chemo has about a 25 to 30 percent chance of having any impact, and even then it will almost always be a small and transient one: a slight and temporary shrinkage, a short pause in the cancer's growth, a check on further metastases that can add to the patient's pain.

What you do, if you have little kids, is lead as normal a life as possible, only with more pancakes.

But for some reasons I know and others I don't, my body—with the help of six hospitals, dozens of drugs, a teeming multitude of smart doctors and nurses, and a heroically stubborn husband—has mounted a miraculous resistance. As seriously fucked cancer patients go, I am an astonishingly healthy woman.

I live at least two different lives. In the background, usually, is the knowledge that, for all my good fortune so far, I will still die of this disease. This is where I wage the physical fight, which is, to say the least, a deeply unpleasant process. And beyond the concrete challenges of needles and mouth sores and barf basins and barium, it has thrown me on a roller coaster that sometimes clatters up a hill, giving me a more hopeful, more distant view than I'd expected, and at other times plunges faster and farther than I think I can endure. Even when you know the plunge is coming—it's in the nature of a roller coaster, after all, and you know that you disembark on the bottom and not the top—even then, it comes with some element of fresh despair.

I've hated roller coasters all my life.

But in the foreground is regular existence: love the kids, buy them new shoes, enjoy their burgeoning wit, get some writing done, plan vacations with Tim, have coffee with my friends. Having found myself faced with that old bull-session question (What would you do if you found out you had a year to live?), I learned that a woman with children has the privilege or duty of bypassing the existential. What you do, if you have little kids, is lead as normal a life as possible, only with more pancakes.

This is the realm of life in which I make intensely practical decisions—almost, these three years on, without thinking about it. When we bought a new car last fall, I chose it, bargained for it, and paid for it with the last of an old retirement account my father had left me. And then I registered it only in my husband's name—because who needs the hassles over title if he decides to sell it later? When an old crown at the back of my lower right jaw began to disintegrate last summer, I looked at my dentist, whose fastidiousness I have relied on for almost 20 years, and said, Jeff, look: I'm doing O.K. right now, but I've got every reason to think it would be foolish to sink $4,000 into, um, infrastructure at this point. Is there anything sort of half-assed and inexpensive we could do, just to get by?

Sometimes I feel immortal: whatever happens to me now, I've earned the knowledge some people never gain, that my span is finite, and I still have the chance to rise, and rise, to life's generosity. But at other times I feel trapped, cursed by my specific awareness of the guillotine blade poised above my neck. At those times I resent you—or the seven other people at dinner with me, or my husband, deep in sleep beside me—for the fact that you may never even catch sight of the blade assigned to you.

Sometimes I simply feel horror, that most elementary thing. The irreducible fear, for me, is the fantasy that I will by some mistake be imprisoned in my body after dying. As a child I never enjoyed a minute of any campfire stories of the buried-alive genre. And even without that unwelcome and vivid fear in my mind, I can't find any way around the horror of being left alone down there in the dark, picked apart by processes about which I'm a little bit squeamish even when they're just fertilizing my daylilies. Intellectually, I know it won't matter to me in the slightest. But my most primal fear is that somehow my consciousness will be carelessly left behind among my remains.

But, of course, I am already being killed, by one of nature's most common blunders. And these blunt fears are easily deconstructed as a form of denial: if I'm stuck alive in my coffin, well, that will in some sense override the final fact of my death, no? I can see these dread-filled fantasies as the wishes they are: that I really can stay in this body I love; that my consciousness really will run on past my death; that I won't just . . . die.

There are a million lesser fears. The largest category concerns my children, and weighs both the trivial and the serious. I fear that my Alice will never really learn to wear tights. (You'd think, from watching my husband try to help her into them on the rare occasion when he's asked, that he'd been asked to perform a breech birth of twin colts at the peak of a blizzard). That no one will ever really brush her fine, long hair all the way through, and that she will display a perpetual bird's nest at the back of her neck. (And—what? People will say her slatternly mother should have drummed better Hair Care into her family's minds before selfishly dying of cancer?) That no one will ever put up curtains in my dining room, the way I've been meaning to for the last three years.

Deeper: Who will talk to my darling girl when she gets her period? Will my son sustain that sweet enthusiasm he seems to beam most often at me? There are days I can't look at them—literally, not a single time—without wondering what it will do to them to grow up without a mother. What if they can't remember what I was like? What if they remember, and grieve, all the time?

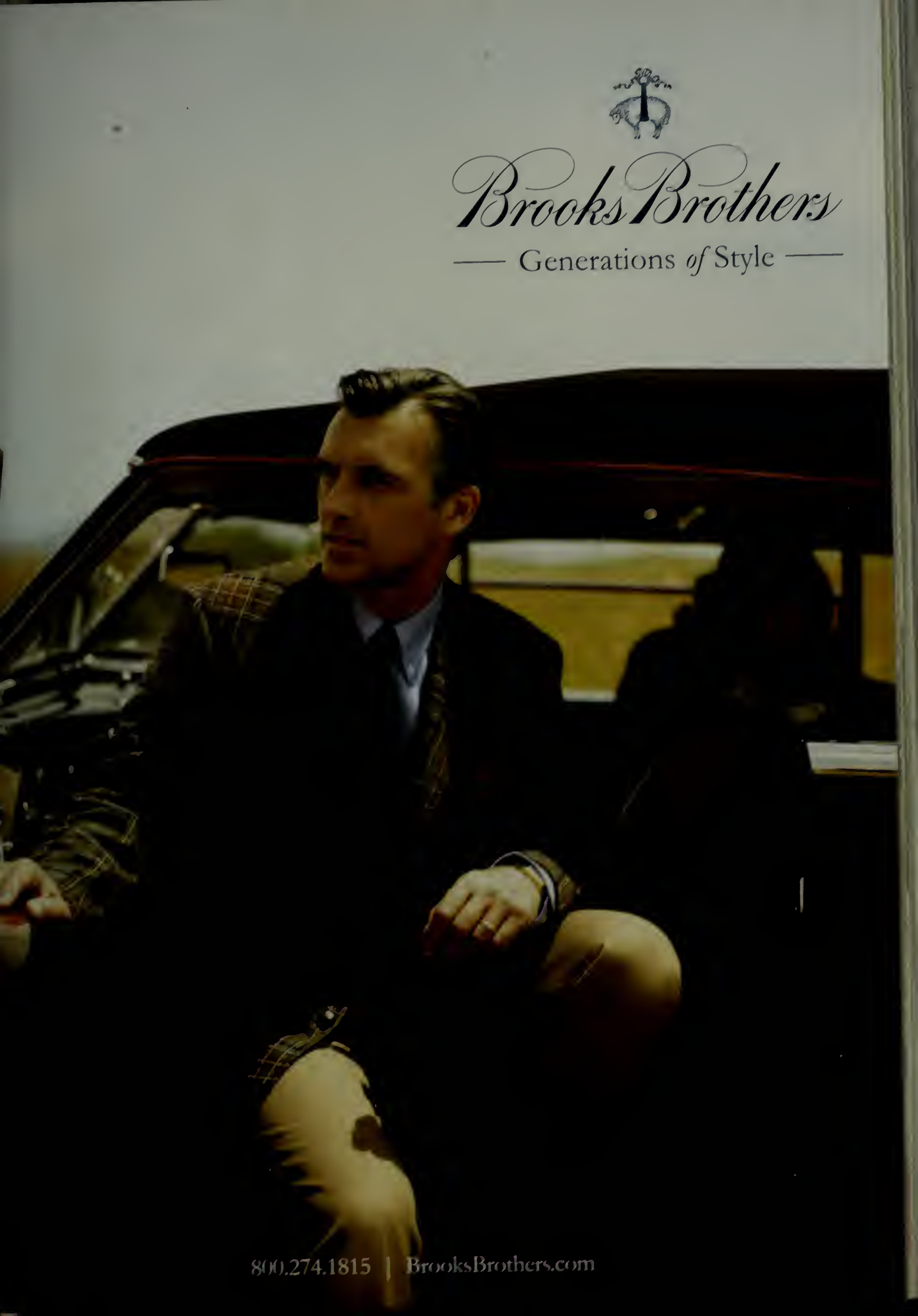
What if they don't?

But even this obvious stuff, the dread and sorrow, make up a falsely simple picture. Sometimes, early on, death was a great dark lozenge that sat bittersweet on my tongue for hours at a time, and I savored the things I'd avoid forever. I'll never have to pay taxes, I thought, or go to the Department of Motor Vehicles. I won't have to see my children through the worst parts of adolescence. I won't have to be human, in fact, with all the error and loss and love and inadequacy that come with the job.

I won't have to get old.

It says a lot about the power of denial that I could so automatically seek (and find!) the silver lining that might come with dying of cancer in my 40s. For good and ill, I no longer think that way. The passage of time has brought me the unlikely ability to work, simultaneously, at facing my death and loving my life.

Often it is lonely work. And I have nothing happy to impart about the likelihood that I will have to take chemotherapy for the


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rest of my life—nothing, except that I should be so lucky. But I am now, after a long struggle, surprisingly happy in the crooked, sturdy little shelter I've built in the wastes of Cancerland. Here, my family has lovingly adapted to our awful tumble in fortune. And here, I nurture a garden of 11 or 12 different varieties of hope, including the cramped, faint, strangely apologetic hope that, having already done the impossible, I will somehow attain the unattainable cure.

Our first stop, after I received my diagnosis, was the office of my G.P., the one who missed all the signs and symptoms of my disease. We were not feeling especially confident in his skills, but we thought he might have ideas about treatment, and could at least perform the service of doing a full set of blood tests.

As we were driving over to Dr. Generalist, Tim turned to me at a stoplight and said, "I just want you to know: I'm going to be a total prick." What he meant by this was that there was no log he wouldn't roll, no connection he wouldn't tap, no pull he wouldn't use. Tim, a fellow journalist, is a man who would rather swallow gravel than use a job title to get a good table at a restaurant. But within an hour of hearing the bad news, he had scored me an appointment early the next Monday at Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York City, one of the country's most eminent cancer-treatment centers. Tim had done this by the simple expedient of calling Harold Varmus, president and chief executive officer of M.S.K.C.C., with whom we'd formed a warm but very tangential friendship when Harold was in Washington running the National Institutes for Health during the Clinton administration. These are the kinds of appointments, I was to learn, that some people wait weeks or even months for. I say that not in the spirit of a boast, only as a reminder that in this way, as in most others, medicine is unfair—rationed in fundamentally irrational ways. But when your own time comes, you will pull pretty much every string available to get what you need.

By the next morning—it was still only the day after my diagnosis—I had a noon appointment with the topmost G.I. oncologist available at Johns Hopkins University Medical Center, which is in Baltimore, a little less than an hour from our house. This conquest of the appointment book was the doing of another friend, one of my bosses. We also got an appointment at the National Cancer Institute for later the following week.

So I had all the appointments I needed, and a husband who did yeoman legwork running from place to place getting copies of M.R.I.'s and CT scans and pathologists' reports and blood tests. If speed was needed in my case, I was well on my way to a record pace.

Just one problem: all this moving and shaking, driving to Baltimore and flying to New York, took us to the very same brick wall. In strode the doctor (usually trailing a retinue of students) to meet me, ask me a little about the onset of my disease. Out he went with my films under his arm, to look at them in privacy. In he came, quietly, his pace slowed and his face grim. He said some version of what the oncologist at Hopkins had said: "I couldn't believe—I just told my colleague, 'There is no way she looks sick enough to have this degree of disease. Someone blew this diagnosis.' Then I looked at this M.R.I."

It fell to the man at Hopkins to be the first to tell us just how bad my situation was. But they all said more or less the same thing: The Hopkins doc did it while focusing intently on the shape of his cuticles, turning his fingers in and then splaying them forward like a bride showing off her new rock. Another did it while holding my hand and looking sweetly into my face. "My dear," this one said, "you're in desperate trouble." One did it in the midst of a completely impenetrable lecture on the chemistry of chemotherapy. One did it with a look of panic on his face.

What it boiled down to was: We have nothing to do for you. You can't have surgery, because there's so much disease outside the liver. You're not a good candidate for any of the newer interventional strategies, and we can't do radiation, because we'd destroy too much viable liver tissue. All we can do is chemotherapy, and to be honest, we really don't expect much in the way of results.

The first time we heard this lecture, at Hopkins, we stepped blinking into the sunshine of a hot July day. "I need to take a walk," I told my husband, and we set off in the direction of Baltimore's Fell's Point neighborhood. Before long, I wanted to sit and talk. The only place we could find to sit was the concrete staircase of a public library. We sat there to absorb what we'd just heard.

"Maybe," said Tim, "the doctors at Sloan-Kettering will have something different to say."

"I doubt it," I said, out of the certainty of my Internet travels and the doctor's unambiguous pessimism. This pretty much set the pattern Tim and I would follow for the coming months: he took care of the hope, and I took care of getting ready to die.

The days fractured into lurching, indelible moments and odd details that stuck. The way the Sloan-Kettering waiting room—lush with Rockefeller-funded orchids and a plashing water sculpture—had nice rows of seats whose armrests were attached with Velcro so you could tear them away when you needed to sit and sob in your husband's arms. The black-and-white bumper sticker on the glass door of an East Side coffee shop we stopped into while killing time before an appointment: THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING, it said, in what felt like a message nailed there just for my eyes.

For the first 10 days or so, I had a necessary composure. I got to and through all those appointments. I went to my desk and put together a filing system for all the names and information that were flooding into our life. I knew I wanted to keep it together while we decided what we were going to tell the children.

THIS IS REALLY HAPPENING, the black-and-white bumper sticker said, in what felt like a message nailed there just for my eyes.

But after our discouraging visit to Sloan-Kettering, I could feel the waters at the dam getting close to overflowing. We decided to stay in New York an extra night or two to take advantage of the hospital's offer of a PET scan, which might identify new tumors, or spot the regression of old ones, more quickly than a CT scan.

As we sat in that plush waiting room making this decision, it came to me that I couldn't bear to continue staying with the old friends who had put us up the night before. They were contemporaries of my parents' and very dear to me, but I couldn't face talking to anyone about this latest news, or having to be in the least bit socially adept.

Tim, who knows me so well, put his arm around me and said, "Let's not think about money. Where do you want to go?" I brightened for a moment. There might not be any treatments out there that would work for me, but, by God, New York had some fine ho-

tels. "Mmmm . . . the Peninsula?" So off we went to the land of high thread counts and long baths with a TV screen just above the taps.

It's amazing how you can distract yourself in the midst of such a dramatic experience—because you can't believe such awful news 24 hours a day. So I surrendered to the pleasures of a great hotel for about a day. I had my hair washed and blow-dried, and received a pedicure in the Peninsula salon. (I still remember sitting there staring, staring at all the colors of polish I could pick from. It took on the crazy proportions of an important decision: A docile sort of peach? A very feminine light pink, which might acknowledge surrender? Hell no: I chose a violent red, brighter than fire engines, bright as lollipops.)

Then, feeling beautiful, I actually danced around the room when Tim was out, my CD headphones blasting Carly Simon in my ears. When I was done I looked out the window of our room on the eighth floor, down all those hard surfaces to the tarmac of Fifth Avenue, and wondered what it would feel like just to jump. Would it be better or worse than what I was stepping into?

That night, finally, the dam broke. I was lying in bed with Tim when I realized it was all true: I was dying. Soon I would be dead. No one else would be in it with me.

I would be the one on the bed, and when the hospice nurse stopped by, my dearest loves would retreat to the hallway and swap impressions—separated from me already. Even while still alive, I would leave their party. I lay under those wonderful sheets and felt cold to the bone. I began to cry, loud, then louder. I shouted my terror. I sobbed with my entire rib cage. Tim held me while I heaved it out this way, a titanic purging. I was so loud that I wondered why no one called the police to say there was a woman getting murdered across the hall. It felt good to let go, but that feeling was little. It was dwarfed by the recognition I had just allowed in.

We have come to think of my cancer not just as a disease but also as a locale. Cancerland is the place where at least one of us is often depressed: it is as if my husband and I hand the job back and forth without comment, the way most couples deal with child-minding or being the Saturday chauffeur.

I try to remember that I'm one of the luckiest cancer patients in America, by dint of good medical insurance, great contacts who gained me access to the best of the best among doctors, an amazing support system of friends and family, and the brains and drive to be a smart and demanding medical consumer, which is one of the very hardest things I've ever done. I'm quite sure that if I were among the 43 million of my fellow Americans who have no health insurance—let alone really good insurance—I'd be dead already. As it is, I never see a hospital bill that hasn't already been paid. And there is no co-payment on the many medications I've taken. Which is fortunate: one of them—the Neupogen with which I inject myself every day for a week after chemo to boost my bone marrow's production of white cells—costs about $20,000 a year.

For me, time is the only currency that truly counts anymore. I have weathered days of chemo-induced wretchedness and pain without a whimper, only to come unglued when some little glitch suddenly turns up to meddle with the way I had planned to use some unit of time: that this half-hour, and the contents I had planned to pour into it, are now lost to me forever seems an insupportable unfairness. Because of course any old unit of time can suddenly morph into a bloated metaphor for the rest of your time on earth, for how little you may have and how little you may control it.

Most of the time, for the past three years, even my good days have given me energy to do only one Big Thing: lunch with a friend, writing a column, a movie with the kids. Choose, choose, choose. I find myself on the phone with someone I'd love to see, and then I look at my calendar and find that, realistically, my next episode of unscheduled Free Play is five weeks off, on the far side of my next treatment, and even then there will really only be a total of about seven hours I can assign before the treatment after that. I am forced to admit that, in this cramped context, I don't actually want to spend two of these hours with the person I'm talking to. These forced choices make up one of the biggest losses of sickness.

Even my good days give me energy to do only one Big Thing: lunch with a friend, a movie with the kids.

But on the other side of this coin is a gift. I think cancer brings to most people a new freedom to act on the understanding that their time is important. My editor at *The Washington Post* told me, when I first got sick, that after his mother recovered from cancer his parents literally never went anywhere they didn't want to. If you have ever told yourself, breezily, that life is too short to spend any of it with your childhood neighbor's annoying husband, those words now take on the gleeful raiment of simple fact. The knowledge that time's expenditure is important, that it is up to you, is one of the headiest freedoms you will ever feel.

Some of my choices surprise me. One afternoon—a blowy day in early spring, the first day when the sun actually seemed to outpower the wind—I ducked a meeting people were counting on me to come to, and I didn't lie or apologize for my reasons, because the most pressing thing I could possibly do that afternoon was plant something purple in that little spot next to the garden gate, the one I'd been thinking about for two years.

Time, I now understand, used to be a shallow concept to me. There was the time you occupied, sometimes anxiously, in the present (a deadline in three hours, a dentist's appointment for which you were 10 minutes late); and there was your inarticulate sense of time's grander passage, and the way it changes with age.

Now time has levels and levels of meaning. For example, I have clung for a year and a half to a friend's observation that young children experience time in a different way from adults. Since a month can seem an eternity to a child, then every month I manage to live might later teem with meaning and memory for my children. This totem is all I need during times when my pockets are otherwise empty of wisdom or strength.

Since I was diagnosed, I have had an eternity of time—at least six times as much as I was supposed to have—and sometimes I think that all of that time has been gilded with my knowledge of its value. At other moments, I think sadly of how much of the past three years has been wasted by the boredom and exhaustion and enforced stillness of treatment.

Not long after my diagnosis, in the pleasant offices of one of my new doctors, a liver specialist, we finally had the obligatory conversation about how I could have gotten this cancer. "You've got no cirrhosis," he said wonderingly, ticking off the potential causes on his fingers. "You've got no hepatitis. It's wild that you look so healthy."

So how do you think I got it? I asked.

"Lady," he said, "you got hit by lightning."

My biggest fear in those early days was that death would snatch me right away. An oncologist at Sloan-Kettering had mentioned, parenthetically, that the tumor in my vena cava could give birth at

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any time to a blood clot, causing a fast death by way of pulmonary embolism. The tumor was too close to the heart for them to consider installing a filter that would prevent this. It would be "rational," he said, in answer to our questions, to make it a policy for me not to drive anywhere with the children in the car.

I knew, too, that the disease outside my liver had grown with incredible speed. Only a couple of weeks after diagnosis, I began having symptoms—including stomach pain bad enough to hospitalize me for two days. After watching my father's five-year battle with cancer, I was aware that a cascade of side effects could begin at any time, some of them fatal.

I wasn't ready, I said to friends. Not in the way I could be ready in, oh, three or four months. Perhaps I was kidding myself in imagining that I could compose myself if only I had a little time. But I think not entirely. I had watched my parents die three years earlier, seven weeks apart—my mother, ironically, of liver disease, and my father of an invasive cancer of unknown origin. I had a pretty good idea, I thought, of what was coming.

But from almost the first instant, my terror and grief were tinged with an odd relief. I was so lucky, I thought, that this was happening to me as late as 43, not in my 30s or my 20s. If I died soon there would be some things I'd regret not having done, and I would feel fathomless anguish at leaving my children so young. But I had a powerful sense that, for my own part, I had had every chance to flourish. I had a loving marriage. I'd known the sweet, rock-breaking, irreplaceable labor of parenthood, and would leave two marvelous beings in my place. I had known rapture, and adventure, and rest. I knew what it was to love my work. I had deep, hard-won friendships, and diverse, widespread friendships of less intensity.

I was surrounded by love.

All this knowledge brought a certain calm. I knew, intuitively, that I would have felt more panicked, more frantic, in the years when I was still growing into my adulthood. For I had had the chance to become the person it was in me to be. Nor did I waste any time wondering why. Why me? It was obvious that this was no more or less than a piece of horrible bad luck. Until then my life had been, in the big ways, one long run of good luck. Only a moral idiot could feel entitled, in the midst of such a life, to a complete exemption from bad fortune.

It enraged me when anyone said, *Aaanh, what do doctors know?* I was working so hard to accept my death: I felt abandoned when someone insisted that I would live.

So now my death—as a given—dominated my relationships with all of those close to me: With my two dear, dear older sisters, to whom I was doubly bonded by the shared ordeal of helping my mother die, and with my stepmother—a contemporary of mine, who had seen my father through his five ferocious years of survival. With my best friends—who spoiled and cosseted and fed and sat with me, rounding up great brigades of clucking acquaintances to bring us dinners, saying just the right thing, and never turning aside my need to talk: especially my need to talk about when, not if. My friend Liz even went out to look over the local residential hospice, to help me work through my practical concerns about whether, with children so young, I was entitled to die at home.

Above all, of course, death saturated my life with my children—Willie, then eight, and Alice, then five. I don't think death (as opposed to illness) dominated their view of me, but it certainly barged its cackling way into my heart and mind during even the simplest of family interchanges. After talking to friends and reading several books, Tim and I had decided to handle the matter openly with them: We told them that I had cancer, and what kind. We told them about chemotherapy, and how it would make me seem even sicker than I looked then. We emphasized that they couldn't catch cancer and had nothing to do with causing it.

Beyond that, we would answer with honesty any question they asked, but wouldn't step ahead of them in forcing their knowledge of just how bad things were. When the timing of my death revealed itself, then we would have to tell them. Above all, I wanted to spare them the loss of their childhood to a constant vigilance: if they knew we would talk to them honestly, they wouldn't have to put all their energy into figuring out at every turn what new distress was agitating the air around them. Neither of them, at first, chose to ask the $64,000 question. But I couldn't lay eyes on them without seeing them swallowed by the shadow of devastation to come.

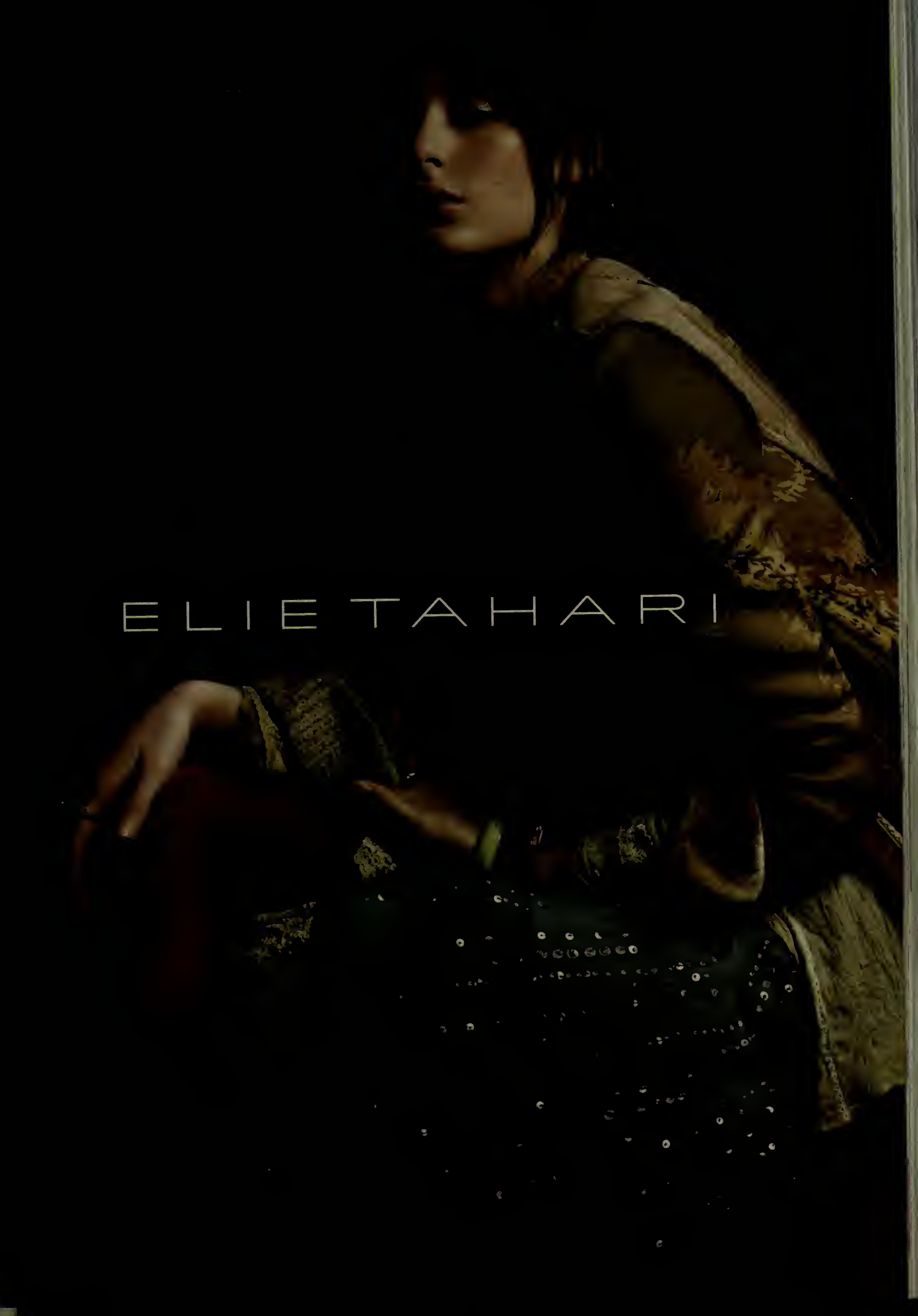
Notice, though, that I don't include my husband among those to whom my death was an imminent fact. From the moment of diagnosis, Tim rolled up his sleeves and went to work. In this way, we divided the work of assimilating our nightmare: I addressed myself to death; he held a practical insistence on life. It was the best possible thing he could have done for me, although it often separated us at the time. It could make me crazy, lying awake on the left side of the bed, wanting to talk about death, while Tim lay awake on the right side, trying to figure out the next five moves he had to make to keep me alive, and then, beyond that, to find the magic bullet in which I did not believe.

But I never thought of refusing treatment. For one thing, it was obvious that I owed my children any shot at reprieve, no matter how improbable. Also, my doctors said that even the slim prospect of mitigation was worth a try. And so, Tim and I drifted into a tacit, provisional agreement to act as if . . . As if, while I began chemotherapy, I were in some genuine suspense about the outcome.

Yet it made me furious anytime someone tried to cheer me up by reciting the happy tale of a sister-in-law's cousin who had liver cancer but now he's 80 and he hasn't been troubled by it in 40 years. I wanted to scream, *Don't you know how sick I am?* I knew how narcissistic and self-dramatizing this sounded. Still, it enraged me when anyone said, *Aaanh, what do doctors know? They don't know everything.* I was working so hard to accept my death: I felt abandoned, evaded, when someone insisted that I would live.

That was a deeper anger than the irritation I felt at the people—some of them important figures in my life—who had memorably inappropriate reactions. I can't count the times I've been asked what psychological affliction made me invite this cancer. My favorite *New Yorker* cartoon, now taped above my desk, shows two ducks talking in a pond. One of them is telling the other: "Maybe you should ask yourself why you're inviting all this duck hunting into your life right now."

One woman sent me a card to "congratulate" me on my "can-


ELIE TAHARI

cer journey," and quoted Joseph Campbell to the effect that in order to achieve the life you deserved you had to give up the life you had planned. Screw you, I thought. *You* give up the life *you* had planned.

Common wisdom insists, in answer to the awkward feelings that always accompany sickness and death, that there's really no wrong thing to say. This is entirely false. Around the same time I started treatment, my friend Mike revealed to all his friends that he had been dealing for some years with Parkinson's disease. We began a competition, by e-mail, to see who could compile the most appalling reactions.

An inner voice says, *Never mind.* Today is a ravishing day. I will see how much of the future I can inhale.

I found my best ones in hospitals, among doctors and nurses who seemed unacquainted with—or terrified of—fear and death, who were constantly holding up the garlic of their difference from me, to ward me off even as they pretended to minister to me. There was the nurse who hissed at me, with inexplicable ire, "You have a very bad disease, you know." There was the nurse's aide at Georgetown University Hospital who trudged into my room one morning, heaved a great sigh, and said, "I tell you, I hate working the oncology floor. It's so depressing." Her aunt had died of cancer, she said, and, "boy, is that an awful disease."

At least her oddball gloom was right out there on the surface. Perhaps worst of all was the nurse in the chemo-infusion ward, with whom I fell into conversation to while away my seventh hour of chemotherapy on a gray day in late December. We talked idly about vacations we'd like to take someday. "Oh well," she said, putting down my chart and stretching kittenishly on her way out the door, "I have all the time in the world."

I had bought deeply into the pessimism of the doctors treating me. We think our culture lauds the stubborn survivor, the one who says, "I will beat this cancer," and then promptly wins the Tour de France. But the truth is that there is a staggering vulnerability in asserting one's right to hope. Even most of the doctors who have from time to time promoted my optimism tend to wash their hands of it as soon as some procedure or potion fails to pan out. So I have carried what hope I have as a furtive prize.

This attitude was driven, too, by what I brought to the fight. I grew up in a house where there was a premium on being wised up to impending disapproval or disappointment, and there was punishment by contempt for any blatant display of innocence or hopeful desire. It was all too easy for me to feel shamed in the blast of medicine's certainty. If I carried hope from the start, I did it in secret, hiding it like an illegitimate child of a century past. I hid it even from myself.

It is in my personality, anyway, to linger on the dark side, sniffing under every rock, determined to know the worst that may happen. Not to be caught by surprise. I was raised in a family full of lies—a rich, entertaining, well-elaborated fivesome that flashed with competition and triangles and changing alliances. If your sister was becoming anorexic, no one mentioned it. When your father's ubiquitous assistant came along on family vacations year after year, and sat at picnics with him thigh-to-thigh, no one named the strangeness of it. That my parents divided me and my sisters up between themselves and schooled us in scorn for the other team: that was certainly never acknowledged. But it married me for life to the inconvenient argument, the longing to know what was real.

Hence, even when my prospects for recovery or remission have looked best, there has always been one face of my being that was turned toward the likelihood of death—keeping in touch with it, convinced that denying it any entry would weaken me in ways I couldn't afford. Forced into a corner, I'll choose truth over hope any day.

I worried, of course, that I was dooming myself. Americans are so steeped in the message that we are what we think, and that a positive attitude can banish disease. (You'd be amazed how many people need to believe that only losers die of cancer.) Was my realism going to shoot down any possibility of help? Superstitiously, I wondered.

But it turns out that hope is a more supple blessing than I had imagined. From the start, even as my brain was wrestling with death, my body enacted some innate hope that I have learned is simply a part of my being. Chemotherapy would knock me into a passive misery for days. And then—depending on which formula I was taking at the time—a day would come when I would wake up feeling energetic and happy and very much like a normal person. Whether the bad time I had just had lasted five days or five weeks, some inner voice eventually said—and still says—*Never mind.* Today is a ravishing day, and I will put on a short skirt and high heels and see how much of the future I can inhale.

Three weeks after my diagnosis, on the morning of my first chemotherapy, my liver specialist dictated notes that closed with this fragmentary, misspelled sentence: "It is to be hoped . . . , unlikel that we will get a second chance."

Two chemo cycles later, I had a CT scan that showed dramatic shrinkage in all my tumors—shrinkage by as much as half. Dr. Liver actually hugged me, and hinted that it was not impossible I might be a "complete responder." The first thing you learn when you get cancer is that the disease you've always thought of as 90 or 100 precise conditions is in fact hundreds of different diseases, which shade into each other all along the spectrum. And I turned out to have some mysterious fluke, a bit of biological filigree in the makeup of my tumors, that rendered them far better targets than I'd had any right to expect.

I went right out and bought four bottles of champagne and invited our eight dearest friends to the house for a party. It was a beautiful September night and we all ate pizza on the front porch. The kids were thrilled by the energy of it all, without quite understanding it. (After all, I still had cancer, didn't I? And they hadn't known how firmly I had felt sealed in my coffin before now.) It was as if a door far across a dark room had opened a small crack, admitting brilliant light from a hallway: it was still a long, long shot, I knew, but now at least I had something to drive toward. A possible opening, where before there had been none.

I became a professional patient. And all my doctors learned my name.

—May 2004

Marjorie Williams died this past January, three and a half years after receiving her diagnosis. She was 47. Her children, Will and Alice, are now 12 and 9. This memoir was adapted by her husband, Tim Noah, from three chapters of an unfinished memoir about her illness which Marjorie was working on at the time of her death, as well as from other unpublished writings. □

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Wonderful *World*

A century ago, readers of Joseph Pulitzer's Sunday *World* got more than news for their nickel: the paper's colorful pounds of puzzles, fashions, cartoons, shockers, romance, and illustration outsold every competitor. After rescuing perhaps the only existing set of originals from destruction, the author and his wife are publishing the highlights

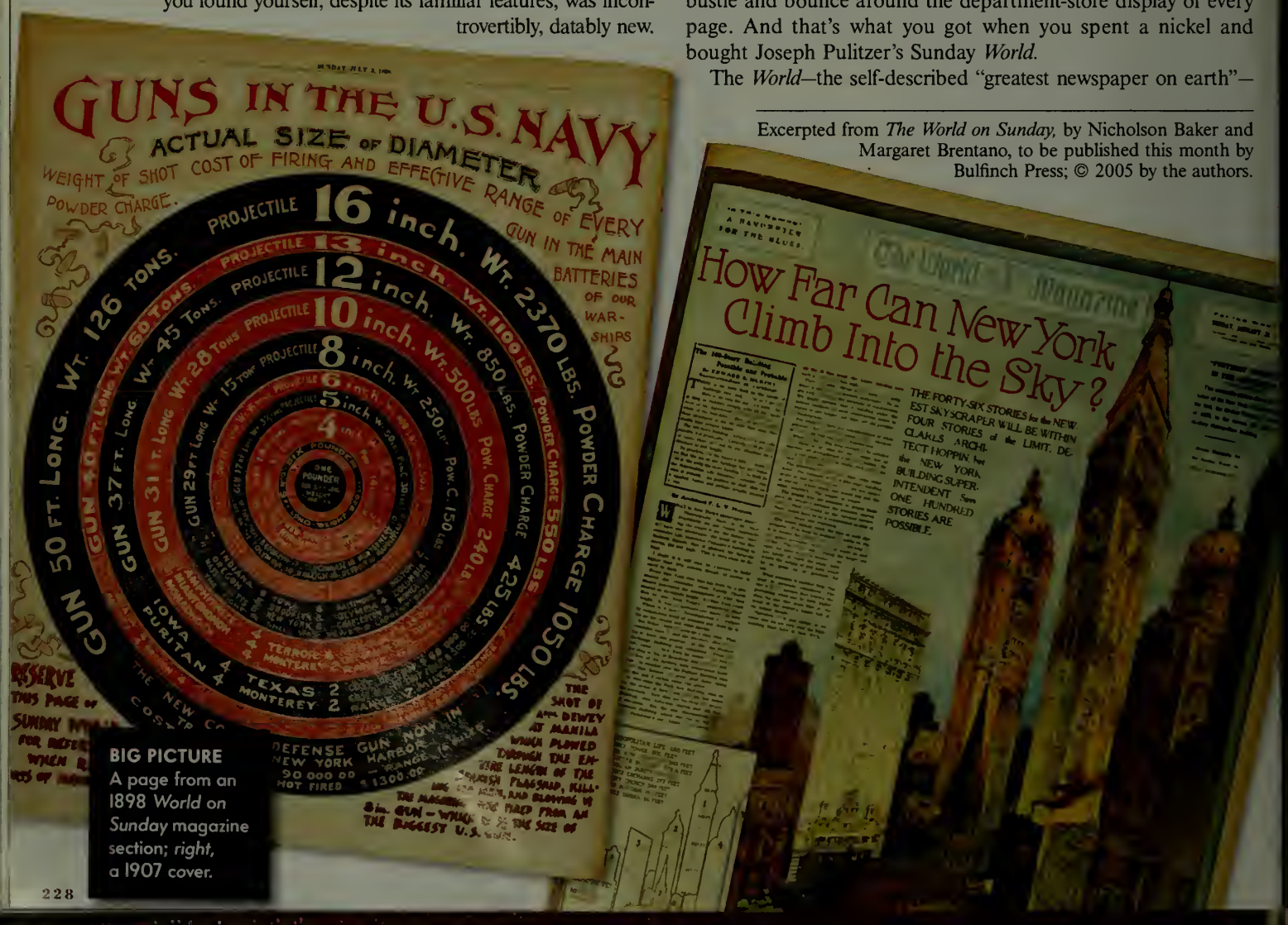
By Nicholson Baker

When you got up on Sunday a hundred years ago, in the age of the six-day workweek, and you had a moment to rest and to feel the restlessness that attends rest, what did you want? News? Did you want headlines about Washington and Tammany Hall and Albany? Well, some, but not so much. You definitely wanted a newspaper: you wanted the comfort of a fresh, floppy creation that had required the permanent marriage of tankfuls of ink and elephantine rolls of white paper in order to proclaim the elemental but somehow thrilling fact that this very morning in which you found yourself, despite its familiar features, was incontrovertibly, datably new.

So, yes, you wanted a Sunday newspaper, but what you wanted from it wasn't really news—it was life. You wanted romance, awe, a close scrape, a prophecy, advice on how to tip or shoplift or gamble, new fashions from Paris, a song to sing, a scissors project for the children, theories about Martians or advanced weaponry, maybe a new job. You wanted to be told over and over again that your city was a city of marvels like no other, but you also wanted to escape for a few minutes to the North Pole or South Dakota or the St. Louis World's Fair, or to take a boat trip down the Mississippi. You wanted something with many sections that you could dole out to people in the room with you. And you wanted imagery—cartoons, caricatures, "gems of pictorial beauty"—layouts and hand-inked headlines that made your eyeballs bustle and bounce around the department-store display of every page. And that's what you got when you spent a nickel and bought Joseph Pulitzer's Sunday *World*.

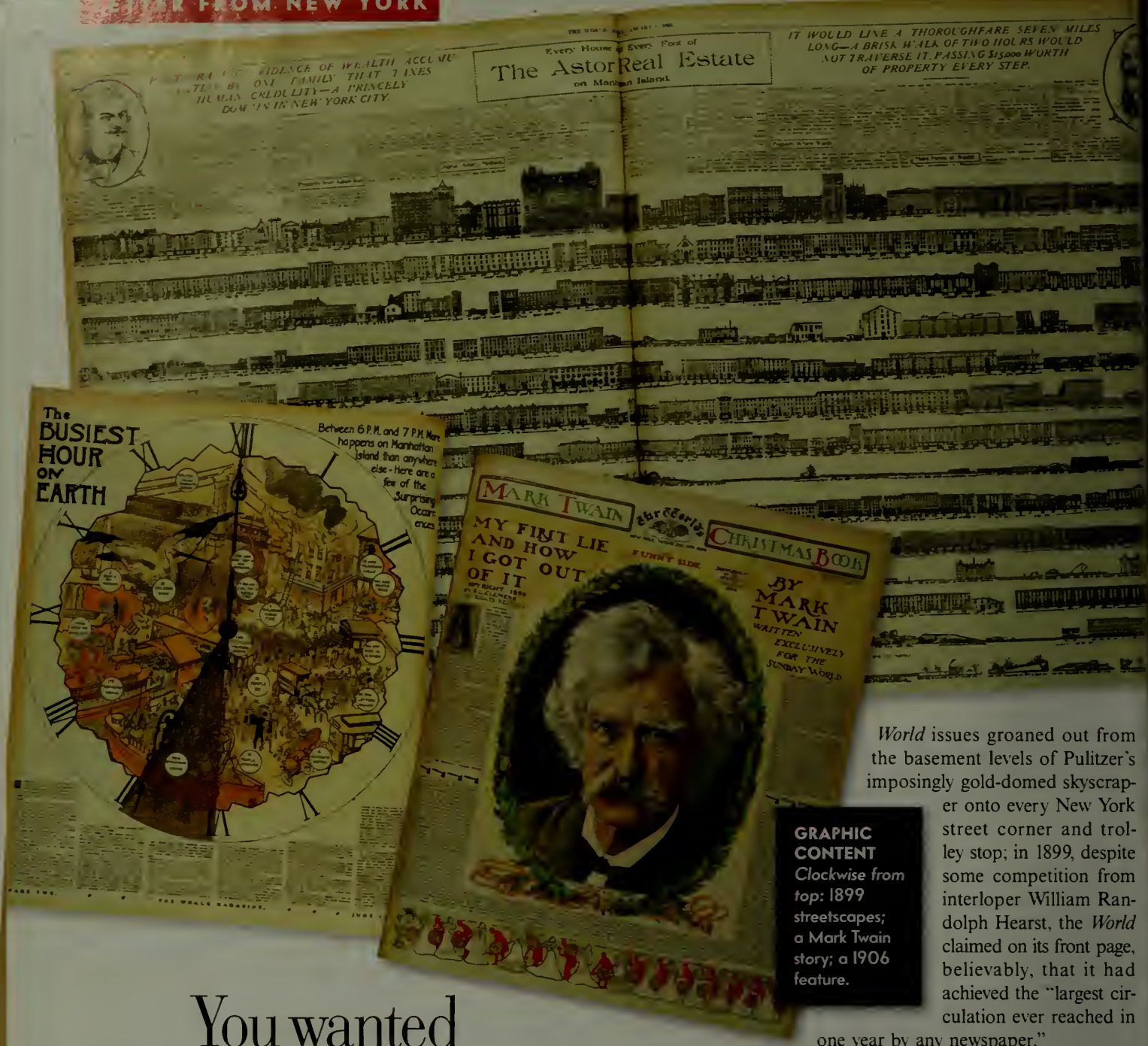
The *World*—the self-described "greatest newspaper on earth"—

Excerpted from *The World on Sunday*, by Nicholson Baker and Margaret Brentano, to be published this month by Bulfinch Press; © 2005 by the authors.



BIG PICTURE A page from an 1898 *World on Sunday* magazine section; *right*, a 1907 cover.


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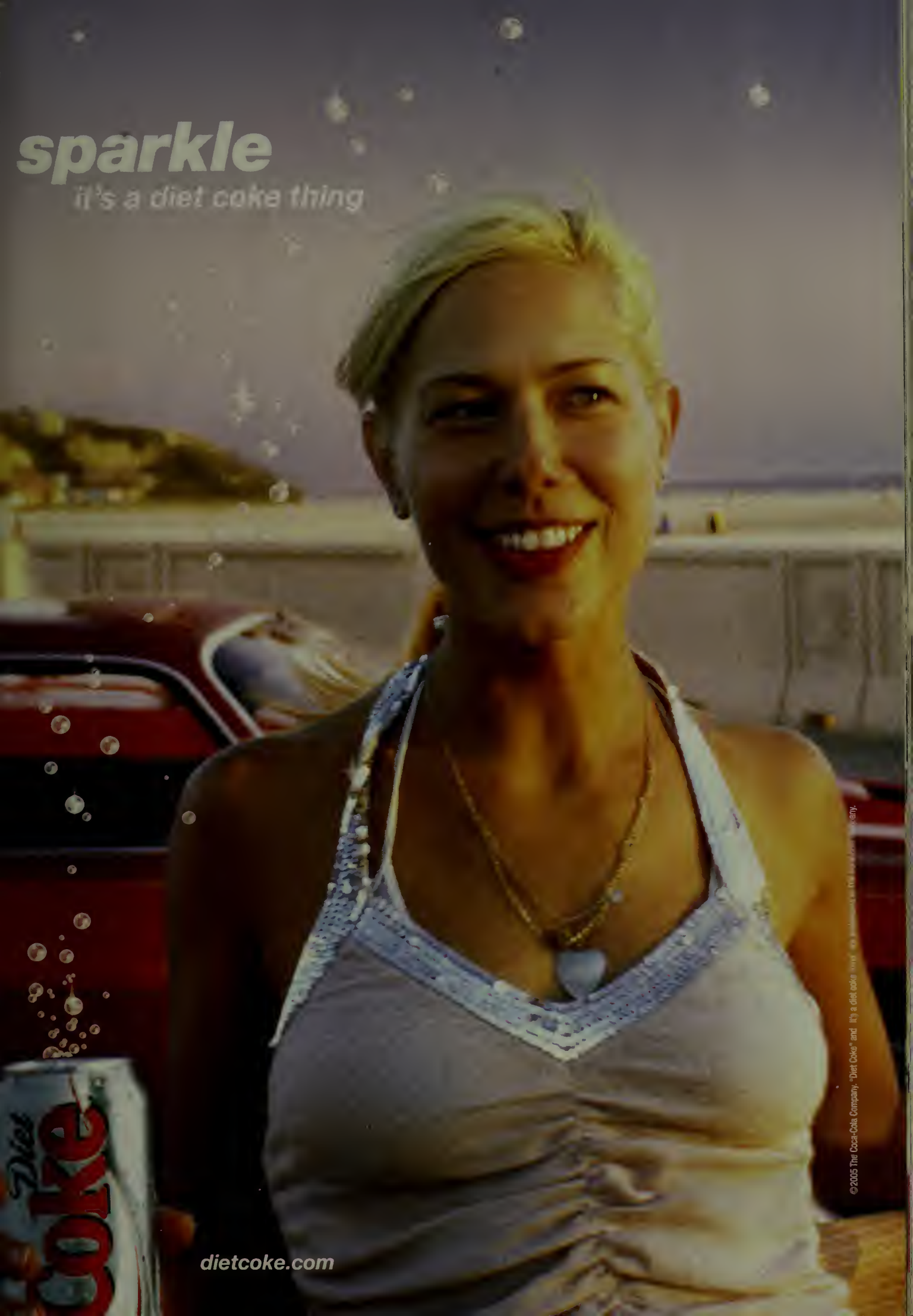
GRAPHIC CONTENT *Clockwise from top:* 1899 streetscapes; a Mark Twain story; a 1906 feature.

You wanted romance, awe, a close scrape, a prophecy, advice on how to tip or shoplift or gamble, new fashions from Paris, a song to sing.

was actually three newspapers, the morning *World* (published Monday through Saturday, often with a political cartoon by Walt McDougall or C. G. Bush on the front page), the *Evening World* (carrying boxing news and sports scores, with a more raffish flavor throughout), and "THE GREAT SUNDAY *WORLD*," which weighed as much as a small roast beef. Together, these three *World*s were, in their days of triumph, seen by more people than any other publication, with the possible exception of the Bible. Mornings and evenings, hundreds of thousands of fresh *World* issues groaned out from the basement levels of Pulitzer's imposingly gold-domed skyscraper onto every New York street corner and trolley stop; in 1899, despite some competition from interloper William Randolph Hearst, the *World* claimed on its front page, believably, that it had achieved the "largest circulation ever reached in one year by any newspaper."

The Sunday *World* was the real prodigy of physical dissemination: it sometimes sold half a million or more copies and it went all over the country. In 1908, Adolph Ochs, publisher of the smaller, soberer *New York Times,* wrote admiringly of the *World*'s "phenomenal and prodigious success"; another newspaperman, Frank Munsey, said of Pulitzer, "He came here as a whirlwind out of the West, and overturned and routed the conservatism then in vogue as a cyclone sweeps all before it."

The peculiar thing, however, is that, out of all this cyclonic activity, next to nothing survives. Libraries, suspicious of low and pandering art, collected and bound for safekeeping only a few complete original runs of mass-circulation newspapers such as the *World*—they preferred *The New York Times* and the *Evening Post,* papers that carried "real" news with less splash and dash. And then, in the 1950s, intrigued by new techniques of photographic miniaturization, libraries began to replace the few runs of popular papers that they did possess with monochromatic copies made on inch-and-a-half-wide strips of clear plastic: microfilm. (You can see reproductions from a microfilm copy of the *Evening World* used as wallpaper in many Subway sandwich shops.) Almost every American library that could afford to swapped the heavy, space-consuming wood-pulp original for a


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TWO and a half MEN
NEW TIME! NEW SEASON!
MONDAYS 9/8c
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new, plastic copy—even two of the greatest, the Library of Congress and the New York Public Library. They threw out the bound volumes or, later, sold them to scrap dealers who razored out cartoons, automobile ads, and historical dates, and used the rest as quarry for the "Original Newspaper of the Day You Were Born."

So the reproductions that you see here come from what is one of the very last, perhaps *the* last, set of original copies of the turn-of-the-century New York *World* in existence—certainly the last in such pristine condition. The set came from England: lucky for us, the British Library, in 1898, as the Spanish-American War loomed, felt that Pulitzer's *World* was an essential source of opinion and reportage, and librarians there began subscribing to the *World* and (just as important) began binding it into durable, red-spined, gold-lettered volumes. For decades, foresightedly, through various financial upheavals and geopolitical reshufflements, they kept these volumes safe on shelves. Then, in 1999, after opening an expensive new building, the library made plans to offer much of its foreign (i.e., North and South American, and Continental European) newspaper collection to other libraries, and to auction off the rest to dealers.

I was in the midst of writing a book about the particulars of the losses attributable to microfilm—the crudity of the microcopying itself, the perishability of early acetate film, the controversial science predicting acidic paper's imminent doom—when I learned of the British Library's disposal plans. So I went to England and asked them to keep the American papers. I said that they were rich and rare—which they certainly are—and that I knew they held, for example, true "first editions" of the writing of Stephen Crane, O. Henry, Robert Benchley, John Steinbeck, H. G. Wells, Thomas Edison, William Faulkner, and hundreds of other writers, some named, some anonymous. I said that their foreign-newspaper collection was just as valuable as, and considerably rarer than, just about any acknowledged rarity in their possession—rarer, perhaps, than the justly treasured output of Renaissance printers such as Aldus, Plantin, and Wynkyn de Worde.

But my anti-sales pitch wasn't successful—the British Library had gotten some interesting bids from a Pennsylvanian dealer, and I knew what that meant. It meant box-cutter bisection and plastic-sheathed, issue-by-issue dispersal, and I concluded that the only way to save the collection was to raise the money to buy it and ship it to leased quarters in the United States. So my wife and I—my wife being Margaret Brentano—formed a nonprofit organization, grandiosely named the American Newspaper Repository, though it was really just the two of us overseen by some kindly advisers, and we bought more than 6,000 volumes of American newspapers (a volume being anywhere from two weeks' to three months' worth of daily issues), plus another thousand wrapped bundles, most in extraordinarily good condition, all formerly owned by the British government. The cost, including two long runs that we ended up buying from a dealer who had outbid us, was approximately $150,000; the collection arrived in several shipments in 2000.

And that's how we came to be standing at tables in a large, chilly brick mill building in Rollinsford, New Hampshire, paging with wonderment through Pulitzer's almost lost *World*. (The mill space we had rented, for $2,000 a month, was the size of two, maybe three, tennis courts, with rows of battered, factory-blue metal columns running down it and an inflatable black bat strung near a fire door at the far end.) We loved its heavy, vellum-cornered volumes, which smelled faintly of acid paper: 1898 began on the upper left of the industrial shelving we bought until we ran out of money; one range over, there were the fat monthly tomes from 1903 and 1906 (for some reason I became particularly fond of the year 1906), and then the teens, and then, on the other side of the shelves (near windows that, if you peeked under the shades, looked down on the Salmon Falls River), the run continued on through the *World*'s more sophisticated literary period, when it invented the crossword puzzle, published Dorothy Parker and A. J. Liebling, and exposed the misdeeds of the Ku Klux Klan.

Joseph Pulitzer was all but blind: the more his own sight dimmed, the more imploringly colorful his paper became.

In the fall of 2003, David Ferriero, then a head librarian at Duke University, offered to take the entire collection to Duke, where it now safely resides under the care of the Rare Book, Manuscript, and Special Collections Library. But before we packed it back up onto pallets and loaded it onto trucks (five tractor-trailer loads, as it turned out, a hefty gift), we wanted, like proud parents who send their grown child off to college, to take some pictures—not just digital snapshots, either, but real pictures. I first rented, then bought, a view camera and a lens, and I rigged a five-foot-high copy stand out of an old tripod and some cast-iron pipe, and Margaret and I began photographing the pages from the *World* that you see here.

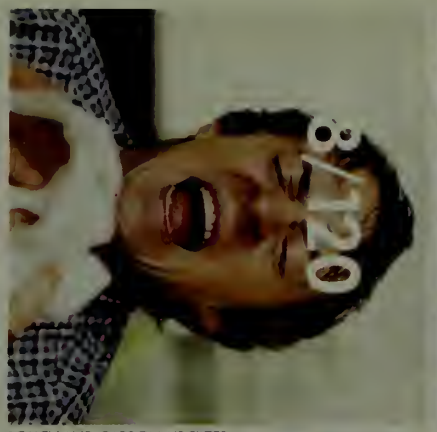
Joseph Pulitzer was all but blind when the art in these pages was first published: the more his own sight dimmed, the more imploringly colorful his paper became. He was too high-strung to appear in public—he was never seen at the *World*'s ornate offices overlooking City Hall—and he lived mostly on his yacht, where he could get around by feel, traveling from port to port and managing the newspaper via a team of readers and abstractors and long-suffering plenipotentiaries. Through them he kept a close hand on his beloved creation, giving it, he said, every moment of his waking time.

In 1898, Pulitzer had just bought a new, high-speed color printing press from R. Hoe & Company. The new press was "all important," Pulitzer wrote; he ordered his editors to "impress this novelty on the public mind as the greatest progress in Sunday journalism." Which they did. "Like rainbow tints in the spray are the hues that splash and pour from its lightning cylinders," said one ad announcing the coming of the new press. It was, said another, "THE MOST MARVELOUS MECHANICAL PRODUCTION OF THE AGE"—and in some ways it was, for it allowed each citizen, rich or poor, to gain entrance, every Sunday, into a private museum.

The Sunday *World* always wanted to surprise: it exaggerated and sought the bizarre angle and turned small news into big news—but its exaggerations now have truths of their own to tell us. We hope you will find, as we did, that looking at these time-tanned pages gives a sense of the exuberance and modernness and strangeness of the turn-of-the-century city that no history book can easily supply. □



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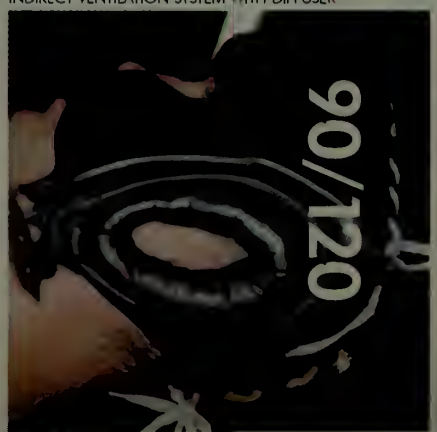
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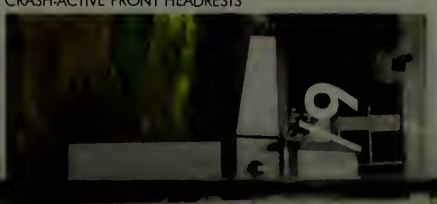


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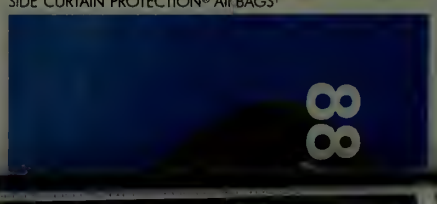


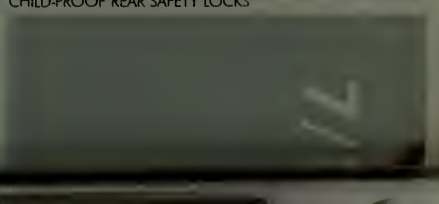
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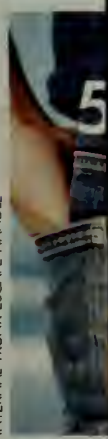
DRIVER AND FRONT PASSENGER SIDE THORAX AIRBAGS*†



LED TAILLIGHTS



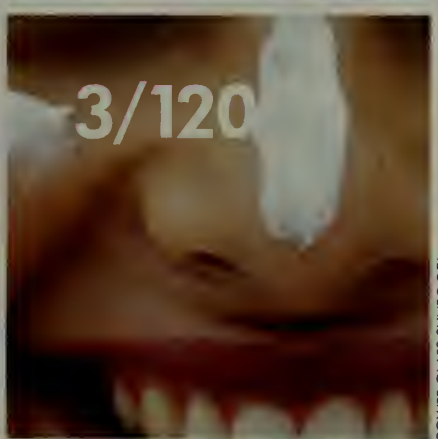
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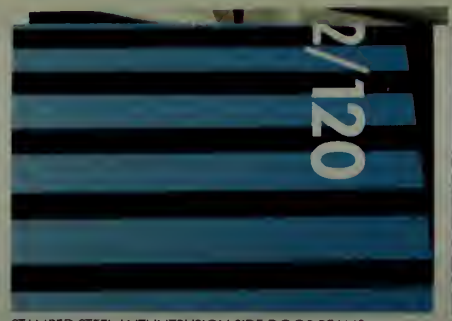


IMMOBILIZER THEFT-DETERRENT SYSTEM

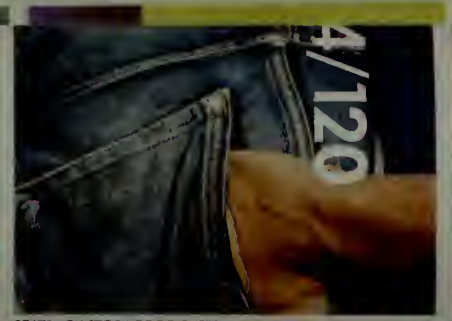
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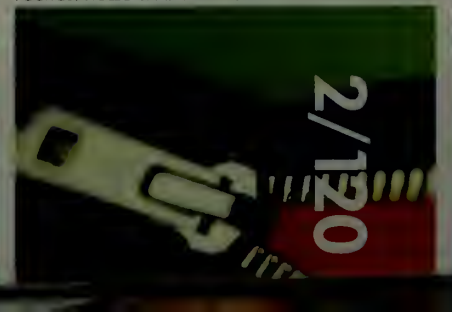


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he tower, Steve Ballmer
l Bill Gates, of Microsoft, are
ter paintball siege by rivals
ry Page and Sergey Brin,
Google. Foreground, left, Apple's
ve Jobs fires on Sony's
Howard Stringer, who has been
ercut by Apple's iPod success.
ground, left, News Corp.'s
Murdoch aims at mega-media
Redstone of Viacom.
Meg Whitman is seated.

A new generation grabbed the No. 1 spot on this year's list, which also features a couple of novelists, two movie stars, and the usual quota of power grabs, family dramas, real-estate extravaganzas, evidence of obsessive behavior, and other outrageous tycoon details

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT

THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT 2005

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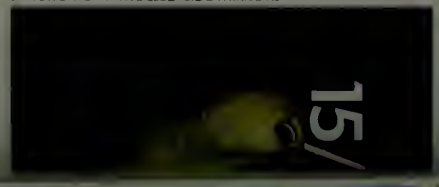
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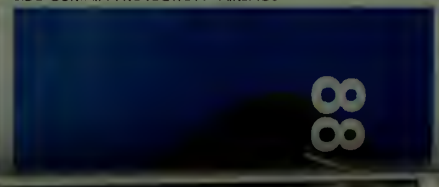


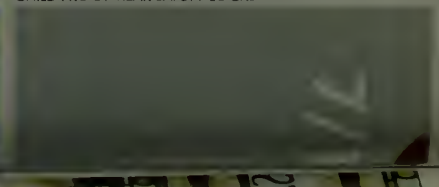
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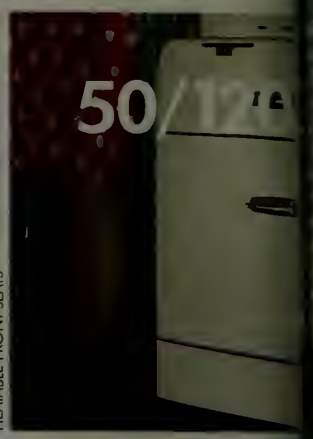
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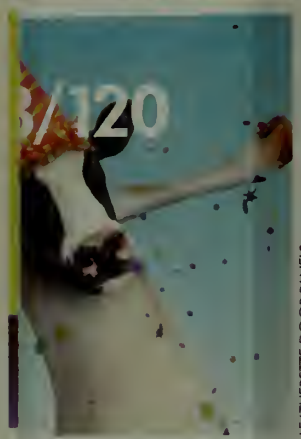


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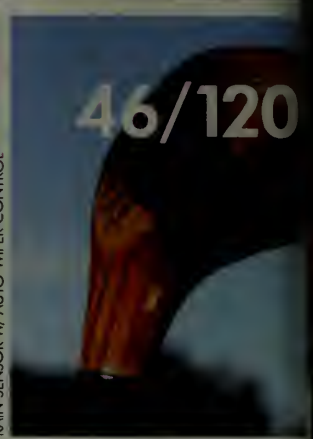
LEATHERETTE DOOR PANELS



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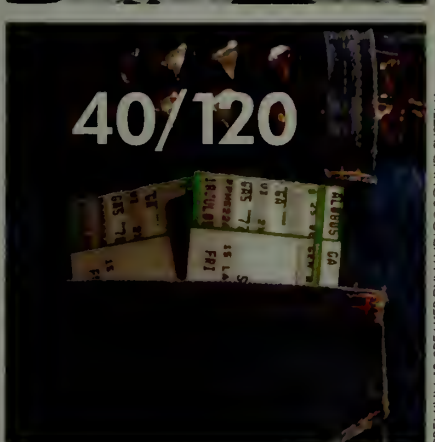


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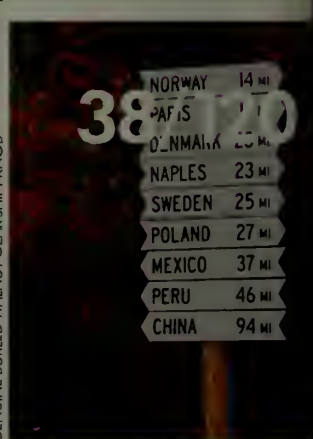
ALL-SEASON TIRES

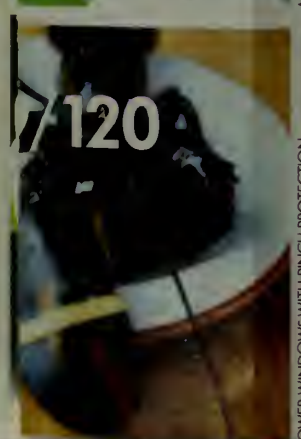


CARGO TIE-DOWN HOOKS

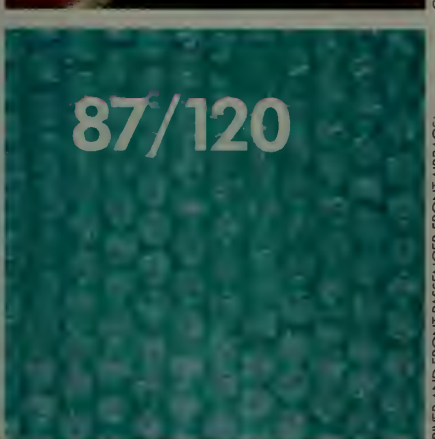


GENUINE BURLED WALNUT GEAR SHIFT KNOB*





OWER WINDOWS WITH PINCH PROTECTION



RIVER AND FRONT PASSENGER FRONT AIRBAGS†



EADLIGHT WASHER SYSTEM*





GULS GONE WILD
he tower, Steve Ballmer
Bill Gates, of Microsoft, are
er paintball siege by rivals
y Page and Sergey Brin,
Google. Foreground, left, Apple's
e Jobs fires on Sony's
Howard Stringer, who has been
ercut by Apple's iPod success.
ground, left, News Corp.'s
Murdoch aims at mega
Sumner Redstone of Viacom
Meg Whitman is seated.

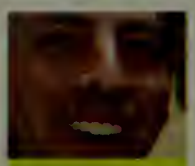
A new generation grabbed the No. 1 spot on this year's list, which also features a couple of novelists, two movie stars, and the usual quota of power grabs, family dramas, real-estate extravaganzas, evidence of obsessive behavior, and other outrageous tycoon details

THE NEW ESTAB

THE NEW ESTABLISHMENT 2005

THE 50 MOST POWERFUL LEADERS OF THE INFORMATION AGE

1



SERGEY BRIN
PRESIDENT, TECHNOLOGY, GOOGLE INC.



LARRY PAGE
PRESIDENT, PRODUCTS, GOOGLE INC.

SERGEY BRIN

FASHION MISHAP: Showed up for a magazine interview wearing short-shorts and Adidas sandals, then apologized for his attire, saying he had come from playing on the beach-volleyball court in the center of Google's campus.

MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Brin and Page had been making $150,000 a year, but now insist (despite the board's recommendations) on taking salaries of $1 a year with no bonuses, options, or stock grants, though they accepted the $1,556 holiday bonuses that went to all Googlers. The 32-year-olds made more than $700 million each selling shares this year, and have paper fortunes of around $10 billion each.

EXECUTIVE PERK: Use of C.E.O. Eric Schmidt's new jet, bought in February, for which the company reimburses Schmidt $7,000 an hour.

LARRY PAGE

AGORAPHOBIA WATCH: Following Google's stock offering last fall, Page kept an even lower profile than normal, shunning public appearances and interviews, reportedly because he had trouble coping with the pressures and responsibilities of life as a billionaire in the public eye.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Accusations from unnamed sources in John Battelle's new book, *The Search,* that Brin and Page rule by whim as petty dictators, while Schmidt is mostly window dressing as the token adult.

IN GENERAL: You can't get any hotter than Google. The stock, which went public last year at $85 a share, broke $300 by the middle of summer, giving it a market cap of almost $90 billion. The I.P.O. created an estimated 1,000 millionaires at Google, where the odds of getting a job are now daunting. Even though the company is expanding at a breathless pace—it hires four people a day—it receives 1,500 applications a day. Driving its rapid growth: an advertising boom. This year the ad revenues at Google and Yahoo together will rival those of the three major TV networks combined during prime time. Google alone already takes in more ad dollars than *The New York Times, The Washington Post,* or *The Wall Street Journal.* And in the second quarter its profits were even higher than those of other hot companies such as Apple and eBay. Google's hold over the Internet also continues to grow: it controls 59.2 percent of the search market, up from 45 percent a year ago. Meanwhile, MSN's share is down to 5.5 percent, and Yahoo's is 28.8 percent. Microsoft is so nervous that it sued Google for stealing one of its vice presidents; Google counter-sued over the "scare" tactics.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

2



H. LEE SCOTT JR.
PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., WAL-MART STORES, INC.

LITTLE BUDDIES: Jeffrey Katzenberg, Steve Jobs, Warren Buffett, all of whom have gone to Wal-Mart's headquarters, in Bentonville, Arkansas, to attend its weekly Saturday-morning management meeting.

NEMESES: Union organizers. After employees at a Canadian location voted to become the first unionized Wal-Mart in North America, Scott closed down the store. Every boss at the company receives the "Manager's Toolbox to Remaining Union Free," which warns to watch out for frequent meetings at associates' homes. In the past decade the federal government has filed 60 labor complaints against the company, for, among other alleged violations, unlawful surveillance, intimidation, and firing of pro-union employees.

GLOBALIZATION BONA FIDES: Wal-Mart bought $18 billion worth of goods from China last year, and 155 to 165 of the up to 530 new stores it plans to open this year will be outside the U.S. One of Scott's men met in New Delhi with India's prime minister, Manmohan Singh, about opening up the country to foreign direct retailers.

VEHICLE: Scott used to drive a gray VW Beetle to show employees that "just because you have a good job doesn't mean you have to have a fancy car," but recently he switched to a Lexus RX 400h hybrid.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Accusations of firing the whistle-blower who exposed former vice-chairman Tom Coughlin for allegedly padding his expense account by as much as $500,000 and telling colleagues to cover it up. Coughlin, a hunting and fishing pal of Sam Walton's, was allegedly using the "expense money" to pay off informants in the union-organizing movement. If true, that would be a violation of federal labor laws—a crime more serious than expense-account fraud.

BIG LOSS: Spent $11 million to settle federal charges of hiring hundreds of illegal immigrants as janitors.

IN GENERAL: Some analysts believe that Scott, 56, can drive Wal-Mart's annual revenues from $288 billion—which already makes it the world's biggest retailer—to a cool half-trillion by the end of the decade. His empire has awesome power. It's the biggest food seller in America, where its 3,700 stores ring up 15 percent of the nation's grocery tab—and have driven 10,000 supermarkets out of business so far. And 82 percent of U.S. households spend money at Wal-Mart at least once a year. Long resigned to the defensive, the feisty Scott finally decided to engage his critics with a massive P.R. campaign, including advertising on national TV and in 100 newspapers, launching a Web site (walmartfacts.com), and sponsoring National Public Radio. In 2003, he appointed a woman as "chief diversity officer."

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

3



SUMNER REDSTONE
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., VIACOM INC.

FAMILY RELATIONS: Elevated daughter Shari (nickname: Sumner in a Skirt), who oversees the family holding company National Amusements, a movie-theater business, to non-executive vice-chairman with the plan that she'd replace him as chairman upon his death.

STRESS-MANAGEMENT TOOL: Redstone, 82, says that he has the world's most diverse collection of saltwater fish at his Beverly Park house, with close to 200 species divided among five tanks.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY CONTRADICTORY BEHAVIOR: Three weeks before announcing plans to split Viacom into two separately traded companies, Redstone told investors on a conference call, "From top to bottom, Viacom is moving in one direction. We know where we want to go, and we know how to get there."

COMPENSATION WATCH: Rich pay packages totaling $160 million were awarded to him and deputies Tom Freston and Leslie Moonves in a year when the company's stock was off and huge write-downs led it to a $17.5 billion loss.

IN GENERAL: After spending the better part of the past two decades building one of the world's largest media groups, Redstone decided that the age of the conglomerate is over—especially in light of the 54 percent decline in Viacom's stock since 2000, the year after he merged with CBS. The new Viacom will house the fast-growing MTV Networks and Paramount movie studio, and the new CBS Corp. will include the Tiffany Network, Infinity radio, and outdoor-advertising businesses as well as Showtime, publisher Simon & Schuster, and Paramount's TV-production and theme-park businesses. Co-presidents Tom Freston and Les Moonves will become C.E.O.'s of their respective companies, but Sumner (who has rarely sold a share of Viacom stock) will remain controlling shareholder and chairman upon his retirement in 2006. Some investors are skeptical the split will produce the gains Redstone predicts.

YEAR AHEAD: →


A Business Class bed that feels like home.
An Internet connection that feels like the office.
An experience that feels like cloud nine.
All for this one moment.
There's no better way to fly.
Lufthansa
A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER

4



RUPERT MURDOCH

CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., NEWS CORPORATION

FAMILY RELATIONS: Supposed heir apparent Lachlan, Murdoch's eldest son, suddenly resigned his senior post at the company in July, after concluding that his father was interfering too much. Murdoch has announced that he will personally replace his son as publisher of the *New York Post.*

BIG DEAL: Bought Intermix Media, Inc., for $580 million in July to increase News Corp.'s online presence. Intermix, which runs more than 30 Web sites, including MySpace.com, the popular social-networking site, will nearly double News Corp.'s Web traffic.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Just before the London bombings in July, Fox News anchor John Gibson mused that the 2012 Olympics ought to have been awarded to Paris instead of London because "we could look forward to where we didn't worry about terrorism. They'd blow up Paris, and who cares?"

BIG NEW FRIENDS: Bill and Hillary Clinton; Murdoch was one of only two media suzerains (Time Warner's Dick Parsons was the other) set to attend the first Clinton Global Initiative conference of various world leaders, taking place this month in New York. Hillary, meanwhile, has lunched with the normally (but not exclusively) conservative Rupert at News Corp.'s Midtown headquarters.

MAOIST RELATIONS: Murdoch's strategy of cozying up to Chinese authorities to extend his media empire in the gigantic market was cast into doubt by a directive from China's new administration banning partnerships with foreign broadcasters.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Murdoch, 74, paid $44 million in cash—the highest price ever for a Manhattan apartment—for a triplex on Fifth Avenue at 64th Street that is the former residence of the late Laurance Rockefeller. Murdoch also put his 9,300-square-foot SoHo triplex penthouse on the market for $28 million.

IN GENERAL: While other media companies are shedding assets, News Corp. is gathering them. It bought out the public shareholders in its Fox Entertainment subsidiary, announced plans to spend up to $3 billion at a time buying back its lagging stock, and re-oriented the company toward grabbing a bigger piece of the online world by forming the Fox Interactive Media unit and acquiring Intermix. The sudden resignation of Lachlan came amid tensions over who will end up controlling the company, and whether Murdoch's young children with his third wife, Wendi Deng, will have an equal standing in family trusts with his four children from other marriages.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

5



STEVE JOBS

C.E.O., APPLE COMPUTER, INC.; CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., PIXAR ANIMATION STUDIOS

POWER BASE: President Bush supposedly listens to an iPod. So do Nicole Kidman and Leonardo DiCaprio. Diddy encrusted his iPod with 120 diamonds. Prada sells an iPod holder. Geek Cruises offers an iPod-themed cruise, which sails from Vancouver to San Diego. And Duke University gave 1,600 iPods to incoming freshmen for academic pursuits.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR: Jobs, 50, retaliated against publisher John Wiley & Sons for releasing its unauthorized biography of him, *iCon,* by removing all of Wiley's other titles—such as *Macs for Dummies*—from the shelves of Apple's retail stores.

LITIGATION WATCH: Apple sued 25 unnamed people for allegedly leaking details about upcoming products. A judge ruled that Apple could subpoena three Web sites—PowerPage.org, Apple Insider, and Think Secret (a site run by a 19-year-old)—to get them to divulge their confidential sources to the company. The Electronic Frontier Foundation said the ruling would crush the rights of online journalists; Apple said it was just protecting trade secrets.

iPOP: Jobs's biological father, Abdulfattah Jandali, an Arab immigrant who now goes by the first name "John," gave Jobs, but not his sister, author Mona Simpson, up for adoption at birth and was a political-science professor in Michigan, Nevada, and Washington State.

IN GENERAL: Apple's shares rose more than 200 percent last year, making it one of the best-performing stocks in the S&P 500. After critics said the iPod was too hot not to cool down, Jobs showed them by selling a stunning 6.2 million of the digital music players last quarter—which increased Apple's profits fivefold. Fans are waiting for the rumored video iPods.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

6



BILL GATES

CHAIRMAN AND CHIEF SOFTWARE ARCHITECT, MICROSOFT CORPORATION

MANAGEMENT TOOL: Still yells at colleagues.

GETAWAY DIGS: Takes helicopter or seaplane to waterfront two-story clapboard cottage with view of the Olympic Mountains for twice-yearly solitary, shoeless "Think Weeks," spent reading and drinking Diet Orange Crush.

CAN BE PROUD OF: Crusading against the "tragic inequality" in global health care. His foundation increased its support for new research and drugs from $200 million to $450 million and doubled its funding for childhood vaccinations in poor countries to $1.5 billion.

SIDE JOB: Gates, 49, joined the board of Berkshire Hathaway in December, filling the vacancy left by Warren Buffett's wife, Susan, who died last year. Gates also bought roughly $320 million of Berkshire stock.

BIG BET: Spent $1 billion creating Microsoft's new Xbox 360 video-game console, which could debut at Thanksgiving with a stylish white design seemingly inspired by Apple's iPod.

IN GENERAL: Gates took public swipes at his hottest rivals: Sergey Brin and Larry Page, at Google, and Steve Jobs, at Apple. "Google is still, you know, perfect," he said with sarcasm. Meanwhile, Gates premiered Microsoft's rival search engine, which he was closely involved in creating. Gates also predicted that Apple would lose its early lead in digital music players—exactly as it had in personal computers—the same week Microsoft unveiled its own software for turning ubiquitous cell phones into music players to compete with the iPod. It doesn't help that 80 percent of Microsoft's own employees who own portable music players are said to own iPods.

YEAR AHEAD: →

7



MEG WHITMAN

PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., EBAY INC.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR: Tells people where to sit at meetings.

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: eBay's yearly increases in the fees it charges to merchants have led them to call it "FeeBay" or "GreedBay."

GLOBALIZATION BONA FIDES: eBay's traffic actually fell this year in the U.S., where it's fighting off Google, Amazon, and Yahoo, but it's just booming overseas: an estimated 14 percent of money spent online worldwide occurs on eBay. This year, for the first time, it had more international users than American ones. Whitman now runs Web sites in 32 markets outside the U.S., but she faces tough competition in China from homegrown rival Taobao.

POWER BUYING: Every three minutes a bottle of wine is sold in France on eBay, garden gnomes sell every six minutes in Germany, and every 30 seconds a skin-care product is sold in China.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: If the approximately half a million people who make most or all of their living selling goods on eBay were employed by eBay, it would be the nation's second-largest employer—behind Wal-Mart.

QUOTE: "I don't actually think of myself as powerful."

IN GENERAL: Despite confessing to having a "fond spot" for Disney, her former employer, Whitman at first resisted feelers about succeeding Michael Eisner as C.E.O.

(4) BY JIM RUYMEN; (5) BY JUSTIN SULLIVAN

there. But ultimately she flew to L.A. and sat for a three-hour interview with the Disney board. She withdrew from consideration two days before the board anointed Robert Iger, the inside candidate, reportedly after feeling the process was taking too long. Whitman, 49, joined the board of Disney competitor DreamWorks a month later.

YEAR AHEAD: ➚

8



WARREN BUFFETT

CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., BERKSHIRE HATHAWAY INC.

HARBINGER OF FUTURE MOGULDOM: Filed his first 1040 tax return at age 13, deducting $35 for the bicycle he used as a newspaper delivery boy.

LITTLE BUDDY: Jimmy Buffett, who has been his friend for more than two decades. (They suspect they are distant cousins.) They met after Warren's sister, Doris, sent letters to 116 other Buffetts hoping to learn more about the family's history.

LUDDITE WATCH: After dining with Bill Gates at Gorat's Steak House, in Omaha, Buffett couldn't figure out the security system in his new Lincoln Town Car. They had to take a taxi.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Sold his house in Laguna Beach, California, in only two days, which made him think that the $3.5 million price "must have been too cheap."

BIG PURCHASE: In May he paid $9.4 billion for PacifiCorp., an electrical utility—his biggest acquisition in seven years.

IN GENERAL: Buffett, 75, profited from what he called a "dream deal"—the merger of Gillette and Procter & Gamble to create a mega-power in household products. The news drove up Gillette's stock price 13 percent. The $600 million that Berkshire Hathaway invested in Gillette in 1989 is now worth more than $5 billion. But Berkshire lost $926 million betting against the U.S. dollar this year. And the company's stock underperformed the S&P 500 market index for the second year in a row.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

9



BARRY DILLER

CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., INTERACTIVECORP

MOGUL HISTORY: As a freshman, Diller, 63, was fired from his job on the Beverly Hills High School newspaper for never showing up for work. His editor: Nora Ephron.

FOUNDER'S PERK: In 2004, Diller racked up $832,000 in free "personal use" of IAC's Gulfstream IV jet, bringing his three-year total to nearly $2.2 million.

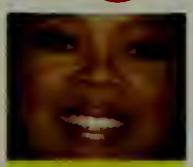
BIG PURCHASE: Diller's latest addition to the IAC fold is the fourth-ranked search engine, Ask Jeeves, which he agreed in March to buy for $1.85 billion. The acquisition pushes Diller into the lucrative search market, where a fierce battle is being waged among Google, Yahoo, and MSN for supremacy in online advertising and search services.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Diller ranked No. 2 in *Forbes*'s C.E.O.-compensation rankings for 2004, raking in an estimated $156.2 million in salary and stock.

IN GENERAL: Diller announced in December that his e-commerce conglomerate would spin off its travel properties (Expedia, Hotels.com, Hotwire.com) into a separate company. The remaining businesses, which include the Home Shopping Network, LendingTree, CitySearch, Ticketmaster, Match.com, and the recently acquired Ask Jeeves, will retain the corporate name as well as some $4.7 billion in cash and securities and $1.6 billion in debt. Despite impressive results—with $6.2 billion in sales and 62 million visitors a month to its sites, IAC's first-quarter profit surged 74 percent—the stock sits 39 percent below its July 2003 high.

YEAR AHEAD: ➚

10



OPRAH WINFREY

CHAIRMAN, HARPO INC.

ANCESTRY: Zulu (as determined by DNA testing).

MASTER-OF-THE-UNIVERSE MOVE: In what her friend Gayle King has called "Oprah's *Crash* moment," referring to a recent film about racism, Hermès, the high-end Paris luxury-goods boutique, turned Oprah away when she arrived after the store's 6:30 P.M. closing time. Winfrey, 51, has reportedly told the company that she will not be buying any more Hermès products, and this fall on her show, which is watched by an estimated 30 million people a week, she will address the incident.

WOMAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: "I walk my own dogs," she says. (They're cocker spaniels, Sophie and Solomon, and three newly adopted golden retrievers.) "I pick up my own dog poop."

SWAG WATCH: Last fall Oprah gave away 276 $28,500 Pontiac G6s to her audience members, who had to pay a bundle in taxes. In May she gave another audience $56 Le Mystère bras. And she held a wedding for her personal trainer, Bob Greene, at Tara II, her Montecito, California, estate—as her gift.

HOSTESS BONA FIDES: The Legends Ball, her tribute to pioneering black women, included lunch at Tara II, a Saturday-night ball at the Bacara Resort, and a Sunday gospel brunch back at her estate. The event honored 25 older "legends" (including Tina Turner, Coretta Scott King, Toni Morrison, Rosa Parks, Maya Angelou) and 42 younger black women (such as Halle Berry and Angela Bassett).

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OVERESTIMATING HER FANS: Oprah was really testing the loyalty of her base when she chose three notoriously challenging William Faulkner novels for her book club. Meanwhile, 150 writers, including Amy Tan and Jhumpa Lahiri, petitioned her to resume picking books by current novelists, whose sales have fallen ever since she abandoned them.

IN GENERAL: Winfrey, who earned $225 million last year, reigns as the world's highest-paid entertainer. Her power base, the No. 1 daytime talk show, is under contract through 2011. She gave $5,000 tax-free bonuses to the rank and file at *O* magazine to celebrate its fifth anniversary. *O* is profitable already and has a 2.7 million circulation. Meanwhile, her film of *Their Eyes Were Watching God* scored as the top-rated scripted TV movie in more than five years.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

11



BRIAN ROBERTS

CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., COMCAST CORPORATION

SECRET LIFE: In July, Roberts, 46, captained the U.S. Squash Team to a gold-medal win at the Maccabiah Games, in Israel, competing for the first time in nearly a decade. He trained for several months—playing with professionals three to five nights a week after his workdays in Philadelphia.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Warren Buffett's Berkshire Hathaway doubled its stake in February, buying another five million shares, for about $150 million.

PHILANTHROPY WATCH: In April, Brian's father and Comcast co-founder, Ralph Roberts, paid an undisclosed seven-figure sum to have the Philadelphia Theatre Company's new home, opening in 2007, named after his mother, Suzanne, a former stage actress.

BIG DEAL: If the recent bid with Time Warner to acquire the formerly bankrupt Adelphia Communications for $17.6 billion is approved, Comcast will end up increasing the number of subscribers it has nationwide from 21.5 million to 23.3 million. It contributed about $2 billion in cash and its 21 percent stake in Time Warner's cable business.

IN GENERAL: Comcast is the country's biggest cable operator, by an intimidating margin, and with more high-speed-Internet subscribers than any other company, it is looking to digital-based telephone services as a new growth arm. Roberts is searching for a wireless partner—probably Sprint-Nextel or T-Mobile—in order to offer his cable subscribers every type of content over every gizmo, from TVs to cell phones. He sees video-on-demand as his company's "killer app." As a result, Comcast plans to increase the number of video-on-demand programs the company offers for free from 3,500 to 10,000 hours.

YEAR AHEAD: ➚

12



STEVE BALLMER
C.E.O., MICROSOFT CORPORATION

DIPLOMACY SKILLS: Ballmer, 49, met with European Union competition commissioner Neelie Kroes in Belgium and negotiated a June 1 deadline for Microsoft to comply with Europe's anti-trust ruling, then played a dangerous game of brinkmanship as the date approached. Kroes threatened to charge up to $5 million a day in fines—5 percent of Microsoft's daily global sales—and after further negotiations, an agreement was reached.

SLIPPERY STEVE: Microsoft dropped its support for a Washington State bill to ban discrimination against gays and lesbians—and the measure failed by one vote. Critics claimed, but Microsoft denied, that Ballmer caved in under the threat of a national boycott made by suburban-Seattle megachurch pastor Ken Hutcherson, a fishing buddy of Rush Limbaugh's. Two weeks later Ballmer reconsidered, promising to support gay-rights laws in the future.

WORLD-DOMINATION WATCH: Ballmer commissioned a study to see what other products made as much profit as Microsoft Office. It turned out that not even big-name pharmaceuticals or Camel cigarettes could top it.

IN GENERAL: Ballmer's big challenge is to find lucrative new businesses. It looks bad for him that other Silicon Valley companies get lots of ink for doing just that. No wonder he's belittling his rivals—and copying them, too. He implied that Google may prove to be a "one-hit wonder," but that didn't stop his MSN Web site from imitating Google by selling ads triggered by keyword searches. He also disparaged Steve Jobs, saying that in three years "I don't believe there is much money in the iPod." Still, Microsoft opened its own online music store—a blatant rip-off of Apple's flourishing iTunes Music Store.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

13



RICHARD PARSONS
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., TIME WARNER INC.

SKELETON IN THE CLOSET: Burned down his family's home playing with matches when he was seven years old.

BIG DEAL: Acquiring Adelphia Communications with Comcast. The joint deal will enable the two companies to unwind their complex partnership with Time Warner's cable business.

IN GENERAL: The world's biggest media company, which three years ago was on the brink of disaster, is now considered, by some financial analysts, to be the most stable and most respected of all the media companies. Even so, Time Warner's stock price can't seem to get much above $18, and trails those of Viacom and Disney. (It was $94 in 1999.) With the pending public offering of Time Warner Cable and the S.E.C.'s investigations into shady accounting at America Online finally settled for $3 billion, Parsons insists the stock is poised to climb. Vexing questions still surround AOL. Parsons has indicated that he's not opposed to spinning off the company if AOL's latest strategy—to grab a piece of the fast-growing Internet-advertising market by making most of its online content available to nonsubscribers—fails to produce results.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

14



MICHAEL DELL
CHAIRMAN, DELL INC.



KEVIN ROLLINS
PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., DELL INC.

MICHAEL DELL

GLOBALIZATION BONA FIDES: In March he opened the company's third call center in India, where Dell now employs 7,000 people. Nonetheless, all the desktop computers Dell sells in the U.S. are assembled in the U.S. It doesn't matter that wages are much higher here than abroad: Dell is so efficient that it takes only one worker to build a P.C., in five minutes, and labor accounts for 2 percent of the cost of a typical Dell P.C.

MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Every year Dell, 40, takes a turn answering customer-service phone calls.

KEVIN ROLLINS

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: Maintains he has no ego or need for celebrity.

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY ENVIOUS BEHAVIOR: Called Apple's iPod just a "fad." Reportedly said, "The iPod has been out for three years, and it's only this past year it's become a raging success." (Just the same, Dell's not sitting still; it's been selling a line of MP3 players since 2003, and in July the company announced a deal with Napster to load the music service's library onto Dell servers located on college campuses. This will allow students to more easily download music legally.)

IN GENERAL: Dell, the world's largest P.C. maker, dominates in the U.S. with one-third of the market, and that figure is likely to go up now that IBM has gotten out of the business. C.E.O. Rollins, 52, plans to increase revenues from $49 billion to $80 billion by the end of 2008. His strategy: expand internationally and continue to move the brand beyond P.C.'s. Rollins is also taking on IBM and H-P by promoting Dell as a tech consultant to high-profile customers such as Boeing and ExxonMobil.

YEAR AHEAD: ➚

15



TERRY SEMEL
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., YAHOO INC.

BIG PURCHASES: In August, Semel bought a 40 percent stake in Alibaba, an e-commerce firm in China, for $1 billion. In 2003 he paid $120 million for control of 3721, a Chinese Web search engine. Both moves will help Yahoo compete against eBay and Google. He also spent $160 million to acquire MusicMatch, a Web-based music company.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Semel's salary is a reasonable $600,000, but his total take-home pay last year was a stunning $230.6 million, with almost all the windfall from having exercised his stock options, according to *Forbes*. That made him the year's highest-paid C.E.O.

IMPERIAL EXPANSION: Yahoo is spending up to $100 million for a 10-year lease on the old MGM headquarters in Santa Monica. Renamed "Yahoo Center," with room for 1,000 workers, the complex houses Yahoo's media division, under the leadership of new hire Lloyd Braun, the former ABC executive who oversaw the development of *Desperate Housewives*. He's scouting for more Hollywood deals modeled on Yahoo's Web tie-ins with *The Apprentice* and *The Contender*.

IN GENERAL: Online advertising is so hot that Yahoo reportedly had an astonishing 100 percent renewal rate among its top 200 advertisers in the fourth quarter. Yahoo's profits rose 259 percent last year, and the share price shot up 67 percent. When the stock declined in this year's overall softer market, Semel moved to prop it up by planning to buy back $3 billion worth with the company's cash over the next five years.

YEAR AHEAD: ➚

16



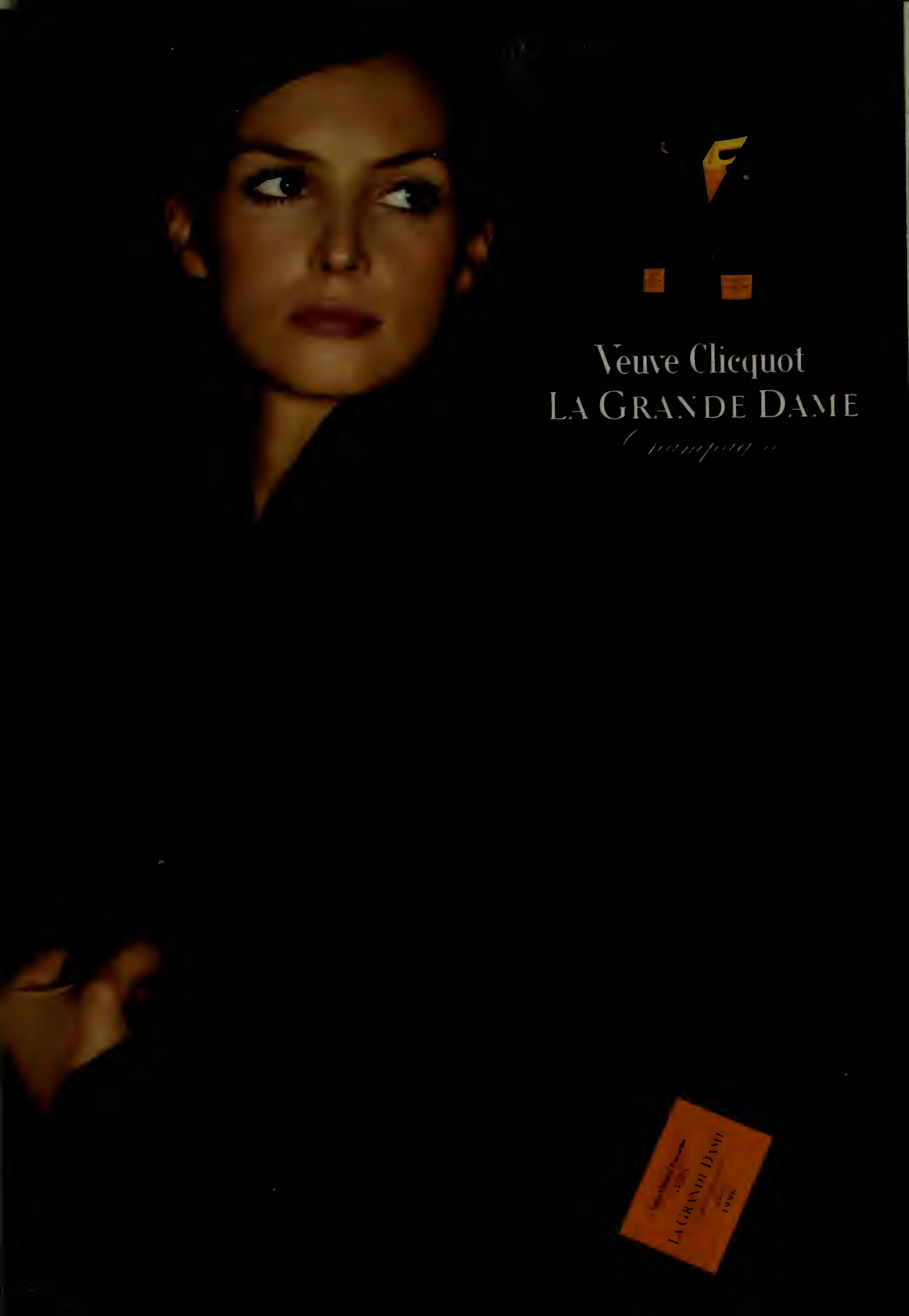
SIR HOWARD STRINGER
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., SONY CORP.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: A week after being named to Sony's top job, in March, Stringer paid some $16 million for a penthouse atop 1107 Fifth Avenue, a unit that was part of the original 54-room triplex of Marjorie Merriweather Post Hutton. New neighbors include Ralph Lauren. He sold his Upper East Side town house for $7.85 million.

PHILANTHROPY WATCH: Donated 200 first-edition books—he's a collector—to New York–Presbyterian Hospital for its patient library.

LITTLE BUDDY: Sony BMG C.E.O. Andrew

[13] BY EVERETT KENNEDY BROWN; [14] BY ROBIN PLATZER; [15] BY PETER HAPAK


Veuve Clicquot
LA GRANDE DAME
Champagne
LA GRANDE DAME
1990

Lack, the former NBC News chief, who has kicked the world's second-largest music company into shape.

BIG DEAL: With private equity partners and the backing of Comcast, Sony paid $4.6 billion for MGM, outbidding heavyweight Time Warner for the studio.

IN GENERAL: With Sony's main electronics business flagging and its stock down 50 percent in the past four years, Stringer—who, in replacing Nobuyuki Idei as chairman, became the first non-Japanese to run Sony—needs to do for the whole company what he did for its once lagging Hollywood arm: turn it around. He launched a full review of worldwide operations that could result in the divestiture of some of Sony's non-core businesses (perhaps insurance or personal computers), a trimming of its vast product lines, and almost certainly more cost cutting. But the real trick is going to be finding ways for the company to grow while everyone from Apple to Microsoft to Dell to Samsung to Time Warner whittles away at its business.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

17



BOB WRIGHT

VICE-CHAIRMAN AND EXECUTIVE OFFICER, G.E.; CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., NBC UNIVERSAL

PET PROJECT: Autism. Bob and his wife Suzanne's four-year-old grandchild, Christian, suffers from the disease. Earlier this year they founded Autism Speaks, a not-for-profit organization aimed at raising money for research.

FOREIGN RELATIONS: Wright, 62, was in an executive dining room near the Arc de Triomphe with the brass of Vivendi, a 20 percent shareholder in NBC Universal (G.E. owns the rest), when London was announced as the host city for the 2012 Olympics. "It was a tough lunch," he recalled.

MOST EMBARRASSING SUCCESS: Tapping into the Universal Television vaults to issue *Baa Baa Black Sheep: Volume 1—The First Adventures of the Black Sheep Squadron,* on DVD.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Negotiating a new five-year contract with Universal Studio's longtime president, Ron Meyer.

IN GENERAL: The line on media in 2005, roughly, is that it's time to break up the conglomerates. But Wright has spent the last year successfully integrating Universal's film, television, and theme-park operations with NBC and its cable channels, which include MSNBC (in partnership with Microsoft), Bravo, and USA Network. Although the NBC TV network has fallen into an embarrassing ratings slide, its prime-time TV woes are balanced out, in part, by the cash-spinning at such franchises as *The Tonight Show* and the *Today* show. In July, Wright reportedly got the go-ahead from G.E.'s board to pursue buying DreamWorks.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

18



JEFF BEZOS

CHAIRMAN, PRESIDENT, AND C.E.O., AMAZON.COM, INC.

MASTER-OF-THE-UNIVERSE MOVE: Bezos, 41, revealed plans to build a spaceport on his 165,000-acre ranch in West Texas. His Blue Origin start-up claims to be six or seven years away from a test flight, and he hopes to ultimately offer space travel for wealthy tourists.

GLOBALIZATION WATCH: In August he paid $75 million for Joyo.com, China's biggest online merchant of books, music, and videos.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Amazon and Google seem locked into a pattern of mutual imitation. In September 2004, Amazon launched its own search engine, A9.com. Meanwhile, Google's Sergey Brin and Larry Page came out with Google Print, which lets users search the contents of books, much like one of Amazon's pioneering features. Montessori might be one of the secrets to their success—all three attended Montessori preschools.

IN GENERAL: At the annual shareholders' meeting, Bezos said that Amazon's strategy puts Wall Street in a "kerfuffle." Stock analysts, who disliked Bezos's earlier move of offering free shipping on orders of $25 or more, were put off even more by his February introduction of Amazon Prime: unlimited two-day shipping for a flat fee of $79 a year. Bezos argues that he's building customer loyalty for the long run. Analysts say that Bezos's giveaways cost too much, hurting Amazon's profits right now. Result: the stock fell from $55 in summer 2004 to nearly $30 in April.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

19



PETER CHERNIN

PRESIDENT AND C.O.O., NEWS CORPORATION

EXIT STRATEGY: Chernin's contract with News Corp. reportedly guarantees him a six-year TV-and-movie-output deal if he decides to leave his job and set up his own studio. However, if Chernin is offered the C.E.O. job, now held by Rupert Murdoch, and turns it down, he does not get the TV-and-movie deal. If he's fired "without cause" or quits "for good reason," Chernin also gets a $40 million cash payout.

MOGUL RELATIONS: "I wish them luck, but I don't get it," Chernin says of Viacom's plan to split itself in two. "It's hard to find any business in the world right now where scale and size doesn't seem to be an attribute."

IN GENERAL: With Lachlan Murdoch's exit, Chernin's role as Rupert's man in Hollywood and potential successor became even more solid. In May, for the first time in its history, Fox became the top-rated television network in prime time among the coveted 18- to 49-year-olds. At midyear, Twentieth Century Fox was the top movie studio in domestic market share. Now Chernin is concentrating on making the most of the recently subsumed DirecTV satellite business: one example is the launch of the Fox Reality Channel, for which DirecTV's 14.4 million subscribers represented nearly all of the homes that it debuted in. His next task: implementing Murdoch's push for a bigger online presence.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

20



STEVEN SPIELBERG

CO-PRINCIPAL, DREAMWORKS SKG

CREATIVE SECRET: In-N-Out Triple-Triple burgers, but Spielberg, 58, eats sparingly when shooting a film because he believes that losing weight increases his energy.

NEMESIS: Phragmites, a weed which grows as high as 16 feet, in his backyard on East Hampton's Georgica Pond.

CAN TAKE CREDIT FOR: Reviving the moribund genre of the television mini-series. His latest, *Into the West,* which debuted in June on TNT, follows the success of *Band of Brothers,* which he and Tom Hanks created for HBO in 2001.

IN GENERAL: Spielberg's *War of the Worlds,* which cost $135 million to make, reaped $166 million at the box office in its first 12 days and passed the $500 million mark in a month, proving that he hadn't lost his willingness or ability to create blockbusters after his previous effort, the idiosyncratic *The Terminal,* took in a relatively modest (for him) $77 million for its entire run. He's moving ahead with *Munich,* his movie about the aftermath of the hostage crisis at the 1972 Munich Olympics, a project he delayed to direct *War of the Worlds. Munich*'s scriptwriter: Pulitzer-winning playwright Tony Kushner.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

21



DAVID GEFFEN

CO-PRINCIPAL, DREAMWORKS SKG

PET PROJECT: In January, DreamWorks announced plans for a movie version of *Dreamgirls,* the Broadway musical Geffen, 62, produced in 1981.

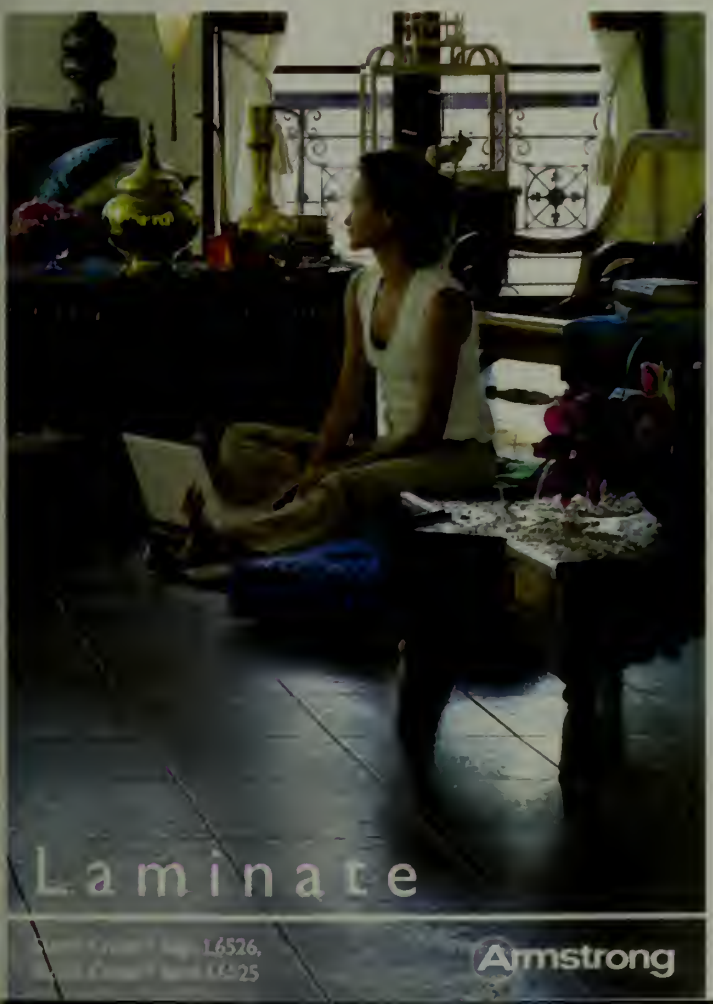
NEAR MISS: DreamWorks was on the verge of bankruptcy a couple of times, including after it lost $125 million on *Sinbad* in 2003.

BIG WIN: The initial public offering of DreamWorks Animation stock. The company achieved a market value of more than $4 billion, nearly as high

[171] BY DAN HERRICK [181] BY RONALD ASADOR [191] BY FREDERICK M. RP. WN









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Style Tip: Love the look of wood, slate, tile or brick? Prefer something softer underfoot or easier on the budget? Look closer at resilient flooring. You'll have to see and feel the difference to believe it.

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Style Tip: "Design my Room" isn't just a design tool. It's also a pretty handy idea generator. While you mix and match surfaces and colors, new possibilities are certain to spring to life.

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"WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT A STRETCH MARK CREAM WOULD TURN OUT TO BE THE ANTI-WRINKLE BREAKTHROUGH OF THE DECADE!"

In a remarkable turn of events, arguably one of the strangest in the history of cosmetics, women across the country are putting a stretch-mark cream called StriVectin-SD® on their face to diminish the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles and crows' feet. And, if consumer sales are any indication of a product's effectiveness, StriVectin-SD is nothing short of a miracle. Women as well as a growing number of "Boomer" men are buying so much StriVectin-SD that finding a tube at your local cosmetic counter has become just about impossible. Has everyone gone mad? Well… not really.

Scientific Breakthrough or Dumb Luck?

Although StriVectin-SD's functional components were already backed by clinical trials documenting their ability to visibly reduce the appearance of existing stretch marks (prominent because of their depth, length, discoloration, and texture)… the success of StriVectin-SD as an anti-wrinkle cream was "dumb luck," says Gina Gay, spokesperson for Klein-Becker®, StriVectin-SD's exclusive distributor.

"When we first handed out samples of the StriVectin formula to employees and customers as part of our market research, the sample tubes were simply marked 'topical cream' with the lot number underneath," Ms. Gay explains. "As the samples were passed to friends and family, the message became a little muddled and some people used this 'topical cream' as a facial moisturizer. As we began to receive feedback from users, like 'I look 10 years younger' and 'I can't even notice my crows' feet,' we knew we had something more than America's most effective stretch-mark cream. The point was driven home as store owners began reporting that almost as many people were purchasing StriVectin as an anti-wrinkle cream as were buying it to reduce stretch marks."

Dr. Daniel B. Mowrey, PhD, Klein-Becker's Director of Scientific Affairs, says, "Clearly, people were seeing results, but we didn't have a scientific explanation as to why this wrinkle-reduction was occurring. However, based on the incredibly positive reports, I started using it myself — applying StriVectin to my face after shaving." Dr. Mowrey adds, "On a personal note, my wife tells me I haven't looked this good in years."

Dumb Luck Strikes Again!

Then, on Tuesday, July 2, 2002, at a meeting of the 20th World Congress of Dermatology in Paris, France, a series of studies detailing the superior wrinkle-reducing properties of a patented oligo-peptide (called Pal-KTTKS) versus retinol, vitamin C, and placebo, on "photo-aged skin" was presented.[1,2] "As luck would have it," Dr. Mowrey states, "the anti-wrinkle oligo-peptide tested in the breakthrough clinical trials turned out to be a key ingredient in the StriVectin cream."

In the trials, subjects applied the patented peptide solution to the crows' feet area on one side of the face, and a cream containing either retinol, vitamin C, or a placebo to the other side.

Subjects in the Pal-KTTKS/retinol study applied the cream once a day for 2 months and then twice a day for the next 2 months. Using special image analysis, the study's authors reported "significant improvement" in both the appearance of overall skin tone and unsightly wrinkles for those women using the peptide solution.

Better yet, at the 2-month halfway point, the peptide solution worked nearly 1.5 times faster than retinol (in measured parameters), and without the inflammation retinol often causes in sensitive skin. As was expected, the results of the remaining studies confirmed that the Pal-KTTKS solution's effectiveness at reducing the appearance of fine lines and wrinkles far exceeded both vitamin C and placebo.

A smoother, younger complexion, with less irritation and faster results — all without expensive (and painful) peels, implants or injections.

Better than Retinol and Vitamin C, But Is StriVectin-SD® Better than Botox®*?™

Dr. Nathalie Chevreau, PhD, RD, Director of Women's Health at Salt Lake City based Basic Research®, exclusive distributor for Klein-Becker, explains, "Leading dermatologists agree that Botox is the preferred treatment for moderate to severe frown lines between the brow. But ever since it was discovered that StriVectin could reduce the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles, and crows' feet… the kind of fine lines, wrinkles and crows' feet that can add 10-15 years to your appearance and which costly medical treatments often leave behind… skin-care professionals have been recommending, and using, StriVectin." In fact, researchers believe non-invasive alternatives are better, because, Dr. Chevreau continues, "Topical creams and gels offer gradual, continual results, while the effects of injections, facial peels, and dermabrasions are rougher on the skin and wear off."

In other words, StriVectin-SD helps give you a youthful, healthy, glowing complexion faster than retinol, far superior to vitamin C, and without irritation, needles, or surgery. Even better, many dermatologists and plastic surgeons recommend StriVectin in conjunction with cosmetic procedures, including Botox.

So, if you see someone applying an anti-stretch mark cream to their face, don't think they've gone off the deep end… they may be smarter than you think.

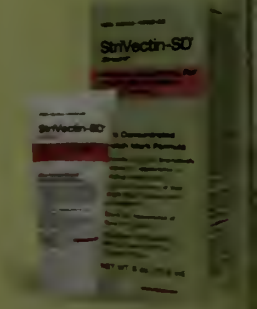


Having a Hard Time Find StriVectin-SD

If you've been searchin StriVectin-SD, you already k become almost impossible t Don't bother with Neiman they don't have it… Your b are SEPHORA shops, PA Lord & Taylor, ☆macy's bloomingdales or Saks 5th they always try to keep it in or, believe it or not, the pre section of your local GNC or h supplement retailer. To be ab sure, you can order StriVec directly from Klein-Becker at:

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Since StriVectin-SD was design stretch-mark reducing form comes in a large, 6-ounce t $135.00, StriVectin-SD is not c but when used as a wrinkle-r one tube will last approximat months. By the way, StriVectin backed by Klein-Becker's mone guarantee. If StriVectin-SD c make your skin look younger, h er, and more vibrant, simply the unused portion within 30 d a full refund… no questions as



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Study References:

PO438 "Relevance of antiwrinkle treatment of a peptide 4 months clinical double blind s excipient orld Congress of Dermatology (60 subjects, 4 mos.)
O 79 "Pentapeptide offers improvement in human photoaged facial skin." 20th World Congress of Der 4 subjects, 14 weeks)

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as that of arch-rival Pixar, while financial mastermind Geffen and chief executive Jeffrey Katzenberg kept 93 percent voting control through their Class B shares.

MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: In June, Geffen dropped his lawsuit to block public entry to Malibu's Carbon Beach from the side of his house. He also reimbursed Access for All, his gloating opponents, $300,000 for legal fees. Now day-trippers in flip-flops can pass through his gate, stroll 10 feet away from his swimming pool, and go onward to the beach. The move completes an obligation Geffen agreed to 22 years ago in exchange for the go-ahead to combine four lots into a large oceanfront property.

IN GENERAL: This year, Geffen stepped back to a more hands-on role in leading the studio. He had to: First, the husband-wife team of Walter Parkes and Laurie MacDonald ended their decade-long tenure with the studio. Then, when the animation group was spun off into a public company, its new C.E.O., Katzenberg, reassured Wall Street by pledging to spend only 10 percent of his time on DreamWorks SKG. Since Spielberg is immersed in making his own films, that left Geffen to mind the shop. His big move: negotiating with Universal Studios president Ron Meyer, his old friend and Malibu neighbor, to sell DreamWorks (its live-action business) for a rumored $1 billion or more to NBC Universal.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

22



LAWRENCE ELLISON
C.E.O., ORACLE CORPORATION

LITTLE BUDDY: Harvard president Larry Summers.

PHILANTHROPY WATCH: Rumored to be readying to make a $120 million donation to Harvard, its largest ever, for five professorships—and a program to study the effectiveness of global health initiatives.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Listed his estate in Atherton, California, for $25 million, roughly four times what he had paid for it in 1987, the year Oracle went public. The three-acre spread, with its 8,000-square-foot, seven-bedroom samurai-style house and moon-viewing platform, seems awfully quaint now compared with his new, 40-acre compound in Woodside, which the tax assessors valued at $79 million.

THWARTED AMBITION: To own a professional sports franchise. Ellison was rebuffed in his overtures to owners of both the N.F.L.'s San Francisco 49ers and the N.B.A.'s Golden State Warriors.

LANDGRAB: Paid $17 million for a house in Malibu only two years after paying a record $65 million for five oceanfront properties on Carbon Beach. (Jennifer Aniston is renting one of them.)

DODGED A BULLET WHEN: In November he won a summary judgment in a shareholder lawsuit accusing him of insider trading—specifically, dumping Oracle shares in 2001 before the company made a public announcement that its financial results would fail to meet expectations.

IN GENERAL: In January, Ellison, 61, pulled off the audacious $10.3 billion takeover of rival PeopleSoft, capping a nasty 18-month legal fight. The motivation for the takeover: Ellison still clings to his grandiose goal of Oracle's beating Microsoft and becoming the world's biggest and most important software company. Talk about persistent self-delusion. Even after consuming PeopleSoft, Oracle trails not only Microsoft but Germany's SAP as well.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

23



JOHN MALONE
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., LIBERTY MEDIA CORPORATION

POWER BROKER'S MANEUVER: In March, Malone joined (briefly—he resigned in June) Cablevision's board to bolster founder and chairman Charles Dolan, his friend of four decades, in Dolan's battle for power against his C.E.O. son, James.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Malone said at a conference in March that he didn't understand what Barry Diller and Sumner Redstone were doing.

GLOBALIZATION BONA FIDES: From his base in Denver, Malone bought 33 cable-TV operators in Japan, which he assembled into that nation's largest cable company, J-Com, and took public in March in a $5 billion deal.

BIG DEAL: Completed the spin-off of Liberty Media's 50 percent stake in Discovery Communications, the cable-channel group.

IN GENERAL: Nothing Malone has done for years has been as fascinating as his ongoing game of high-stakes corporate chess with Rupert Murdoch. In November, Malone, 64, bought another big stake in Murdoch's News Corp., raising his voting interest from 9 to 18 percent and renewing speculation about what he was up to: did he want to take over the company or was he simply trying to make money on his investment? Malone's answer: "I would rather die than do anything to hurt Rupert." He said that he would have kept buying voting shares if News Corp. hadn't put in a "poison pill" to stop him. In May, at Liberty's annual shareholders' meeting, Malone claimed his relationship with Murdoch was "in good condition," although he told Wall Street that he doesn't expect to reach an agreement with News Corp. over his 18 percent voting stake this year.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

24



JEFF BEWKES
CHAIRMAN, ENTERTAINMENT & NETWORKS GROUP, TIME WARNER INC.



DON LOGAN
CHAIRMAN, MEDIA & COMMUNICATIONS GROUP, TIME WARNER INC.

JEFF BEWKES

BIG NEAR MISS: Pulled out of the bidding for MGM last fall, ceding the studio to Sony after concluding that the price had become too high.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Bewkes skis with HBO chairman Chris Albrecht.

DON LOGAN

NICE WORK IF YOU CAN GET IT: Time Warner sold its stake in Google, acquired through the AOL merger, for an approximately $900 million profit.

DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTIC: A voracious reader, Logan devours just about every big title produced by Warner Book Group and plenty besides. One Warner title curiously left off his reading list this year: Michael Eisner's *Camp*.

MAN-OF-THE-LITTLE-PEOPLE MOVE: Delivered a career-day speech to the sixth-grade class of Crestline Elementary School, in Mountain Brook, Alabama. (Two of his granddaughters are students there.) Logan took along Harry Potter's wizard cap and wand from the Warner Bros. prop department.

IN GENERAL: Bewkes and Logan delivered double-digit growth in operating profits across all the company's vast divisions in the first quarter of 2005, but then generated a loss of $1.23 billion on sales of $10.74 billion the next quarter. Logan, 61, had a hand in the acquisition of Adelphia's cable business, the related unwinding of the cable partnership with Comcast, and the plans to float Time Warner Cable as a public company and expand rapidly into telephone service. He also keeps a watchful eye on Time Inc., the business he used to lead, as it continues to launch new magazines such as *Cottage Living*. Similarly, he worked closely with AOL chairman and C.E.O. Jonathan Miller on the company's latest effort to relaunch AOL. Bewkes, 53, meanwhile, is focusing on what he calls the "major-patent pool," ranging from Warner-produced TV shows such as *The O.C.*, *Nip/Tuck*, and *Cold Case* to the library of syndicated Warner hits—from *Seinfeld* to *ER*—that increasingly populate Turner channels, led by TBS and TNT, along with original fare like the western hit *Into the West*. Bewkes is enthusiastic about HBO's upcoming lineup, which includes the historical *Rome* and another World War II mini-series from Steven Spielberg and Tom Hanks, *The Pacific War*. The Warner Bros. studio continues to focus on big-budget productions such as *Batman Begins* and *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire*.

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

[22] BY PIA TORELLI [23] BY MATTHEW STAVER [24] BOTH BY ROBIN PLATZER

25



TOM FRESTON
CO-PRESIDENT AND CO-C.O.O., VIACOM INC.

MOGUL RELATIONS: Hired former talent manager Brad Grey to oversee the struggling Paramount movie studio after the departure of longtime heads Jonathan Dolgen and, this year, Sherry Lansing. Grey, in turn, brought in Gail Berman from Fox. Bob Daly, the former co-head of Warner Bros., has signed on as an adviser to Viacom.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: In a year when Freston and his counterpart, Leslie Moonves, each pocketed $52 million in compensation—although more than half of it in unrealized stock options—they also charged the company $43,100 and $105,000, respectively, for nights spent in their own homes on opposite coasts (Freston's in Los Angeles, Moonves's in New York) in lieu of staying in hotels. After press reports about the payments, the men voluntarily gave the practice up.

IN GENERAL: This year, Freston, 59, held meetings in Beirut to negotiate an Arabic-language offshoot of MTV, and launched music channel MTV Base in Africa. With the debut in June of the company's gay Logo cable channel, Freston now oversees more than 112 channels worldwide, including BET, VH1, and Nickelodeon. Because of MTV's explosive growth, the company Freston will run after Viacom is split up will retain the Viacom name and be pitched as a growth stock. The lagging end of his business is Paramount, which enjoyed a jump start with the strong opening of the Spielberg-Cruise-DreamWorks collaboration *War of the Worlds*—the biggest opening the studio has ever had.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

26



LESLIE MOONVES
CO-PRESIDENT AND CO-C.O.O., VIACOM INC.

PAST LIFE: For an episode of the 70s TV show *Cannon*, Moonves played a Mexican pearl diver. He wore a Speedo and spoke with an accent.

CHILDHOOD HEROES: Sandy Koufax and Jim Brown.

NATURAL FOE: Members of the Writers Guild of America East, who launched a "Working Harder for Les" campaign to shame CBS at public events for planned cuts in pay and union jobs. One handout: a mock copy of Moonves's $52 million paycheck.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: No longer the "geezer network," CBS unseated NBC's "Must See TV" Thursdays and led ratings among the 18-to-49 crowd for regularly scheduled programs for the first time in three decades.

IN GENERAL: Following Viacom's great divide, Moonves will run the re-christened CBS Corp., which includes the broadcast TV networks, radio, billboard advertising, and the syndication businesses. He'll also run Showtime, publisher Simon & Schuster, and Paramount's theme parks. The idea is that a different kind of investor will be attracted to the slower-growing but cash-spinning CBS versus the faster-growing Viacom. In some ways, the Tiffany Network has remained a lightning rod for controversy, most recently with "Rathergate." "It was unfortunate," says Moonves, 55, who fired one executive and asked three others to resign after reading the report from the independent panel appointed to investigate the scandal.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

27



SAM PALMISANO
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., INTERNATIONAL BUSINESS MACHINES

BIG SALE: Unloaded IBM's P.C. business for $1.75 billion to China's Lenovo Group. Analysts claimed the move wasn't just historic but smart too: it gets a money-losing business off IBM's books while keeping its brand name in a booming market. For five years the P.C.'s will still carry the IBM logo.

MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL-COMPLEX WATCH: Building the Stryker supercomputer for the U.S. Army, which will use it to develop advanced weapons.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Palmisano earned $14.39 million in 2004, but going forward he and about 50 other top IBM executives pledged to defer their own pay increases "until we get our business back on track."

MAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Palmisano, 54, claims that he reads every e-mail sent to him by IBM's 320,000 employees. Sometimes he calls middle managers just to chat and ask what they're thinking about.

IN GENERAL: After reporting disappointing first-quarter earnings, Palmisano said at IBM's annual shareholders' meeting last spring that he was taking "aggressive action." He's vowed to cut costs by $1 billion and reduce bureaucracy by axing 10,000 to 13,000 jobs, mostly in sluggish Europe. But cutbacks alone won't satisfy Wall Street. Palmisano needs to build new businesses, too: at $96.5 billion in revenue last year, IBM has to add the equivalent of a Fortune 500 company annually to sustain its rate of growth. Things are looking up: in July the company reported that second-quarter revenues had risen 6 percent over last year. He's betting growth will come from the burgeoning computerization of everything, such as the medical-patient records that IBM already helps the doctors at the Mayo Clinic to study in order to make better diagnoses.

YEAR AHEAD: →

28



CRAIG BARRETT
CHAIRMAN, INTEL CORPORATION



PAUL OTELLINI
PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., INTEL CORPORATION

CRAIG BARRETT

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Singing "Walk This Way" with Aerosmith's Steven Tyler at the International Consumer Electronics Show, in Las Vegas.

DESERVES CREDIT FOR: Falling to his knees in front of 7,000 people at an industry event and begging forgiveness for problems with Intel's chips.

GLOBALIZATION BONA FIDES: Proclaimed that Intel can succeed without ever hiring another American.

PAUL OTELLINI

NERD BONA FIDES: In 1989, at age 38, he worked as the technical assistant to C.E.O. Andy Grove. Among his tasks: teaching Grove how to use a P.C.

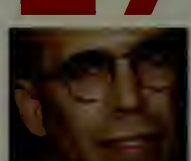
MOGUL RELATIONS: Otellini hugged Steve Jobs in June, when they announced Apple's switch from IBM to Intel for chips to power the Macintosh.

HOLLYWOOD RELATIONS: At Herb Allen's Sun Valley retreat this summer, Intel announced it was forming a digital-entertainment company, to be called ClickStar Inc., with actor Morgan Freeman's production house, Revelations Entertainment. The new company plans to make movies available to consumers via the Internet the same day they open in theaters.

IN GENERAL: In May, Otellini, 55, became the fifth C.E.O. in Intel's history—and the first who wasn't an engineer. Barrett, 66, who retired at 65, as per the company's tradition, took over from Andy Grove as chairman. Otellini faces big challenges, especially the legal complaint brought in June by rival AMD, which charged Intel with "anti-competitive practices."

YEAR AHEAD: →

29



JEFFREY KATZENBERG
CO-PRINCIPAL, DREAMWORKS SKG

MOGUL RELATIONS: Grasping Wal-Mart's incomparable ability to sell DVDs, Katzenberg is a frequent visitor to the retailer's headquarters, in Bentonville, Arkansas. He even put on a blue Wal-Mart smock at an employee meeting.

LITTLE BUDDY: Reality-TV mogul Mark Burnett.

BIG SALE: DreamWorks Animation raised $812 million from the initial public offering of its stock, in October 2004. The I.P.O. gave the company a market value of more than $4 bil-

[25, 26] BY ROBIN PLATZER (28) TOP, BY TAI COMEN

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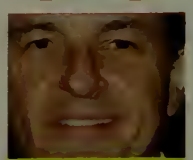
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tion, not far behind arch-rival Pixar.

IN GENERAL: Katzenberg, 54, who became C.E.O. of DreamWorks Animation after it was spun off, has quickly learned some important lessons about watching your words when you run a publicly owned company. Characteristically exuberant and optimistic, the company predicted that *Shrek 2* would sell as many as 55 million DVDs, which are the most profitable part of showbiz today. Yet, even though the sequel was a huge box-office hit and its DVD sales, at 35 million, were near the all-time record, they fell far short of his forecasts, and investors reacted by finally ending their prolonged honeymoon with the stock. In July, after the S.E.C. announced an informal inquiry into the matter and Katzenberg canceled a planned $500 million follow-up stock offering, the shares fell below the I.P.O. share price of $28.

YEAR AHEAD: ➔

30



ROBERT IGER

PRESIDENT, C.O.O., AND C.E.O.-DESIGNATE, THE WALT DISNEY COMPANY

INTERNAL AFFAIRS: After 35 years, ABC unloaded its signature program *Monday Night Football,* which was losing $150 million a year for the network. It didn't go far: it will now air on Disney's ESPN, where, analysts say, the economics of a subscription-based cable channel will make it instantly profitable.

MOST IRONIC SUCCESS: The TV shows *Desperate Housewives* and *Lost,* which are almost entirely responsible for reviving the long-suffering ABC network. The book *Disney-War* claimed that Iger didn't like either show, a characterization which Iger called "preposterous and false."

IMPERIAL EXPANSION: Disney opens Hong Kong Disneyland this month. Iger, who has been spearheading Disney's push into China, is hoping this theme park, which cost $3.6 billion to build, will spur international growth. After all, 290 million of China's 1.3 billion people are under the age of 14.

TRIUMPH OF THE MACHINE: Disney stopped all hand-drawn animation this year. And for the first time, 3-D computers are used for all of the studio's animated films.

IN GENERAL: Iger, 54, made his presence felt as soon as he got the nod as Disney's new chief by dismantling the company's corporate-strategic-planning department and promising division heads more autonomy. Iger reached out to estranged animation partner Pixar and visited co-founder Steve Jobs at his office for the first time to see if the companies' alliance could be salvaged. His vision for the Mouse House is to con-

NEW ESTABLISHMENT STUDIO HEADS: A RANKING

1. JIM GIANOPULOS AND TOM ROTHMAN
co-chairmen, Fox Filmed Entertainment

[redacted]
Add to that the studio may finally end its 35-year long best picture drought with the Johnny Cash biopic *Walk the Line*
HITS *Robots, Fantastic Four*
MISSES *Elektra, Rebound*
UPCOMING *Garfield 2, X-Men 3*
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

2. BARRY MEYER AND ALAN HORN
chairman and C.E.O.; president and C.O.O.; Warner Bros.

The blueprint of releasing big movies based on pre-sold concepts no longer smells like Catwoman's litter box, thanks to *Batman Begins* and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory.* Meyer and Horn brought Johnny Depp's and Leonardo DiCaprio's production companies into the Warner fold.
HITS: *Ocean's 12, Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*
MISSES *Alexander, The Phantom of the Opera*
UPCOMING. *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire, The Poseidon Adventure.*
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

3. [redacted]
[redacted]
Grey, the former talent manager and

[redacted]
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

4. MICHAEL LYNTON AND AMY PASCAL
chairman and C.E.O.; vice-chairman; Sony Pictures Entertainment

One of the last studios still making complicated movies for adults to find that adult movies can be complicated, as witnessed by Nora Ephron's *Bewitched.* Sony won the bidding war to acquire MGM/UA.
HITS: *The Grudge, Hitch*
MISSES: *Lords of Dogtown, Stealth, XXX: State of the Union.*
UPCOMING: *Rent, All the King's Men, The Da Vinci Code, and Spider-Man 3.*
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

5. RON MEYER AND STACEY SNIDER
president and C.O.O., Universal Studios; chairman, Universal Pictures

In the wake of being acquired by General Electric, the duo have been flying to New York a lot to rub elbows with their fellow division managers. The studio's rock-star presidents of production, Scott Stuber and Mary Parent, tired of the executive suite and switched over to producing, leaving a younger group of executives to fill the product pipeline.

[redacted]
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

6. RICHARD COOK AND NINA JACOBSON
chairman, the Walt Disney Studios; president, Buena Vista Motion Pictures Group

[redacted]
HIT *The Pacifier*
MISS *Mr. 3000*
UPCOMING *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

7. ROBERT SHAYE AND MICHAEL LYNNE
co-chairmen and co-C.E.O.s, New Line Cinema

With no more *Lord of the Rings* movies in the offing, these two mavericks have returned to what they know best—broad comedies (*Wedding Crashers*), genre pictures (*Blade: Trinity*), and the odd art-house release (Oscar winner *The Sea Inside*).
HITS: *Monster-in-Law, Wedding Crashers.*
MISSES: *Birth, Son of the Mask.*
UPCOMING: Terrence Malick's *The New World,* David Cronenberg's *A History of Violence.*
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

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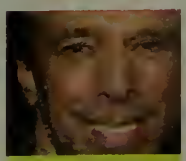
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tinue to develop Disney's brands, take advantage of new technologies, and increase Disney's presence in emerging markets.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

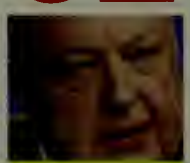
31



JERRY BRUCKHEIMER
PRODUCER, JERRY BRUCKHEIMER FILMS

EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR: Bruckheimer, 60, personally selects the pop songs callers to his production office hear while on hold.
INTERNAL AFFAIRS: Says blandly of Disney's failure to buy *CSI* for its ABC network, "It was a $1 billion mistake."
BRAGGING RIGHTS: Most successful film and television producer in the entertainment industry.
IN GENERAL: Bruckheimer's adventure film *National Treasure* grossed $173 million, despite tepid reviews. And this fall America's major TV networks will air an unprecedented 10 Bruckheimer-produced shows (topping Aaron Spelling's record of 8 in 1984–85 and in 1994–95), including *E-Ring* on NBC and *Close to Home* on CBS. Also in the works: two sequels to *Pirates of the Caribbean,* Bruckheimer's highest-grossing film, a sequel to *National Treasure,* and his long-awaited entry into the super-lucrative video-game market.
YEAR AHEAD: ➚

32



ROGER AILES
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., FOX NEWS

BIG COOL FRIEND: Vice President Dick Cheney, who has said that Fox News is "more accurate" than other media outlets.
HUMBLE BEGINNINGS: Ailes's mother embroidered handkerchiefs that 10-year-old Roger sold door-to-door.
DIPLOMACY SKILLS: Despite Fox News's attacks on Bill and Hillary, the former president sent a taped greeting to an event in June in which Ailes was the guest of honor. "I am especially grateful that Roger didn't work in the '92 campaign," Clinton reportedly said. "Who knows how different history would have been if he had. I would have been spared all of his barbs in his later life as a media mogul, but I wouldn't have [been] president."
ON THE RECORD: When asked by an NBC exec about the basis for the Fox News slogan "The Most Powerful Brand in News," Ailes responded, "I made it up, you idiot! I got it from the same guy who told you that you were 'The News Leader.'"
IN GENERAL: In June, after months of speculation, *The Wall Street Journal* reported that Rupert Murdoch was near an agreement with Time Warner on his next big gamble—a business cable channel slated to launch in 2006 that's aimed squarely at CNBC—and Ailes, 65, will be calling the shots. He became chairman of Fox Television Stations after Lachlan resigned, in August. As for Fox News: it now claims 51 percent of prime-time cable-news viewers and the company has said it is on track to notch some $500 million in ad revenues in 2005.
YEAR AHEAD: ➚

33



LAWRENCE PROBST
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., ELECTRONIC ARTS

MOGUL MISHAP: Despite the success of Electronic Arts' *Lord of the Rings* games, E.A. employees had a dismissive attitude during development, which rankled director Peter Jackson so much that he didn't even invite the company to bid on the game version of *King Kong.*
IN GENERAL: In December, after being blindsided by competitors Sega and Take-Two and their bargain-bin price of $19.99 for their *NFL 2K* game, E.A., the maker of the ridiculously popular *Madden NFL* franchise, inked an exclusive five-year deal with the N.F.L. for more than $300 million, depriving its foes of the valuable brand. It followed with a 15-year agreement in the range of $800 million with ESPN in January. Still, E.A. has been unable to match the recent buzz from two games—Rockstar's *Grand Theft Auto: San Andreas* and Microsoft's *Halo 2*—and its performance has suffered as a result, with March quarterly profits plunging 91 percent, to $8 million. But it's unlikely Probst, 55, is very concerned: E.A.'s strategy of building game franchises—from *Madden* to *Harry Potter* and *The Sims*—resulted in 31 titles that sold one million copies worldwide in fiscal 2005 and earned $3.1 billion in net revenue.
YEAR AHEAD: ➚

34



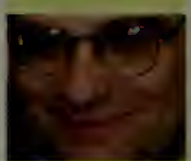
TOM CRUISE
ACTOR; PRODUCER; PARTNER, CRUISE/WAGNER PRODUCTIONS

DIPLOMACY SKILLS: Discussed Franco-American relations over lunch with Nicolas Sarkozy, France's finance minister and presidential aspirant.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Criticizing Brooke Shields for taking Paxil for her prolonged ordeal of postpartum depression.
MASTER-OF-THE-UNIVERSE MOVE: Cruise, 43, has such tremendous clout in Hollywood that he will take an astonishing 30 percent of the *Mission: Impossible 3* gross. *Mission: Impossible 2,* of which Cruise and his production company also took 30 percent, grossed $546 million worldwide.
IN GENERAL: Ever since replacing P.R. woman Pat Kingsley with his sister Lee Anne De Vette, Cruise has become an insufferable crusader, routinely subjecting journalists to all-day Scientology indoctrinations at its centers before giving interviews. His proselytizing, combined with his manic professions of love for now fiancée Katie Holmes, 26, on *The Oprah Winfrey Show,* led many people to wonder whether the studio bosses were hesitating to green-light his next star vehicle, *Mission: Impossible 3.* The wags should have known better. Didn't they recall that former Paramount chief Sherry Lansing and Viacom chief Sumner Redstone have both attended Scientology banquets, keeping up their goodwill with Cruise?
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

35



HARVEY WEINSTEIN
CO-CHAIRMAN, THE WEINSTEIN CO.

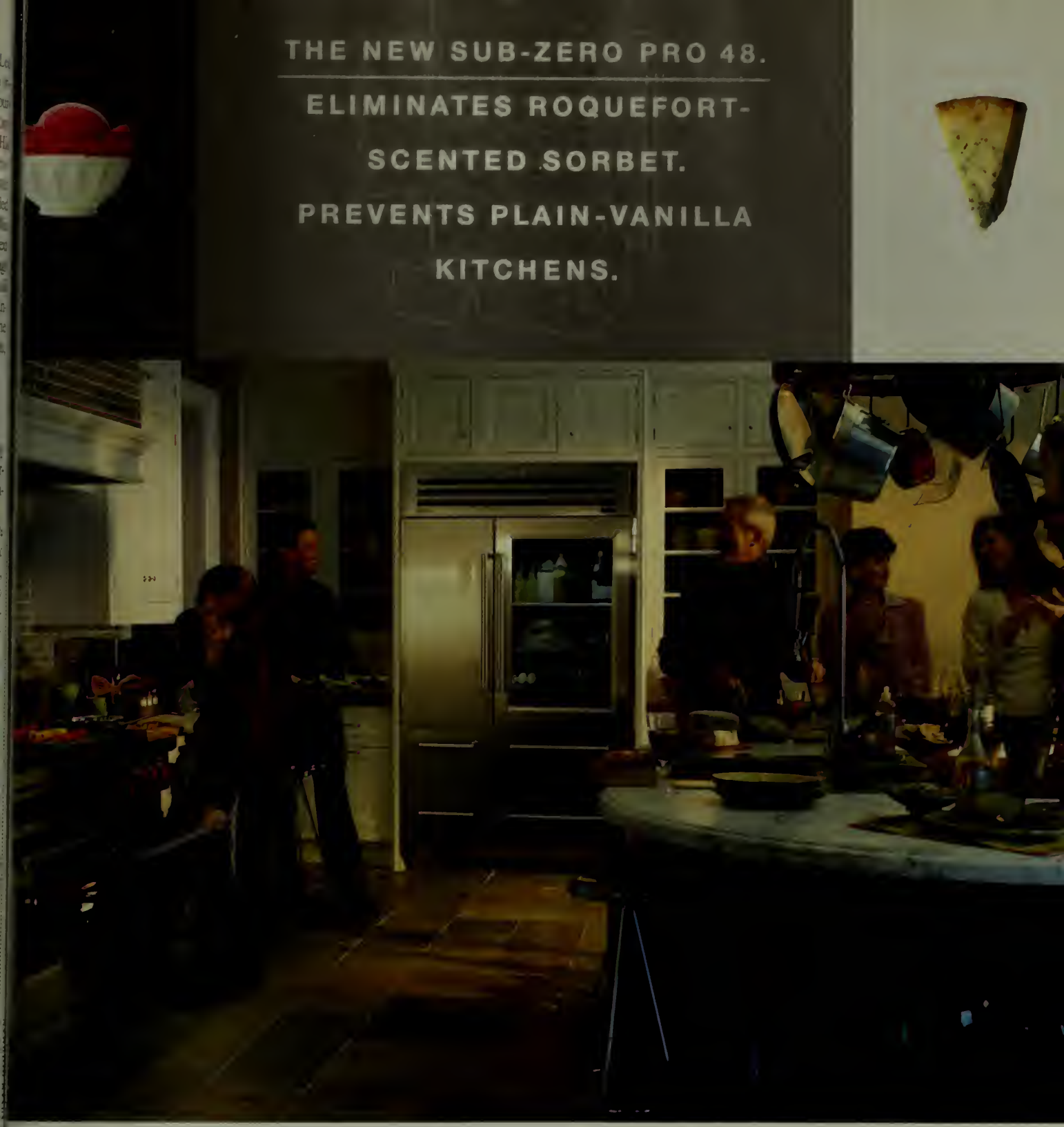


BOB WEINSTEIN
CO-CHAIRMAN, THE WEINSTEIN CO.

HARVEY WEINSTEIN
NEW TITLE: Honorary Commander of the Order of the British Empire.
REAL-ESTATE WATCH: According to *New York* magazine, in March, Harvey, 53, went into contract for approximately $7 million for the 5,000-square-foot, three-bedroom SoHo apartment he had been renting for nearly $40,000 a month, which he is said to have first seen when Nicole Kidman lived there.
OUT FROM UNDER THE MOUSE'S CLAW: Disney thwarted Harvey's desires to buy boutique studios Artisan, Bravo, and IFC Films, and to green-light *The Lord of the Rings.*

BOB WEINSTEIN
STRANGER THAN FICTION: In *Twins of Tribeca,* the *roman à clef* by a former Miramax publicity assistant, to which the brothers bought the film rights in 2003, the character said to be modeled after Bob is named Tony. "See Tony, the frizzy-haired one, spew expletives from a yoga headstand." As for Harvey, "Watch Phil, the fat one, eat an omelet with his bare hands."
STAB AT IMMORTALITY: It was Bob, now 51, who proposed, in 1979, that the two launch a film company.

IN GENERAL: Disney paid about $130 million to buy out their contracts and keep the Miramax name. The two will leave the studio they co-founded and ran for 26 years with enviable success—$4.5 billion in box-office grosses and 249 Oscar nominations. Meanwhile, Goldman Sachs has agreed to help finance the Weinstein Co., which is looking to raise $1 billion to fund 15 to 20 films a year and invest in books, musicals, broadcasting, and the Internet.
YEAR AHEAD: ➚



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36



TOM HANKS

ACTOR; PRODUCER; OWNER, PLAYTONE PRODUCTIONS

BODY IMAGE: Said that he has a "big ass and fat thighs," a "goofy-looking nose," "ears that hang down," and a "gut I've got to keep watching," and that "my hair makes me look like a Talmudic scholar."

CHILDHOOD MISBEHAVIOR: Setting off firecrackers in his bedroom.

NEPOTISM ALERT: Co-producing *The Great Buck Howard,* a vehicle for his son Colin. Hanks will play his on-screen father.

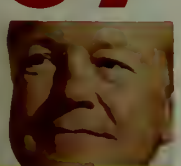
BIG PURCHASE: Hanks's Playtone teamed up with Universal to buy the rights to the life story of "Deep Throat," Mark Felt, for a reported $1 million. Hanks, who plans to produce the film, acted almost immediately after Felt revealed his secret identity in *Vanity Fair.*

BIG DISAPPOINTMENTS: His performance in the Coen brothers' *The Ladykillers* was charming, but it broke his streak of $100-million-plus hits. Then his *Polar Express* stalled at the box office even though it earned respect for its pioneering use of computer imagery. Hanks told a London newspaper, "If you start trying to second-guess the box office performances of your choices, I'd be here promoting *Forrest Gump 4.*"

IN GENERAL: After Hanks, 49, finishes filming Ron Howard's movie version of the best-seller *The Da Vinci Code,* he will star in *Charlie Wilson's War,* a true story about the C.I.A. and Afghan rebels. He's been using his production company to explore his interests in American history and politics. Playtone's busy slate includes an Imax movie on the moon landing called *Magnificent Desolation* (due out this month), a World War II mini-series, a Vietnam drama (*They Marched into Sunlight*), and a 10-part HBO mini-series based on the David McCullough books *John Adams* and *1776.*

YEAR AHEAD: ↑

37



JOHN CHAMBERS

PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., CISCO SYSTEMS

BIG COOL FRIEND: King Abdullah of Jordan. The two met at the World Economic Forum in Davos, Switzerland, five years ago.

BRAGGING RIGHTS: Last year, the company's CRS-1 router, which can handle 92 terabits of data per second—or the equivalent of the entire contents of the print collection of the Library of Congress in just 4.6 seconds—became the first networking technology to be recognized by Guinness World Records.

EXTREME GLOBALIZATION: Cisco's Networking Academy in Afghanistan has about 550 students enrolled—almost a third of whom are female.

COMPENSATION WATCH: Despite Chambers's nominal salary of just $1, *Forbes* put the 56-year-old's 2004 pay—which includes stock grants and options—at $40.2 million. In February, Amalgamated Bank of New York sued the company, calling his option grants a "waste."

SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: A May 2004 theft of Cisco software code that ended up on a Russian Web site. The theft was ultimately linked to a series of attacks on NASA and U.S. military computer systems. Their contrition? When a presenter at a July hackers' conference proposed to discuss how such vulnerabilities still existed in Cisco software—unless, of course, you had paid for an upgrade—the company threatened to sue him.

IN GENERAL: Cisco is so big ($24.8 billion in net sales) and so profitable (gross margins are an enviable 68 percent) that its critics suggest the company must choose between fast growth and profitability. Recent results suggest otherwise: net sales in Cisco's most recent quarter were $6.6 billion, up 11.1 percent over the prior year, and net profits rose 7 percent, to $1.5 billion.

YEAR AHEAD: ↗

38



PAUL ALLEN

FOUNDER AND CHAIRMAN, VULCAN INC.; CHAIRMAN, CHARTER COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

ALLEGED GIRLFRIEND: *Mulholland Drive* actress Laura Harring, 41, a countess from her previous marriage to a Bismarck. They reportedly got to know each other at the 2004 Cannes Film Festival and went together to the L.A. premiere of *The Aviator.*

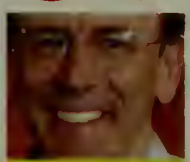
BIG PROJECT: A Vulcan Inc. $2 billion 10-year plan to transform a grimy Seattle warehouse district into a magnet for biotech and yuppies. So far he's put up four buildings and lured upscale brands such as Whole Foods and Pan Pacific hotels. Big setback: Bill Gates decided against the site for the new headquarters of his foundation.

REAL-ESTATE WATCH: His 122-acre Beverly Hills–adjacent estate, above Benedict Canyon. He's grading 146,000 cubic yards of dirt to build an asphalt driveway up the hill. There will be two houses—20,000 and 32,000 square feet—with a private spa and a stable.

IN GENERAL: The windfall that Allen, 52, hoped to make by unloading part of his stake in DreamWorks Animation, where he is one of the largest shareholders, never came: the hot stock cooled off, and in July, DreamWorks Animation canceled the $500 million secondary offering. But that up-and-down investment was overshadowed by his down-the-vortex one at Charter Communications, which continued to be an awesome money pit. Last fall the cable-TV company took a $3.29 billion third-quarter loss when the S.E.C. forced it to write down its assets. More than 200,000 customers canceled their service last year. The worst news: four former executives pleaded guilty to fraud and were sentenced to jail for inflating subscriber figures. Charter agreed to pay $144 million in cash and stock to settle shareholder lawsuits over the matter.

YEAR AHEAD: →

39



JOHN DOERR

PARTNER, KLEINER PERKINS CAUFIELD & BYERS

REVENGE OF THE NERD: While his x factor was diminished temporarily by the dot-com bust, the dean of Silicon Valley venture capitalists looked like a genius once again when Google's stock went public last fall and then quickly tripled. Doerr's $12.5 million investment in the start-up has turned into billions. He bought the stock at 49.5 cents a share in 1999. In June it broke $300.

BIG COOL FRIEND: Colin Powell joined the firm as a strategic limited partner in July.

STAB AT IMMORTALITY: Is looking to invest

THE TALENT AGENCIES: A RANKING

1. **CREATIVE ARTISTS AGENCY**
   [illegible] Will Ferrell from UTA. Has the biggest leads over Nicole Kidman, Renée Zellweger, Cameron Diaz and Julia Roberts.
2. **UNITED TALENT AGENCY**
   Cornered the market on comedy: Owen Wilson, Vince Vaughn, Jim Carrey, Ben Stiller, and Jack Black.
3. **ENDEAVOR AGENCY**
   Still strong on writers and male leads: Jude Law, Hugh Jackman, Edward Norton, Matt Damon, Adam Sandler.
4. **WILLIAM MORRIS AGENCY**
   Big client and agent defections have hurt this year, including Halle Berry, Reese Witherspoon, Cate Blanchett, and Kate Winslet.
5. **INTERNATIONAL CREATIVE MANAGEMENT**
   Mel Gibson and Denzel Washington hold up the house of Jeff Berg, which is rumored to be for sale.

[36] BY ROBIN PLATZER [37] BY JOE PUGLIESE [38] BY HENRY McGEE [39] BY PETER DASILVA

Raise A Glass: A TOAST TO CULTURE


Tao

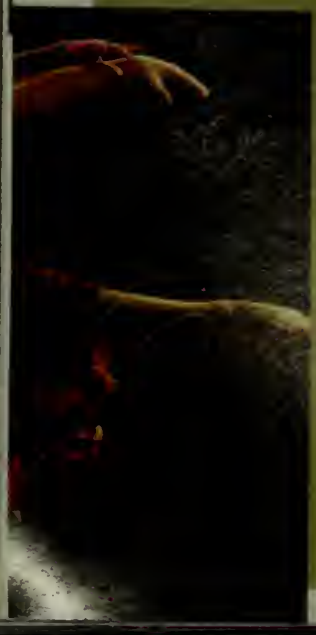
LAS VEGAS Even in Las Vegas—best known as the infamous "Sin City"—redemption can be found through the more refined luxuries the city has to offer. Beyond the bright casino lights and crowded strip, an array of art, theater, and fine dining awaits to satisfy even the most discerning tastes. And there's no better way to indulge elegantly than with a glass of **Ferrari-Carano** wine. Ferrari-Carano's award-winning wines come from its own premium Sonoma County vineyards, offering complex blends with deep flavor, excellent structure, and consistent high quality. Enjoy a glass no matter where your Vegas adventure takes you. Salute!


Peter Wegner

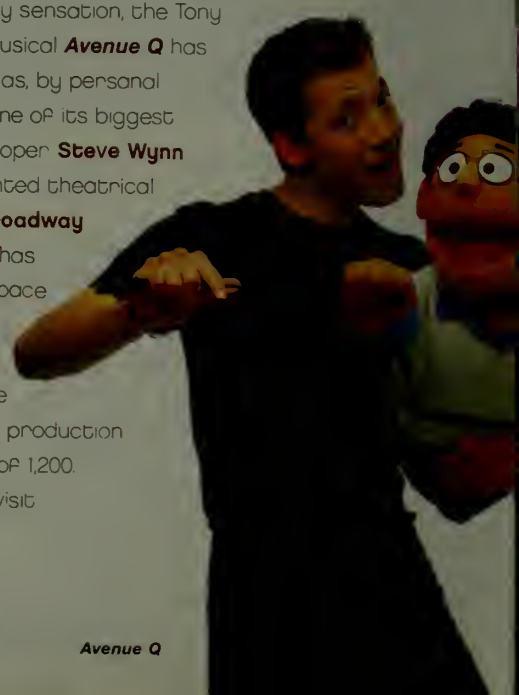
DINING Buddha once again is smiling down on **Tao**. The celebrated New York bistro arrives at the **Venetian Las Vegas**, complete with the culinary wonders of **chef Sam Hezans's pan-Asian cuisine**. Adorned with lush velvet, waterfalls, and exotic fish, **Tao Las Vegas** has the same look as its sister restaurant except it's three times the size. One of the largest entertainment complexes in the world, Tao Las Vegas encompasses 40,000 square feet, including the exclusive restaurant, a bar, a nightclub, and a banquet facility. For details, visit taorestaurant.com.

ART At the very hip heart of the downtown Las Vegas arts district, **Godt-Cleary Projects** will showcase the selected works of contemporary artist **Peter Wegner** this October. Renowned for his compelling exploration of color, language, and architecture, Wegner's latest commission features a labyrinth composed of 2.5 million sheets of stacked paper in various shades of green, creating a maze of paper "skyscrapers" that reflects the classic urban dwellings of today. Visit godtcleary.com for exhibition information.

LIVE ENTERTAINMENT One of the [illegible] in Las Vegas—**The Nevada Ballet Theatre** [illegible] **"Neon Evolution: Las Vegas Centennial Celebration"** [illegible] **Bruce Steivel, Greg Sample, Sonia Dawkins** [illegible] American jazz dance.



THEATER After making the voyage from downtown theater daring to uptown Broadway sensation, the Tony Award–winning musical ***Avenue Q*** has landed in Las Vegas, by personal invitation from one of its biggest fans—über-developer **Steve Wynn**. In an unprecedented theatrical execution, **The Broadway Wynn Las Vegas** has built a theater space specifically for the show, providing a unique platform for the production and an audience of 1,200. For information, visit avenueq.com.


Avenue Q

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Raise A Glass: A TOAST TO CULTURE



NEW YORK For those of us who long to fine-tune our social graces, there is nowhere that can spoil us for choice like New York. A virtual mecca for cultural aficionados, Manhattan constantly engages the senses through its colorful cross section of art, theater, fine dining, and live music. And a scintillating venue deserves an equally sparkling cocktail: There is no more perfect complement to a night on the town in New York than a glass of **Champagne Perrier-Jouët**

DINING • B.E.D. NY: Manhattanites who are ready to hit the sheets have a new place to unwind **B.E.D NY**, the first outpost of the legendary Miami eatery. Adorned with unique bed platforms that line the interior, B.E.D NY combines two dining floors with a roof-deck terrace offering a 360-degree view of the New York City skyline and the perfect setting to sip a flute of Champagne. **Executive chef Victor Casassola** excels in **French-Brazilian** contemporary cuisine, featuring dishes such as lobster with coconut-cashew-ginger sauce. B.E.D. NY also is infamous for its sultry cocktails, including **The Red Head in Bed** and the **Champagne Charlie.** For more information, visit bedny.com.



Pink Elephant

• PINK ELEPHANT: Celebrating the unabated decadence of the 1920s and 30s, the newly reopened **Pink Elephant** is the latest addition to the city's hip **Chelsea District** Combining the mystique of a quintessential New York speakeasy, the seductiveness of a pre-WWII cabaret, and the glamour of old Hollywood, Pink Elephant offers a bevy of delectable cocktails, by world-renowned mixologist **Dale DeGroff**, for patrons to sample in an atmosphere of pure pleasure and ambrosial delight. Visit pinkelephantclub.com.

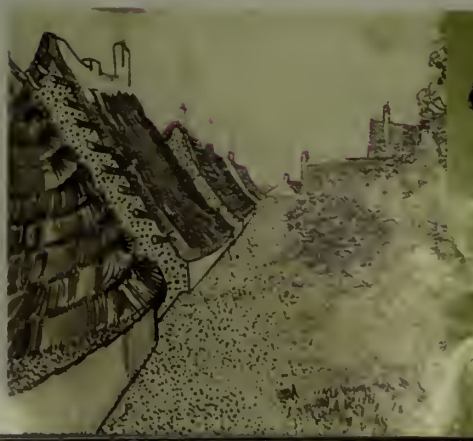


Michael Penn

THEATER With a cast and crew whose combined resumes are riddled with awards and nominations, ***A Naked Girl On The Appian Way*** is set to be yet another **Broadway** sensation for **Roundabout Theatre Company** The Tony Award–winning duo of playwright **Richard Greenberg** and director **Doug Hughes** brings to life the humorous tale of a married couple whose lives are upended when their two children return from a year of European travel and reveal some surprising news. Academy Award nominee **Jill Clayburgh** and Emmy winner **Richard Thomas** star For details, visit roundabouttheatre.org.



LIVE ENTERTAINMENT Singer-songwriter **Michael Penn** is a post-modern lyricist with the ability to craft tunes that charm intellectual and pop fans alike. He has recorded five acclaimed albums, worked with the brilliant surrealist animation artists the **Brothers Quay**, scored **Paul Thomas Anderson's *Hard Eight*** and ***Boogie Nights***, as well as the **Jennifer Jason Leigh-Alan Cumming** film ***The Anniversary Party*** and produced releases from acts such as **The Wallflowers** and **Liz Phair** His most recent album, ***Mr. Hollywood, Jr. 1947***, left audiences wanting more, so thankfully Penn will be bringing his melodic wizardry to **Joe's Pub** on October 7, 2005. For information and to purchase tickets, visit joespub.com



ART The first [illegible] exhibition in the United States [illegible] of Vincent Van Gogh's [illegible] drawings **Vincent Van Gogh: The Drawings** will be presented at **The Metropolitan Museum of Art** [illegible] through November 27, 2005. More than [illegible] drawings [illegible] groups of [illegible] and [illegible] Van Gogh [illegible] "Drawing is the foot of everything."

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some of his $400 million war chest in a field that could really change the world (and make billions in the process): clean energy. He's already backing Ion America, which develops fuel-cell technology for off-the-grid electricity.
BEHIND-THE-SCENES MANEUVER: To coach Google's inexperienced, young Sergey Brin and Larry Page, Doerr brought in former Apple executive Bill Campbell.
IN GENERAL: Doerr, 54, is back. His firm invested in 45 deals last year, up from only 26 in 2003. He's revitalized his team, bringing in new partners such as Bill Joy, a well-known techno-guru, and Randy Komisar, a shaved-headed, motorcycle-riding, Zen Buddhist entrepreneur. Still, they will have a hard time living up to the legacy of Vinod Khosla, Doerr's rival for the title of Silicon Valley's top venture capitalist, who's scaling back at Kleiner Perkins to spend more time on family and philanthropy.
YEAR AHEAD: →

40



HERBERT ALLEN JR.
PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., ALLEN & COMPANY

UNEXPECTED FOE: The Federal Aviation Administration. Allen's plans to limit airplane traffic at Friedman Memorial Airport, in Idaho, so that the media elite attending Allen's annual Sun Valley retreat would not have to wait in line to land their Gulfstreams, were abandoned after the F.A.A. called this special treatment "discriminating."
REDACTED FROM THE RECORD: Allen is still living down his nearly decade-old comment to *Forbes* magazine that, "over a long weekend, I could teach my dog to be an investment banker." What he says he went on to say was: "My dog's not that smart, and neither am I."
SIGN OF THE TIMES: Along with the usual panel discussions about business, this year's retreat featured a panel of U.S. military officials with frontline experience in Iraq and Afghanistan, moderated by retired general Montgomery Meigs.
IN GENERAL: Allen, 65, has ceded running the eponymous investment bank to his son Herbert III. However, Allen is an active board member at Coca-Cola and a private investor in a range of venture-capital projects that he keeps to himself. Allen & Co. seems to be doing just fine without him: it served as one of the underwriters of the incredibly successful Google I.P.O., and it advised Adelphia Communications on its pending $17.6 billion sale to Time Warner and Comcast. Nancy Peretsman, the firm's top banker during the Internet bubble, is busier than ever now that all things digital are once more all the rage, and Steve Greenberg, one of the firm's bankers, has led a booming business helping sports franchises around the country launch regional sports cable networks.
YEAR AHEAD: →

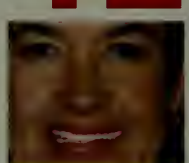
41



MEL KARMAZIN
C.E.O., SIRIUS SATELLITE RADIO

NEMESIS: Viacom C.E.O. Sumner Redstone. After recent sniping in *Fortune*—Redstone accusing his company's former president of being a cheapskate, Karmazin calling Redstone "full of shit"—they mustered a brief greeting at Herb Allen's Sun Valley retreat.
COMPENSATION WATCH: His five-year, $1.25-million-per-year contract with Sirius includes 30 million stock options.
IN GENERAL: Since joining the company last November, Karmazin, 61, has doled out serious money to big-name talent, who, in turn, he hopes will lure subscribers to Sirius's 120-plus channels. Howard Stern got $500 million for five years, another $107.5 million went to NASCAR for exclusive rights to its events for five years, and Martha Stewart signed a five-year deal worth $30 million plus ad revenue. Meanwhile, Sirius has yet to turn a profit. It also lags way behind rival XM in subscriptions, but Karmazin expects to sign three million subscribers by year's end and vows that Sirius will have positive cash flow by 2007.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑

42



JUDY McGRATH
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., MTV NETWORKS

CAREER CHALLENGE: Comedy Central suffered a huge blow when its flagship earner, Dave Chappelle, fled to South Africa in the middle of taping his new season, leaving the network holding the bag on a huge, in-progress promotional campaign.
DODGED A BULLET WHEN: *The Wall Street Journal,* in an editorial, asked for McGrath's resignation following Janet Jackson's breast-baring performance during the 2004 Super Bowl halftime show.
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: MTV's live broadcast of *Live 8,* which attracted an average of 1.4 million viewers. The network was widely criticized for, among other things, cutting away from major performances to broadcast commercials.
IN GENERAL: Since taking the helm of MTV Networks in 2004, McGrath, 52, has controlled one of Viacom's most profitable divisions. It earned about $1.8 billion last year and comprises MTV's 100-plus cable channels worldwide (including everything from MTV Base in Africa to MTV Desi, aimed at Indian-Americans), in addition to Comedy Central and Nickelodeon. With her ascension, McGrath has become one of the most powerful women in media. She championed the launch of Logo, TV's first gay channel.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

43



J. K. ROWLING
AUTHOR

CORPORATE MAKEOVER: Changed pen name from Joanne Rowling to J.K. at the request of her publisher, who thought it sounded more mysterious. The *K* was tacked on in memory of her grandmother Kathleen.
REAL-ESTATE WATCH: A $9.5 million house in London, a $2.4 million Victorian mansion with 10 bedrooms in Edinburgh, Scotland (she recently increased the height of the perimeter walls to keep out the paparazzi), and an $800,000 19th-century house in the Scottish Highlands, where she was secretly married, for the second time, in 2001.
DRAWS THE LINE AT: Despite the merchandising of Harry Potter action figures, jelly beans, CDs, posters, and lunchpails, and his presence in a Coke ad, Rowling says, "I would do anything to prevent Harry from turning up in fast-food boxes everywhere.... That would be my worst nightmare."
IN GENERAL: Debuting with an initial print run of 10.8 million copies, *Harry Potter and the Half-Blood Prince* became by a mile the largest book launch in U.S. history by selling 6.9 million copies—about 250,000 an hour—its first day on store shelves. (After two days the book's earnings topped $100 million, which was more than the films *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory* and *Wedding Crashers* grossed—together—during the same time period.) This added fuel to the franchise that has already spawned, among other things, a $2.9-billion-grossing movie machine (the fourth film is due in November). After writing the first book in coffee shops while living on $50 a week in a two-room, mouse-infested flat, Rowling, 41, is now one of the wealthiest women in Britain—wealthier than the Queen—according to *Forbes*'s most recent billionaires list.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑

44



CHRIS ALBRECHT
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., HBO

ANIMAL HUSBANDRY: Albrecht, 53, collects warm-blooded European show-jumping horses, which he keeps in stables in Moorpark, California.
REAL-ESTATE WATCH: Recently sold his ranch, in Malibu, and bought a house in Brentwood.
IN GENERAL: HBO picked up 93 Emmy nominations this year—the most by any network—and still rakes in the cash. It cleared profits of almost $1.1 billion in 2004 (outearning all the broadcast networks), and, most important, its subscription base is growing, as is the popularity of its on-demand service. As the company prepares to launch its most risky series ever—the 12-

episode, $100 million epic, *Rome*—some media soothsayers are predicting that the huge cable channel is in a difficult position. *The Sopranos* has one, maybe two seasons left, and the *Entourage* season premiere was off 16 percent from its 2004 debut. Plus, *The Comeback*, its new show starring Lisa Kudrow, debuted poorly—only 1.5 million people tuned in. Still, Larry David's *Curb Your Enthusiasm* and Bill Maher's talk show are among the smartest shows on television.
YEAR AHEAD: ↗

45



DOUG MORRIS
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., UNIVERSAL MUSIC GROUP

BIG BUDDY: When Apple C.E.O. Steve Jobs is in New York, he and Morris grab some noodles at Saint's Alp Teahouse, an N.Y.U. hangout in the East Village.
BIG DEAL: To bolster the company's hip-hop quotient, Morris, 66, made Jay-Z, who seems to be America's Most Active Retiree, president of Def Jam Recordings.
VACATION SPOT: Long Boat Key, Florida.
IN GENERAL: While most of the industry continues to struggle, Universal Music—the world's largest music company—continues to outperform and maintain its considerable lead in market share: after the first six months of 2005, U.M.G. had 35.7 percent; Sony BMG, the second-biggest company, had 28.3 percent. Artists as varied as U2, Toby Keith, Guns N' Roses, and Reggaeton king Daddy Yankee helped U.M.G. increase its 2004 operating profits to $435 million, an increase of almost 500 percent over the previous year. While record sales are down almost 7 percent as of June 2005, Universal's are up 10 percent. To shore up revenue, the company is aggressively pursuing video-on-demand purveyors such as Yahoo, which now must pay Universal a small, per-play fee to use U.M.G.'s content—a move that will contribute tens of millions of dollars to the bottom line.
YEAR AHEAD: →

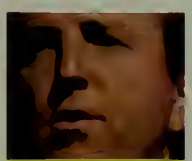
46



DAN BROWN
AUTHOR

BIG COOL FRIEND: Steven Tyler. A longtime Aerosmith fan, Brown experienced a breakthrough moment when he received a call from the singer, who said how much he loved *The Da Vinci Code*.
CREATIVE SECRETS: Lives in Exeter, New Hampshire, where he grew up; rarely grants interviews; is at his working loft (with no phone or access to e-mail) by four A.M. every day; keeps an antique hourglass on his desk and stops every hour to do some sit-ups and push-ups.
MASTER-OF-THE-UNIVERSE MOVE: Arriving at the airport for a flight, Brown realized he had forgotten his ID. He borrowed a copy of *The Da Vinci Code* from another traveler and used the jacket photo to check in.
IN GENERAL: With *The Da Vinci Code*, Brown, 41, made the unheard-of leap from lower-midlist thriller writer (who had reportedly agreed to write *The Da Vinci Code* and his next book for $400,000 combined) to master of an international flagship franchise. In the two years since its publication, the 25-million-copy-selling book, which is still available in the U.S. only in hardback, has spawned a Ron Howard film adaptation, starring Tom Hanks and due spring 2006, and a *Da Vinci* diet. Tourism in Europe has increased thanks to *Da Vinci* pilgrims. A Google search of the title turns up 2.4 million results, and there are more than a dozen books debunking its premise.
YEAR AHEAD: ↑

47



MARK MAYS
PRESIDENT AND C.E.O., CLEAR CHANNEL COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

BIG COOL FRIENDS: The Bush family.
IN-HOUSE ENTERTAINMENT: Mays's wife controls the remote so that their six children won't see commercials for Viagra during family viewing hours.
NEPOTISM ALERT: Mays's father, Lowry, the co-founder of Clear Channel, remains chairman (Mark, 42, took over as C.E.O. in 2004 after Lowry underwent brain surgery); Mays's younger brother, Randall, is executive vice president and C.F.O. All three received the same bonus—$1.7 million—for 2004. Meanwhile, Mark and Randall's sister Kathryn Mays Johnson was paid a mere $68,040 as senior vice president of corporate relations.
REPUBLICAN BONA FIDES: Clear Channel stations co-sponsored 13 "Rally for America" events, aimed at whipping up support during the lead-up to the war in Iraq.
IN GENERAL: After amassing 1,189 domestic radio stations, 823,580 outdoor advertising displays (including billboards), and 104 live-entertainment venues, the Texas conglomerate flip-flopped on the virtues of consolidation and in April announced plans to spin off its live-entertainment business and sell 10 percent of the outdoor advertising unit in an I.P.O. The dual impetus: falling profits (operating income was down 27.5 percent in the first quarter of 2005 from the same period in 2004) and a moribund stock (down more than 60 percent since early 2000). The crown-jewel radio division has even had its own volte-face, introducing the "Less Is More" program to reduce the length and frequency of ads in hopes of increasing its audience. Mays's biggest challenge: fending off the rise of largely advertising-free satellite-radio outfits Sirius and XM.
YEAR AHEAD: →



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48



ANN MOORE
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., TIME INC.



NORMAN PEARLSTINE
EDITOR IN CHIEF, TIME INC.



JOHN HUEY
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR, TIME INC.

ANN MOORE
WOMAN-OF-THE-PEOPLE MOVE: Moore, 55, drives her own Mercedes to the family vacation home in Water Mill, New York—but relinquishes control of the XM satellite-radio service to her son.

NORMAN PEARLSTINE
SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED ABOUT: Pearlstine, 63, unilaterally ordered *Time*-magazine correspondent Matthew Cooper to turn his notes over to the grand jury investigating how a former C.I.A. agent's name was leaked to the media. Within two weeks, Pearlstine was facing angry questions from his own reporters, who wondered if their credibility with anonymous sources would be compromised in the future.

JOHN HUEY
NEXT CAREER MOVE: Pearlstine's contract ends next year, and Huey, 57, is generally believed to be his successor. One theory holds that connubial bliss (Pearlstine recently wed for the fourth time) and a recent induction into the Magazine Editors' Hall of Fame could precipitate his boss's early exit.

IN GENERAL: While women's titles at the world's largest magazine publisher fatten with ads, male-oriented titles such as *Time, Fortune,* and *Sports Illustrated* are shedding advertising dollars. Consumer-book publisher Little, Brown has taken a turn for the better recently with pricey but lucrative best-sellers such as Elizabeth Kostova's *The Historian* and Malcolm Gladwell's *Blink: The Power of Thinking Without Thinking.*
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

49



EDGAR BRONFMAN JR.
CHAIRMAN AND C.E.O., WARNER MUSIC GROUP

BIG COOL FRIEND: Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page, who helped Bronfman, 50, ring the opening bell the day of Warner's I.P.O.
FAMILY STRIFE: Kid Rock left Warner in January because he wanted a company "more interested in music than I.P.O.'s." Several months later, Linkin Park, one of Warner's top-selling bands, demanded to be released from its contract after insisting that band members were being underpaid.
IMPERIAL EXPANSION: Warner paid $30 million for a major stake in Diddy Combs's Bad Boy Entertainment in April. In return, Diddy attended a meeting for prospective investors at a W Hotel in Manhattan and signed autographs for Wall Street bankers.
IN GENERAL: Despite the lackluster launch of its hurried I.P.O., which saw Warner Music's stock land well below its target price, Warner finds itself on more solid financial ground than last year. In 2004, heavy cost cutting, combined with online sales, led the world's fourth-largest music company to its first profitable year. But with Bronfman betting big that being able to play music over cell phones and digital audio players, such as iPods, will earn back what the CD market has lost, his comeback tour remains very much a work in progress.
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

50



MARTHA STEWART
FOUNDER, MARTHA STEWART LIVING OMNIMEDIA

NICKNAME: M. Diddy.
LEGEND HAS IT: That while in prison for five months for conspiracy, obstruction, and lying to federal investigators, she tried to maintain her upscale lifestyle by starting a yoga class (she invented the "wall dog" pose, an adaptation of the "downward dog" for constricted jail spaces), perfecting cooking methods using a communal refrigerator and microwave (eggs or apples work all right), foraging for wild greens on the prison's expansive acreage, and lobbying to have yogurt added to the vending machines.
VEHICLE: Kawasaki Mule. (She reportedly bought the off-road vehicle in June to travel around her Westchester grounds faster.)
EVIDENCE OF POSSIBLY OBSESSIVE BEHAVIOR: Keeps her Friesian horses out of the sun so their coats will continue to match the black color scheme for all the animals on her 153-acre farm in Bedford, New York.
OCCASIONAL BOYFRIEND: Bill Gates's old buddy Charles Simonyi, the super-rich Hungarian-born software mogul and chief architect of Microsoft Word and Excel, sent a Falcon jet to take Stewart away from prison when her sentence ended.
REAL-ESTATE WATCH: She got about $9 million for the Gordon Bunshaft–designed midcentury modern house on East Hampton's Georgica Pond, which she had bought from the Museum of Modern Art for a reported $3.2 million.
IN GENERAL: Stewart's prison time actually propelled the share price of Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia (MSO) from $9, on the day she was sentenced, to $34, the day she was released, restoring the value of Stewart's roughly 60 percent ownership stake to near $1 billion. While she was in prison, where she wasn't supposed to work, the board installed Susan Lyne as C.E.O. Previously, Lyne had presided over the creation of ABC's hits *Desperate Housewives* and *Lost,* which didn't prevent her from getting fired by the network's inscrutable parent, Disney. At MSO, Lyne launched *Everyday Food,* a public-television show. Now Martha, 64, is back with the *Martha* TV show; a four-year, $30 million contract with Sirius Satellite Radio; and $100,000 an episode for starring in her own version of *The Apprentice.*
YEAR AHEAD: ➔

By Alan Deutschman, Richard Siklos, Heather Halberstadt, John Brodie, Duff McDonald, Craig Offman, and Richard Rushfield.

MOGULS IN THE RUNNING

DR. DRE
[redacted]

BRIAN GRAZER AND RON HOWARD
[redacted]

ALLEN GRUBMAN
[redacted]

MARK HURD
[redacted]

KIRK KERKORIAN
[redacted]

ANDREW LACK
C.E.O.
Sony BMG Music Entertainment

JOHN LASSETER
executive vice president, creative
Pixar Animation Studios

JONATHAN MILLER
chairman and C.E.O.,
America Online, Inc.

HOWARD STERN
president,
Howard Stern Production Company

ROBERT WIESENTHAL
executive vice president and C.F.O.,
Sony Corporation of America;
chief strategy officer,
Sony Entertainment

JAY-Z
president and C.E.O.,
Def Jam Recordings

JEFF ZUCKER
president,
NBC Universal Television Group

[48] ALL BY ROBIN PLATZER; [49] BY LARRY BUSACCA; [50] BY DAVID TURNLEY



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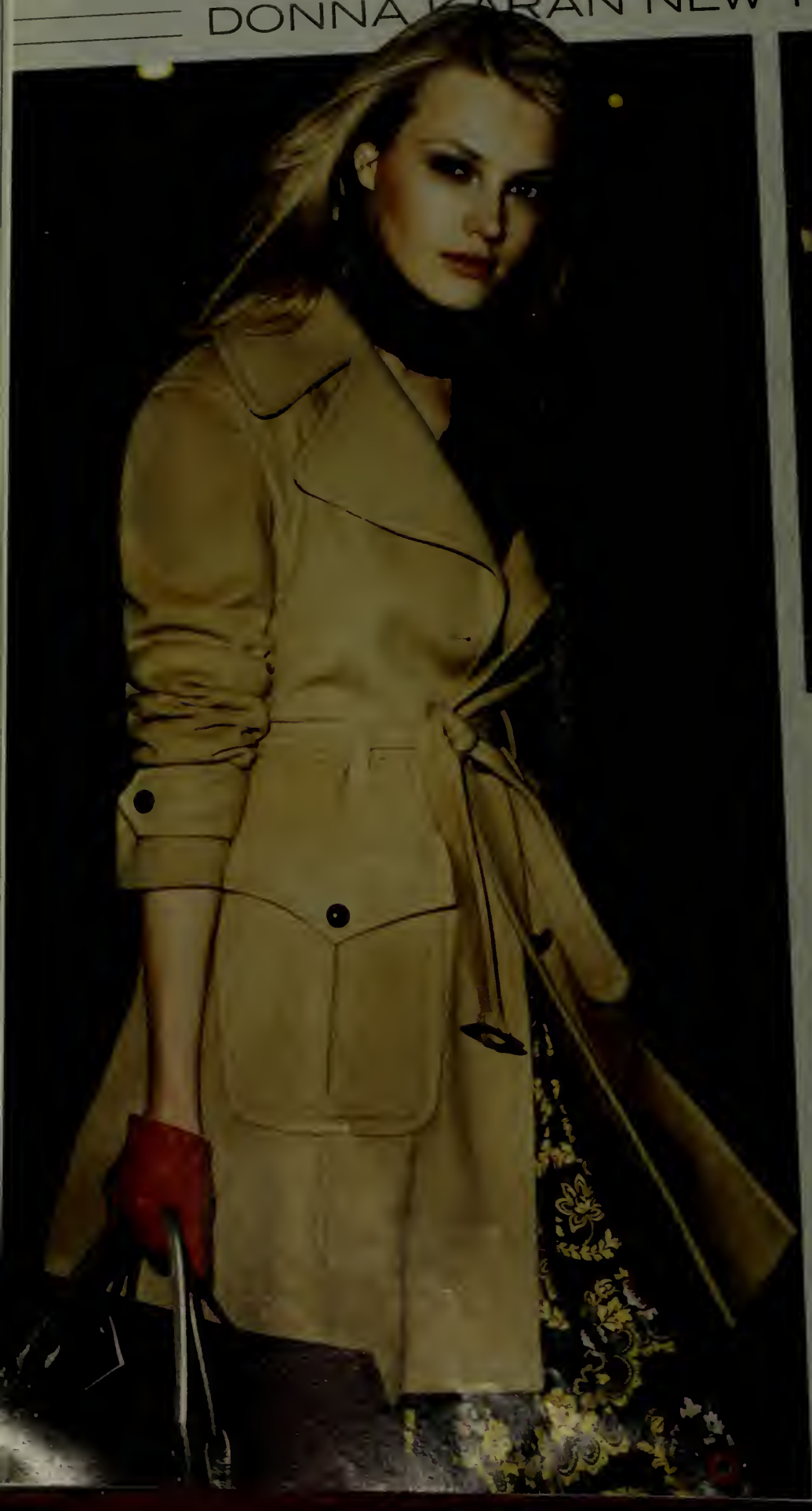


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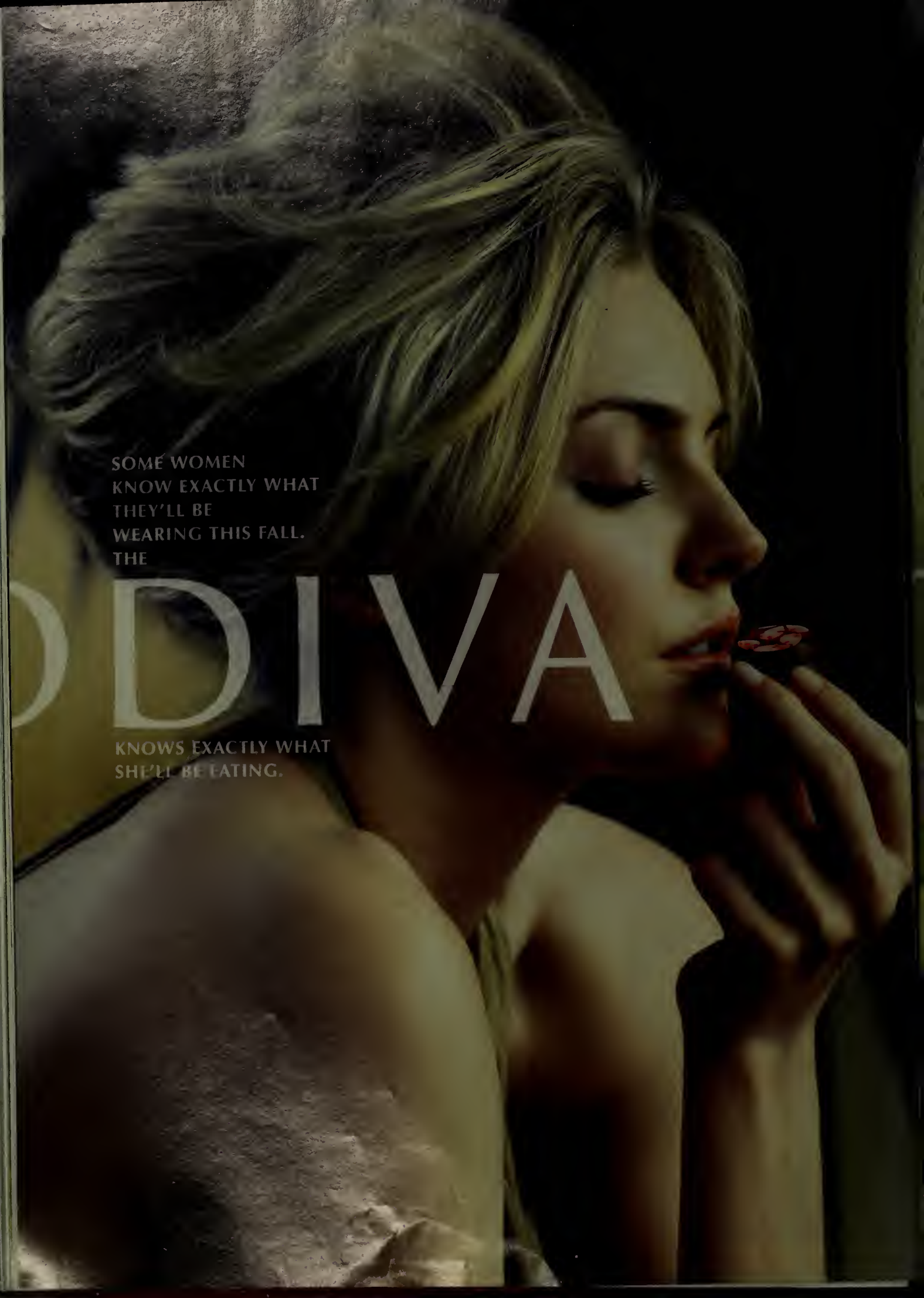
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GEORGE WAYNE MEETS COMEDIAN BOB SAGET



MELISSA GEORGE

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 29, actress. **PROVENANCE:** Perth, Australia. **RUNAWAY SUCCESS:** Catch up with Gearge in this manth's *Derailed,* appasite Clive Owen and Jennifer Anistan. **END OF A CA-REAR:** A campetitive raller skater since she was 5, Gearge cracked her tailbane at 14 before her last big campetitian. **HOME . . . :** At 16 she jained the cast af the Australian saap *Hame and Away,* praving graund far ather Australian stars such as Heath Ledger and Guy Pearce. **AND AWAY:** Gearge came ta L.A. ta shaat a pilat, but she'd have gane right back ta Perth if Steven Saderbergh hadn't paid far her visa and given her a rale in *The Limey.* Other credits include *Mulhalland Drive* and a seasan an *Alias* as evil caunterpart ta Jennifer Garner. **CUNNING LINGUIST:** On shaating the upcaming *Turistas* in Brazil: "By the end af twa and a half manths, the first A.D. wauld give directians in Partuguese and I'd ga aff and da it and the rest wauld have ta wait far a translatar." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY YARIV MILCHAN


SOME WOMEN
KNOW EXACTLY WHAT
THEY'LL BE
WEARING THIS FALL.
THE
DIVA
KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT
SHE'LL BE EATING.


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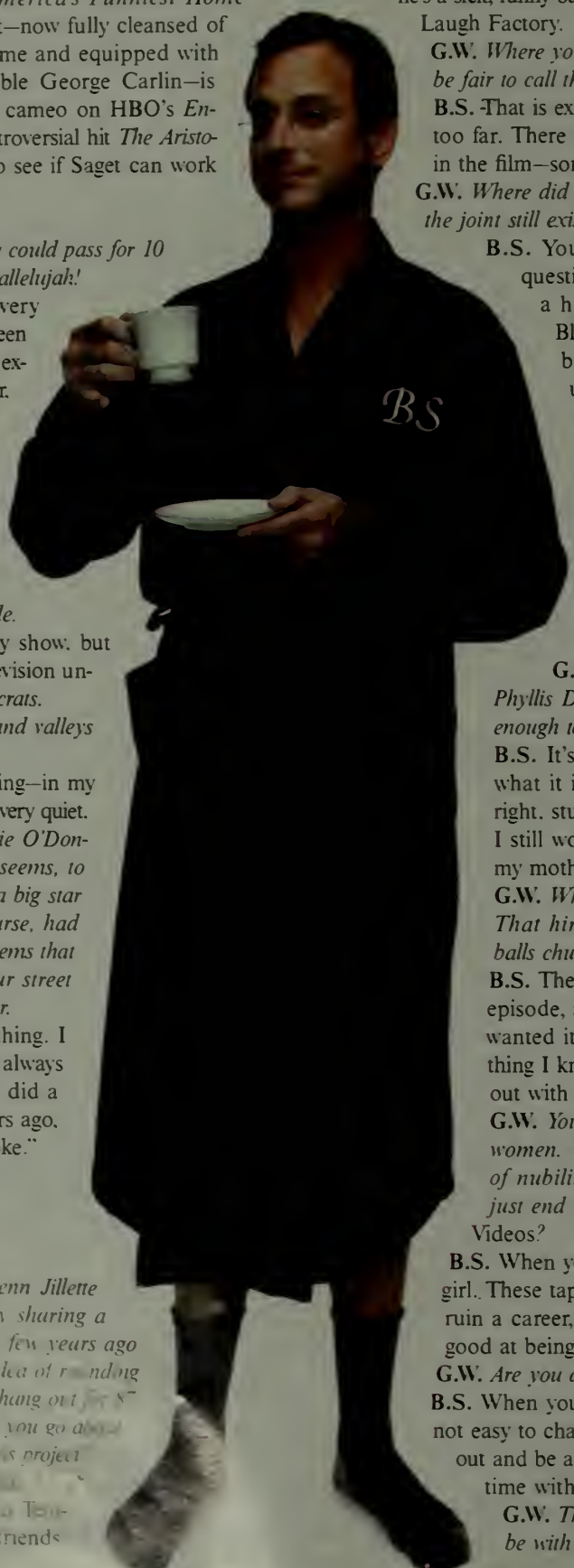

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GEORGE WAYNE
Q&A

Bob Saget goes very blue

Once the patriarch on TV's *Full House* and the corny host of *America's Funniest Home Videos*, Bob Saget—now fully cleansed of his G-rated costume and equipped with a dirty mouth that would humble George Carlin—is having a comeback, thanks to a cameo on HBO's *Entourage* and a segment in the controversial hit *The Aristocrats*. Our correspondent wants to see if Saget can work as blue in the form of a Q&A.



George Wayne: *You're 49, but you could pass for 10 years younger. Repeat after me: Hallelujah!*

Bob Saget: I know. I am very, very lucky, whatever the heck it is I've been doing. I have three daughters, an ex-wife, and a dog with prostate cancer, and all of that keeps me young.

G.W. *Suddenly, you're hot again, and you didn't have to do a reality show.*

B.S. You know, God bless America. I'm so happy I didn't have to do a reality show. The only reality show I watch is *Pimp My Ride*. At times I wanted to do a reality show, but now I can't go back to family television unless the family was like *The Aristocrats*.

G.W. *Talk a bit about the peaks and valleys of life as an entertainer.*

B.S. When your phone doesn't ring—in my case, all nine phone lines—it can be very quiet.

G.W. *It's interesting, you and Rosie O'Donnell left mainstream television, it seems, to become raunchaholics. You were a big star on a tepid TV sitcom; she, of course, had that ass-kissing talk show. But it seems that both of you sought to restore your street cred, as it were, with triple-X banter.*

B.S. I didn't do it to prove anything. I am really made this way. I have always found sick shit funny. I mean, I did a film called *Half Baked* a few years ago, where I said, "I suck dick for coke."

G.W. *Do you?!*

B.S. No. I do not.

G.W. *Yeah, right.*

B.S. I swear.

G.W. *So what's the real story—Penn Jillette and Paul Provenza were probably sharing a huge spliff at five one morning a few years ago and came up with this ingenious idea of rounding up the icons of comedy to let it all hang out for 87 minutes of thorough filth. How did you go about flexing your creative muscles for this project?*

B.S. The thing is, I wake up [illegible] Paul when I was 19 as a student at Temple University. And we became friends Penn I met at *Comic Relief* for HBO, and we hit it off because he's a sick, funny bastard. I filmed my scene upstairs at the Laugh Factory.

G.W. *Where you ended up stealing the show. Would it be fair to call this "the* Caligula *of comedic excess"?*

B.S. That is exactly what it is: comedians going way too far. There are some family-type comedians not in the film—some were gun-shy.

G.W. *Where did you make your stand-up debut? Does the joint still exist today?*

B.S. You know what? You ask very good questions. I was 17 and I had been doing a home movie called "Beach Blanket Blintzes," a piece of crap, and I got up before showing it to talk for 15 minutes, and that was the first time I had ever got up before a group of people. The moment of consequence for me was when I was 18, and I got on the train from Philadelphia and I went to the Improv in New York, where I waited like 10 hours to go on that night. That was the first big trip to New York, and I will always remember it.

G.W. *I loved the fact that they dragged Phyllis Diller away from her oxygen tank long enough to be part of this historic film.*

B.S. It's only natural that, the world being what it is now, when things go so far to the right, stuff like this will become popular. But I still won't let my two younger daughters or my mother see this film.

G.W. *What was it like working on* Entourage*? That hirsute Adrian Grenier really gets my balls churning.*

B.S. They called to find out if I would do an episode, and I liked the show, so I said yes. I wanted it to be ballsy and cocky, so the next thing I know I'm smoking a bong and hanging out with hookers.

G.W. *You are the father of three nubile young women. What do you say to the current queen of nubility, Paris Hilton? Do you think she'll just end up hosting* Naughty Amateur Home Videos*?*

B.S. When you look at Paris, she is a very sexual girl. These tapes came out that, in the past, would ruin a career, but boosted her ratings. She is very good at being unscathed.

G.W. *Are you dating anyone?*

B.S. When you are with your kids all the time, it's not easy to change gears and then, eight at night, go out and be a ho. I can't disappoint my kids, so my time with them is very precious.

G.W. *Thank you, Mr. Saget—may the G-force be with you.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY MATTHEW WELCH. FOR DETAILS, SEE READER DEALS.


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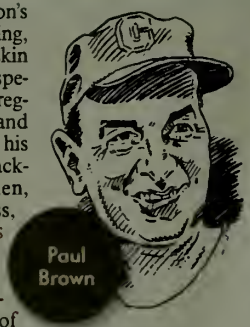


(NOTE: Cross-references to other items w… the volume are spelled out in BLACK C… while cross-references to items in Volu… are spelled out in RED C…

Don't understand why your favorite receiver is out for the season with a "stinger" or "strained hip flexor"? Unsure as to which teams played in the Greatest Game Ever Played? Guilty of thinking that "encroachment" and "offside" mean the same thing? Rejoice, for Parcells kinda guy DAVID KAMP and PETER RICHMOND have borne down like Hacksaw Reynolds and "left it all on the field," just to bring you . . .

THE PRO FOOTBALL SNOB'S DICTIONARY-VOL. 2

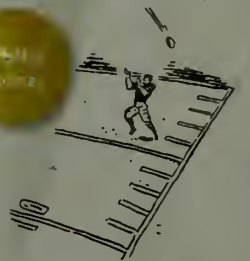
All-Madden Team. Idiosyncratic roster of a season's best players as devised by America's bus-traveling, advertiser-friendly exemplar of reg'lar-guy pigskin jollity, John Madden, and announced in a TV special during the soul-deadening two-week interregnum between the conference championships and the Super Bowl. Madden traditionally awards his honors to overweight but effective defensive tackles, neckless, LUNCHPAIL-type offensive linemen, and assorted players of undisputed toughness, unrelenting MOTORS, and a certain PARCELLS KINDA GUY–ness.



Brown, Paul. Lean, severe Ohio-football paterfamilias (1908–91) who organized the eponymous and long-dominant Cleveland Browns of the All-America Football Conference, coaching them from 1946 until 1962, by which time they had joined the N.F.L. and thrice won its championship. Like GEORGE "PAPA BEAR" HALAS, Brown invented a lot of the practices that have now become standard operating procedure for coaches, such as holding classroom-style, film-aided tutorials, retaining a coaching staff year-round, and insisting that players take intelligence tests. Having already been inducted into the N.F.L. Hall of Fame, Brown resurfaced in the late 1960s as the first general manager and coach of the expansion Cincinnati Bengals, who to this day play in Paul Brown Stadium, confusing football novitiates because the Browns, who under Brown's tenure played in Cleveland's Municipal Stadium, now play in the new Cleveland Browns Stadium.

Clock management. Increasingly scrutinized part of a head coach's duties, referring to his skill, or lack of it, in using his time-outs, challenges, and general pace-setting in order to make sure he gets the most of the crucial, final minutes of each half. Seldom even acknowledged as a factor in the old days, a coach's clock-management ability is now considered so important that it can make or break his career, and some teams hire assistant coaches whose sole job is to help the head coach keep track of the clock. *Herm Edwards knows how to motivate his players, but unless he figures out* clock management, *this will be his last season in New York.*

Coffin corner. The sideline-abutting areas of the field between the five-yard line and the goal line. The mark of an effective punter, especially in tightly contested games where starting field position is crucial, is his ability to kick the ball out of bounds near a coffin corner, thereby pinning his opponents deep in their own territory. *We cut the kid loose, even though he could boom it 60 yards, he couldn't master the coffin corner.*

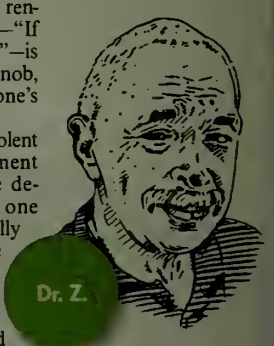


Complete back. Term for a running back who proficiently at carrying the ball, at blocking and receiving; often used to frame an argument against an immature, ergo "incomplete," player. *Sure, the kid put up some great numbers at Oklahoma, but he whiffs on every block and muffs every pass thrown his way, I'd much rather expend my third-round pick on a* complete back.

Cradle of quarterbacks. Knowing, insiderist term for western Pennsylvania, whose coal towns have produced an inordinate number of great signal callers, among them Dan Marino, Johnny Unitas, Joe Montana, Joe Namath, Jim Kelly, and George Blanda.

Decatur Staleys. Precursor team to the Chicago Bears, originally fielded by the A. E. Staley Manufacturing Company of Decatur, Illinois, which made starch products. In 1920, A. E. Staley himself tapped young GEORGE "PAPA BEAR" HALAS to assemble a football team, which played its first game that fall against the Moline Tractors. Little more than a year later, Staley signed the team over to Halas, who moved it to Chicago. The Staleys are a de rigueur name-drop for Snobs who revel in pro football's roughneck, smokestack roots.

Dr. Z. Insiderist nickname for aged, mustachioed *Sports Illustrated* pro-football *macher* Paul Zimmerman, the magazine's last remaining literary link to the old days of Tex Maule, Pete Rozelle, and smoky Upper East Side watering holes populated by fat men who looked like J. Edgar Hoover. That Zimmerman's weekly predictions are no more accurate than your lawn guy's and are often rendered meaningless by weasely qualifiers—"If Trent Green is healthy, I like the Chiefs"—is of no real significance; to the graying Snob, Dr. Z. is a sentimental read, a link to one's trusting, uncynical boyhood.



Eight men in the box. Oddly bathhouse-redolent term for a run-stuffing defensive alignment in which eight players—usually all the defensive linemen and linebackers, plus one defensive back playing uncharacteristically close to the ball—are stacked into "the box," the area whose boundaries are defined by where the offensive tackles are lined up on the opposite side of the ball. The alignment is typically deployed in short-yardage situations and against teams that have good running games but not particularly threatening passing games. *With Ricky Williams back, the Dolphins should face a lot more* eight men in the box, *allowing for some nice passing lanes for A. J. Feeley.*

Empty set. Voguish formation in which the offense lines up with nobody in the backfield but the quarterback; used on obvious passing downs in the hope that defenders will be confused about whom the QB is going to throw to. Because the New England Patriots have been so successful with the empty set—sometimes lining up in a more traditional formation and then shifting into an empty set while Tom Brady barks the snap count—many lesser teams have taken up this approach, only to confuse themselves, blow blocking assignments, and get their quarterback clobbered.

Encroachment. Commonplace rule infraction that Snobs like to call aloud while watching a game only to show that they know the difference between an encroachment penalty (which is called when a defensive player enters the neutral zone and makes contact with an offensive player before the ball is snapped) and an offside penalty (which is

A–E

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he wasn't picked on

he'd have no material.



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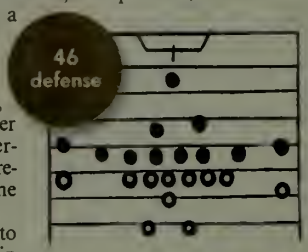
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called when any part of an offensive or defensive player's body is over the line of scrimmage at the moment the ball is snapped).

Flanker. Wide receiver who lines up off the line of scrimmage, about as far back as the quarterback but off to his side (his "flank"). The flanker is usually a tall, physical receiver who overpowers his defenders on the field and alienates his teammates off it (e.g., Randy Moss and Terrell Owens), while his complementary receiver, the split end, is more liable to be the speedy-mite type with a cocaine problem.



Flat. Loosely defined area of the field that lies behind the line of scrimmage and outside of the pocket, stretching from the backfield to either sideline. The flat is where a quarterback looks to find his SAFETY-VALVE receiver, either by design or because he has HAPPY FEET.

46 defense. Defensive formation used to great effect by the Chicago Bears in their 1985 "Super Bowl Shuffle" season. Devised by the Bears' then defensive coordinator, Buddy Ryan—a man even more combustive and dyspeptic-looking than his boss, Mike Ditka—the 46 typically crowds the line of scrimmage with six defenders (the four down linemen, plus two linebackers), with the middle linebacker and strong safety hovering just behind them, waiting to wreak havoc on whoever has the ball. (The 46 is named after the jersey number of Doug Plank, a hard-hitting strong safety who moved up alongside middle linebacker Mike Singletary when the Bears used the formation.) Though the 46 grew passé as teams using the WEST COAST OFFENSE effectively countered it with quick passes to the outside, it is staging a comeback under the direction of Ryan's son Rex, who, as the new defensive coordinator of the Baltimore Ravens, hopes to uphold his father's run-stuffing legacy.

Four-down territory. The area between an opposing team's 30- and 40-yard lines, in which a field-goal attempt seems risky and a punt might not advance far enough to pin back the other team's offense. The term is in increased vogue since the 1994 rule change that decreed that if a team misses a field goal from outside its opponent's 20-yard line, the opposing team takes over seven yards forward from where the ball was snapped. The Snob-revered "TUESDAY MORNING QUARTERBACK" column at NFL.com has made four-down territory a hobbyhorse, insisting that too few teams go for it on fourth down in this area, instead treating it like three-down territory and "booming mincing, fraidy-cat punts."

4-3. The traditional, most widely used defensive alignment in the league: four down linemen backed up by three linebackers. In the last several years, a few defensive coordinators have experimented with installing a 3-4—three linemen and four linebackers—with varying degrees of success. New England Patriots coach Bill Belichick, winner of three of the last four Super Bowls, is known for SHOWING A LOT OF LOOKS, effectively and unpredictably toggling between both alignments in the same game, ensuring that half the coaches in the heavily imitative N.F.L. are now trying a similar approach.

Frontiere, Georgia. Colorful owner of the St. Louis Rams who took over operations of the then Los Angeles–based team in 1979 after the drowning death of her sixth husband and the Rams' then owner, Carroll Rosenbloom. (A former cabaret singer, Frontiere is divorced from her seventh husband, Dominic Frontiere, who had been her piano accompanist and later served time in jail for failing to pay taxes on money he received for selling Super Bowl tickets.) Debbie Reynolds–ish in appearance and fond of stroking her muscled players in the locker room, Frontiere amuses Snobs by bringing a frisson of purring black-widow intrigue to the otherwise staid, male, ART ROONEY–ish clique of N.F.L. owners, many of whom have never gotten over the fact that she fired Rosenbloom's executive-V.P. son, Steve, just months after her husband's death.



Greatest Game Ever Played, The. The consensus term used by Snobs and football fogies of DR. Z. vintage to describe the December 28, 1958, N.F.L. championship game, in which the Baltimore Colts defeated the New York Giants in overtime on a one-yard touchdown plunge by running back Alan Ameche. Though the argument can be made that there have since been many more games of equal or greater excitement, such as the 1982 Miami Dolphins–San Diego Chargers playoff game that so exhausted the hero tight end Kellen Winslow that he had to be carried off the field, or even the TUCK RULE game—the fogy [illegible] the Colts-Giants contest because of the personnel involved [illegible] many Unitas on the Colts' side, Frank Gifford and [illegible] the Giants' side) and a sentimentality about the N.F.L. [illegible] black-and-white, crew-cut past.

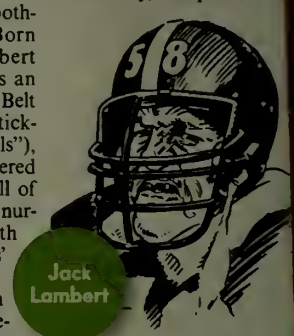
Hands team. A receiver-and-defensive-back-heavy contingent of players put on the field in "prevent" situations, such as when the opposing team is attempting an onside kick or a last-second Hail Mary pass. By deploying a bunch of players with SOFT HANDS, a team increases its chances of recovering the football and stifling the opponent's last-gasp attempt to score.

Happy feet. Subliminally pansy-suggestive term for a condition that befalls quarterbacks who get skittish under pressure and flee the pocket early for fear of getting hit. Usually used in chiding terms by tut-tutting, Dan Dierdorf–ish commentators. *Bubby Brister was never going to be more than a journeyman, not with those* happy feet.

Henderson, Thomas "Hollywood." Vainglorious Dallas Cowboys linebacker who represented the seedy underbelly of the star-spangled Staubach-Landry "America's Team" juggernaut of the 1970s. Prone to sideline strutting and effortless generation of controversy (of Terry Bradshaw, he once said, "He's so dumb, he couldn't spell cat if you spotted him the *c* and the *a*"), Henderson descended into a cocaine addiction that prematurely ended his career, and wound up serving time in jail after he was arrested for sexual assault in 1983 for trading cocaine for sex with two teenage girls. Sober since then, Henderson won $28 million in the Texas state lottery in 2000 and now makes the rounds as a motivational speaker and an "addiction survivor."

Hip flexor. Easily strained muscle near the hip and groin that is crucial for lifting the knees and bending at the waist. Placekickers and speedy wide receivers are especially wont to pull or even tear their hip flexors, resulting in intense upper-groin pain and long rehabs. The term "hip flexor" is frequently mistaken by sportswriters to mean an injury rather than a part of the body: *Tupa's out for the rest of the season with a* hip flexor.

Lambert, Jack. Mustachioed, psychotic-looking Pittsburgh Steelers middle linebacker of the 1970s, renowned for his durability, his speed, and especially, his terrifying, wild-eyed, toothless glare through his face mask. Born and raised in northeast Ohio, Lambert was embraced by Pittsburgh fans as an authentic, LUNCHPAIL article of Rust Belt proletarian rage (his pickup had a sticker that read, "I don't brake for liberals"), meaner than his mediagenic, misnomered teammate Mean Joe Greene. A Hall of Fame member, Lambert continues to nurture his cult by avoiding contact with the media and shunning his teammates' reunions.



Leaving it all on the field. Gush term used by color commentators to describe an intense, no-holds-barred, unrelenting performance that has sapped a player of every last electrolyte, breath, and cognitive function. *Thirteen solo tackles, a sack, flying to the ball on every play—Zach Thomas really* left it all on the field *tonight, Al.*

Pasquarelli, Len. Well-sourced N.F.L. beat reporter for ESPN.com, treasured by Football Snobs not only for his astute and impressively thorough work but also for his heft and sweaty, comb-over'd, Oscar Madison–ish appearance, which, though it precludes him from being a TV talking head, enhances his cred as an old-fashioned, shoe-leather scoopmeister in a press box full of blow-dried, know-nothing lightweights.

Passing tree. Diagram used by offensive coaches as a guide for how to run routes accurately. Visually, the various routes—the curl, the out, the post—resemble, as they branch out to both sides of the field, limbs coming off a trunk. Skinny-wristed Snobs who have never actually played organized football pride themselves on knowing what the passing tree is, since it's a locker-room term, seldom used in telecasts and sportswriting. *It's no wonder Roethlisberger and Ward are in sync today; I was here two hours early and they were out on the field in shorts, running through the* passing tree.

Phillips, O. A. "Bum." Cuddly bumpkin Houston Oilers coach of Opry flamboyance, known for stalking the sidelines in a 10-gallon hat and ice-blue cowboy boots that matched the Oilers' uniforms. (Phillips is color-blind and was therefore oblivious to the garishness of his footwear.) In his 1970s and early-80s heyday, Phillips folksily presided over the carnival-esque "Luv Ya Blue" Oilers team that featured the punishing Earl Campbell at running back, the preening Dan Pastorini at quarterback, and BILLY "WHITE SHOES" JOHNSON as a return man. Phillips's son, Wade, is a journeyman coach who is currently the defensive coordinator of the San Diego Chargers.

Raider Nation. Grandiloquent moniker for the excitable legions of Oakland Raider fans who wear pirate outfits and thorny S&M shoulder pads, apply silver and black face paint, and grow Hell's Angels–style facial hair to pay homage to their favorite team, usually while drunk, shirtless, and on the lam. Though the N.F.L.'s Park Avenue–based executives wouldn't let their daughters near these goons, they love when the networks' cameras linger on Raider Nation members in order to capture the "NASCAR audience."

Reynolds, Jack "Hacksaw." Linebacker for the Los Angeles Rams and

.COM

H3



ANY SMALLER AND IT WOULD BE "EUROPEAN."

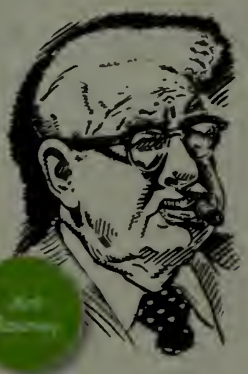
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San Francisco 49ers in the 70s and early 80s who engaged the league's yahoo fans with his reckless, LEAVING-IT-ALL-ON-THE-FIELD style of play (he once vomited on the 49ers' midfield logo while playing a game with the flu) and menacing, JACK LAMBERT–like mustachioed visage (worn, alas, with bangs). Best known for twice stuffing the tanklike Cincinnati Bengals fullback Pete Johnson at the one-yard line in Super Bowl XVI, Reynolds came by his nickname during his college days at the University of Tennessee, when, after a crushing loss, he vented his frustration by cutting a junked '53 Chevy clean in half, using 14 hacksaw blades.



Rooney, Art. Longtime Pittsburgh Steelers owner and codgerly league éminence grise (1901–88); the most affable, and least football-savvy, of the old-line N.F.L. triumvirate that also included GEORGE "PAPA BEAR" HALAS and PAUL BROWN. Having owned the team since 1933, Rooney, who wore Coke-bottle glasses and preferred smoking cigars and playing the ponies to indulging in Dan Snyder–style meddling, didn't see his team win a championship until 1975, yet remains the most revered figure, living or dead, in Pittsburgh.

Safety valve. A short pass thrown to a running back in the FLAT after the quarterback has decided that his primary receivers downfield are covered. Young, HAPPY FEET–afflicted quarterbacks are often accused of using a safety valve as a first, rather than last, resort. *Well, if Eli's gonna show us something, he's gonna have to look for Plaxico and forget about his* safety valves.

Seam. Theoretical border between two zones in a zone defense; a sort of invisible fence between the area being patrolled by one defender and that being patrolled by his teammate-neighbor. Because the seam's exact location is ambiguous, it's an area often vulnerable to quarterback attack. *On the replay, you can see how Gonzalez found the* seam *and Green laid the ball right in his hands.*

Shutdown corner. A cornerback whose coverage skills are so fierce that no quarterback will throw to the receiver he's covering, effectively "shutting down" the passing game on his side of the field. *Ty Law's age and injuries make me wonder if he'll still be the* shutdown corner *of old.*

Special-teams demon. Colloquial term for a feisty, overachieving player with a good MOTOR who thrives as a kick-coverage guy. Usually white and undersize—the prototypical special-teams demon was the Buffalo Bills' five-foot-nine-inch Steve Tasker, and the current favorite is the New England Patriots' five-foot-ten-inch Larry Izzo—the demon hurtles himself downfield with psycho abandon to make a tackle or down a punt, and is often prone to fiery post-play histrionics that endear him to his team's more volatile fans.

Stinger. Bafflingly nonspecific injury-report term of recent vintage, used to describe discomfort in the shoulder-neck area that could be attributed to anything from a bruise to a pinched nerve to a serious, permanent neurological condition. *We thought the kid would be out maybe a week with that* stinger, *but now we're scanning the waiver wire for another free safety.*

Terrible Towel. Gimmick cheering prop of Pittsburgh Steelers fans since the mid-1970s glory days of Terry Bradshaw and the Steel Curtain defense. In 1975, Steelers TV and radio announcer Myron Cope exhorted fans to wave Steeler-gold towels during the team's playoff games, thereby turning Three Rivers Stadium into a sea of undulating garish yellow and precipitating a pro-sports-wide trend of fan-prop gimmickry, from big foam "#1" fingers to the "thunder sticks" and "rally monkeys" deployed by the Anaheim Angels' fans during the team's triumphant 2002 World Series appearance.



Three-step drop. A short, quick drop-back by the quarterback after the snap, often implemented into game plans to protect quarterbacks with horrendous offensive lines and/or minimal pro experience. After a three-step drop, the quarterback usually tosses a short pass to the running back or tight end and hopes he doesn't get hammered.

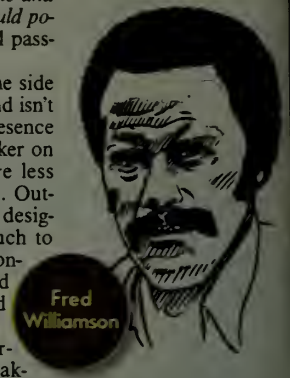
Tuck rule. Nickname for an obscure, now much-lamented clause in the N.F.L. rule book (Rule 3, Section 21, Article 2) that stipulates that a quarterback who has lost hold of the football while in the act of pulling his arm back toward his body has thrown an incomplete pass, rather than fumbled, as long as he had already begun an intentional forward motion with his arm and had not successfully "tucked" the ball back into his person before the ball came loose. This clause, formerly unknown even to the geekiest of Football Snobs, gained notoriety when the New England Patriots' Tom Brady appeared to fumble in the fourth quarter of a marvelous playoff game in blizzard conditions against Oakland in 2002. Citing the so-called tuck rule, the officials allowed the Patriots to keep the ball. They proceeded to score and win the game in overtime, thereby paving the way for the beginning of the Patriots' dynasty, widespread resentment over Brady's dimpled-chin rise to stardom, and RAIDER NATION conspiracy-theory fulmination ("All I'm gonna say is, it seems like the league will do anything to keep Al Davis from winning"), which persist to this day.

Turf toe. Teensy but debilitating injury in which the capsule that surrounds the joint at the base of the big toe is torn, resulting in nasty pain in the ball of the foot. So named because the injury most frequently occurs on hard artificial surfaces like Astroturf. *Shocker may be a bastard, but he's a tough bastard; he played half the season with* turf toe.

Uni. Slang term for "uniform" that gained currency in the 1990s as N.F.L. teams, newly aware of the apparel-marketing potential of having multiple uniform configurations rather than the traditional two-colored jerseys at home, white jerseys on the road—unleashed a torrent of getups, from delightfully retro "throwback" uniforms to hideous monochromatic outfits that resemble pajamas. With baseball also getting in on this act, "uni-watching" has become a Snob pastime, with a writer named Paul Lukas even hatching his own cottage industry with a "Uni Watch" column that appeared first in *The Village Voice*, then in *Slate*, and now on ESPN.com. Pronounced "YOO-nee" to distinguish it from the identically spelled Japanese word for sea urchin (pronounced "OO-nee"), not that there is much overlap between the groups interested in such matters. *The Bengals' tiger-striped ensemble with the alternate orange jerseys have to be the nastiest-looking* unis *in league history.*

Upside. Scouting term for a young player's potential, often used by MEL KIPER JR. and his ilk in evaluating a player's "rawness" vis-à-vis his skills and willingness to take direction from grizzled old position coaches. *He only played a year of organized football at the Division I level after moving here from Nigeria, but with his size, smarts, and hand skills, he has tremendous* upside.

Vertical passing game. The part of a team's offensive strategy that calls for its faster receivers to run patterns downfield for big yardage, thereby "stretching the field" and compelling defenses to keep their safeties back rather than deploy them as run stoppers and pass rushers. Many WEST COAST OFFENSE disciples, such as the former New York Jets offensive coordinator Paul Hackett, have come under criticism for not paying enough attention to the vertical passing game. *With Charles Rogers healthy and the youngsters Mike and Roy Williams in the mix, the Lions could potentially have the most effective* vertical passing game *in football.*



Weak side. Defensive designation for the side of the field where the offense's tight end isn't lined up—implying that, absent the presence of an extra blocker, the offense is weaker on that side of the center, and therefore less likely to try to run in that direction. Outside linebackers in the 4-3 are thus designated weak-side and strong-side, much to the bafflement of novice fans, who wonder how any pro football player could allow the word "weak" to be applied to him.

Williamson, Fred "the Hammer." Fearsome 1960s defensive back for the Oakland Raiders and Kansas City Chiefs who established even greater notoriety in the 1970s, after his playing days were over, as the blaxploitation star of such films as *Hell Up in Harlem* and *Black Caesar.* Williamson also posed for *Playgirl* and was tapped to replace Don Meredith on *Monday Night Football,* getting the ax after a brief trial period during which he consternated Howard Cosell by appearing on-air wearing a necklace with a penis-shaped pendant.

WoodStrock. Nickname for an odd, post–Bob Griese, pre–Dan Marino experiment by Miami Dolphins coach Don Shula in which the young, scrambling quarterback David Woodley started most games but was frequently relieved by the more polished veteran QB Don Strock. That the Dolphins rode this strange configuration all the way to Super Bowl XVII, in 1983 (where they lost to the Washington Redskins), is often upheld by Snobs as an argument for coaches' being less uptight about switching quarterbacks mid-game. Nevertheless, conventional football wisdom regards this idea as apostasy.

Zone blitz. Baffling phrase, frequently invoked by announcers, for a situation in which one or more linebackers or defensive backs blitz the quarterback, while one or more defenders who normally rush the passer drop back into zone coverage. The zone blitz allows for short completions but prevents the most feared consequence of an unsuccessful blitz, a long-bomb completion. It is all the more difficult to understand because announcers are prone to shout "Zone blitz!" almost anytime a quarterback is sacked while the defensive backs are playing zone, even if no one has actually blitzed.

R–Z

[yellow tail]

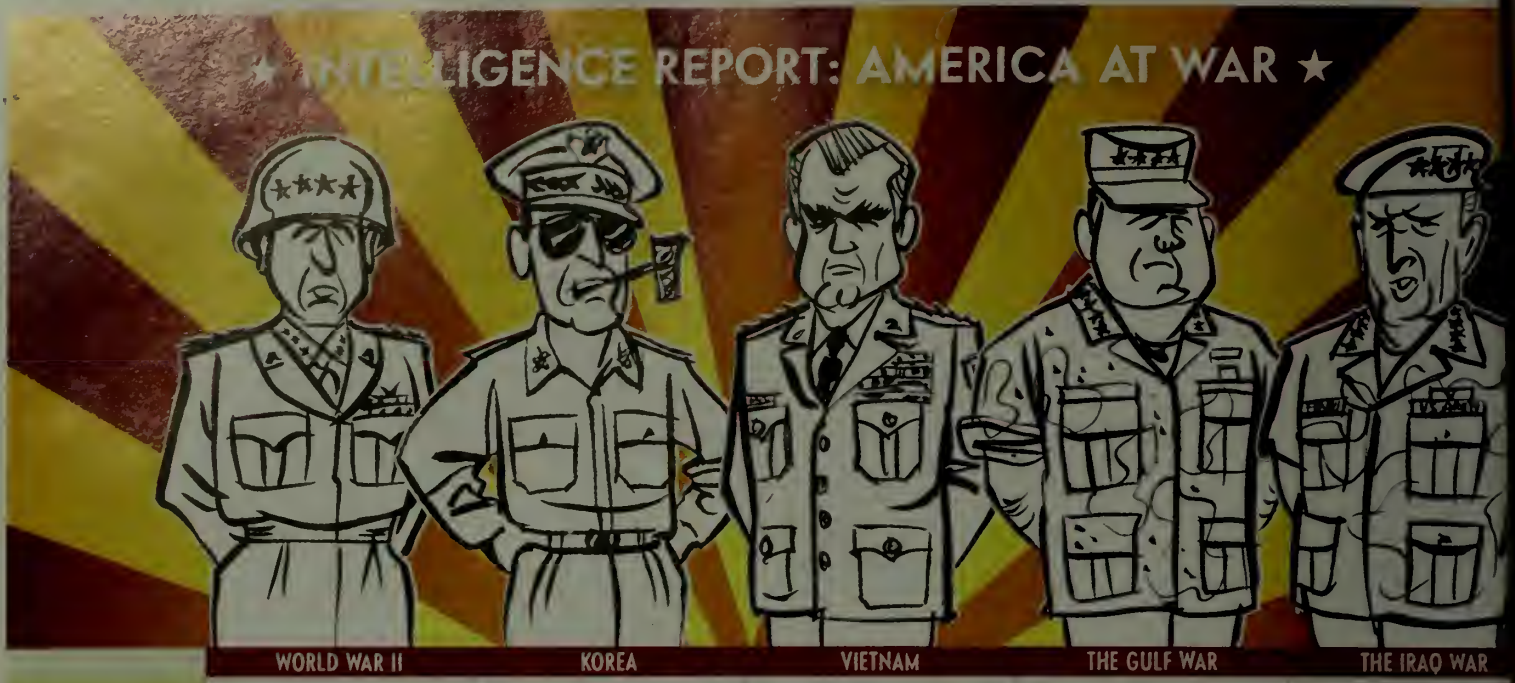


[yellow tail]
SHIRAZ

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have you spotted it?

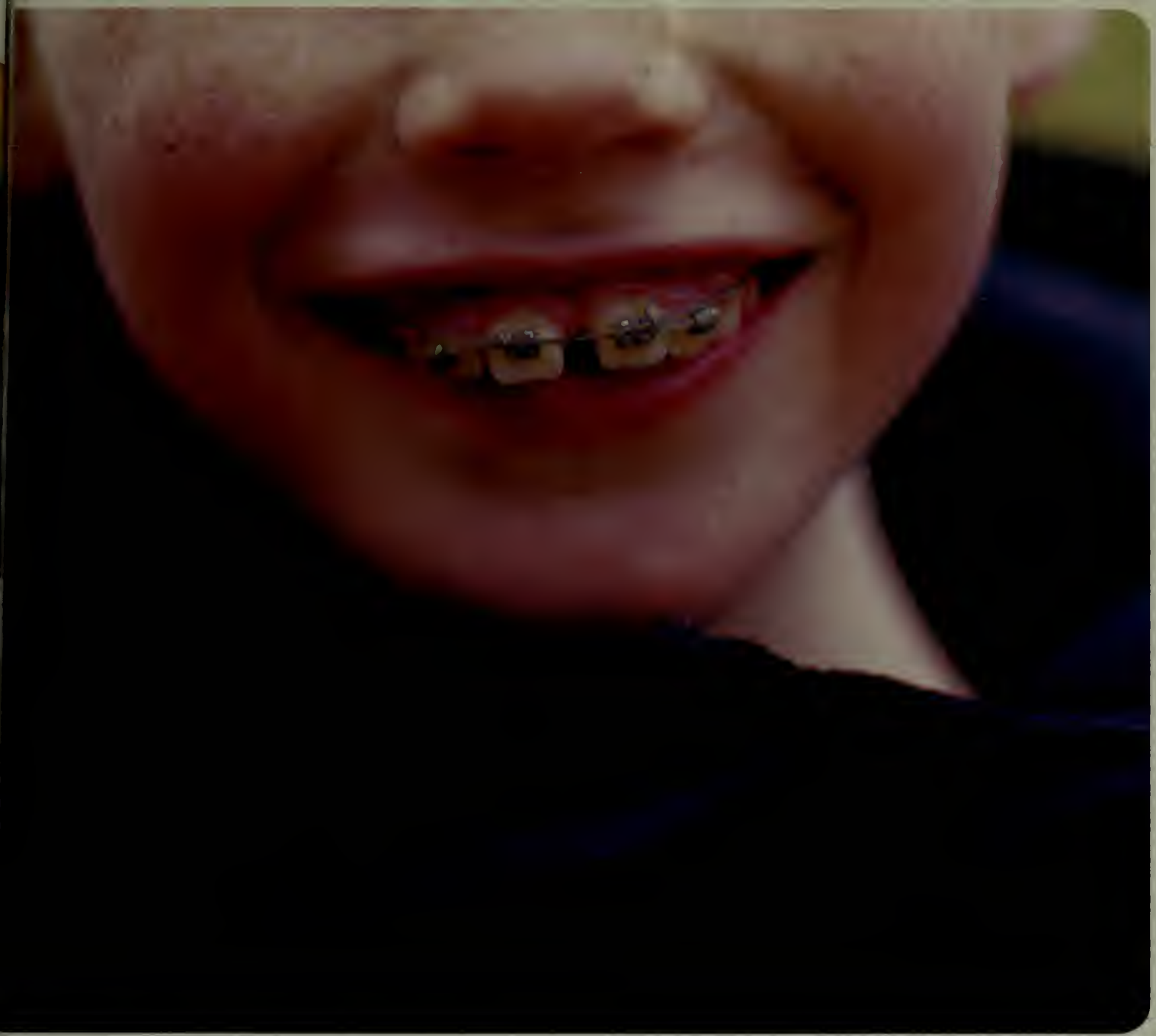
★ INTELLIGENCE REPORT: AMERICA AT WAR ★



	WORLD WAR II	KOREA	VIETNAM	THE GULF WAR	THE IRAQ WAR
SIGNATURE GENERAL	Geaorge S. Pattan	Dauglas MacArthur	William C. Westmareland	H. Narman Schwarzkapf	Tammy Franks
SOBRIQUET	The Gaad War	The Fargatten War	The Dark Tunnel	Desert Starm	Operatian Iraqi Freeda
GUIDING HANDS	Special Relatianship	The Cantainment Bays	The Best and the Brightest	New Warld Order	Neacans
SHOWCASE WEAPON	B-52 ▼	Chappers ▲	Napalm	Patriat missiles	Predatar ▲drane
HERO REPORTER	Ernie Pyle	Clete Raberts	David Halberstam	Arthur Kent	David Blaam
HERO ANCHORMAN	◀ Edward R. Murraw	John ▶ Charles Daly	Walter ▶ Cronkite	Peter Arnett ▶	Ted Kappel
CATCHPHRASE	"Kilray was here."	"Can da."	"FUBAR."	"Mather of all battles."	"Let's rall."
CARE-PACKAGE TOY	Paddle with ball	Slinky ▶	Tape deck ▶	Game Bay	PlayStatian 2
RATIONALE	"The anly thing we have ta fear is fear itself."	Palice actian	Damina theary	Line in the sand	"After all, this is the guy w ▼tried ta kill my dad."
ENEMY MOUTHPIECE	Takya Rase	Sergeant Shaw, Laurence Harvey's character in *The Manchurian Candidate*	Hanai Jane	General Tariq Aziz	Baghdad Bab
SPORT	Stickball ▶	Tauch faatball ▶	Surfing	Laser tag	Caalitian faatball
PICKUP LINE	"U-baat ar my baat?"	"All this talk abaut parallels . . ."	"Didn't I meet yau in the shit?"	"This will nat stand."	"Lemme shaw yau my personal Green Zane."
SONG	"Dan't Sit Under the Apple Tree"	"On Tap af Old Smakey"	"Light My Fire"	"Bring the Naise"	"Hey Ya"
BELLE OF THE WAR	Betty Grable ▶	Marilyn Manrae	Raquel Welch ▶	Christina Applegate	◀ J.Lo
R&R SPOT	Piccadilly Circus	Takya	China Beach	U.S.S. *Missauri*	Dubai
U.S.O. HEADLINER	Bab Hope	Bab Hope	Bab Hope	Rabin Williams	Al Franken

—RICHARD RUSHFIELD and ADAM LEFF

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TIM SHEAFFER



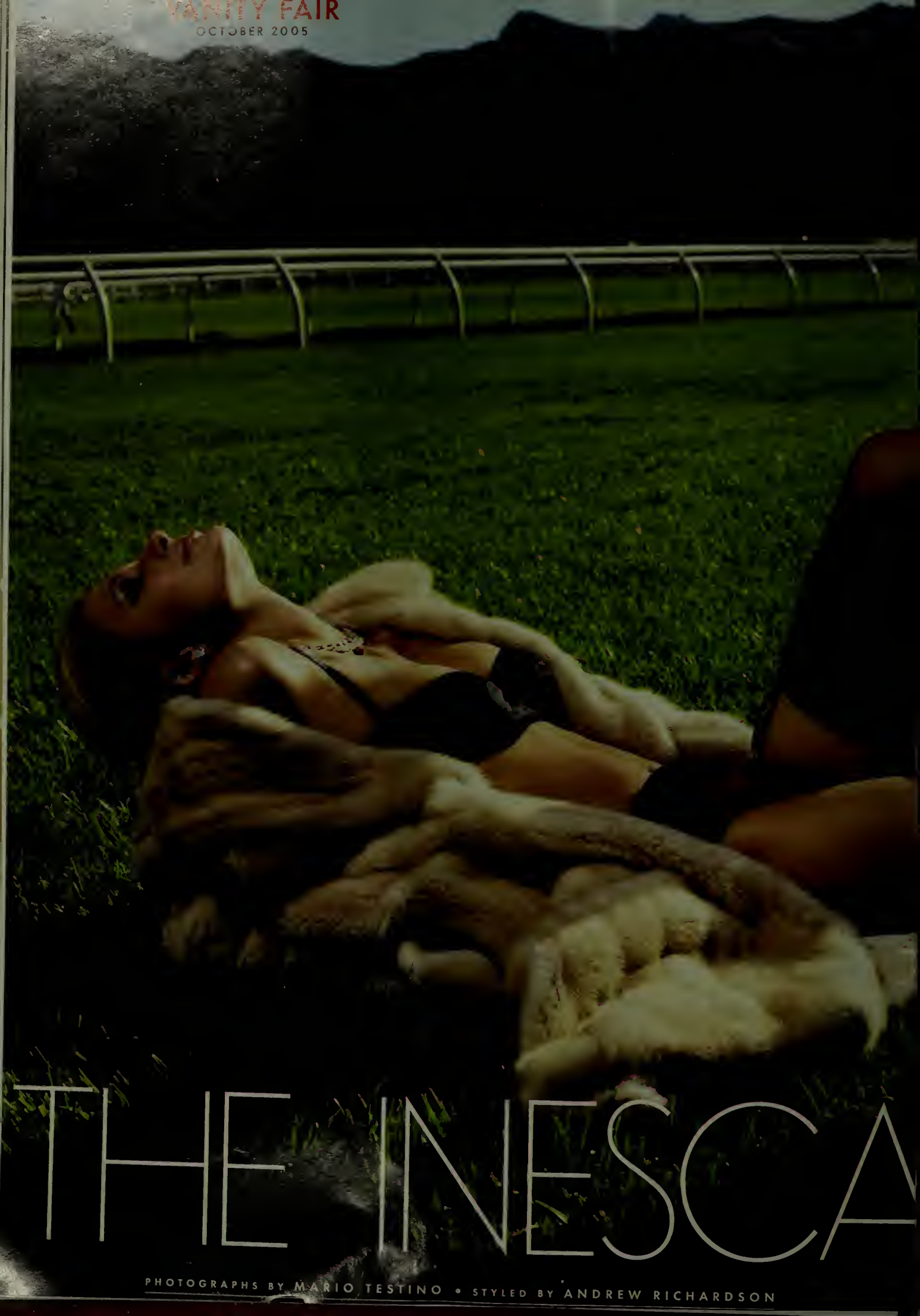
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OCTOBER 2005



THE INESCA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO TESTINO • STYLED BY ANDREW RICHARDSON



TRACK STAR

One-woman global brand Paris Hilton, photographed at Ventura Farms, in California, on June 17, 2005.

HAIR BY KIMBERLY KIMBERLY FOR KIMBERLY KIMBERLY; MAKEUP BY TOM PECHEUX FOR CHANEL; MANICURE BY G NA V VANG FOR OPI; PROPS STYLED BY BILL BOSS FOR PARTA. (CONTINUED ON PAGE 281)

Paris Hilton has transfixed the nation, to the point where she made $7 million last year, hears paparazzi cameras clicking even when they're not there, and has Camille Paglia weighing in on her cultural significance. But even as she brands herself in every imaginable form—TV, books, movies, a CD, perfume, jewelry, a nightclub chain—she is swearing off the party circuit that launched her. Meeting up with the 24-year-old Hilton and her Greek fiancé, Paris Kasidokostas, KRISTA SMITH checks out the heiress's latest persona: Paris Hilton, Homebody

PARIS PARABLE

Gay Pride weekend in Los Angeles is under way, and a massive crowd has gathered to celebrate all things gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transgender. Early on Sunday morning, a sun-soaked Santa Monica Boulevard is already teeming with revelers, and police are barking orders into their bullhorns. Everyone's waiting for the start of this year's parade, which will be led by co–grand marshals Paris Hilton and her mother, Kathy.

At 11 A.M., 24-year-old Paris arrives in her dark-green custom-built Ferrari. She's dressed in (for her) a demure yellow-gold beaded gown with an Empire waist and escorted by Tinkerbell, her Chihuahua and constant companion, who is attired in fuchsia satin. Kathy looks pristine in white trousers, a white hat, and white Chanel wraparound sunglasses and carries a pink parasol. As Paris's father, Rick, records everything with his camcorder, mother and daughter are hoisted 10 feet up onto a bright-pink float shaped like a Volkswagen Beetle, and the parade begins. At the sight of the Hilton women, the crowd goes crazy.

"Hi, sexy!" one drag queen yells at Paris. "You're gorgeous! I love you!"

"Thanks, bitch!," Paris shouts in return, to the delight of all.

Two twentysomething lesbians look on in disbelief. "I had no idea Paris Hilton was gay," says one, to which the other responds, "I know, that's so cool."

As millions around the world can attest with the confidence of an eyewitness, Paris Hilton is not gay. But she's canny enough to be cultivating a gay fan base—which, as Cher and Madonna have shown, can extend one's career indefinitely.

About halfway through the parade, a pair of women, seemingly tourists from a red state, are struggling to make sense of their surroundings. Pointing at the float, one of them asks, "Who's that?" Her friend replies, "Oh, honey, that's Paris Hilton. You know, the girl that's famous for being Paris Hilton."

Despite her reputation for lacking any discernible talents, Paris Whitney Hilton, born February 17, 1981, has transfixed the nation and, increasingly, the world. Everyone assumed her fame, beginning with numerous mentions in the *New York Post*'s "Page Six," would last a Warholian 15 minutes, but she's been around since the late 1990s and shows no sign of going away. Hilton isn't the first beautiful heiress to make headlines. In 1938, Brenda Frazier's glamorous party-hopping landed her on the cover of *Life* and inspired Walter Winchell to coin the term "celebutante"—a word that's regained currency as a way to describe Hilton—but Frazier, who attempted suicide at least 31 times, was hardly happy. Nor was Woolworth heiress Barbara Hutton (with $50 million) or tobacco heiress Doris Duke (with $100 million). Although they had many famous lovers and nine husbands between them—including one they shared, Porfirio Rubirosa—they both died lonely, sickly recluses.

Paris Hilton is the 21st century's version of the "poor little rich girl," except that the rules have changed and there is nothing little or poor about her. Already set, according to *Forbes,* to inherit an estimated $30 million of the family fortune, she had an income last year of close to $7 million. Along the way, she has blown open the door to the previously private world of high-society heiresses, in much the same way Diana Spencer exposed the inner workings of the House of Windsor.

The more we mock, ridicule, and criticize Hilton for being a vapid, narcissistic bimbo with money, the more obsessed we become with her. When she loses her dog, it becomes national news—despite the fact that many Americans have never heard her speak more than the two words "That's hot!"

What does our fascination with Paris Hilton say about *us?* Was it her destiny to become a pop-cultural star (as opposed to a real one), or was our need for such a figure so great that we created her? "She's the perfect Bush-era heroine, because she's all style and no content," says Naomi Wolf, author of *The Beauty Myth: How Images of Beauty Are Used Against Women.* Camille Paglia, author of *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson,* agrees: "People want to be soothed right now, and there is something about Paris Hilton that's soothing."

Those who know Hilton give her more credit for her successes. "I don't care what anybody says about Paris. She's professional, she's courteous, she's a pro," says Chris Applebaum, who directed Hilton's infamous commercial for the Carl's Jr. hamburger chain. The ad, which incurred the wrath of a decency group, featured Hilton, in a skimpy black swimsuit, lathering up a Bentley and biting into a spicy barbecue burger. "I mean, listen, she can sometimes be a little bit [illegible] space cadet," Applebaum continues, "b[illegible] have to say, when she focuses she can be[illegible] credibly intelligent."

Yet even as others argue over her sig[illegible] cance, Hilton herself appears to be outgrow[illegible] her persona as the "hot-blooded heiress" w[illegible] can be found dancing on tables at New Yo[illegible] Bungalow 8 or Los Angeles's Spider Club. [illegible] the end of May, she announced that she [illegible] getting married to a rather handsome, rat[illegible] intelligent, astronomically wealthy young m[illegible] who, in the ultimate narcissistic twist, is a[illegible] named Paris. Since the engagement, Hilt[illegible] has (for her) all but given up late-night cl[illegible] hopping, and her hemlines have come do[illegible] almost a foot. What's on her mind these d[illegible] is business. Like her famous great-grandfath[illegible] the hotel-chain founder Conrad Hilton, sh[illegible] hell-bent on taking her brand worldwide.

My weekend as Paris Hilto[illegible] plus-one starts with lunch [illegible] the Polo Lounge, in the Be[illegible] erly Hills Hotel, where sl[illegible] orders her usual: hot choc[illegible] late with extra marshmallows. She's weari[illegible] a modest blue skirt by Chick (the label r[illegible] by her younger sister, Nicky) and a matchi[illegible] camisole that complements her sky-blue cy[illegible] (enhanced by color contact lenses), as w[illegible] as a temporary yellow-diamond engagemen[illegible] ring from her fiancé, a Greek shipping he[illegible] whom the press calls Paris Latsis but who[illegible] real last name is Kasidokostas. (More o[illegible] that later.) "I like it," Hilton says of the rin[illegible] "but it's yellow, and I'm like, I didn't wan[illegible] yellow for my engagement ring. I just nee[illegible] ed something to wear until I get it." The re[illegible] ring, scheduled to arrive in a few days, wi[illegible] feature a 24-carat emerald-cut diamon[illegible] with baguettes set on a pavé band. (Est[illegible] mated cost: more than $2 million.) A littl[illegible] scab mars her ring finger. It's an occupa[illegible] tional hazard of trying on so many rocks.

Naturally, one doesn't wear a diamon[illegible] that valuable without weighing the securi[illegible] ty risks. "I think I'm going to have to ge[illegible] copies," Hilton says. "I want to wear my[illegible] husband's ring, but just in case you're Je[illegible] Skiing or in Saint-Tropez and it falls off. It's[illegible] like, diamonds—those stones are hard to get[illegible] Especially big ones."

It's obvious that Hilton is very much in[illegible] love: "I'm so happy. It's cool. I feel, like, real[illegible] ly safe now, and he's just amazing. I don't[illegible] even think he's real. Every day I'm like, 'This[illegible] is not real.' I thought I was just going to set[illegible] tle and end up with some jackass." After[illegible] lunch a middle-aged woman approaches[illegible] Hilton in the ladies' room, fawns over her,[illegible] and asks for an autograph for her young[illegible] daughter. Hilton obliges with a smile and a[illegible] few friendly words spoken in that sweet,



SY RIDER

thor Naomi Wolf says the ris Hilton persona is h "completely explicitly ually available and mpletely naïve and innocent d girlish."

"YEAH, WE WERE BORN WITH A FAMOUS LAST NAME," SAYS NICKY. "BUT LOOK AT HOW WE TOOK IT TO ANOTHER LEVEL."

sexy whisper of hers. Outside the hotel she gets behind the wheel of her silver Range Rover, and by the time I climb into the passenger seat she's already on her Motorola Razr cell phone.

Our destination is Fifi & Romeo, an upscale pooch boutique on Beverly Boulevard, where Hilton intends to do some shopping for Tinkerbell and for a seriously ill girl whom she and Nicky have befriended. Like Paris, the teenager has a dog, and since Nicky is giving the girl several items from her clothing line, Paris wants to spoil her with doggy clothes. "She wrote a letter to my office, and so I called her from Germany and called again a couple of times, and I'm going to surprise her tomorrow," explains Hilton, who seems genuinely touched. "She's, like, about to die. And her mother says that she's so in love. I sent her all my DVDs and all these pictures and jewelry, and everything is hanging on the walls. She's the most popular girl at the hospital."

As we pull up to the store, a swarm of paparazzi in Mercedeses and Cadillac S.U.V.'s descend on us. When I point out that they're all driving expensive cars, Paris nods. "They make a lot of money," she says.

Without her, they'd be making a lot less. There's no mystery to the love affair between Paris and the cameras that document her life. She happily obliges them wherever she goes, and they snap away, selling the resulting pictures to a growing number of celebrity weeklies. As we make our way to the door, they shout her name, and she responds with coy, low-pitched greetings: "Hi, sexy." "Hi, gorgeous."

Ron Galella, the paparazzo known for his candid photos of Jackie Onassis, says there's a reason photographers love Hilton. "Paris Hilton is a phenomenon," he says. "She's sexy, smart, gracious, and kind, and there's no one like her in the past, and I doubt there will be another one like her in the future. She's always giving us variations on the red carpet, posing this way and that way, and this is what a photographer wants: variety, you know, moving around. Because that's what life is about: movement." Paris tells me that it's gotten to the point where she hears clicking noises even when there are no cameras: "It's really strange, but I can always hear it. It's scary."

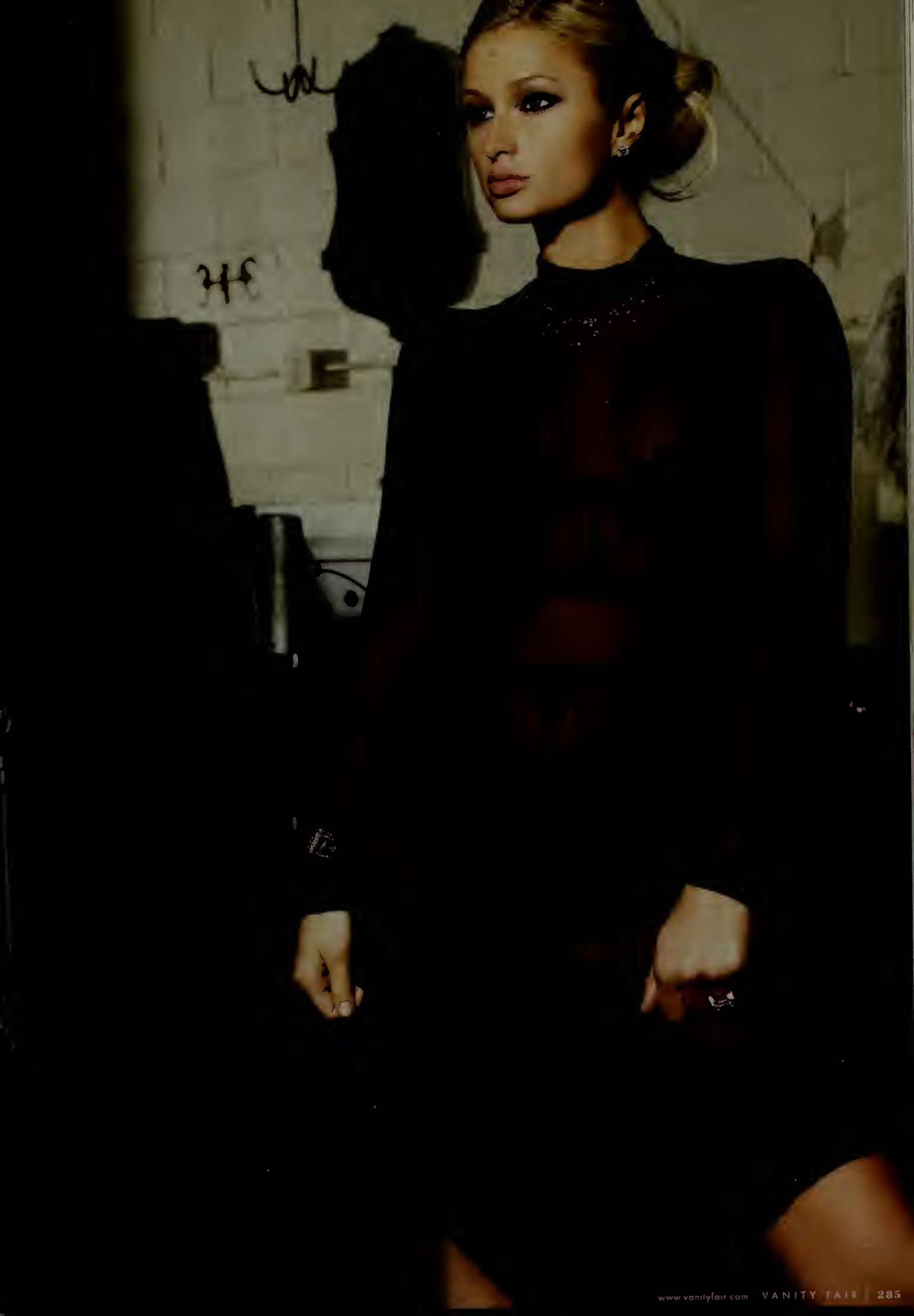
Inside the store, Paris carefully selects gifts for her new friend, and more than an hour later she checks out with roughly $2,000 worth of merchandise, which she pays for in cash. But the photographers are still hovering outside, and when we pull away the chase begins. They're careless and aggressive, making illegal turns and cutting peo-



"I HATE WHAT HAPPENED WITH THAT SEX TAPE, BUT IT ONLY MADE HER HOTTER," SAYS DONALD TRUMP.

STABLE PERSONALITY?

Since getting engaged, Hilton has assumed an air of [illegible]. "I think I'm sexual in pictures . . . but at home I'm not like that," she says.





THEY'LL ALWAYS HAVE PARIS

Hilton's fiancé, Paris Kasidokostas (*opposite*), is a 22-year-old heir of one of Europe's richest families. The couple now live together in a Beverly Hills mansion.


HE'S JUST AMAZING. I THOUGHT I WAS
GOING TO END UP WITH SOME JACKASS."

ple on alert in an effort not to lose sight of her car. The constant chasing may explain why Hilton's driving is not so hot. The concept of a four-way stop sign seems to elude her.

Paris, nicknamed Star as a baby, and her sister took their first step toward fame in 1996, when they moved with their parents and two younger brothers, Conrad and Barron, from Los Angeles to the family-owned Waldorf Towers in New York City. As teenagers, the girls would crash parties at the hotel and attend charity fund-raisers and other functions with their parents. In no time the sisters were stepping out as a twosome, making red-carpet appearances for any and every event, be it in New York, Miami, Vegas, or L.A. Their late-night partying and front-row presence at fashion shows enhanced their allure.

Polite, friendly, and eager to pose for photographers, they quickly became "Page Six" mainstays, but they didn't achieve iconic status until 2000, when David LaChapelle's provocative photographs of 19-year-old Paris and 16-year-old Nicky appeared in this magazine. Nancy Jo Sales's accompanying article depicted the sisters as spoiled, reckless rich kids—which only stoked the fires of their growing fame.

Paris's notoriety reached global proportions in November 2003, when a grainy, four-minute, night-vision sex video appeared on the Internet. In it, Hilton and her then boyfriend, Rick Salomon, an Internet-gambling entrepreneur and man-about-town then in his early 30s, engage in graphic yet prosaic sexual relations, stopping only for a moment, when her cell phone rings. The video dominated the tabloid media and watercooler talk for weeks. The Hilton family publicly criticized Salomon, who retaliated with a lawsuit. It was said that Paris might have been under-age, even drugged, but in fact she was 19 and a willing participant.

"Someone sent it to me and I was, like, crying, I was so embarrassed," remembers Hilton, who sued the video's Panama-based distributor. "It was humiliating." Today, however, she has put the episode in perspective. "I used to think it was so bad, but it's like, everyone has sex. I'm sure everyone has filmed a tape. It's not like it was some random person. I was in love with that man. I was with him for three and a half years. We were *together.* I don't even really remember filming it, I was so out of it in that tape." Hilton tells me that her parents were "heartbroken and humiliated."

Salomon went on to release [illegible] long version, tastelessly dedicated to the memory of 9/11 and titled *1 Night in Paris*. The DVD has reportedly grossed millions. Six months after its release, in December 2004, Hilton was caught on tape swiping the video from a newsstand. By April of 2004, Salomon had dropped his lawsuit against the Hilton family, but the whole affair remains clouded in suspicion. Hilton insists that she hasn't made a penny from the video: "He is making so much money. It makes me so mad. We were suing in the beginning, but everyone has already seen it. Let him do whatever he wants. I don't want to go to court. He will fight me. I just want to get on with my life."

The video couldn't have appeared at a worse (or better?) time: it was less than three weeks before the debut of *The Simple Life,* the Fox reality series starring Hilton and her ex–best friend Nicole Richie. "I'm like, 'Great, thanks for wrecking my whole thing. I just worked so hard. I have my first TV show coming out, and I'm finally going to do something with my life, and now everyone in the world will see me naked.' My agent, everyone, was so scared. I think I handled it right and didn't do anything." Hilton stayed home for a while, then made a surprise cameo on *Saturday Night Live*'s "Weekend Update." Her segment with Jimmy Fallon satirized the scandal and showed the world that Hilton could laugh at herself. Donald Trump, a family friend and fellow reality-TV star, puts it as only he can: "I hate what happened with that sex tape, but it only made her hotter. She left that sleazebag so far behind that his head is spinning. He wouldn't even have a shot at her now."

Despite—or perhaps because of—Hilton's pornographic travails, *The Simple Life* became a huge hit. It continues to post strong ratings, and although Richie and Hilton have had a very public falling out—the cause of which remains obscure—a Fox spokesperson confirms that the pair are contractually obliged to appear in the upcoming fourth season.

With the Paris Hilton brand on the rise, Guess co-founder and co-C.E.O. Paul Marciano came knocking. "Ever since I was a little girl, I wanted to be a Guess girl," Hilton says. They met in the lobby of the Beverly Hills Hotel, and Hilton immediately impressed Marciano with her encyclopedic knowledge of his label. "She knew basically every campaign in the history of Guess," he says.

A deal was brokered on the spot, and Hilton appeared in three worldwide campaigns. But her exploding popularity soon became a [illegible]ue. "To even schedule to talk to her was becoming impossible," Marciano recalls, "and this is where I realiz[illegible] she had become too big for Guess. But s[illegible] definitely raised brand awareness tremendously around the world, instantly. Peo[illegible] are obsessed with her like they were w[illegible] Claudia Schiffer and Anna Nicole [Smith] which is very unusual. It happens abo[illegible] every 10 years."

By then, Hilton and her team of agen[illegible] lawyers, and managers had moved on to a dizzying array of new projects. Her boo[illegible] *Confessions of an Heiress* (Fireside Books), written with Merle Ginsberg, was publishe[illegible] in September 2004 and is already in i[illegible] 16th printing. Bright pink and jam-packe[illegible] with photographs, the book is marketed mainly at teens, but you wouldn't hav[illegible] known it from the turnout at her signing. "We thought it was mostly going to b[illegible] teenage girls," says Fireside editor Tris[illegible] Todd, "but it was moms with strollers, [illegible] was little old ladies, it was gay guys, it wa[illegible] businessmen in suits—it was everyone."

There are no plans to release *Confe[illegible] sions of an Heiress* in paperback, becaus[illegible] the hardcover edition is selling so well. An other book, *Your Heiress Diary: Confess[illegible] All to Me,* with blank journal pages wher[illegible] readers can record their heiress-like activ[illegible] ties, is scheduled to hit shelves in Novembe[illegible]

But the TV series and books are just th[illegible] beginning of what Hilton and her handler[illegible] have planned. In May, Hilton appeared i[illegible] the horror-movie remake *House of Wa[illegible]* and was singled out by some critics an[illegible] fans as the lone reason to see the picture. She has since filmed the upcoming indi[illegible] comedy *Bottom's Up* and *National Lam[illegible] poon's Pledge This!,* in which she stars a[illegible] a sorority president. She's also record[illegible] ing vocal tracks for an album, to be re[illegible] leased by Warner Bros. Records in con[illegible] junction with Hilton's own label, Heires[illegible] Records. She spends every spare momen[illegible] in Florida, under the tutelage of 50 Cent' award-winning producer, Scott Storch. "When I realized she could sing, I knew we could make a record," says Tom Whal[illegible] ley, chairman and C.E.O. of Warner Bros. Records.

Chris Applebaum based the concept fo[illegible] Hilton's controversial Carl's Jr. ad on a scene from *Cool Hand Luke* (1967), i[illegible] which Paul Newman and his fellow pris[illegible] oners gawk at a beguiling young woma[illegible] washing a car. "Paris is an icon whethe[illegible] you love her or whether you hate her," Ap[illegible] plebaum says. "I was one of those peopl[illegible] who always felt that glorifying the acquisi[illegible] tion of fame and wealth is an ugly thin[illegible] about our society, and that she sort of sym[illegible] bolizes that. When I finally got to it, found a girl who is so in on the joke an[illegible] so ready to laugh at herself." He adds

here is a real center to this girl. She has
en hurt by some of the criticism about
; because I don't think people really un-
stand her."

On December 30, 2004, Hilton presided
er the opening of Club Paris, in Or-
ndo. Her partner in the nightclub, Fred
halilian, says there are plans for branch-
in Miami, Atlanta, Las Vegas, Paris,
rcelona, and Dubai. "I'm getting calls
m all around the world," Khalilian says.
'aris is one of the most intelligent women
e ever met."

The perfume company Parlux Fragrances
c. last year unveiled a scent called Paris
lton for Women and, five months later,
nother called Paris Hilton for Men. Both
e available worldwide. Hilton has also
gned a lucrative deal with Amazon.com
sell Paris Hilton jewelry and other prod-
ts. And she is the spokesperson for the
ollywood Prescription, a two-step lip treat-
ent that sells for $29.99 and promises to
mp up your lips by 40 percent. Thomas
dayon, C.E.O. of the treatment's man-
facturer, says, "My first time meeting
r was her perfume launch party. Her
ent introduced me, and she's like, 'Hey,
eat to meet you. Here's what I think
e should do with the product.' I was like,
ow. Here's a girl at her perfume launch
rty, there's all these people here, and she
s on."

All of these deals add up to a lot of
oney. At this point, Paris can command
much as $300,000 just for showing up
a party. Perhaps the most lucrative mar-
t for Hilton products is Japan, where
ris and Nicky are as big as, if not big-
r than, any movie star. Nicky has de-
gned a line of handbags that sell in more
an 100 stores there.

Still, both sisters continue to be tagged
being famous for nothing, and Nicky,
r one, is sick of it. "I just want to say to
ese writers, 'I'm 21 years old, I run two
ulti-million-dollar companies, I work my
s off. Like, what were you doing that
s so fucking important at that age?' I
el very accomplished for my age. And
ris—I mean, the movies, the fragrance,
e book, the album, and people just love
take everything away from us. I don't
ow why. Maybe they feel it was just
nded to us. Yeah, we were born with a
mous last name. I get that. But just look
how we took it to another level."

Tadayon concurs, saying of Paris, "She makes a lot of money, and the system doesn't pay out that kind of money to airheads. You don't make millions of dollars as an idiot."

Those who work with and invest in Paris Hilton agree that she's not the bimbo she plays so successfully on *The Simple Life,* but what are we to make of her public persona? "She is the ultimate anti-feminist icon for a post-feminist world," offers Naomi Wolf. "I'm willing to give the woman all kinds of credit for intelligence and strategy, but now I'm just talking about the brand."

Camille Paglia sees Hilton as another kind of heiress—to a line of provocative performers that includes Madonna. "Britney Spears and Paris Hilton are sort of the twin daughters of Madonna," she says. "Britney has the performance side of Madonna, but what she lacks is what Paris Hilton has, and that is the ability to communicate with the still camera." Paglia likens Hilton's flash-lit performances to choreography. "She feels the *Zeitgeist,*" she says. "She has that dancer's feel for the camera, for the observing eye, and she produces fantastic still pictures."

Wolf is fascinated by Hilton's body language in those pictures—what she calls "the pigeon-toed, I'm-a-little-girl thing combined with the deliberate strategic advertence of pornography as the entrée into superstardom." Wolf continues, "She's always smiling, she never says much of anything, she's totally uncontroversial. She's managed to create a construct that's completely explicitly sexually available and completely naïve and innocent and girlish at the same time, which is very soothing. It's almost like white noise in an overstimulated environment. Paris Hilton is like a palate cleanser. She's like, as semiotics would say, an empty signifier, so you can project absolutely anything onto her, which is the perfect situation for branding."

In the end, Hilton's popularity may be a sign of the times. "We're in the most aggressively anti-intellectual, anti-literate, anti-middle-class discourse," Wolf says. "The American population is being literally hypnotized by affluence and hypnotized by consumer goods. She's like Muzak: 'It's all right. What's the big deal? Doesn't matter if people are killing people in your name. Just go to the mall.'"

Paris Hilton is no intellectual. She readily admits to having been a poor student who was too lazy to read, and to dating a string of "idiots." But she has tremendous savvy, street smarts, and a rigorous work ethic that she says she inherited from her father, who has advised her on most of her business deals.

Although she isn't burdened with a curious nature, Hilton is capable of self-reflection, and these days she's thinking a lot about the arena where she made her name. "The nightclub scene is a very dark, bad scene, and I think dating someone who is involved in that—you're going to have problems," she says. "People do drugs. They stay out all night. They can't miss a night. I would always be scared and insecure."

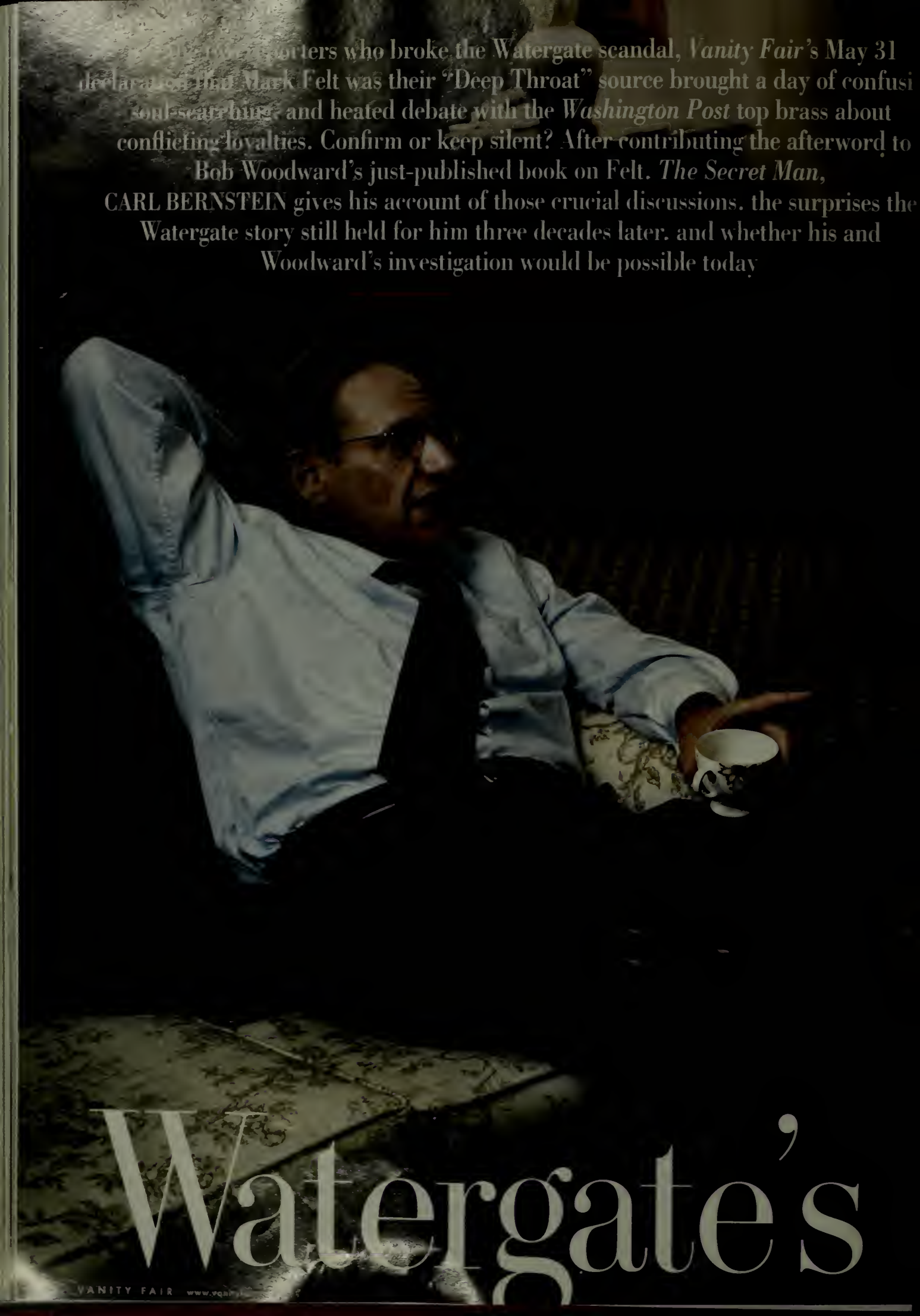
Paris was happy to extricate herself from all that when she met Kasidokostas. "He hates going out," she says. "He loves me and likes staying home with our dogs and me cooking." They have another Chihuahua, Bambi, as well as two Rottweilers, Hilton and Jefferson. The bride-to-be professes to be an avid cook who makes a mean lasagna. Paris says Kasidokostas "doesn't like the people here," meaning L.A. "He thinks they are users—now especially. Since everyone knows his status, people who wouldn't even look at him before are all up on him and he's like, 'This is gross.'"

"EVERYONE HAS SEX," HILTON SAYS. "I'M SURE EVERYONE HAS FILMED A TAPE."

The two Parises met for the first time at Jimmy'z nightclub in Monte Carlo, when they were in their early teens. They crossed paths again last December at a party in his Beverly Hills mansion. "Someone said it was Paris's party," Hilton recalls, "so I was like, 'Someone is using my name to make this party cool.' I got up there and I was like, 'Who is Paris?'" When she found him, they instantly recognized each other, and they haven't parted since. Hilton spent that night and every night since with Kasidokostas, although she's quick to add that she made sure "nothing happened" between them for more than a month.

Five months later he proposed, in the exact spot in his mansion where they reconnected. Now they live together in the house, which he has filled with gigantic Ellen von Unwerth portraits of Paris from one of her Guess campaigns. Everywhere you look, Hilton looks back at you. Clearly he adores her image as much as she does.

Kasidokostas, now 22, has been studying film at U.C.L.A. CONTINUED ON PAGE 343



Watergate's

reporters who broke the Watergate scandal, *Vanity Fair*'s May 31 declaration that Mark Felt was their "Deep Throat" source brought a day of confusi soul-searching, and heated debate with the *Washington Post* top brass about conflicting loyalties. Confirm or keep silent? After contributing the afterword to Bob Woodward's just-published book on Felt, *The Secret Man*, CARL BERNSTEIN gives his account of those crucial discussions, the surprises the Watergate story still held for him three decades later, and whether his and Woodward's investigation would be possible today



WE'RE THE GUYS WHO CALLED HIM DEEP THROAT

Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, photographed at the Hay-Adams Hotel, in Washington, D.C., on July 29, 2005.

Last Chapter

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

Deep Throat confirmed what the reporters' other sources had hinted. The FBI's and the grand jury's investigations had been limited to the Watergate operation—and had ignored other espionage and sabotage. . . . Deep Throat then issued an explicit warning. "They want to single out the Post. *They want to go to court to get at your sources."*

—All the President's Men

"Len's not on board," Woodward said. It was one P.M., three hours after a *Vanity Fair* editor had called both of us to say the magazine would release a story that day "definitively revealing the identity of Deep Throat. Mark Felt." ABC had cut away from live coverage of the president's press conference to report on the *Vanity Fair* account—and a statement I had issued that we would not disclose Deep Throat's identity until his death.

"You and I are going to have to do something," Woodward said. He was in Washington, at home. I was in New York, at home. "Len's all in orbit that the *Post* has to publish something. Bradlee wants to go on the record."

Len Downie was Ben Bradlee's successor as editor of *The Washington Post.* He was convinced that the Felt family, through its lawyer, had formally identified Mark Felt as Deep Throat with his consent—and that the *Post* had no choice but to confirm the accuracy of the *Vanity Fair* story. Bradlee agreed.

Woodward said he was trying to reach Don Graham, successor to his mother, the late Katharine Graham, as publisher of the *Post,* to get his reading.

In the end, it was like the beginning. Confusion. Then consultation. Then calm. Then the wait to see where the chips would fall. And, in the end, the editors probably had it right. Woodward and I went along with the greatest reluctance, with Bradlee casting the deciding vote.

During Watergate it was usually Woodward and I who agitated for publishing a story and Bradlee who held us back. Not this time.

For more than 30 years, Woodward and I, along with Bradlee, had kept secret the identity of Deep Throat. That was about to change. At five P.M., Woodward and I issued a statement:

"W. Mark Felt was 'Deep Throat' and helped us immeasurably in our Watergate coverage. However, as the record shows, many other sources and officials assisted us and other reporters for the hundreds of stories that were written in *The Washington Post* about Watergate."

"That's the last chapter, guys," Bradlee said later.

After reading the *Vanity Fair* article, Woodward and I reached the same conclusion: a lawyer had encouraged Mark Felt's family in their desire to see him recognized for his role in Watergate, and perhaps to make some money through subsequent book or film deals. It seemed understandable, perhaps even inevitable. We'd become famous, been honored, gotten rich because of Watergate. Mark Felt had not. He was a feeble old man, a pardoned felon, living at his daughter's house, in Santa Rosa, California, in a garage that had been turned into an apartment.

It seemed questionable from the article or as Woodward and I both concluded in the absence of additional facts—whether the lawyer who wrote it, John O'Connor, knew with certainty that Felt was Deep Throat. Our reading of *Vanity Fair*'s story left us dubious that a fully competent Mark Felt had ever unambiguously confirmed to either his family or the lawyer that he was.

Until the call came from *Vanity Fair* that morning, I had been fairly certain the secret would hold until Felt's death, and Woodward had, too. In our smugness about having kept Deep Throat's identity concealed for more than 30 years, we had forgotten an essential rule of journalism: reporters may believe they control the story, but the story always controls the reporters. Or should, as I noted in an afterword to Woodward's *The Secret Man.*

We still thought we could respond to *Vanity Fair*'s account the same way we had to many other educated guesses and claims of certainty about Deep Throat's identity—some focusing on Felt, others on Nixon-administration officials from Henry Kissinger to Patrick Buchanan to Leonard Garment to William Rehnquist. We had always cited a deeply held conviction as to why we wouldn't disclose the secret until the individual's death. The most basic of journalistic principles was involved: never betraying the identity of a confidential news source, even under threat of jail.

And that must continue to be our position, we decided, as media calls began overwhelming our phone lines and produced a frenzy at the *Post.*

Without confirmation from us, we still hoped, few reputable news organizations would accept this latest tale as definitive. Given the frequency of Deep Throat outings by others over the decades, if we held firm, this, too, would pass.

Though I am a contributing editor of *Vanity Fair,* I was totally unaware, as was Woodward, that the magazine had been working on its Deep Throat project for almost two years. There was only one direct quote from Felt in the eight-page article: "I'm the guy they used to call Deep Throat." O'Connor acknowledged that Felt's memory had deteriorated, referring to "the decline of Felt's health and mental acuity."

Woodward phoned Bradlee. He, too, had been forwarded a copy of the story.

"They've got it!" he said, always the editor, and at 83 hardly a step off his game from his heyday in the newsroom. He still spent many of his weekends clearing brush from his country property on the Potomac in Maryland. He'd lost little of the trim or muscle—or the swagger. He was far more willing to recognize a scoop in this instance than either Woodward or I. The lawyer's and the family's wishes were more than sufficient, he insisted, to release us from our commitment to Felt. Bradlee was obviously excited—too excited, it seemed to Woodward and me—about the prospect of finally being able to tell the whole story.

One way or another, Felt had given his O.K., Bradlee seemed to be saying, a proposition that appeared quite unlikely to us given our knowledge of Felt's health and *Vanity Fair*'s rather qualified assertion.

Woodward leaned hard on his close friendship with Bradlee, applying uncharacteristic pressure on the bond forged in the experience of Watergate. The only honorable thing was to maintain silence, he argued over the phone. His unequivocal declaration and invocation of honor seemed to catch Bradlee by surprise.

Woodward then asked Bradlee to hold the phone a moment and went to a file cabinet to retrieve a manuscript he'd written three years earlier about his relationship with Deep Throat. The manuscript had, in part, been Bradlee's idea. He'd suggested



KAY AND THE GANG

Publisher Katharine Graham, Carl Bernstein, Bob Woodward, managing editor Howard Simons, and executive editor Ben Bradlee in Bradlee's office at *The Washington Post*, April 30, 1973.

BUSH OPERATES A MEDIA APPARATUS FAR MORE SOPHISTICATED THAN THE LITTLE SHOP DIRECTED BY NIXON'S MEN.

hat Woodward get something down on paper, in preparation or the day when Deep Throat died—or in case something happened to Woodward first. Upon Deep Throat's death, a book ould be issued telling the full story, and the *Post* could excerpt —the same arrangement Bob had had with the paper for his ooks for more than 30 years, including the two we'd written together, *All the President's Men* and *The Final Days*.

From the manuscript notes, Woodward quoted back Bradlee's wn words from three years earlier, when the editor had read he description of Felt's failing memory and had posed a hyothetical question: "Do you owe allegiance to a man who is no onger that man who you knew and gave your word to?" Now Woodward reminded Bradlee of the answer to his own question: "An unequivocal YES!" There was no way to establish elt's real wishes, given his mental decline. It was clearly worse ow than when Woodward had last visited him, in 2000. All of s had to hold fast. Articles, books, and every manner of speculation—even university studies—on this topic abounded. We'd een it before. If we held the line, the *Vanity Fair* article would go on the shelf with all the other inconclusive Deep Throat hunts.

Very hesitantly—an unusual reaction from someone so certain in his decision-making—Bradlee agreed to stay silent. "Well . . . yeah . . . O.K.," he finally said. Woodward recognized that this was against every instinct Bradlee possessed. But Downie, who had been executive editor for 14 years, would have a different view, warned his predecessor.

Len Downie, 63, had come to work at the paper around the same time as I, in the mid-1960s. Together with half a dozen other reporters in their 20s hired by Metro editor Steve Isaacs, we were known as "Isaacs' Boys"—and though fiercely competitive with one another, we were a tight group of colleagues.

After Katharine and Don Graham chose Downie to succeed Bradlee, in 1990, Woodward and Downie established an easy working relationship; yet they could hardly be described as close friends. Woodward had great confidence in Downie as an editor, and believed, as I did, that he had steered the paper with un-

NOT EVEN A CLOSE CALL, BRADLEE SAID. NO WAY TO GO BUT TO CONFIRM IT. WE GOT BEAT ON OUR OWN STORY.

usual skill and an eye for excellence through a particularly difficult era in American journalism.

Downie was insistent that the paper be adequately prepared for the death of Deep Throat—whoever he was. During the past year, he'd pressed Woodward to tell him the name, arguing that the current editor should know the identity of our source. Woodward had resisted.

During Watergate and after, we had asked Felt to give us permission to disclose his secret. He had always refused. But given his importance to the *Post*'s Watergate coverage, it was essential that his role be made known upon his death—in the interest of history and the proper evaluation of our own work. Felt had seemed to agree.

In February, I postponed a trip to Washington to read Woodward's manuscript after he had checked on Felt's condition with his daughter. Deep Throat, he said, was hardly on the verge of death, but, at 91, was in frail health and his memory was all but erased.

In March, Bradlee told Woodward that Downie was right: the time had come to tell the current *Post* editor who Deep Throat was; then appropriate plans could be made to cover Felt's death. Woodward, an assistant managing editor at the paper, consented, uneasily. On March 3, 2005, Downie arrived at Woodward's house in Georgetown and began reading the manuscript. He was not surprised to learn that Deep Throat was Mark Felt. In November 2002, Downie had given Woodward a short, handwritten note in a sealed envelope. The note said that since the early stages of our Watergate reporting, in 1972, Felt had been at the top of his list of candidates. Woodward had not responded one way or another to Downie's informed and correct guess.

Downie was accustomed to editing Woodward. He had a number of suggestions for how to tell the story—in book form—that Woodward had drafted. Woodward told Downie that the book should come out several weeks after Felt's death, and that the *Post* could run a pre-publication excerpt and break the news at that time. In retrospect, it was a ridiculously haphazard plan, given the excitement that would inevitably and immediately follow Felt's death without a confirmation or denial from Woodward and myself. Too much speculation was already focused on Felt. Woodward argued that it was important to tell the whole story of the relationship, and that no book could be produced fast enough to immediately follow Felt's death. He feared that if the story of their relationship and our interaction with Felt appeared in fragments it could easily be misunderstood and misinterpreted.

Downie disagreed. He was adamant that the *Post* make the disclosure immediately after receiving news of Felt's death. First of all, it might leak, and he didn't want to get scooped. Second, now that he knew Deep Throat's identity for certain, he could not foresee allowing an obituary of Felt to appear in the *Post* that did not include this rather vital news. The *Post*, Woodward, Bradlee, myself—and now Downie—would be criticized severely if Felt's identity as Deep Throat was withheld for more than a few hours after he died. Among other considerations, it would appear that the delay was related to a commercial proposition—the marketing of a book—and Downie declared he would have no part in that. He would not hold news, "and this would be news," he said. Period. Frankly, he said, he could not comprehend how Woodward could consider any delay—nor, in such circumstances, could I.

"You have always said that the identity of Deep Throat would be disclosed upon his death," he said, implying strongly, and perhaps in this instance correctly, that Woodward was losing touch with the daily flow of news.

Downie decreed that when Felt died another reporter with no relationship to the Watergate coverage would do the story and Woodward could write a 5,000-word piece about his relationship with Felt—no more than 10 percent of the long version Downie had just read. It could then be published as a book on whatever timetable Woodward and his publisher desired.

Until Woodward and I received calls from *Vanity Fair* within 12 minutes of each other that Tuesday, I knew none of this recent back-and-forth history. I'd left the paper in 1977, but Woodward and I remained extraordinarily close. The proverbial tale of two guys who'd been in a foxhole together was part of it, but over the years there had been moments when we'd counseled each other on some big questions. There had also been arguments—during Watergate and after, some of them heated—but the bond always held strong. I was well aware that Woodward had seen Felt a few years before, and I got periodic reports of his communications with Felt's daughter, Joan. They'd spoken a couple of times a year. He had had many good things to say about Joan Felt, and that would remain unchanged through the whole episode.

With the *Vanity Fair* article now released to the press, we had new imperatives. When Woodward reached Downie, who was at a corporate retreat in St. Michaels, Maryland, the editor was obviously eager for the *Post* to confirm the story immediately.

Woodward strongly disagreed. Had Downie read the *Vanity Fair* piece? No, he had not.

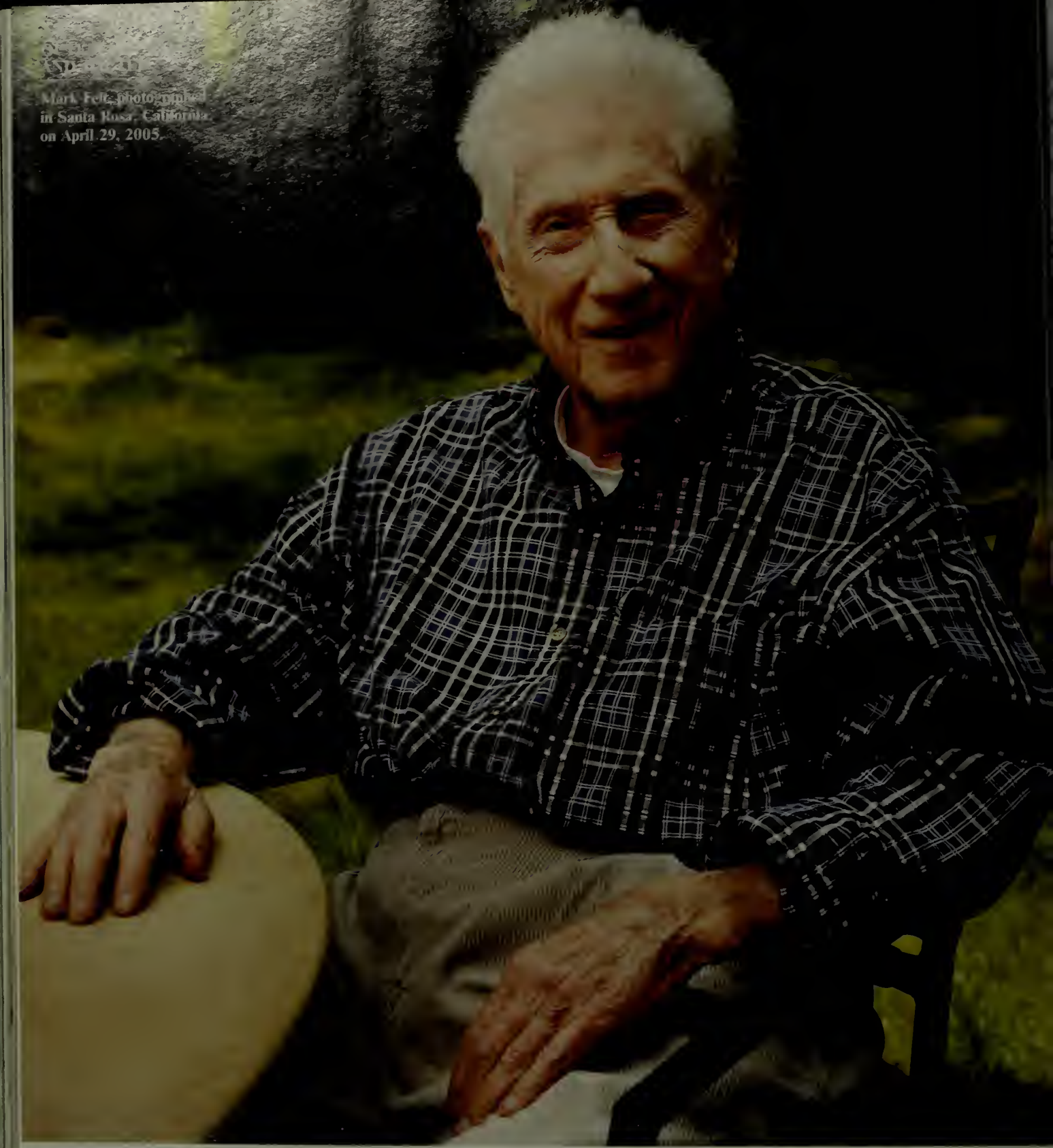
After Woodward told me of Downie's unrelenting position and the pressure from Bradlee—perhaps in abeyance for the moment—I insisted, "This changes nothing." Whose confirmation would the *Post* base a story on? Bradlee's? Downie's? Certainly not ours.

Woodward concurred. Could *The Washington Post* really permit a break with us over the most basic of journalistic principles, we reasoned. We'd deserve the opprobrium of our colleagues if we capitulated. The principle was especially important in the



BIG BRONZE BEN

Ben Bradlee, the former editor of *The Washington Post,* photographed on Georgica Beach, in East Hampton, New York, on August 1, 2005.



Mark Felt, photographed in Santa Rosa, California, on April 29, 2005.

current atmosphere, with journalists in jeopardy as never before for protecting their sources of information. Seven reporters were already facing jail time or fines after being held in contempt of court for refusing to discuss their sources with federal grand juries or prosecutors. A larger, undetermined number had been subpoenaed in the previous six months. Defending the principle of keeping sources confidential, and upholding our responsibility to Felt, far outweighed any other obligation, even to the *Post*.

We agreed before we hung up that we'd do everything we could to convince Downie, Bradlee, and the *Post* not to confirm the *Vanity Fair* story. "I want to do this right," Woodward said. "I had no idea *Vanity Fair* was doing this. This definitely doesn't change the terms of the agreement."

But with the article coming as close as it had—actually ju inside the bull's-eye—we both recognized that time was runnin out despite our desire to pretend that the shot was wide of i mark. At some point in the near future we'd have to confir that Deep Throat was Mark Felt, if we could get definitive released from our commitment—either by a demonstrably com petent Mark Felt or by an unequivocal statement from his fam ly that he wanted his secret unsealed in his lifetime.

I told Woodward, "We can't be the assholes, out there on ou own, denying what is readily apparent to everybody else." In ou conviction to uphold one fundamental principle we risked vi lating another—loyalty to the larger truth—an offense that woul damage the reputation of all involved: the *Post,* Felt, ourselve

perhaps we were coming to recognize the significance of an ally weighty factor: "There's a time to hold 'em and a time old 'em."

left for the airport. I wanted to be at the *Post* for the decision-king. On the plane, I booted up my laptop and began typing:

For more than 30 years, we have kept secret the identity of source known as Deep Throat in deference to the express hes of that source—XX.

Through that period, he repeatedly expressed the desire that identity not be disclosed by us until after his death.

However, through a combination of circumstances, it has be-ne obvious that members of Mr. Felt's family—to whom he nfirmed that he is Deep Throat—acting ostensibly on his behalf, sh at this time that his identity be revealed. Reluctantly, we af-n that Mr. Felt is Deep Throat.

I believe it was the first time in 33 years I had ever typed ark Felt's name in the same sentence as the words "Deep roat."

The moment the plane's wheels touched down in Washington, carpet, with 400 people working at them with no partitions—was strangely silent when I got out of the elevator. Hardly anyone seemed to be talking, nor were people on the phones. Whether it was because of the approaching first-edition deadline or the strangeness of the moment, I couldn't tell. When I'd worked at the *Post,* the clatter of typewriters was incessant. Woodward and I (he was now walking across the room toward me with Downie a few steps behind) had typed all of our Watergate stories on six-ply paper. Now the only sounds were clicks, barely audible, from the keyboards of computers, and the subdued, whooshing white noise of their hard drives.

I'd been back to the newsroom perhaps a dozen times over the years, but this was definitely different—not least because Downie grabbed my bag to carry it into his office, which was furnished in a little more up-to-date style than during Bradlee's occupancy, but not much. Woodward and I gave each other a long hug, then exchanged looks of "Well, we fought the good fight." But the solemnity of our manner was obvious, as was the shared emotion of our strange, solitary experience together in a lifetime of journalism.

DIE-HARD NIXON LOYALISTS SAW FELT'S UNMASKING AS A CHANCE TO REHABILITATE THEIR DISGRACED LEADER.

called Woodward. He was sitting with Bradlee and Downie. ey had been convincing, he said. Don Graham agreed with em: Joan Felt and John O'Connor were two people Woodward d stayed in contact with for several years on this. They hadn't ifted onto the scene accidentally and without our knowledge. ey were Felt's caregiver daughter and the family lawyer. "Clear-clearly," their actions had freed us from the confidentiality mmitment, Downie argued. What more could we want?

Should we allow these family surrogates and *Vanity Fair* to ake our decision? Woodward had asked.

"They already have," Downie said. "Bob, it's over."

O.K., Woodward finally conceded. But first he'd have to scuss it with me and make sure I agreed. Then he'd go along.

On the phone from the tarmac, I told Woodward the confirma-n should come from us, not the *Post,* in our names. He agreed.

Perhaps a dozen photographers and cameramen were staked out in front of the *Post* building when I arrived, at about six P.M. Walter Pincus, at age 72 still one of the paper's premier reporters on intelligence matters, was exiting as I was going in. He and I had worked together at *The Washington ar,* where I'd been hired as a copyboy at age 16, in 1960, six ars before I went to the *Post.*

Walter was one of Bradlee's great picks. I asked Walter if he ought we were doing the right thing. No question, he said. ere was no choice, given the substance of *Vanity Fair*'s report.

The newsroom—on the fifth floor, a vast space with color-ordinated desks set symmetrically on an acre of industrial

They brought me up to speed with a blow-by-blow of the morning and afternoon. The paper's photo editor and a photographer entered to record the moment, and then Bradlee strode in, deeply tanned, wearing a blue work shirt, elegant tie, and tweed jacket, exuberant.

"Well, how 'bout them apples?" is my memory of what he said. I may be wrong, though I'm sure that was the gist. And then a bear hug.

There was talk about wives. More pictures were taken. And then Bradlee addressed the real question. Not even a close call, he said. No way to go but to confirm it. We got beat on our own story. And we had gotten lucky—again. The dénouement was good for the things we cared about the most: the profession, the principle, the paper, and what we'd tried to maintain together through these 33 years of silence. The secret had held for almost a generation and a half. Nobody had ever seen anything like it in this town, Bradlee said, and nobody ever would again.

I caught a glimpse of the clock just after seven P.M. and suggested we turn on the television in Woodward's office to watch the news. On the screen were pictures of all of us a lot younger—we were now 83, 62, and 61—and then Brian Williams, 46, the NBC Nightly News anchor, said something about the reaction. The next thing we witnessed struck the three of us dumb: interviews with G. Gordon Liddy, Charles Colson, and Patrick Buchanan, who chanted a mantra that would gain momentum over the next week, a new company line cast by die-hard Nixon loyalists who saw Felt's unmasking as yet another chance to rehabilitate their disgraced leader.

Liddy, the operational chief of Nixon's CONTINUED ON PAGE 336



The Austrian Connection

You know the classic image: a silver-haired conductor on a podium, his arms outstretched as if parting the orchestral sea, his face in rapture as if basking in the sound that he alone can deliver from the heavens. Well, look again. Franz Welser-Möst, music director of the Cleveland Orchestra since 2002, is a different breed of maestro, one to whom the whole conductor-as-demigod thing is so midcentury. True, Cleveland was built up by George Szell, a great authoritarian figure, and soared under the eminent Christoph von Dohnányi, but Welser-Möst sees no reason to linger in the past. The soft-spoken 45-year-old Austrian is trying to polish the group's international image with prominent tours and, more important, searching out a newly flexible sound [illegible] when musicians move beyond merely playing together [illegible] to breathe together like singers. "The voice was the first instrument," he says. "I think music-making has a lot to do with singing."

At Carnegie Hall last season, Cleveland's new gift for instrumental song was on radiant display in Schubert's "Unfinished" Symphony. There were no heroic gestures from the podium, just a seamless give-and-take as the orchestra unspooled one silky line after another with a sound that was naturally lyrical and eminently cultivated. This season, Cleveland returns to Carnegie on October 17 and then embarks on a European tour. Meanwhile, Welser-Möst still works not just with instrumental singers but also with real ones as the general music director of the Zurich Opera. "Authority has to come from inner values, from musicality, and a talent for leadership," he says. "Not from some title—or from standing on a box." —JEREMY EICHLER

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS KARLSSON



THE MUSIC MAN

Franz Welser-Möst was photographed at his home in Schaan, Liechtenstein, on June 19, 2005.

Wild About Harry's



London society is up in arms over a threat to civilization as they know it: the civilization embodied in Mark Birley's exclusive clubs—Annabel's, Harry's Bar, Mark's Club, George, and the Bath & Racquets—which the ailing 75-year-old perfectionist wants to hand over to his son Robin and daughter, India Jane. The menace: American shipping-and-luxury-hotel tycoon James B. Sherwood, who co-owns one of the most lucrative of the Birley establishments, Harry's Bar, and is refusing to change the original contract so Birley's children can inherit their father's full share. VICKY WARD hears from both camps

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN BECKER



HOST OF THE TOWN

Mark Birley at home in London, May 2001; *inset*, Harry's Bar.

"The Sherwoods think we are overly emotional," says Robin Birley. "Well, we are."

The Wellington Hospital, in St. John's Wood, North London, is a bleak, ugly building with an interior to match. The walls are gray, and on a gloomy day in late July the coffee machine in the basement cafeteria works only sporadically, as does the elevator that supposedly serves all the floors. But, amid the charmless homogeneity, there is one little patch rather different in spirit—a tiny second-floor patient room, inhabited by 75-year-old London club owner Mark Birley. On Birley's bedside table is a vase of blue hyacinths almost as vivid in color as their recipient's large, luminous eyes, which shine with enthusiasm as two pretty, young assistants—one blonde, one dark-haired—bustle about. They are waiting for the three-course lunch from Birley's private Mayfair club, Harry's Bar, to arrive. Known by some of its members as "Tycoonville" because of the illustrious quality of its membership, Harry's Bar is frequented by a wide range of prominent people, from Madonna to corporate raider Henry Kravis, to H.R.H. Prince Michael of Kent, to television personality Sir David Frost.

"You must have a drink," Birley urges a reporter. One assumes he means soda or juice, until it emerges that he has had wine and cigars smuggled in along with the food: prosciutto from Tuscany, melon, risotto Milanese, and ice cream. This morning is something of a milestone in that Birley was actually persuaded to do the physiotherapy required for his hips and legs, which he has injured in various falls.

"Sometimes he just flat-out refuses," says his close friend, next-door neighbor, and longtime P.R. consultant, David Wynne-Morgan, 74, a sandy-haired English gentleman. Like Birley, Wynne-Morgan prefers to dress smartly in well-tailored British-made suits—Birley's are by Mayfair tailor Douglas Hayward, Wynne-Morgan's by Huntsman. Wynne-Morgan rolls his eyes cheerfully. "That's Mark for you," he says.

He looks over at Birley, dressed casually for his exercises in a white Aertex shirt and pale-blue trousers. "You really wouldn't want to try the hospital coffee, Mark," Wynne-Morgan says with a grimace.

"No," says Birley, who, at six feet six inches, is imposing even when he is sitting down. He speaks in a classic English drawing-room drawl, languidly enunciating every syllable with precision. "I don't suppose I would," he replies in a tone that makes it clear the notion has never entered his silver-haired head.

Birley's members-only clubs and restaurants are all situated within a few minutes' walk of one another in London's Mayfair district. They include Annabel's, the nightclub named after Birley's ex-wife, Lady Annabel Goldsmith, in Berkeley Square; Mark's Club, named after Birley, in an unmarked town house on Charles Street; Harry's Bar, inspired by the famed Venetian restaurant; and George, named after the late, beloved head barman at Annabel's. The last two are both on South Audley Street. There is also a nearby health club, the Bath & Racquets.

Nearly all the clubs have long been beacons for international moguls, movie stars, and royalty—as well as for the British gentry, many of whom have long been acquainted with Birley, although not all can regularly afford his prices. Harry's Bar is said to be London's most expensive Italian restaurant, and three glasses of champagne at Annabel's will cost you around $80.

But at Birley's clubs, mingling with a moneyed, aristocratic crowd is not the only draw; people return again and



















OBS AND SWELLS

A photograph at Annabel's of racehorse George Hobart, med after the barman who also ve his name to the restaurant orge. (2) Prince Charles at rry's Bar. (3) India Jane l Robin Birley at their father's me in August. (4) Fashion signer Valentino at model Elle acpherson's birthday party Harry's Bar, 1997. Macpherson at Harry's Bar, ptember 2004. (6) James erwood. (7) Mark Birley with dy Annabel in 1954. (8) Mark's ub. (9) Jemima Khan at arry's Bar, 2004.

"He gets the best table linen . . . the most expensive glasses. That's why people go to Harry's Bar."



DECONSTRUCTING HARRY'S

The Harry's Bar dining room. "I think Harry's Bar is the most beautiful room of all the clubs," says India Jane. Her father spends about $80,000 a year for the flowers alone. Inset, a Harry's Bar menu.

again because of the unparalleled personal service—members are greeted by name by the uniformed staff, who love Birley like a father. Then there are the old-fashioned idiosyncrasies, such as needlepoint cushions and quaint animal portraits, which remind you unmistakably that you are in England. Another attraction is that nothing that goes on inside gets leaked to the papers. Thus, extramarital affairs and all sorts of other high jinks are quite happily conducted in the clubs, if not actively encouraged.

Indeed, it was in the course of a 1964 evening at Annabel's that the founder's wife first earned the attentions of billionaire corporate raider Sir James Goldsmith, whom she eventually married. "The only poor behavior likely to get a member blackballed is rudeness to the staff," Birley says. (After complaining about a barman, one member, who had been inebriated on the night in question, was told never to return.) The British club spirit is upheld at all costs; thus, blatant business transactions over dinner are frowned on and cell phones are forbidden. Ben Elliot, the co-founder and C.E.O. of Quintessentially, a concierge service, recalls having lunch some time ago with Birley at Harry's Bar. At the next table two businessmen had contracts out. "Mark summoned a waiter," says Elliot, "and told him, 'Please tell those men that if a pen comes out of their pocket, that we will ask them to leave.'" The waiter went over, whispered something, and the contracts were hastily put away. "The clubs," says the British historian Andrew Roberts, "are quite simply the cult of Mark Birley."

On this day in July, however, Birley's world is perceived to be under attack—and from the perspective of Birley's family and many old friends, the attack is coming from a most unwelcome quarter. Harry's Bar—which Lady Annabel Goldsmith, 71, and her and Birley's daughter, India Jane Birley, 44, describe as "the jewel in the crown"—is co-owned by American James B. Sherwood's Orient-Express Hotels Ltd. Sherwood, 72, is the president of Sea Containers Ltd., a publicly listed shipping firm, which in turn owns 25 percent of Orient-Express Hotels, a publicly listed luxury-hotel company, whose properties include the Hotel Cipriani, in Venice; the Villa San Michele, outside Florence; the Copacabana Palace, in Rio de Janeiro; the Mount Nelson, in Cape Town; '21,' in Manhattan; and the train that runs from London to Venice, after which the hotel company is named. Twenty-six years ago, Birley, who had by then built a reputation as a perfectionist club owner with a vast but discerning address book, wanted to open a London version of Harry's Bar. He loved the Venice restaurant, named after Italian restaurateur Giuseppe Cipriani's original investor, a rich American named Harry Pickering. Lacking the funds, Birley turned to Sherwood, a rotund man with a habitual giggle who, having made a fortune with his maritime business, had bought the Hotel Cipriani in 1976.

Sherwood backed Birley, investing around $575,000 through his hotel company. The two men did not, according to Birley, "ever have what I would describe as a personal relationship." Wynne-Morgan is more explicit, saying it was troubled from the very beginning. He says he had to act as an intermediary in 1979, when Birley, to Sherwood's fury, did not open Harry's Bar on time because the glass shades for the chandelier were the wrong color. (Sherwood disputes this account: "There has never been an acrimonious relationship with Mark Birley; indeed, it has been quite the opposite.... Mr. Birley chose the lamps and lampshades from our Orient-Express train.")

The deal which was written down gave Orient-Express Hotels a 49 percent stake and Birley 51 percent; Orient-Express Ho-

tels was to be a silent partner, and Birley would run Harry's Bar, since it would be his name that was the main marketing tool. But, to protect both parties, there was a clause stating that should either of the owners cease to act individually, the other would have the right to buy out his partner's shares. This clause did not become an issue until two or three years ago, when Birley brought his two children—India Jane, an artist, and Robin, 47, founder of the Birley's Sandwiches chain, a great success in London's financial district—into the business. Birley did so because he needed help revamping Annabel's, which had ceased to attract London's younger crowd, and because his health was not what it had been. "It just seemed the most natural thing in the world to start working there.... And I'd been in the club since I was a child," says India Jane, a willowy, dark-haired beauty, who does not live with her husband of 10 years, the historian Francis Pike, but who has just had a son, Eben. Her artwork is on display in nearly all the clubs, and she has, according to friends, played a key role in redecorating them so that they are modern yet have the same ambience as before. Robin, meanwhile, has concentrated on Annabel's, which he has revitalized with the assistance of his half-brothers, Zac and Ben Goldsmith, 30 and 24 respectively, and his half-sister, Jemima Khan, 31.

Birley says he is "thrilled" that his offspring want to continue his legacy, and that's why he wants to change the terms of the agreement so that his children can inherit his majority share of Harry's Bar upon his death; this was fair, the family felt, since Robin, in particular, has given himself over to running the clubs and spends most of his evenings at them. His efforts have paid off: last year, according to Wynne-Morgan, Harry's Bar made a profit of approximately $1.8 million.

However, despite several meetings and an exchange of increasingly blunt letters over the past nine months, Sherwood, described by a friend as "made of solid steel," has agreed only to alter the terms of the agreement if Orient-Express Hotels becomes the majority shareholder, with the 51 percent stake. In a letter addressed to Mark Birley, dated March 2, 2005, Sherwood wrote that as the head of a public company he doesn't have the same freedom that Birley enjoys.

This summer the Birleys felt cornered. "It's like a Sword of Damocles," echo Mark, Robin, Lady Annabel, and Wynne-Morgan to a reporter. "Legally, they don't have a leg to stand on," says someone close to them—which, perhaps, explains why events took a public turn in July, when Taki Theodoracopulos, a longtime friend of Birley's, launched an offensive against Sherwood in his well-read "High Life" column in *The Spectator*. Taki described the American as "a man I've never met and, as things are going, hope never to." While Birley was described by Taki as "the so-called Nijinsky of the catering world," and he and his family as "not [settling] for anything second-rate," Sherwood was referred to as "old Scrooge," and his Hotel Cipriani written off as not "what it used to be." Taki concluded that if Sherwood succeeded in taking over Harry's Bar he would never go there again, and recommended that his friends follow suit.

"It was unbelievably classist in tone; it must have made James Sherwood seethe," one British member of Harry's Bar told *Vanity Fair*. But, he adds, "the Birleys are quite right." Such are the views of many in Establishment London, who are fiercely loyal to Birley and who say they have never taken to Sherwood, whom they view as an aggressive businessman on a quest for acceptance in England's upper social circles. "I've only met him once, and so I can't comment on his character at all. It's sort of 'luxuree' with two *e*'s on the end."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 333

KID CROSBY

The last year the Stanley Cup sat on the shelf was 1919, when an influenza epidemic wiped out the playoffs. There is under the weather, and then there is *laid low*, which is pro hockey's posture as the N.H.L. opens play this month. Truth is, hockey has been backsliding for years, even before money came between the owners and the players, forcing last season's cancellation. Scoring has taken a leave of absence, the networks have backed off, and fans in time-honored hockey hubs (Phoenix! Nashville!) aren't quite sure what they're cheering for.

Into the identity breach skates teenager Sidney Crosby, from Cole Harbour, Nova Scotia, who is now charged with hefting hockey back to relevance. The game's best prospect in 20 years, Crosby is the type of player with the ability and appeal (and healthy endorsement deals with Reebok and Gatorade) to draw the casual masses to his sport, like an A-Rod or an M.J., or even Gretzky, "the Great One," himself.

Sidney doesn't yet carry a majestic nickname. (For the time being, let's call him Kid Crosby; his agent, after all, first eyed him at age 13.) But now that the Pittsburgh Penguins have signed him, he's lugging around some pretty unfair expectations. After Crosby's unprecedented back-to-back honors as M.V.P. and top scorer in the Canadian junior leagues, Gretzky said that the upstart could very well break his seemingly unbreakable N.H.L. records. "I've always wanted to be the best, but so do a lot of other people," says the deferential Crosby, who has the requisite aw-shucks Canadian temperament to help him straddle that tricky divide between winning everyone over and kicking everyone's ass.

And now the Big Ice cometh. "I've been waiting for this for a long time," Crosby says. How long? The Kid, last we checked, was just out of high school. —BRETT FORREST

PHOTOGRAPH BY KURT MARKUS

STYLED BY MICHAEL CIOFFOLETTI. SHIRT BY DOLCE & GABBANA. JEANS BY GAP. BELT BY HOLT

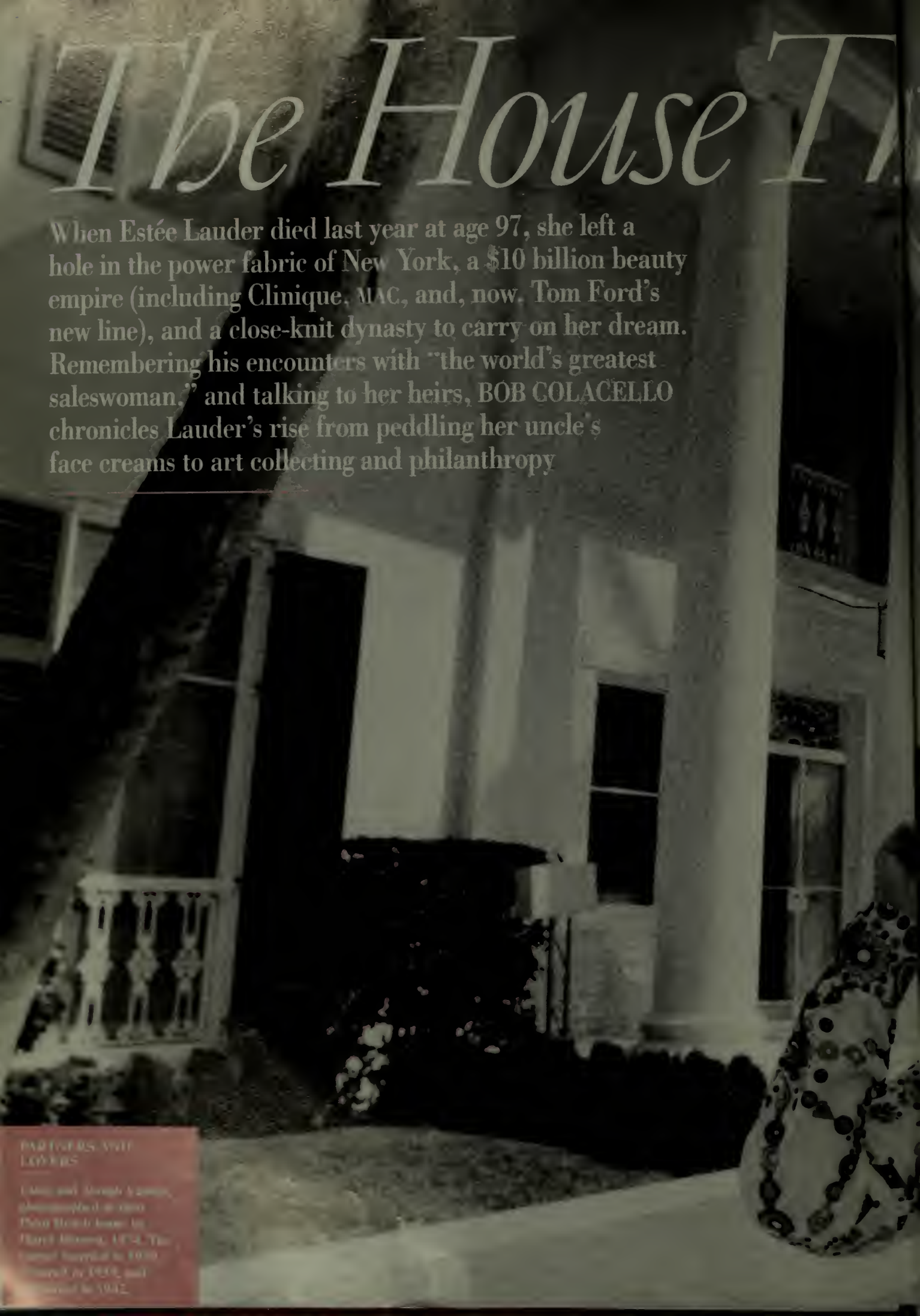


THE ICE STUFF

Sidney Crosby, 18, who will make his National Hockey League debut this month, with the Pittsburgh Penguins, was photographed in Los Angeles on August 8, 2005.

The House T

When Estée Lauder died last year at age 97, she left a hole in the power fabric of New York, a $10 billion beauty empire (including Clinique, MAC, and, now, Tom Ford's new line), and a close-knit dynasty to carry on her dream. Remembering his encounters with "the world's greatest saleswoman," and talking to her heirs, BOB COLACELLO chronicles Lauder's rise from peddling her uncle's face creams to art collecting and philanthropy



PARTNERS AND LOVERS

Estée and Joseph Lauder, photographed at their Palm Beach home by Hazel Hawes, 1974. The former hospital in Long Island, built in 1959, and restored in 1982.


t Estée Built

Governor Pataki declared her "one of the giants not just of this great city but of the world." Mayor Bloomberg compared her to the inventor of the telegraph, Samuel Morse. Marvin Traub, the former head of Bloomingdale's, said, "She revolutionized an industry and was without a doubt the world's greatest saleswoman." For Barbara Walters she was a proto-feminist: "She turned 'No, you can't' into 'Yes, I will.'" As her onetime corporate lawyer Richard Parsons, the chairman of Time Warner, put it, "I never met a woman with more force."

The lady these speakers were eulogizing, at a memorial in New York City in May 2004, a month after her death, entered this world in 1906 as Josephine Esther Mentzer, the daughter of a Queens hardware-store owner, and left it 97 years later as Estée Lauder, the creator of a $10 billion cosmetics empire. Probably the most successful and famous self-made woman of her time, she lived in grandly decorated residences in Manhattan, East Hampton, Palm Beach, London, and the South of France and counted the Duchess of Windsor, Princess Grace, and the Begum Aga Khan among her close friends. Brilliant, driven, and a master of using social connections to push products, she had started out emulating Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein, and Charles Revson of Revlon, but the business she founded had long surpassed theirs, and unlike them she had established a dynasty: two more generations of Lauders dedicated to keeping the company that bears her name No. 1 in quality fragrances and cosmetics. A year after the memorial, Lauder's granddaughter Aerin, one of the company's vice presidents, persuaded the hottest name in fashion, Tom Ford, to make his first post-Gucci venture a collection of beauty products called Tom Ford for Estée Lauder.

Estée's sons, Leonard, 72, and Ronald, 61, and all four of her grandchildren—William, Aerin, Gary, and Jane—also spoke at the memorial, a two-hour extravaganza held at Lincoln Center's New York State Theater. Skitch Henderson led the New York Pops in a medley of Estée's favorite songs as invited guests filed in—Alma Powell, the wife of then secretary of state Colin Powell; Libby Pataki; former ambassadors William Luers, Edward Ney, and Donald Blinken; *New York Times* publisher Arthur Sulzberger Jr., Advance Magazine Publishers heads S. I. and Donald Newhouse, and *Washington Post* heiress Lally Weymouth; bankers Ezra Zilkha and Donald Marron; designers Oscar de la Renta and Carolina Herrera; billionaires Alfred Taubman, Jerry Speyer, and Gustavo Cisneros; grandes dames Kitty Carlisle Hart, Liz Fondaras, and Casey Ribicoff; virtually the entire boards of the Whitney Museum of American Art and the Museum of Modern Art (which are chaired by Leonard and Ronald, respectively); and 2,500 impeccably outfitted, coiffed, and made-up employees of the Estée Lauder Companies Inc.

"She was our mother, boss, and colleague—in that order," said Leonard Lauder. Jane Lauder recalled her grandmother's fondness for chocolate-covered marshmallows, which she ordered by the case from a company on Long Island and offered to family and friends at every opportunity. "If we always listened to her wishes," said Gary Lauder, the only grandchild not involved in the family business, "we'd all weigh 300 pounds and be all bundled up even on the hottest day of summer."

"She loved to cook, and she always cooked with her hat on, a purse, and blush," said Ronald Lauder. "Her specialties were onion rings, French toast, the best chicken soup, and a special spaghetti sauce that required about a half-pound of sugar. As a child, the thing I dreaded most were the parent-teachers conferences." He went on to tell the story of his mother's meeting with his English teacher, who eschewed makeup, kept her hair in a bun with a net, and always wore dark dresses with heavy black stockings and shoes. "The next morning," Ronald said, "I and the rest of my English class were stunned when our teacher walked into the classroom. Her hair had been done, her face was completely made up—including blush—and she was wearing a flowered-print dress with nylon stockings and high heels. When I asked my mother about it after school, she denied that she had anything to do with this transformation."

In the 1970s, when I started working at Andy Warhol's Factory, as editor of *Interview*, Estée Lauder was one of the three reigning divas of the New York fashion world, along with Diana Vreeland and





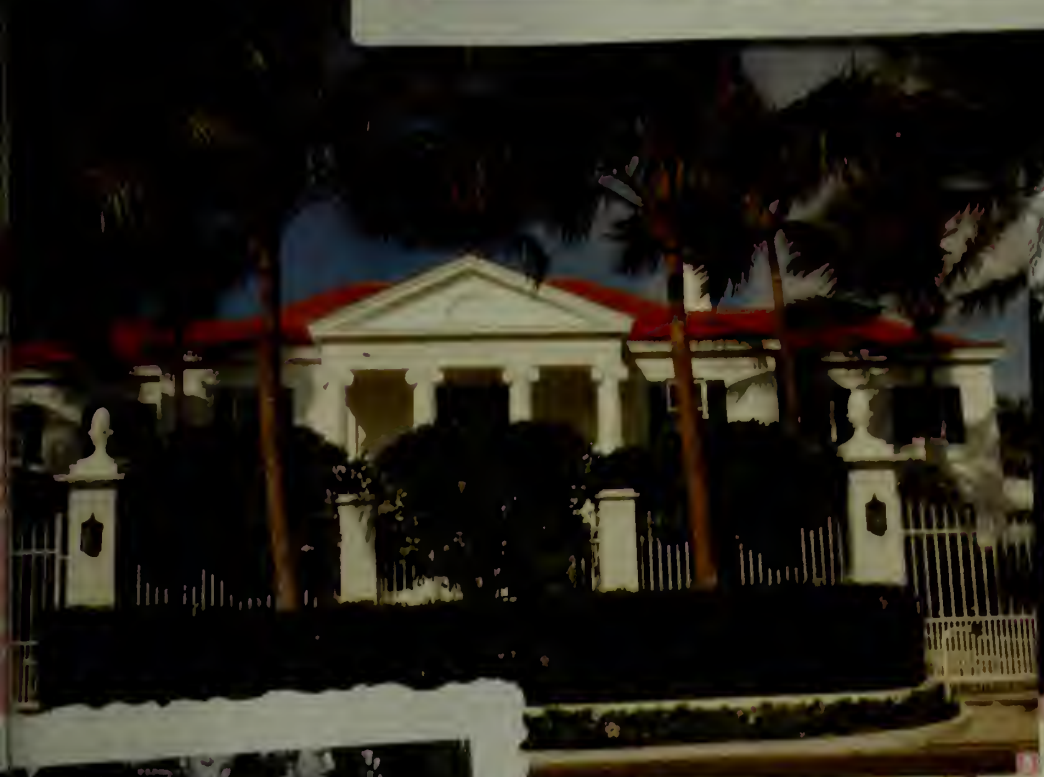
EMPIRE BUILDER

(1) Estée Lauder and the Duchess of Windsor in Palm Beach, 1967. (2) Estée at the opening of one of her cosmetics counters in New York. (3) With Prince Charles and Princess Diana at a Windsor polo match, 1984. (4) At the White House with Ronald and Nancy Reagan. (5) At the Lauders' Palm Beach residence. (6) With Diana Vreeland. (7) A young Estée with her customers. (8) Estée arriving at an event for the Reagan-Gorbachev summit of 1988.















Eleanor Lambert. Vreeland, the eccentric former *Vogue* editor in chief who ran the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute with an iron hand and an army of rich-kid volunteers, was the undisputed Empress of Fashion; Lambert, the peripatetic publicist who controlled the Coty Awards and the International Best-Dressed List but pretended she didn't, was its turbaned Queen; and Lauder, a few years younger than her septuagenarian cohorts and not yet widowed, was the Duchess with the Mostest. She had the power of the purse: with the Estée Lauder, Aramis for Men, Clinique, and Prescriptives brands, her company probably spent more on advertising than any other fashion or beauty business. As she once told me after I started working at this magazine, "Si Newhouse is one of my best friends. Seventeen million a year in advertising—of *course* he's one of my best friends."

As the wild, creative 70s gave way to the money-minded, formal 80s, Estée reached her social and business apogee. Her conservative, matronly style—she dressed mainly in couture from such established Paris designers as Hubert de Givenchy and Marc Bohan of Dior—was in keeping with the sedately glamorous look favored by Nancy Reagan, and she was very much part of the First Lady's New York inner circle, which included man-about-town Jerry Zipkin, Pat Buckley (the wife of the conservative columnist William F. Buckley Jr.), Cecile Zilkha, and the Herreras. Estée was one of the first to give a dinner for the new secretary-general of the United Nations, Javier Pérez de Cuéllar, and his wife, Marcella, in 1982.

I remember the supercritical Zipkin speaking admiringly of her over lunch at Le Cirque. "You have to give Estée a lot of credit," he said, "because she learned. She didn't always know how to do things the right way, let me tell you." He proceeded to describe the first dinner party he attended at the Lauder house, in the early 1960s: the maids, he said, wore black-and-white sneakers with their starched European-style uniforms, because Estée hated the click-clacking of leather heels on her marble floors; the tablecloth was crocheted; the main course was individual sirloin steaks. "Everything was wrong, wrong, wrong," Zipkin concluded. "But she was willing to listen and learn. And now, when you go there, everything is perfect."

By 1982, Estée Lauder Inc., headquartered in the General Motors Building, on Fifth Avenue, was the largest privately held cosmetics company in the world, with

"She was our mother, boss, and colleague—in that order," said Leonard Lauder.





ALL IN THE FAMILY

The Lauder crew in Palm Beach, Christmastime 1972: front left, Jim, William, Ronald, Aerin Jo Cinda, Gary, Evelyn Leonard, Estée.

10,000 employees and annual sales of more than $1 billion. Leonard Lauder had been president for a decade and would be made C.E.O. that year; his wife, Evelyn, the corporate vice president, was very involved in the development, packaging, and marketing of such new fragrances as White Linen and Beautiful; and Ronald, who oversaw the company's international operations in 80 countries, was up for an appointment in the Reagan administration. Roy Cohn, Estée's personal lawyer and friend, told me that she was apoplectic when she learned of the first post her younger son had been offered. "Who in Washington wants my Ronald dead?" she shouted to Cohn over the telephone. "Estée, what are you talking about?" asked Cohn. "They want to make him ambassador to Jamaica," Estée replied. "My friend Sarah Spencer-Churchill was raped in Jamaica! My Ronald is not going to a crazy country like Jamaica."

In 1983, Ronald went instead to Washington as deputy assistant secretary of defense for European and NATO policy, and Estée started sending his boss, Caspar Weinberger, a box of chocolate-covered marshmallows every week.

That same year Estée lost her husband, Joe, who had founded the Estée Lauder Cosmetic Company with her in the 1940s and was in charge of its finances and manufacturing plants until Leonard took over in 1972. The 80-year-old Joe, a good-looking, quiet man who never seemed threatened by his wife's celebrity, collapsed after a family dinner on the couple's 53rd wedding anniversary. It was a loss from which the seemingly strongest of women would never truly recover.

Joseph Lauter, who like Estée was a child of immigrants from Central Europe, was a partner in the Apex Silks company when they married, in January 1930. The newlyweds moved into an apartment on West 78th Street, Leonard was born three years later, and somewhere along the way Joe's family name was changed to what Estée claimed was the original European spelling. As the Great Depression set in, the silk company failed, as would a series of garment-center ventures Joe became involved with later in the 1930s. Estée, whose energy matched her ambition, decided to go to work. She briefly tried to act, but, she admitted, "I was not destined to be a Sarah Bernhardt, even though I did have a retentive memory."

Since high school she had been fascinated by the skin creams made by her uncle John Schotz, a Hungarian-born chemist, and loved watching him mix his Six-in-One Cold Cream and Dr. Schotz Viennese Cream (not to mention his poultry-lice killer, freckle remover, and Hungarian Mustache Wax). Now she started selling his creams at Hadassah luncheons, Borscht Belt hotels, and middle-class Jewish beach clubs on Long Island. With her svelte five-foot-four figure, eager hazel eyes, and smooth, clear complexion, Estée was hard to resist, especially when she started giving her customers free samples of a product they hadn't bought—thus inventing what would become the industry-wide marketing practice known as "gift with purchase." With her career taking off, and Joe's stalled, their marriage floundered. "I was not only moving farther ahead than he, but I was doing so in a world he did not share," she later explained. "I did not know how to be Mrs. Joseph Lauder and Estée Lauder at the same time."

In 1939 they divorced, and Estée began spending much of her time in Miami, selling her uncle's products in a shop at the Roney Plaza Hotel. Among the men she dated during this period was A. L. van Ameringen, a leading manufacturer of the essential ingredients used in perfumes, cosmetics, soaps, soft drinks, and candies (whose New York–based company, after a 1958 merger with a major European competitor, would be known as International Flavors and Fragrances, Inc.). By all accounts, Estée was infatuated with the distinguished, Dutch-born tycoon, and some say she lived with him for a while, even though he was married. His daughter, the late Lily Auchincloss, once told me that her father and Estée had been romantically involved, but that he encouraged her to go back to her husband when Leonard contracted the mumps, and he saw how close she and Joe still were in their shared concern over the boy's health.

Joe and Estée remarried in 1942 and had Ronald a little over a year later. Joe put aside his business for hers, and the couple set up a "factory" in a former restaurant on Central Park West, where they literally cooked the first Estée Lauder line on the restaurant's gas stove. In addition to four products adapted from her uncle's formulas—Super-Rich All-Purpose Cream, Cleansing Oil, Skin Lotion, and a masque called Crème Pack—Estée came up with a powdered rouge she called Glow and a lipstick named Just Red. The color of Dr. Schotz's medicinal jars—white with black covers—was replaced by "a fragile, pale turquoise," which Estée reasoned "would look wonderful in any bathroom."

The new company started off with a single retail outlet, the House of Ash Blond, a beauty parlor on East 60th Street. J kept the books, Leonard made deliveries his bicycle before school, and Estée add salons around the city, primarily by sho ing up unannounced and re-doing the p prietress's makeup with her own hanc ("Touch your customer and you're halfw there" was one of her mottoes.) Before lo she had cracked her first department sto Bonwit Teller, where she spent Saturda making up women at her counter on t main floor. In 1946 she received her fi order from Saks Fifth Avenue, for $800; sold out in two days, mainly because sl sent out cards to the store's entire custom list offering a free lipstick with every pu chase. So many women showed up that E tée was able to persuade the president Saks to move her counter from the rear the store to just inside the front door.

When she decided to introduce a fr grance in the early 1950s, she went to s her old friend A. L. van Ameringen, wh provided her with the scent that woul make her empire: Youth Dew. Accordin to Lily Auchincloss, her father had re mained fond of Estée, and he saw Yout Dew, which he considered a surefire hit as his belated breaking-up present. But i was Estée who came up with the name the mildly risqué ads featuring a blurr rear view of a nude woman, and the ide of packaging the heavy, vanilla-based scen as a bath oil that doubled as a perfume, be cause, she said, women waited for men t buy them perfume, but would not hesitat to buy a bath oil for themselves. Introduce in 1953, Youth Dew brought in $50,00 that year, more than doubling the compa ny's total annual revenue. Three decade later, it was still Estée Lauder's best-seller generating about $150 million annually.

In the spring of 1983, a few months after Joe Lauder's death, Estée asked me to accompany her to a party at Bloomingdale's. I was slightly thrown when we stepped out of her limousine and, as the paparazzi zoomed in on her, she told me, "Hold my bag." I have never quite figured out why she preferred to pose with her hands clasped in front of her, but hiding her pocketbook behind my back as we entered a department store or ballroom always seemed a small price to pay for the pleasure of her zany but cozy company. I had just quit my job at *Interview* and wasn't quite sure what I was going to do next, so Estée's first invitation was much appreciated. My night was made when we stepped off the escalator, Estée first, with me three

behind. Who should be standthere but my former boss, Andy rhol. "Gee, Bob," he asked, e you Estée's date?" I nodded . "Oh, God, can you ask her some ads for *Interview*?" I was y too happy to remind him, don't work for you anymore, dy."

Estée next asked me to escort to a charity ball at the Plaza ho- A moment after we sat down, noticed Queen Elizabeth's sister, ncess Margaret, at the next table. h, my God," she said, "I have to over and talk to her. She's a cusner: Clinique." She jumped up, apped the pink tulle shawl that tched her pink satin ball gown ound her shoulders, and headed the princess's table. Within a few conds, after tapping Her Royal ghness on the shoulder—someng that's just not done—Estée was ouched down in front of Marret with pen and pad in hand, king her order. "Thank God I nt over there," she told me when e returned to our table. "She's t of everything."

Meanwhile, Estée's shawl had tten twisted up. "This thing is iving me crazy," she said. "It n't stay nice and smooth. Come th me." I followed her to an empty area at the side of the ballroom. Now, you take one end and I'll ke the other," she said, "and we'll t it untwisted once and for all."





Unlike Elizabeth Arden, Helena Rubinstein, and Charles Revson, Estée established a dynasty.

THIRD GENERATION

Ronald Lauder's daughters, Jane and Aerin, both executives of the company, in Westhampton, Long Island. *Inset*, Leonard and William, the company's CEO.

st then, the costume jeweler Kenny Jay ane passed by on his way to the men's om. "Doing laundry, girls?" he asked.

After two nights out with Estée, I had rezed the obvious: she was always working, d very few people even tried to stop her om getting her way. One night Gloria nderbilt, the heiress with the trademark abuki look, and I ran into each other as were leaving a party at a Fifth Avenue wn house. "May I hide behind you?" she asked, when we were outside, standing in a crowd of partygoers waiting for their cars or taxis. "Why, Gloria?," I asked. "Because there's Estée," Vanderbilt explained, "and if she sees I don't have a ride, she'll force me into her limo and then whip out her brushes and re-do my makeup. She's been trying to get me for years."

Estée's aggressiveness, however, was not entirely promotional; it was also her way of connecting with people. One day she and I were lunching at Mortimer's with a half-dozen friends when, much to my surprise, a birthday cake appeared for me. "You didn't tell me it's your birthday," Estée said, clearly annoyed. "I didn't tell CONTINUED ON PAGE 330

"Absolutely

Things were eating at Oracle C.E.O. Larry Ellison. His strategy for his software company, the second-largest in the world, seemed flawed. He worried that his new, 454-foot yacht might be too big. His America's Cup bid was a nightmare. But now, settled into his new boat—photographed exclusively for *V.F.*—the 61-year-old billionaire is on a fresh tack. As Oracle moves to capture the banking, telecommunications, and retail markets, MATTHEW SYMONDS reveals what it takes to make an angst-ridden mogul happy again



Excessive!”



HOLY SHIP

Larry Ellison's 454-foot *Rising Sun*, currently the longest private yacht in the world, photographed in the Mediterranean, at Porto Rotondo, on July 29, 2005.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER

Larry Ellison, the founding C.E.O. of Oracle, the world's second-biggest software firm after Microsoft, is in the Spanish city of Valencia, the host of the next America's Cup. His presence makes an impact. As one steps out of the plane and into the airport terminal, the first thing that catches the eye is a billboard-size picture of Ellison's *USA-76* race boat powering through foaming seas. Though the 32nd America's Cup proper doesn't get going until 2007, under new rules devised by Ellison and the current champion, Switzerland's Ernesto Bertarelli, the billionaire chief of biotech giant Serono, 12 teams are competing in a series of regattas building up to the big event. For the next 10 days, the racing will be in Valencia. Later in the year, the circus will move on to Malmö-Skåne, in Sweden, and Trapani, in Sicily. By making America's Cup racing—sailing's sporting and technological pinnacle—more like Formula One, Ellison and Bertarelli are hoping to snag worldwide TV coverage and eager big-name sponsors.

Because of the regatta, Valencia is buzzing. The old commercial port has been turned into a base for the teams, and a new jetty has been specially built for their billionaire owners to park the mega-yachts they will live on and entertain from during the racing. Bertarelli's elegant 150-foot *Vava* is there, but not Ellison's new pride and joy, the 454-foot *Rising Sun*. The problem is that *Rising Sun*—for now, the longest privately owned boat in the world—won't fit. She's nearly twice the length the jetty can accommodate. Instead, *Rising Sun* is berthed on the far side of the harbor, where she utterly dominates the scene. Unfortunately for Ellison, that means being right next to the giant container cranes—a constant reminder that Valencia is more gritty industrial port than haven for jet-set yachties—that operate night and day. A couple of weeks before, *Rising Sun* was in something like her normal hab[illegible] when Ellison's wife, Melanie, commandeered her for a trip to the Cannes Film Festival with a gaggle of her female chums.

Rising Sun looks quite unlike anything else afloat. Built at Lürssen, a shipyard near Bremen, Germany, she completed her sea trials only late last year. Apart from her size, what distinguishes her are her two decks of shimmering plate glass and her huge bow and stern overhangs. Most big, privately owned yachts have the outline of basketball sneakers, with one deck stacked on top of another to cram in as many cabins and as much interior space as possible. But *Rising Sun,* which was conceived five years ago by the late Jon Bannenberg, the doyen of yacht designers, was built for elegance and speed as well as comfort.

It is this, rather than billionaire one-upmanship—according to one story making the rounds, Ellison added more than 35 feet to her when he found out that Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen might be building something even bigger—that has dictated her length. Ellison says, "It's true that as the design progressed she grew from 300 feet to over 450 feet. But the idea we would have chopped her in half to put some more length into her is absurd. I can't even imagine what it would cost. But then, I've also read about the swimming pool and the chandeliers on board, and we don't have any of those. I think people just make this stuff up."

Inside, *Rising Sun* is as unusual as she is from the outside. There is opulence, but nothing ornate or gaudy. Pale veneers combine with neutral tones—soft beiges, deep browns, and light olives. The effect is understated, soothing: modern, but—even though a pale stone wall runs up through the middle of the boat and the staircases are made of glass and brushed chrome—nothing seems edgy or contrived. Everywhere, natural light floods in from the floor-to-ceiling, curved, and beveled windows. Although the main saloon is a huge space for entertaining, there are also plenty of more intimate places to hang out—a pleasant study, a sitting room with a comfortable sofa and a real wood fire. Despite her size and a crew of more than 30 aboard, there are just eight guest suites on *Rising Sun.* Ellison is picky about his friendships.

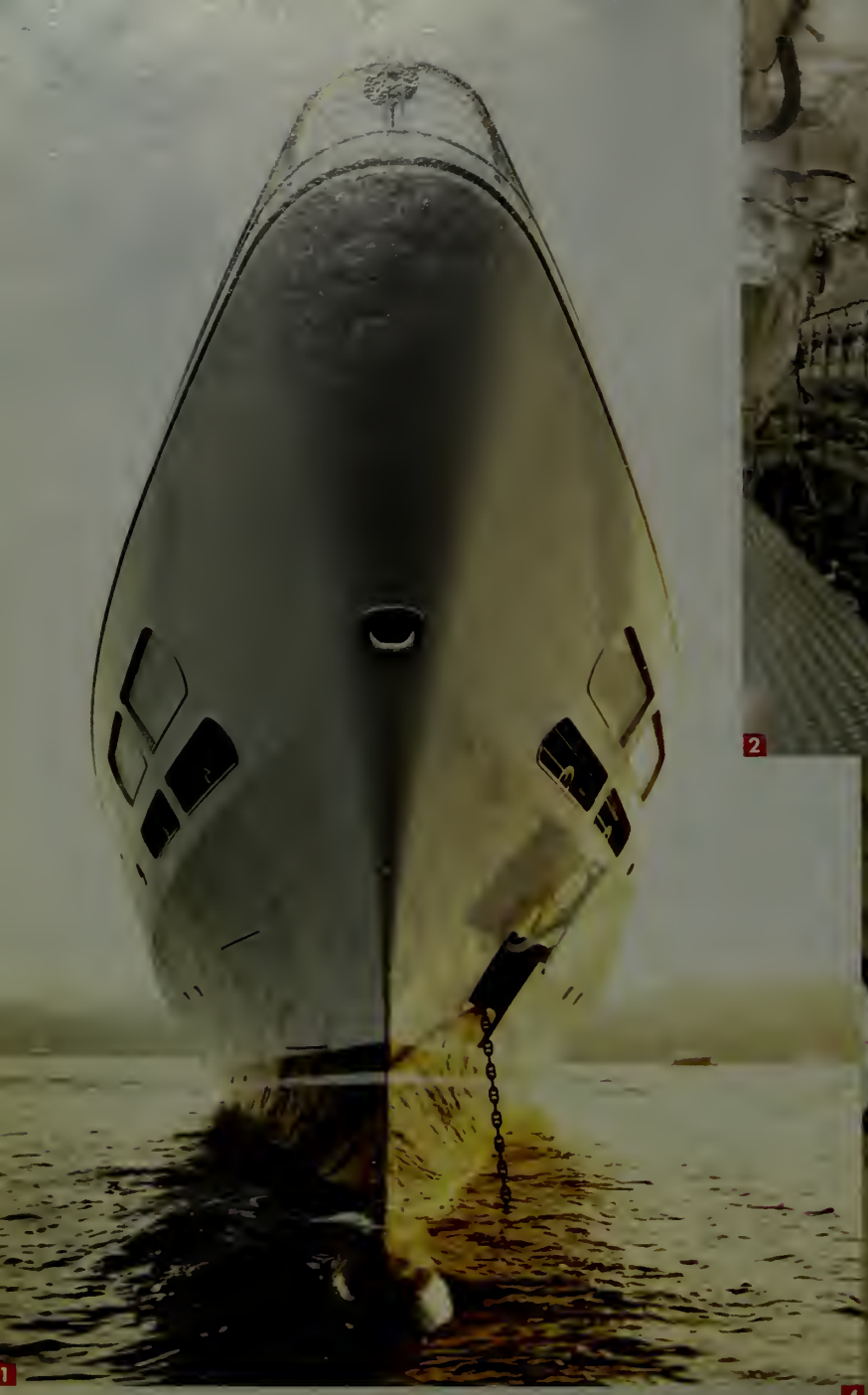
Below there is a small cinema that Steven Spielberg, a guest after Christmas, pronounced to be more beautiful than anything he'd encountered in Hollywood; a hairdressing salon (fully booked during the Cannes outing); and, of all things on a boat, a billiard room. There's a well-equipped gym and an outdoor spa. A dazzling white walkway as spectator gallery to the engine [illegible] on either side, where four



THE OLD LADY AND THE SEA

Larry Ellison and his wife, Melanie Craft, on the main deck of *Rising Sun*, July 2005.


"It's really only
the size of a very
large house."









ALL ABOARD

(1) *Rising Sun* stands tall in the Mediterranean, at Porto Rotondo, off t coast of Sardinia, on July 29, 2005. Th boat was designed by Jon Bannenberg, who died before he could see his visio executed. (2) One of the boat's four engines, which collectively produce 48,0 horsepower at full throttle. (3) Ellison at the helm of his America's Cup race bo *USA-76*, off the coast of Malmö-Skane, Sweden, on August 19, 2005. (4) Larry Ellison, his wife, Melanie Craft, and crew members aboard the launch *Class Tender* on July 29, 2005. (5) A central hallway on *Rising Sun*, with porthole views of the engine rooms. (6) Winches i the forward mooring station, where the boat's anchors are stowed. (7) The main dining room, with seating for 20.

Just eight guest suites on *Rising Sun*. Ellison is picky about his friendships.





HIGHFLIER

Ellison in his Italian SIAI-Marchetti S-211 jet fighter, in Silicon Valley, July 9, 2005.

Ellison can be as patient as he is aggressive.



diesels generate the 48,000 horsepower needed to propel *Rising Sun* at over 30 knots—don't even ask how much fuel *that* burns. Ellison says, "If I knew, it would take all the fun right out of it."

In the months after 9/11, Ellison's enthusiasm had waned for both his extraordinary boat and the Japanese imperial village he had been building for more than a decade in an exquisite garden at Woodside, in the hills several miles from Oracle's Silicon Valley headquarters. But it wasn't just 9/11-induced introspection that was responsible for the uncharacteristic flatness of Ellison's mood at the time.

For months he had been under pressure. Pressure because of problems at Oracle—the company he'd co-founded more than a quarter of a century ago and turned into the biggest business-software firm in the world, with a market value of more than $100 billion. Pressure because Ellison had come under personal attack after vesting more than $700 million worth of Oracle stock shortly before its price tanked following a profits warning—money that had been put to use funding the construction both at Woodside and of *Rising Sun*. In fact, despite the inevitable lawsuit, Ellison was found to have done nothing wrong. If he hadn't vested the options then, he would have lost them, and the sudden downturn in demand for Oracle's business software had taken him as much by surprise as anyone.

But that was much less interesting than the coincidence of being America's highest-paid executive in the year after the dot-com bust and the exposure of fraud at Enron and WorldCom. It wasn't great timing. There were armies of angry investors eager to blame anyone other than themselves for their losses. And as one of America's most flamboyant and wealthy executives—in the latest *Forbes* rich list, Ellison took ninth place, with a fortune of $18.4 billion—he felt oddly vulnerable. C.E.O.'s who had recently been lionized were now pariahs. At the time, I was writing a book about Ellison and Oracle and we had become close friends during the two-year project. I remember my editor, half-jokingly, half-hopefully, asking whether there was any chance that Ellison might soon be going the way of Bernie Ebbers. As it happened, after learning painful lessons from a near-terminal accounting scandal in the early 1990s, Ellison had been sufficiently confident of Oracle's squeaky-clean numbers to become one of the first C.E.O.'s in America to take the Sarbanes-Oxley oath of accurate representation.

But since that strange summer in 2002, when half of corporate America seemed

to be in the dock, he had never sounded excited about *Rising Sun*. He would say that she seemed "excessive." He was worried that she might be too big for him and Melanie to feel comfortable on when there weren't lots of guests on board. He feared it might be like being the only people in a restaurant. His best friend, Steve Jobs, had thought him crazy to get rid of his previous boat, the 244-foot *Katana*. ("Just about perfect" was the judgment of the obsessively perfectionist Jobs about the boat Ellison was selling.) Earlier this year, after he had taken his first holiday on *Rising Sun*, he still seemed unsure about her and even indicated he would sell her if someone (the steel magnate Lakshmi Mittal had been mentioned) was willing to leave him with a profit from the 250 million euros he had paid to build her.

How did he feel about *Rising Sun* now? I asked. He grinned. "Well, I do still think it's excessive. It is absolutely excessive. No question about it. But it's amazing what you can get used to. When I was talking about selling her, I'd only spent 10 days with her, and I didn't know then whether it was newness or the scale that was the problem. Turns out, it was the newness. It's really only the size of a very large house. With guests on board, there's plenty for them to do, while Melanie and I can retreat to the top deck. Up there we have a bedroom, a saloon, a parlor, an office, and a large, shaded, open deck area. In the evening, we can all meet up for dinner and conversation."

It's not surprising the boat no longer troubles Ellison. For the last 18 months or so he has been on a roll. He may even feel he's earned it, although he'd be the first to admit that nobody actually deserves to be as wealthy as he is. The contrast with his mood in 2001 could not be greater. Not much had seemed to go right for either Ellison or Oracle during that time.

Ellison had predicted that a software program called the E-Business Suite would sweep all before it. For the first time, Oracle was offering a complete set of applications that would seamlessly automate every aspect of a business, from traditional back-office stuff to managing its supply chain and even choreographing sales. Best of all, because each application was designed to work with the others, companies could keep all their information in one place. It was hugely ambitious and conceptually compelling. But he'd miscalculated the time it would take to integrate one of the biggest, most complex software packages ever devised while making it bug-free and reliable.

There were no such technical problems with a whizzy new version of Oracle's market-leading database—still the bedrock of its business and responsible for around 80 percent of its earnings—that could make lots of cheap little P.C. servers work together with the power and security of a giant mainframe. But sales of all business software were slack: the roaring 90s had left a huge inventory hangover of unused licenses that would take several years to get over. Consequently, for much of the time I'd been with him, Ellison was forced to play defense. To his credit, his sense of humor and overwhelming optimism had only rarely deserted him, and he had never been anything other than great company.

Even the America's Cup in New Zealand turned into a bit of a nightmare. As with the E-Business Suite, Ellison expected to win. Thanks to a budget of around $90 million, about two-thirds from Ellison personally and most of the rest from sponsor BMW, he was confident he had the fastest boat and the best sailing team money could buy. But he hadn't foreseen the constant feuding between the Americans on the team, who had come from a previous America's Cup challenge, and the New Zealanders, who had sailed with Ellison on his multiple-world-championship-winning maxi-yacht, the 80-foot *Sayonara*. Emotionally, Ellison was much closer to the Kiwis, especially his skipper, Chris Dickson, with whom he had many shared experiences, not least winning the appalling 1998 Sydney-to-Hobart race, which claimed the lives of six competitors. With things not going smoothly at Oracle, Ellison had ignored the signs of trouble on the team, and by the time they got to Auckland, the damage had been done. The factionalism undermined both morale and performance. The mood on the race boat, *USA-76*, was so poisonous that Ellison thought his own presence could provoke a mutiny. In miserable frustration aboard *Katana*, he watched *USA-76* come close, but not close enough.

It will be another couple of years before Ellison has a chance to put that right. In Valencia, he has a talented and harmonious team, and the boat is as fast as ever. He's also enjoying being part of the afterguard (who work out the tactics during races) and occasionally driving when there's not too much at stake. (Ellison is technically impressive, but he can't practice as much as the pros.) However, the BMW Oracle team is still some way from opening up a consistent performance gap over the two teams it will have to beat in 2007, Bertarelli's Alinghi and Team New Zealand. On their day, each of the "big three" is capable of beating the other two. Unfortunately, while I'm in Valencia with Ellison, *USA-76* beats every team other than the two it really needs to.

In America's Cup racing, having the best boat with the best sailors helps quite a lot, but races can be decided by who gets lucky with a puff of wind that happens to be on one side of the course and not the other. In business, however, most of the luck you get you make yourself. And lately Ellison has been doing just that. For a while now, he has believed that eventually there will be just a handful of very big and powerful software firms left standing—Microsoft, IBM, the German powerhouse SAP, and, of course, Oracle. What has changed is that he used to think consolidation would happen naturally. The niche players, some of whom suddenly achieved multi-billion-dollar market caps thanks to the insanity of the Internet boom, would simply fade away. Software, Ellison argued, may not be a winner-takes-all business, but it is certainly one in which the winners leave only scraps for everyone else.

What Ellison underestimated was how long it would take to happen. Software never wears out, and firms with cash in the bank can tick over on their maintenance contracts for years, even if they sell hardly any new licenses. Having heaped scorn on the idea that Oracle might want to buy rival companies—"We prefer writing software to writing checks"—Ellison performed a tire-shredding U-turn in June 2003 when he launched an unprecedented (for the software business) hostile takeover of PeopleSoft, a rival in the enterprise-application market that was itself in the process of bidding for another important competitor, J. D. Edwards. Ellison had decided that consolidation he had predicted needed a helping shove.

Few takeovers in U.S. corporate history have been more bitterly contested. Craig Conway, the ex–Oracle salesman who ran PeopleSoft, condemned Ellison's move as "atrociously bad behavior from a company with a history of atrociously bad behavior" and, in the heat of the moment, vowed defiance whatever price Oracle offered. Ellison also shot his mouth off, talking about both PeopleSoft and J. D. Edwards as companies "in distress." The suggestion was that Oracle would help take them out of their misery. Just for good measure, he added, "I guess you could say I've become a corporate raider." It was a mistake that riled PeopleSoft employees, customers, and shareholders alike.

It took 18 months before PeopleSoft's istance finally folded, but not before El- on had taken on and defeated the De- rtment of Justice, which was blocking : bid, in a landmark court case, and not fore Oracle had more than doubled the ice it was willing to pay to $10.3 billion. ost observers had expected Ellison to ck his tent after the Department of Jus- e stepped in. But while he has a well- served reputation for a take-no-prisoners proach to business, they forgot that, ien he needs to be, Ellison can be as pa- nt as he is aggressive.

Patient, but also in a hurry. He believes at Oracle is now in pole position to be e main consolidator in the industry. Six onths after winning control of PeopleSoft, racle reported a 26 percent increase in to- l revenues for the final quarter and a 52 ercent hike in new applications-license venues. Ellison reckons that over the next v years a combination of acquisitions and ganic growth will take Oracle's revenues om about $12 billion today to more than 0 billion. (Last year, Microsoft hit nearly 0 billion.) Three things underscore Elli- n's confidence. First, with operating mar- ns in excess of 40 percent, Oracle is a sh machine. Second, he now has a man- ement bench with the strength to handle ajor acquisitions and run a much bigger id increasingly complex company—his test hire is Greg Maffei, the respected rmer chief financial officer of Microsoft. lison says that Oracle has learned from oth the G.E. and the Cisco models and n now make quite sizable acquisitions a utine part of doing business.

The third, Ellison argues, is that, for dif- rent reasons, nobody else can play the nsolidator role like Oracle. IBM, he says, the Switzerland of the tech business. Its ain business is services and it preserves strict policy of neutrality toward software ndors that would be undermined if it ent on a buying spree. Microsoft, he de- ares, is not an enterprise-software compa- . Apart from protecting its monopoly of e desktop, what it worries most about are oogle and Sony. As for his German com- titor, SAP, it is smaller and less profitable an Oracle. But, above all, it is very Ger- an. Its culture makes it hard for it to start ying companies with thousands of em- oyees in California.

Since April, Oracle has snapped up a uple of software firms specializing in the tail sector it plans to dominate along with her major industries, such as banking and ecommunications, where it has already tablished a powerful presence. For Elli- n, the key to growing fast is to take more the I.T. spent in those sectors than any- one else. At present, Ellison estimates, IBM gets about 17 percent of banking's I.T. revenues, and Oracle 2 percent. That's not because IBM provides the hardware, which gets cheaper by the day, but because it supplies the expensive labor to integrate, service, and, increasingly often these days, even run its customers' vast and complex I.T. operations. Ellison says his goal is for Oracle to pass IBM in being the primary supplier of I.T. to banks.

Having found a way for Oracle to grow fast again, Ellison seems happier now than at any time during the seven years I've known him. Growing his business is probably a precondition for Ellison's well-being, but other things have fallen into place as well. Just before Christmas 2003, Ellison married Melanie Craft, a 36-year-old novelist, with whom he has lived since 1998. Although he'd asked her to marry him before, it was a spur-of-the-moment decision. Patience combined with impulsiveness—typical Ellison. And with just a few days before they were to leave for a family holiday in the Caribbean, elaborate celebrations were out, which was exactly how they wanted it to be. The small ceremony, presided over by Ellison's friend Tom Lantos, the congressman and human-rights campaigner, took place at the Waterfall House, by the lake at Woodside. His two grown children from his third marriage were there, as was Steve Jobs. Jobs not only took the photographs but also had to lend Ellison his wedding band. Too bad it got stuck halfway down Ellison's finger. After the failure of his third marriage, nearly 20 years ago, Ellison concluded that the three-strikes-and-you're-out rule should apply to him. But he and Melanie had grown so comfortable and used to each other that it seemed like the right thing to do. "It was time," Ellison told me. "We'd been together for seven years and there was no itch."

Contrary to the expectations of some of their friends, they're also comfortable with their new lakeside home. One concern was that the carefully contrived perfection might turn out to be stifling for normal life. Other fears included the intrusiveness of the security needed to keep the malign or the merely inquisitive out of a 40-acre estate. And then there was the racket put up by the frogs that were drawn to the artificial lake. Ellison had never worried.

After more than 10 years in the making, the place (oddly, Ellison hasn't yet come up with a name for it) is no less extraordinary (and not much less expensive) than *Rising Sun.* But in every other way it could hardly be more different. As Ellison says, the boat is a great machine that has been made to dominate its environment. The cluster of wooden houses, some based on originals built in Kyoto between the 15th and 18th centuries, is intended to withdraw into the artfully designed, semi-natural landscape and be dwarfed by the giant redwoods behind it. The idea is that it should look like a village that has grown up organically over time. The small scale of the houses serves two purposes crucial to the Japanese aesthetic that Ellison has embraced with increasing intensity since a life-changing business trip to Japan in his late 20s. The first is that much-prized harmonious relationship with nature. The second is a deliberate ambiguity between outdoors and indoors.

Ellison concedes that in a sense the humility of the buildings is as much an illusion as the whole thing. They are the product of millions of man-hours, painstaking craftsmanship, and the fanatical perfectionism of Ellison's master builder, Paul Discoe. Ellison has said he had to struggle with Discoe to persuade him to put in modern lavatories as opposed to the more authentic holes in the ground, and before electric lighting could be installed a small forgiveness ceremony had to be held by the carpenters. The massive boulders that surround the lake and through which the waterfall runs, driven by an underground, industrial-scale filtration system, were transported on flatbed trucks from the Sierra Nevada Mountains before being artfully positioned by Shigeru

Ellison would be the first to admit no one actually deserves to be as wealthy as he is.

Ellison concedes the humility of the buildings is an illusion.











HE'LL TAKE A VILLAGE

(1) The great room at Ellison's 40-acre estate in Woodside, California, designed by Paul Discoe in the style of a tradition Japanese village. (2) A spiral staircase in Ellison's house in Pacific Heights, Sa Francisco. (3) The Oracle headquarters in Redwood Shores, California. (4) The entrance to Ellison's Woodside estate. (5) A view of the lake at the center of th estate. The lake is artificial and is clean by an industrial-size underground filtrati system. It has also drawn a few unwanted noisy visitors—frogs. (6) A view of the living room at Ellison's Pacific Heights home.



3



6

Namibia. To complete the illusion, a cinema, staff offices and parking for Ellison's fleet of cars are hidden from view.

The part of the estate the Ellisons have made their home is composed of two houses, built in the style of traditional Japanese farmhouses, linked by a covered walkway. The larger of the two accommodates staff and what Ellison calls a "public zone," which includes a commercial-scale kitchen and a "great room" for entertaining, with a spectacular open-timbered ceiling. The house juts out onto the lake and is surrounded on three sides by water. The Ellisons' own quarters comprise a small kitchen, a living room into which, in a pinch, six people can squeeze, and three bedrooms. It's not what you'd call spacious.

Whenever Ellison needs a change of scene and people, he flies himself and Melanie down to Malibu, where he has been steadily buying up prime beachside real estate for the last two or three years at a cost of around $150 million. Part of the reason is that he enjoys spending time with his children. Megan, 19, and David, 22, both live on Carbon Beach, where he has bought at least 10 houses (one of which is currently rented out to Jennifer Aniston), plus a couple of restaurants he intends to refurbish. Megan is attending film school in Los Angeles, and David is already acting in his first movie, *Flyboys*. Ellison has managed to stay close to them throughout their lives despite separating from their mother, Barbara, when they were very young. But a visit there is also a chance to swap the slightly claustrophobic gorgeousness of the Woodside estate for the openness of the ocean and to socialize with the friends he has made in the entertainment business, especially DreamWorks co-founders David Geffen and Jeffrey Katzenberg, music producer David Foster (whose 22-acre Malibu compound Ellison bought for more than $20 million), TV financier Haim Saban, and the Hollywood superagent Sue Mengers. Ellison's new pals are, it's fair to say, very different from the slightly staid Silicon Valley crowd. In the tech business, there's probably nobody with a more outsize personality than Ellison's. But with these guys, he's the quiet one.

What's next for Ellison? The big question is how much longer he intends to go on working at Oracle. Is this acquisition binge his last hurrah before retiring in a few years' time? After all, there are plenty of other challenges waiting to fill his life, from becoming more actively involved in his medical foundation (the main focus of his philanthropic activity, responsible this year for a $120 million donation to Harvard, the biggest in the university's history) to investing in molecular biology (he dreams that one of the companies he owns, Quark Biotech Inc., might come up with a revolutionary advance in the treatment of cancer) and winning that damned, elusive sailing trophy.

He is certainly a little less hands-on at Oracle than he used to be. Four years ago I was quite surprised by his work habits. Some of the day-to-day work he relished and some of it was, frankly, a chore. He still thought of himself, first and foremost, as a software engineer who liked nothing better than getting his hands dirty under the hood, sorting out a development problem that had stumped everyone else. He didn't much like selling software, but he was willing to do it if that was what was needed to land new customers, and, shockingly, Ellison seemed more than ready to go on any number of fairly routine sales trips. Even with a Gulfstream GV (since replaced with a Bombardier Global Express) and suites in the best hotels, being "on the road" is still a grind.

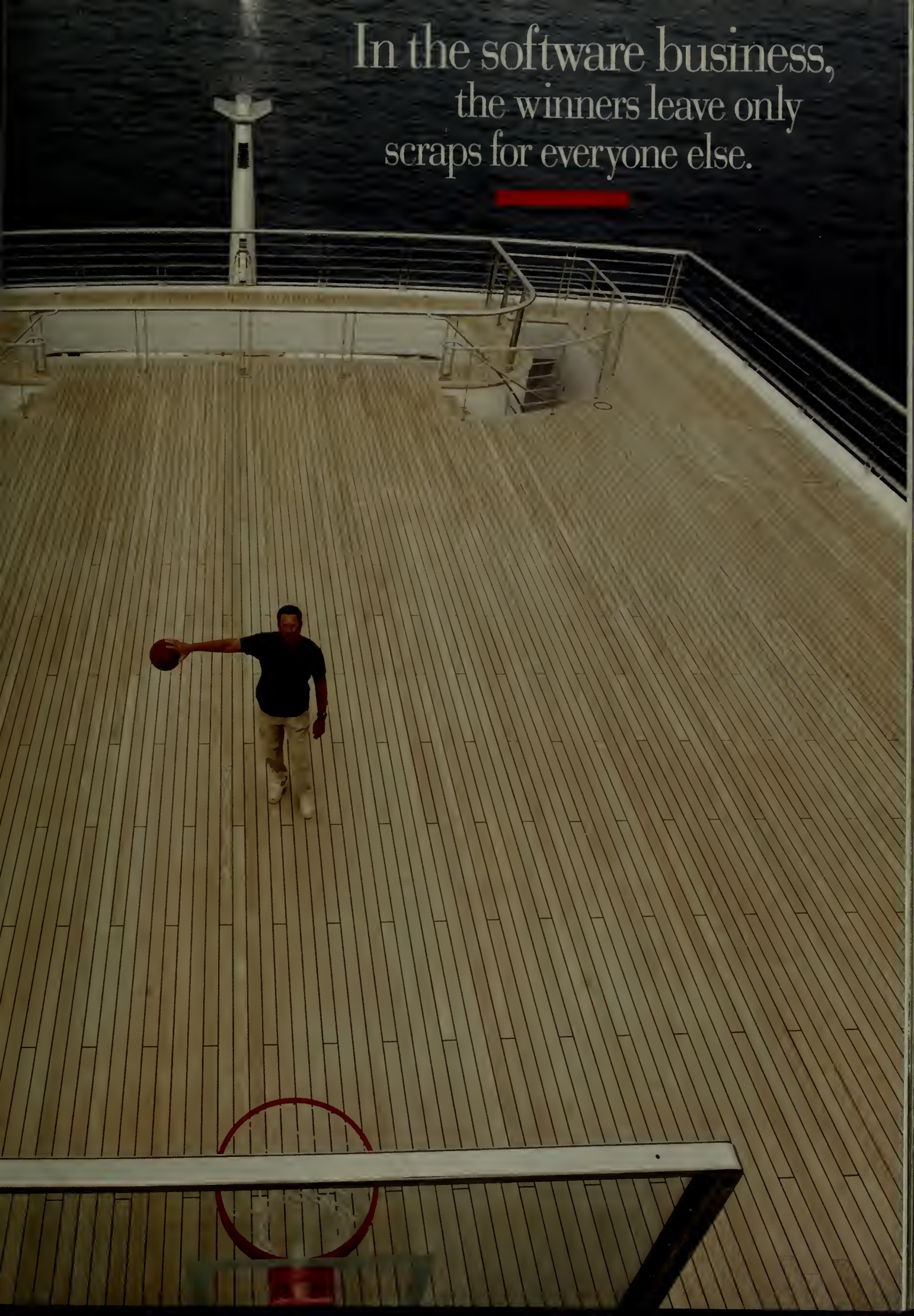
At the end of a tough day of customer roundtables and conference keynote speeches, he often seemed wiped out and yearning for home. Why do things you don't enjoy, I would ask, when you're nearly 60 and worth more than some countries? At such moments, the idea of quitting Oracle one day, albeit at some undetermined time in the not-too-near future, was something he was quite happy to talk about; he would even go through the list of talented engineers at Oracle (it always had to be an engineer) who might one day succeed him.

Since then, he's changed the way he works quite radically. Customers, even important ones, tend to come to him—an invitation to take lunch with Ellison by the lake in his beautiful Japanese garden is usually enough to lure even the grandest C.E.O.'s. He now concentrates on strategy and a few major execution issues, in particular the way newly acquired businesses are integrated with Oracle's operations. But the key to his "longevity," he says, is the group of people he now has around him at Oracle. "They are good enough for us to grow without my having to spend all my time at the office." When I pop the retirement question again, he laughs and says, "Look at my dear friend Kirk Kerkorian—88 and still going strong. I'm just a kid." □



DREAM HOOPS

Larry Ellison, photographed on the basketball court, or main aft deck, of *Rising Sun* on July 29, 2005.


In the software business,
the winners leave only
scraps for everyone else.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31 anyone. I don't know who found out." I said. "Well, I've got to go," she said, leaving before coffee was served. When I arrived home less than an hour later, my doorman told me, "Estée Lauder just dropped this off for you." It was a shopping bag from T. Anthony, the Park Avenue luggage shop, containing a black leather briefcase just like the very worn one Estée had seen me carrying at lunch.

In 1985, in an attempt to overshadow the publication of an unauthorized biography, by Lee Israel, titled *Estée Lauder: Beyond the Magic,* Estée put out her autobiography, *Estée: A Success Story.* In her version, her father, Max Mentzer, had been "a Czechoslovakian horseman, an elegant, dapper monarchist in Europe, who, when transported to a new country, still carried a cane and gloves on Sundays." What's more, "Emperor Franz Joseph wanted his niece, who weighed about 300 pounds, to marry him, but somehow Father got out of that." His hardware store on Corona Avenue in Queens, Estée implied, was more or less a sideline to his real-estate investments. Her mother, née Rose Schotz, "was very fair, very delicate, and she was never seen outside without her gloves" or her big black umbrella with "an intricately carved silver handle," which she used like a parasol "to shield her from the sun." She "took the 'baths' religiously," first at Carlsbad and Baden-Baden in Europe, later at Saratoga Springs, New York, where little Estée accompanied her and was "vastly impressed." She made no mention of Corona's predominantly working-class Italian population or its many garbage dumps, which Lee Israel noted "smelled horrifically" and may have had something to do with Estée's attraction to the fragrance business.

When Estée's book came out, I was writing celebrity profiles for *Parade,* and the Sunday supplement's editor, Walter Anderson, assigned me to interview her. She received me in the all-red reception room of her palatial double town house, on East 70th Street off Park Avenue, wearing a red dress and hat. Her longtime public-relations aide, a white-maned Wasp matron named Rebecca McGreevy, stood beside her, and before I was allowed to turn on the tape recorder, Estée insisted that we "discuss what we're going to discuss."

"Did I ever imagine I'd live in one of the most magnificent mansions in New York?," Estée began. "I don't want to talk about my home. Did I ever dream I'd make so much money? Let me tell you from the start: we never mention money. I can tell you one thing. I did not get there by wishing for it, or dreaming about it, or hoping for it. I got here by working for it." She quickly dismissed her unauthorized competition. "It's nothing! Because she never met me. She never knew me or anything about me." Estée refused to confirm the date of birth on the certificate dug up by Israel, saying, "*Glow* is the essence of beauty, not age."

She then launched into a 45-minute monologue mixing biographical anecdotes, business maxims, beauty tips, product promotions, and teary-eyed reminiscences of her beloved Joe. An off-the-record tour of the house and its eye-popping art collection followed: "That's Klimt. That's Klimt, too. That's Kandinsky. This is my dining room, where I entertained the Duke and Duchess of Windsor many a time." In every room there were vases of red roses. "I think every man likes red," she said. "Have you ever noticed that European women wear a lot of red? Every time I wear red, a man flatters me. Red flatters. It's warm. That's why Cardinal Cooke always wore red. He looked so pure, so sincere, and so ethereal in red. I love red flowers, red lights, red everything."

The interview ended with a sales pitch. "What did you do to yourself today?" she asked, looking at me intently. "You look so handsome. You should always wear a light suit like you have on today, because it reflects the light and gives your face a glow. Did you ever consider using a bronzer? It's not makeup! We have a bronzer that is so thin you never know you have it on!"

A few days later I called to arrange to have her photographed for *Parade*'s cover. "Just tell them to use the beautiful picture on the cover of my book," she said. When I called her back and said that *Parade* preferred to have her shot by one of its own photographers, she snapped, "O.K., tell them I'm signing my book tomorrow at noon at my counter at Macy's. They can take my picture there." Walter Anderson then instructed me, "Tell her that the lighting is terrible at Macy's. We'll rent a studio around the corner." Estée showed up in a red-and-black outfit indistinguishable from the one she was wearing on her book jacket. The result was exactly what Estée had wanted: *Parade*'s cover and her book's cover were almost identical.

Nineteen eighty-six was Estée's *annus mirabilis.* In April, Ronald Lauder was named President Reagan's ambassador to Austria, the country Estée had often suggested was her birthplace. The appointment was not without its complications: Vienna was known for its excellent relations with the Palestine Liberation Organization, and Austria's freshly elected president, Kurt Waldheim, had been exposed as a former Nazi officer who had lied about his military record. The fact that Waldheim had been a regular presence at Estée's dinner table in the 1970s, when he was U.N. secretary-general, made matters even trickier for her son. But Ronald managed to distance himself from the tainted head of state while maintaining cordial r tions with his government, and Estée rep edly called the embassy to make sure he h not been kidnapped by the P.L.O. "I'm sh ing in my shoes," she told friends, and word around town was that she was pay for extra bodyguards. (*The Washington Post* ported that the State Department returne $150,000 check from Estée for the embas entertainment fund.)

Three months after Ronald took up diplomatic post, the Museum of Modern in New York opened its blockbuster exh tion "Vienna 1900: Art, Architecture & D sign," which he had proposed in his role museum trustee. Ronald had started collect German Expressionist and Viennese Secess art as a student at the Goethe Institute, n Salzburg, in the early 1960s, and over the y his mother and brother had followed his le A large number of the works on display MoMA were from the family's collections, a the exhibition was sponsored by Estée La der Inc. One night that summer the compa hosted a cocktail party at the museum for saleswomen from department stores arou the country—"my girls," Estée called them accompanied her to the party, and as walked through MoMA's galleries, she poi ed out which Klimt and Schiele paintings s owned. "That's mine," she said. "Eight milli insurance. That's mine—six million insuranc When we came to a small, dark Kokosch portrait of a bearded man, she announce "The boys made me buy it—three million surance," and asked me what I thought of I said it was "a strong painting." "That's wh the boys said. I've got a house full of stro paintings. What I need is a strong man."

By the time the exhibition closed that O tober, Estée was riding as high as she ev would. With her sons and daughters-in-la as her co-chairs, she presided over a $1,00 a-ticket Hapsburg-themed Vienna Ball MoMA, complete with white-wigged foo men, pheasant in lingonberry sauce, ar Wiener Werkstätte–style gift bags containi the latest Lauder offerings, Beautiful (f women) and Tuscany (for men). The gue list was limited to 400, and among the atte dees were Blanchette Rockefeller, Bill Pale Henry Kissinger, the Buckleys, Ann and Go don Getty, Lee Radziwill, and Malcol Forbes. It was one of those occasions whe the ladies took their big rocks out of the safes—on her command, according to Esté who was bedecked in diamonds. "I called u all my friends," she told me, "and said, 'Wea everything, and what you can't wear *carry.*'

The following December, I was seated ne to Estée at the annual holiday lunch that sh Leonard, and Evelyn used to give for Cond Nast editors and publishers. It was held in th private room of Le Cirque, and the Quee of Cream was in fine fettle. She had S. I. New house on her right, and she kept pushing p

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tits fours and chocolate truffles in front of him, even though he kept pushing them away. Her speech was classic Estée—extemporaneous, earthy, hilarious. "Forty years ago," she began, "I went to see a Miss Peck at *Vogue* about getting some editorial coverage, and she suggested that I advertise. The only thing I could afford was the smallest ad in the back pages, so I took this very small ad and put a photograph of a naked woman next to a bottle of Youth Dew. And that little ad got so many letters from churches all over the country. The only thing I can say is I wish some of those priests were still alive to see where I am today." When the laughter died down, she added, "I always say, when sex goes out of business, that's when I'll go out of business."

From *Vogue,* she said, she moved on to *Mademoiselle,* where her first request for "editorial" was also turned down. "So I said to the editor there, 'Do you mind if I do your girls, as long as I'm here, with my products, which are the best in the world?' Because I noticed that all the girls at *Mademoiselle* in those days had bad skin—clogged pores. So the editor said O.K., and I started doing these girls' faces, and when they saw how beautiful they looked, and that their pores weren't clogged anymore, they started giving me so much editorial that Mr. Revson called the editor and said, 'Why are you giving this Estée Lauder so much editorial when she doesn't even advertise?'"

I spent the next two years holed up in Rhode Island writing a book about Warhol, so I missed most of the hoopla surrounding Ronald Lauder's run for mayor of New York City in the 1989 Republican primary against the then U.S. attorney for the Southern District of New York, Rudy Giuliani. Prodded by Estée, I did make it to a Lauder-for-mayor fund-raiser at the Plaza hotel, along with a remarkable number of tycoons and socialites, including Henry Kravis and his then wife, Carolyn Roehm, Saul and Gayfryd Steinberg, Alfred and Judy Taubman, and Carroll Petrie. Much to the amusement of Estée's Park Avenue pals, every speaker made a point of mentioning that the candidate's mother was from Queens, and Estée, in a pillbox hat with a little veil, would nod and smile as they said it. Although Ronald spent $14 million—more than any other mayoral candidate ever had—on a campaign that was advised by Roger Ailes, run by Arthur Finkelstein, and supported by Senator Alfonse D'Amato, three of the five county leaders, and Rupert Murdoch's *New York Post,* he was trounced two to one by Giuliani, who then barely lost to Democrat David Dinkins in November. "Estée was not crazy about him running," recalled one family friend, "but she went along with it, because she never said no to Ronald."

The last time I saw Estée was in 1993, when she was 86 and beginning to slip into the long decline of her last decade. I had recently returned to New York after two years in Paris covering the European scene for this magazine and had bought an apartment on East 70th Street. One spring afternoon I was rushing to Lexington Avenue when I ran into Estée, dressed up and made up, taking some air in front of her house with a maid and a security man. "Estée," I said, "how are you?" She seemed unsure of who I was, so I raised my voice and said, "It's me. Bob Colacello." "Oh, you," she said. "You used to be my boyfriend, and now you never call, you never write." "I've been living in Paris," I explained. "What's the matter," she snapped. "They don't have phones in Paris?"

Within a year or so, she was a virtual recluse in a wheelchair. Apart from her family and servants, the only person who saw her regularly was Lou Gartner, a retired *House & Garden* editor from Palm Beach whom she had known since the 1970s. "I went up to New York every other month for a week for nine years," he told me. "Until she died. She was very with it at first, and she was so funny. We used to have Saturday lunch in the dining room, and I arrived one Saturday wearing a cashmere sweater and corduroys. She looked me up and down and said, 'Where are you going dressed like that?' I said, 'Estée, you gave this sweater to me.' She said, 'O.K., sit down.' In the beginning, the boys would hire a musician who would come in with a portable piano and play show tunes, and she sort of sang along. But then that stopped. The last years all I did was spend a week holding her hand. She stopped talking. We had a system where she squeezed my hand once for yes, twice for no."

Other old friends grumbled about not being able to get through to her. "If she wanted to see someone," Gartner says, "she would have seen them. *She* drew the blind. She'd *had it.* She'd seen everything she wanted to see and she'd done everything she wanted to do."

Was she happy?

"Happy, I don't know. Maybe content."

According to Ronald, most days she had "a few good hours," and the family would take turns visiting her. "My mother never really changed," he told me. "You know, whenever I'd tell her I'd seen one of her old friends—São Schlumberger, let's say—she wouldn't ask me how they were. She'd ask, 'How does she look? Is she still so pretty? Is her skin still so beautiful?'"

All the while, the family business thrived. In November 1995, Estée, Leonard, and Ronald, who each owned one-third of the company, sold 13 percent of their shares to the public for about $340 million, while retaining about 91 percent of the voting rights for themselves. Leonard told *Newsday* t his mother had to be talked into giving even that amount of family control. Acc ing to Gartner, "Her whole attitude was: them do what they want to do."

With the fresh infusion of cash, the c pany went on a buying binge, acquiring the first time brands created outside its c laboratories, including MAC, Bobbi Bro Aveda, and Stila, and making deals to p duce and distribute cosmetics lines for s big-name fashion designers as Tommy H figer and Donna Karan. In 1998, *Forbes* timated that, despite Ronald's substan losses in starting up a Central Europ media network, the Lauder brothers ha joint net worth of some $6.4 billion. Th were notable achievements outside the b ness sphere as well. Paralleling Ronald's r at MoMA, Leonard became chairman the Whitney's board in 1994; in 2002 he a several other trustees gave the museum modern-art works valued at $200 milli The previous year, Ronald's Neue Gale showing German and Austrian art, h opened on Fifth Avenue to critical accola and long lines. Evelyn Lauder's Breast Can Research Foundation, which she establish in 1993, emerged as a leader in its field an probably one of the few charities to have be supported by both the late Diana, Princess Wales, and Prince Charles's Prince of Wa Foundation. Jo Carole Lauder, Ronald's w is chairman of the Foundation for Art a Preservation in Embassies, having succeed its founding chairman, Lee Annenberg; m recently FAPE has commissioned site-speci works by Louise Bourgeois, Ellsworth Ke and Martin Puryear for the new U.S. E bassy in Beijing and by Sol LeWitt for t new U.S. Embassy in Berlin.

During the summer immediately follow Estée's death, the company announc three promotions: William Lauder, the eld son of Leonard and Evelyn, was named ch executive officer; Aerin Lauder, Ronald a Jo Carole's elder daughter, became senior v president of global creative directions for t Estée Lauder division, which reportedly st accounts for about 35 percent of overall re enue; and Jane Lauder, Aerin's kid sister, w made vice president of marketing for Flirt! a American Beauty within BeautyBank, "a ne division created to develop new brand concep and global opportunities for the company.

"I think my grandmother would be ve proud," William told me. "That would be m hope. Most importantly, we all enjoy worki together." Although his father remains chai man and his mother senior corporate vi president for fragrance development, Willia 45, is responsible for the day-to-day operatio of the company. Like his father and uncle graduate of the Wharton School of Finance an Commerce at the University of Pennsylvani

oined the business in 1986 and worked way up the corporate ladder, becoming).O. in 2002. He called his decision to ɔw in his father's footsteps "osmotic, hav- caught numerous conversations around dinner table my whole life. When I was I worked for the company for a few ks before I went to camp, and I went on ıe business trips with my father. Then ɛn I got more serious in college, saying is perhaps something that's really going ɔe a career choice for me, my father said, ok, this is great. But you're going to go l do time elsewhere first.' So I went to k for Macy's for three years. I loved it." The company could have lost its heir ap- ent to public service, however. After Wil- ı spent a summer working for Secretary he Treasury Donald Regan in the first ıgan administration, he recalled, "they de me a wonderful offer. They said, 'You're ng a wonderful job. Come back.' I just l, 'You know what? This is not where I my career going.'"

Jane Lauder told me that she too felt the l of the company early on. "My grand- ther was so passionate about the business, l her passion and that of the rest of my ily made it so exciting that you wanted to part of it," she said. Still, after graduating n Stanford in 1996, she told me, "I wasn't dy to come back quite yet, so I spent a r working in advertising in San Francis- Then I moved back to New York and ted working in sales at Clinique."

The new BeautyBank division, Jane said, s "championed by William," and she rked closely with her cousin and other ex- tives for a year and a half before its cre- n was officially announced, in 2004. "Our t project has been developing a whole uty department for Kohl's," she said. The waukee-based department-store chain, explained, "had a little bit of private label y did themselves, but for the most part y were a $10-billion-a-year company h no cosmetics. So we launched three y brands last October at Kohl's—Ameri- Beauty, Flirt!, and Good Skin. For the e being, they'll be distributed exclusive- ıt their 688 stores around the country. They're our brands, though, so we can take them around the world, and we're planning that for the future."

Of all the Lauder heirs, 35-year-old Aerin seems most like her grandmother. Her uncle Leonard told the *New York Post* several years ago, "I look at Aerin and I see Estée. She has her flair. She knows how to pick the exact right fragrance, the exact right color." Aerin also knows how to use a high social profile to burnish the company's image and promote its products. Estée put titled friends such as Princess Grace and Contessa Donina Cicogna Mozzoni on her scent advisory committee; Aerin's closest pals tend to have names like Lauren duPont and Renée Rockefeller and can be counted on to show up at product launches in department stores as well as at small dinners at her Park Avenue apartment, which is filled with works by such artists as Robert Ryman and Brice Marden.

When I asked Aerin if she knew as a child that she would end up working for the company, she answered without a moment's hesitation. "It's funny, because I really did. Everyone always says, 'Did you do anything first before you went into the company?' And I didn't. Every summer I worked either at Clinique or Prescriptives. After college I stayed at Prescriptives for about two years, and then I moved on to Estée Lauder. In the past, I was focused on advertising. Now I'm doing basically all creative, which entails advertising, store design, packaging, and merchandising.

"I used to love to watch my grandmother put her makeup on and get dressed," she continued. "She always used to wear these amazing pendants on a long chain, and I recently bought one for myself. What she did—you know, being able to balance the family and her career—is something that I really look up to."

Nine months after her promotion was announced—and nearly a year to the day after her grandmother died—Aerin was on the front page of *Women's Wear Daily,* along with the Estée Lauder division's president, John Demsey, flanking their latest star hire: Tom Ford. Demsey had negotiated Lauder's deal with Ford and his business partner, former Gucci C.E.O. Domenico De Sole, but it was Aerin who had first heard "from a very close mutual friend that Tom was interested in doing something with a beauty-and-fragrance company." She added, "We jumped at the opportunity."

Industry analysts agreed that it was just the kind of jolt that Lauder's aging namesake brand needed, and credited Aerin with pushing the deal through despite reported reservations on Leonard Lauder's part. By the April 12, 2005, signing, the family, as always, had pulled together, with William telling *WWD* that he considered Ford "one of the early-21st-century's stylemakers." Ford returned the compliment, saying that his grandmother had worn Youth Dew until the day she died and that he himself had been a big fan of Aramis bronzer as a teenager.

Aerin told me, "Tom is actually very similar to Estée, in that he understands his consumer, he has a passion for what he creates, and he likes to be provocative. So did Estée for her time: she ran a nude woman in her first ads; she was the first one to have jeans on a model; she was the first one to do a sports fragrance—Aliage—and now everyone does sports fragrances. Tom Ford is a lifestyle within himself. And so was Estée."

As she spoke, I remembered the first time I had sat next to her at a dinner party, in the early 1990s. She had just graduated from the University of Pennsylvania's Annenberg School of Communications. Like Estée, she began our conversation with flattery, telling me she had liked my profile of the German fashion designer Jil Sander. "I love Jil Sander's clothes," she said. "They're so well designed and well made. It's all about quality, really—just like Prescriptives, where I'm working now. Our products are made from 100 percent natural ingredients and have been scientifically tested—"

I started to chuckle, and she wanted to know why. "Because you're just like your grandmother," I told her. "We started out on Jil Sander and somehow, within a minute or two, we're on your products!"

Aerin smiled sweetly, then, almost uncontrollably, resumed her sales pitch for Estée Lauder's Prescriptives. □

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arry's Bar

TINUED FROM PAGE 306 India Jane. "In , when people use the word 'luxury,' you ɔw it's going to be just the opposite."

Days after Taki's column appeared, the ley offspring gave an interview to Lon- 's *Evening Standard* in which Robin said was "appalled," "furious," and "incan- cent" at Sherwood's attitude. "Nothing uld change for Jim Sherwood. It would go on the same way. But the fact that India Jane and Robin are actually running the place, what difference does it make to him?" Lady Annabel asks *Vanity Fair.*

On July 15, Harry's Bar member George J. Goulandris, a Greek shipping magnate, sent a letter to Sherwood, in which he stated that if the Birley family was not allowed to be majority owners and managers of the club he and other members might resign. Sherwood wrote back to Goulandris, saying that his organization had no "present intention" of exercising the option to acquire Birley's ownership share, that Robin and his sister were doing a good job, and that as long as this was the case they wouldn't make any management changes.

On July 21 a letter signed by Mark Birley went out to 80 Harry's Bar members, apologizing for the publicity and summing up the problem:

I haven't been well for some time and I've tried in vain for nearly a year now to persuade him [Sherwood] that Harry's Bar can only work as a family run business and not as part

of a large publicly quoted hotel group....

As a family we can't agree to his terms which involve short term performance targets that would trigger a buy-out by Orient-Express Limited in the event we fail to meet them. As you know I don't run my business like that and as my children have been brought up in the clubs they understand that we take a long term view.

Robin Birley, tall, like his father, dark-haired, and immaculately dressed, has a scar on one cheek, the remnant of a near-death encounter with a tiger when he was 12. He explains: "If, for example, there are more terrorist attacks, we can't be beholden to meet targets. That's just not how we operate. Harry's Bar is about spending $80,000 per annum on flowers; it's about perfectionism. We wouldn't start doing catering or opening on weekends or turning tables to make ends meet. That completely goes against the ethos of what we do." Later, over lunch at Mark's Club, as a particularly fine truffle is being grated over scrambled eggs, and a glass of Bordeaux poured, he says, "The Sherwoods think we are overly emotional about this. Well, we are. Harry's Bar is part of our family home. We are very emotional about it."

India Jane echoes her brother. "I went into Harry's Bar for lunch recently, and the staff are all so upset," she says. "They told me, You must fight—and that's the point. Even if we lose this, then members will be alert to what has gone on—and we will have gone down fighting."

To understand why emotions run so high, you have to go back to the founding of Mark Birley's empire. Birley, then just out of his 20s, was an exceptionally good-looking, larger-than-life, not very affluent Old Etonian whose "set" included Harry, Viscount Hambleden; the late Lord Ashcombe; the late gaming entrepreneur John Aspinall (or Aspers, as he was known to his friends); and Simon and Annabel Elliot, the sister of the Duchess of Cornwall. While still a copywriter for the advertising agency J. Walter Thompson, Birley had married Lady Annabel Vane-Tempest-Stewart, the daughter of the Marquess of Londonderry. It was a match her father was initially against. "His father was a bounder and his mother a whore," the late marquess said of Birley's parents, according to Lady Annabel's 2004 memoir, *Annabel: An Unconventional Life*. Lady Annabel saw it differently. "This assessment was both monstrously untrue and unfair," she wrote. "[Sir] Oswald Birley had been one of the most respected society portrait painters of the century and Rhoda was a well-known if somewhat Bohemian hostess."

On their wedding night, in Paris, Lady Annabel learned that her husband could have a temper, when she attempted to call him to bed while he was gambling at Le Circle. "I learned you never interrupt a man who is running a winning bank," she wrote. All Birley's friends attest to his temper. In his introduction to a recent limited-edition coffee-table book, *Harry's Bar, London,* the writer Frederick Forsyth stated, "Those who have experienced the exquisitely chosen words of his displeasure have not forgotten in a hurry. But his staff rarely leave him."

In 1956, Birley quit J. Walter Thompson and went on to start his own agency and launch London's first Hermès store. Then, in 1963, Aspinall opened the Clermont Club, at 44 Berkeley Square. He offered Birley the basement for a nightclub. "The premise was that it would be good for business, since you weren't allowed to have music or pretty girls otherwise in the casinos," explains Wynne-Morgan. Birley rented the space for a paltry sum and at a cost of $336,000 (£120,000) converted it painstakingly into a club that looked like an English country drawing room. The walls of the main area were covered with paintings—portraits, mostly—while the private dining room's walls were adorned with row after row of wine bottles.

There were 700 "Founder Members" of Annabel's, each of whom paid five guineas ($14). (Of these, 159 are still on the rolls, and still pay only five guineas.) They included (according to Lady Annabel) "Nolly Zervudachy, Philip Jebb, Michael Brand, Douglas Wilson, Anthony Berry, George Galitzine, also known as Prince Galitzine, David Metcalfe, Peter Blond, Daniel Prean, Peter Munster, Jeremy Tree, Tony Lambton, David Somerset, Azamat Guirey, also known as Prince Guirey, Mickey Suffolk (the Earl of Suffolk), John Beckwith Smith, Henry J. Heinz III, Houston Shaw-Stewart, William de Gelsey, James Hanson (Lord Hanson), David d'Ambrumenil, Lord Hambleden, and Norman Parkinson." A portrait of this group, painted by Birley's great friend John Ward, still hangs in the club.

To most London dwellers it seems as though Annabel's has always been the place where smart young people meet after dinner to dance and drink, settling down until the small hours in the cushion-festooned Buddha room, considered by one member as "pole position"—or best spot. Birley says such popularity was not always the case. "It didn't quite turn out as we expected," he says. He is referring to the fact that it took five years' hard work to attract enough people to make Annabel's the whirling attraction it became in the 60s and 70s, when, as Wynne-Morgan recalls, "there wasn't a weeknight when you didn't finish an evening at Annabel's." The Beatles visited then, while upstairs, in the Clermont C Lord Derby (the father of the current E lost a fortune, as did one Henry Viner, t in his 20s, who had just been handed father's Yorkshire estate to avoid far death duties and is said to have squ dered it in one night of gambling.

Even then Birley's reputation as an biter of taste was quickly growing. Wyn Morgan recalls how Birley refused to h the brass pillars in Annabel's lacquered, e though it would have saved thousand dollars. "Mark insisted no—that unless t were [unlacquered] brass the reflectio the light would be too harsh, so at some pense we had a man known as Mr. Bi polish the pillars every day for years."

Meanwhile, the staff, many of wh Birley says, came with him from leading tablishments in London that he had quented over the years, and all of whom fer to him as "Mr. Birley," discovered t working for him meant that they earned full 15 percent service charge, not the m lower percentage most restaurants n mally pass on. The result was a staff form in its founder's image. When a reporter vi ed Annabel's recently and asked for the b the waiter replied, "Only if your host, 'M X,' permits you to pay." (He did.)

Spurred by Annabel's success (the nig club now almost breaks even just subscriptions from its 9,000 members, cording to Wynne-Morgan), Birley, in 19 came up with the idea of Mark's Club kind of home away from home. Just st from Annabel's, Mark's Club, Birley sa probably reveals more of his personal than do any of his other places. And, deed, it bears a striking resemblance to South Kensington home, especially in t dark colors and the abundance of anim paintings. Mark's Club is, unsurprising beloved by the English country set, of wh Birley is very fond—even if, according Wynne-Morgan, "he doesn't like going to t country much. He loves being a host, b he can be an uncomfortable guest.

"Besides," points out Wynne-Morga opening up the gates outside Birley's hou "who needs the country when you have garden like this in London?" Birley's priva sanctuary is mesmerizing both for its m of colors and for its almost shocking tra quillity, given that it is in the heart of th British capital. The drawing room of th adjoining town house is littered with pe sonal effects, and the books on the coff table range from one on Picasso to *The A of Cricket.* In a corner is a grand piano, c top of which are scattered family phot graphs. One is of a dark-haired, Byroni looking youth: the late Rupert Birley. It a reminder of one of the few tragedies t have befallen Mark Birley.

he brilliant, popular elder sibling to Robin and India Jane, Rupert disap-ed in 1986 while swimming off the coast ogo, West Africa. Various theories have n bandied about as to what happened to . One has it that he was a spy (he spoke sian) and was spirited away on a Russian that was glimpsed off the coast that ning. Another claims that, following an dent which crushed his leg, he was de-sed and committed suicide. "All the Bir-suffer from depression at one moment or ther," says a close family friend. But in memoir, his mother writes, "On the day disappeared the red flag was up, forbid-g swimmers to enter the sea. Rupert was acted by danger.... That morning he followed his daily routine of leaving his hes together with his watch in a pile on beach." Robin reportedly keeps a photo-oh of his late brother in the breast pocket is jacket, and Lady Annabel says that in e ways she has never gotten over the loss. On the whole, however, Mark Birley's has n an enviable life. Wynne-Morgan says once told Birley, "'You had better get ried again or you will die a lonely old n.' [But] he made it clear he liked his the way it was." There have been many friends, apparently, over the years—one, ording to Wynne-Morgan, a very rich, utiful woman. "I said to him, 'Mark, why 't you marry her?' He grimaced. 'Ugh! that dark hair all over the pillow every ning.'"

Not surprisingly, Birley turned out to be a ible business partner. "Mark doesn't real-o things anyone else's way," says Wynne-rgan, not without sympathy for James rwood, who he imagines found that try-to deal with Birley over the years was dif-lt. But since Harry's Bar is now estimat-o be worth as much as $18 million, Sher-od, perhaps wisely, kept his counsel.

One story making the rounds in London, vever, has Sherwood reportedly saying private dinner party, "I own Harry's , too. Why does everyone always go about Mark Birley?" Sherwood denies incident and responds, "I do not own part of Harry's Bar. Orient-Express tels believes that Mark Birley should e credit for the success of the club." in feels that Sherwood is so immovable the matter of his shareholding because s is personal for him. They've never got Pup [the children's nickname for their er] has a loftiness about him that prob-y got under his skin."

herwood and Mark Birley met in Lon-don in the late 70s, when Sherwood was chasing the Orient-Express's carriages a view to refurbishing them. Sherwood, son of a patent attorney, grew up in ington, Kentucky, Berkeley, California, and Bronxville, New York, and graduated from Yale University in 1955. After a four-year stint in the navy he spent five years working for United States Lines, where he learned about sea containers. In 1965, with the help of a Yale classmate, a Hong Kong tea merchant, and an investment of $100,000, he started a business that now has a market capitalization of $570 million. Diversification into hotels—not an obvious fit—happened because Sherwood was "concerned we had too many eggs in one basket."

In 2000, when Sea Containers Ltd. went public, the London *Times* reported that "there are shades of a private fiefdom in the way Orient-Express has assembled its portfolio. Which UK-listed [*sic*] company could get away with operating a luxury riverboat in Burma [a dictatorship]? They'd have the protesters hammering down the door." When asked about this, Sherwood, in a statement issued to *Vanity Fair,* says, "Orient-Express Hotels owns a river cruise ship in Myanmar. This is one of 49 leisure investments of Orient-Express Hotels Ltd. and Mr James Sherwood has no personal involvement in the venture."

The fact that Sherwood owns only 500,000 shares of Orient-Express's 39.3 million shares has led people to ask why his stepson Simon Sherwood, 45, is the company's president. (In addition, Sea Containers owns 25 percent of Orient-Express.) Sherwood responds, "Simon Sherwood is a graduate of Cambridge, Harvard Business School, and worked for the Boston Consulting Group for a number of years before being recruited to run Orient-Express Hotels. Share ownership is not a criterion for executive appointment."

Simon is the son of Shirley Cross, a respected biochemist, who was a widow when Sherwood married her in 1978, when they were both in their 40s. The couple spends a vast amount of time traveling, but owns two homes in England—one in London and one in Oxfordshire. Some of James Sherwood's peers on Wall Street consider him one of the toughest businessmen in their midst. "He doesn't like to let you know what he's doing unless he has to, and he's very fiscally oriented," says someone who has dealt with Sherwood. This person recalls how Sherwood recently survived a near-death experience when a wave washed him off a beach: "That he survived is typical Sherwood. The current was strong enough to have killed most people."

Sherwood has faced off against the Europeans many times before. In his 1996 memoir, *Harry's Bar,* Arrigo Cipriani, who sold Sherwood the Hotel Cipriani in 1967, criticized Sherwood's commercially successful renovations of it. "The dining room was judged too banal, so a new one was designed in imitation of the Basilica of San Marco. The bar took on a Caribbean air. And the poolside apartments were decorated after the fashion of the cabins on Saudi businessman Adnan Khashoggi's yacht—with television sets that rose magically at the foot of the bed, and mirrors, mirrors everywhere. There were mirrors in which New Jersey druggists could proudly display their tanned faces and bodies and admire the reflection of their heavy gold necklaces and medals."

However, Victoria Mather, *Vanity Fair*'s travel editor, says, "Sherwood has kept *old-style* glamour in his hotels. There is absolutely nothing more glamorous than staying in the Cogaressa Suite at the Cipriani in the palazzo, which is rented from the Duchess of Manchester. You walk in and it is as though the drawing room is floating over the water." She adds, "Sherwood has great staff and fabulous hotel managers. I'd say there would still be that man coming toward you as you entered Harry's Bar, a huge smile on his face greeting you" if Sherwood took over.

And many social New Yorkers find the current incarnation of '21' to be spiffy and congenial. "I love the family atmosphere of '21,'" says Toni Goodale, a prominent New York fund-raising consultant. "I'm always made to feel like I'm a guest in someone's home."

The Birleys feel Sherwood's pragmatic ethos is entirely antithetical to theirs. "My father would make sure to replace everything with the very best, and Jim Sherwood just wouldn't," says India Jane. "For example, when someone was sick all over the wallpaper at Annabel's, Pup replaced it with the very best. At Harry's Bar he has a huge number of waiters for each table. He gets the best table linen in from Switzerland—it costs a fortune. He buys the most expensive glasses. But that's why people go to Harry's Bar." ("We have never asked Mark Birley to restrain his expenditure on Harry's Bar," points out Sherwood.)

"I think Harry's Bar is the most beautiful room of all the clubs," says India Jane—and, upon entering, you are inclined to believe she's right. The red-and-cream patterned Fortuny wallpaper hung from top to bottom with *New Yorker* covers from the 1930s by Peter Arno is startlingly unlike any of the minimalist club spaces so often found in New York; at Harry's, you feel as though you were in a time warp—but one of unrivaled opulence. At the back of the L-shaped room is an area known as "Siberia," where people go for private dinners, though it is possible to hire the entire place out for cocktails, as James Archer, the son of the writer and disgraced politician Jeffrey Archer, did recently to celebrate his engagement to Tara Bernard, the daughter of a British real-estate magnate. "At that party every single detail was right," says Ben Elliot.

Elliot, 30, worked in the kitchens here as a teenager and knows a little about how

Harry's Bar

much work goes into creating such perfection under head chef Alberico Penati. "You learn, for example, when making a Bloody Mary, exactly how to squeeze the lemon over a muslin cloth, and then let it freeze to the perfect temperature," says Elliot.

Robin Birley says that he does not go around glad-handing guests, as his father used to, although he will say hello at the bar. "I don't think people like to be interrupted when they are eating," he says. The younger Birley is quite different from his father. "He is better with figures than his father," says an old friend.

India Jane told the *Evening Standard* that Robin is not social by nature. That almost certainly has to do with the terrible accident that befell him when he was 12, when his mother took him, Rupert, and India Jane to Howletts, John Aspinall's zoo, in Kent, where he was mauled by a tiger to the point that his mother thought he was dead. "I could see that his jaw was being held on by a thread and there was just a hole where one side of his face had been," Lady Annabel wrote. "It was a pregnant tiger," Robin says. "It had its paws on my shoulders. Aspers prized its jaws open with his hands to get my head out. Min [his wife] grabbed its tail to keep the hind legs from clawing my stomach out." It took nine hours of surgery to save him. The incident caused huge friction between Mark and Lady Annabel—she had not told him she was taking the children to the zoo, because he had had a temporary falling-out with Aspinall. (Today, the former husband and wife are great friends and see each other regularly.)

Robin has had many reconstructive surgeries on his face over the years. The disfigurement, now very minor, was significant enough to provoke much teasing from his peers while he was a schoolboy at Eton, where he was known as "Tiger Birley," and some of his friends believe it caused him to recede into a protective shell. "Robin is very shy and guarded," a friend says about him, although during an interview Robin was confident, even intense. He once ran for a seat in Parliament as the candidate of the anti–European Union Referendum Party, founded by his late stepfather, Sir James Goldsmith. "He is very right-wing," says one of his close friends. He is also an obsessive dog-lover, who has been known to hire a masseuse for his whippets, Chester and Arnie. He has never married, but is currently dating Lucy Helmore, the ex-wife of rocker Bryan Ferry.

The younger Birley made a name for himself in Britain with the introduction of his upmarket sandwich chain in London's financial district. When asked if he considers his son's product to be the first "English upper-class sandwich," Mark Birley smiles a little. "No," he answers. "I'd say it was England's first edible sandwich."

James Sherwood can't understand all the fuss over Harry's Bar, apparently. Someone who spent the last weekend of July with him told *Vanity Fair* that he was entirely affable, if diffident, on the subject. "I see no reason to change things," he told this person. It was exactly what he'd told George Goulandris and the other Harry's Bar members who had written to him to complain. "The point is that by not changing things, he is," says Robin.

The English businessman Sir Evelyn de Rothschild, a friend of both the Birleys' and the Sherwoods', tried to talk to Sherwood about Harry's Bar, according to a source, but said he got nowhere, because Sherwood cut him off. (Sherwood acknowledges the discussion, but disputes he curtailed it.) Simon Sherwood told a mutual friend that the family could not fathom the Birleys' emotional reaction.

"Legally, he [Sherwood] is completely in the right," says David Tang, the Hong Kong real-estate magnate, who spends much time in London (and who designed that city's new Cipriani restaurant). "I don't think you can appeal to him on business grounds. I think you have to appeal to him in the spirit of large

Many of the club members seemed fused by the dispute. One read Mark Bi letter to members apologizing for the h baloo and scratched his head. "It looks it was written in the bath," he says. "I really understand it."

Americans, perhaps predictably, ten take Sherwood's side. An American bil aire shrugged: "Contracts are contracts; the English upper classes seem to have culty understanding that."

But the British, for the most part, st firm with the Birleys: "What will Har Bar be without the Birleys?" is the rheto question asked universally in London. prominent friend of both Sherwood's and ley's says that Sherwood's argument ab needing to placate his shareholders is abs

As of this writing, according to a c fidant, Sherwood will not move fi the terms of the agreement. If he does then Robin, according to friends, will st new club, taking the Birley-loyalist memb with him. "He desperately does not wan do this, but he will," says a friend. (A director of Harry's Bar, Robin would comment.)

Both Birley children—and family friend say the pressure of the dispute weighs he ily on their father. "I'd go so far as to say killing him," says a friend of Robin's.

Many people say, with great sadness, t Mark Birley is despondent about the sit tion, but on the day a reporter visited h in the hospital, he was downplaying his health, British-style. Lucid, and with trademark humor razor-sharp, he has m visitors each day to keep him laughi There is no danger he will die, as Wyn Morgan had feared, a lonely old man.

When asked how often James Sherwo eats at Harry's Bar, Birley replied, " doesn't, really. He's always on a diet, you s The sandwich-at-the-desk type."

He chuckled.

At that moment, his risotto, hot from t stove at Harry's Bar, was delivered. □

Deep Throat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 297 burglary squad and himself a onetime F.B.I. agent, was saying that if Mark Felt had been a stand-up F.B.I. man he'd have addressed his concerns not to *The Washington Post* but to the appropriate authorities.

"[Felt] was a very, very highly placed law-enforcement official, number two at the F.B.I." Liddy was sneering. "If such an official gains knowledge and evidence of a crime having been committed, what he is ethically bound to do is go to a grand jury and get an indictment, not selectively leak some information to one source."

Bradlee regarded Liddy's pate and shook his head. "Didn't he get out of the slammer not too long ago?" he noted.

Where would Felt have gone if not to the press? To the prosecutors who were being manipulated by John Dean? To the head of the F.B.I., who was burning evidence? To Nixon, who was orchestrating the cover-up?

Colson, who became a born-again Christian 11 months before his imprisonment for his role in Watergate, was now one of the most important evangelical voices in t country. He was not turning the other che During the reporting of Watergate, I'd thoug the most emblematic moment of all w when we learned that Nixon had repeate ordered Colson and others to arrange for t firebombing of the Brookings Institutio a liberal-leaning think tank in Washingto presumably to be blown up by Liddy a the same squad of White House "Plumbe who had broken into the Watergate.

About Mark Felt, Colson said, "He'll always known, instead of being deputy dir tor of the F.B.I. with the highest esteem

's colleagues and professional reputation, 'll be known as the—as Deep Throat. And hink it's a—it's a sad legacy, I believe."

Buchanan, who had been Nixon's speech-riter and opposition-research specialist and ho recommended that the president burn s tapes on the White House lawn, assert-l that Felt had acted from "malicious mo-es" because he had been passed over for B.I. director. "I don't think Deep Throat a hero, I think Deep Throat is a snake." On e next night's broadcast Buchanan said, He lied and lied and lied for years be-use he was ashamed of what he did. And hat he did was help destroy an enormous-popular president, and partly as a conse-ience of that, what 58,000 Americans died r in Vietnam was poured down a sewer."

Peggy Noonan, writing on the *Wall Street ournal* op-ed page on June 2, added a new ount to the indictment: not only had Felt's tions figured large in the loss of the war in ietnam, but he should also be held respon-ble for the genocide in Cambodia by Pol ot, she implied. The former Nixon speech-riter Ben Stein, my close friend and child-ood next-door neighbor (and like Buchanan sometime candidate in the Deep Throat veepstakes), had reached into the revision-t Indo-Chinese handbag, too, and written n the Web that Felt had interfered with e agenda of Nixon "the Peacemaker" and eared the road for Pol Pot.

The unmasking of Deep Throat had ouched a raw nerve in the post-millennial ulture wars. "Watergate will never end," uchanan promised. It now seemed possible iat Nixon's abdication could be blamed by ie take-no-prisoners New Right on Deep hroat—not on Nixon's crimes. The salvo om Liddy, Noonan, Stein, Buchanan, and thers failed to take into account the most nportant fact about *The Washington Post*'s eporting on Watergate: very little of the in-ormation Woodward and I reported had ome originally from Deep Throat but rath-r from officials high and low in the White louse and Nixon campaign, some of whom ere to do the loudest braying over the next ouple of weeks about Mark Felt.

Times had changed. Deep Throat's un-eiling came at a new media moment, at the pogee of talk TV, which hews to a value sys-em predicated on who can shout simplistic yllogisms the loudest and make the most out-andish ahistorical pronouncements. The new nedia model routinely accords equal time and eight to two opposing points of view without egard to whether one might be factually demonstrable and the other off the deep end. Thus, the day after Deep Throat's unmask-ng, Bernard Barker, one of the Watergate burglars, who'd gone to jail, weighed in. He ould tell, he said, what kind of guy Deep Throat was because he had a weak chin.

Pol Pot? Deep Throat? Gordon Liddy on situational ethics? Again, the Nixon men had found a way to make someone else's conduct the issue in Watergate, instead of a criminal president's. In 1972 it had been our conduct at *The Washington Post.* Now it was Deep Throat's.

When I read Woodward's account of his relationship with Deep Throat, now *The Secret Man,* there was one big surprise to me: the degree to which Felt, even before we began work on the Watergate story, had confided the "switchblade mentality" that permeated the Nixon White House; Felt's beliefs about this were so intense that he had dared to compare the tactics of Nixon's men to those of the Nazis.

The summer of 1972 was the first time I'd heard about Woodward's secret source, whom he called "my friend" and who he said worked in the Justice Department, in a position that enabled him to see all the paperwork that reached the desk of the director of the F.B.I. Woodward said he was an old friend from his navy days—a clean-cut, newly minted G-man, I'd imagined. Later, when I told Woodward I needed to know the name of his source, he said it was Mark Felt. The name was less important to me than the fact that he was the number-two man in the bureau. It meant that our source could provide all-important context. Yet even then Woodward's contacts with Felt were few and far between, and their result was primarily to confirm information obtained from other sources.

Woodward did not convey Deep Throat's vehemence about the venality of the Nixon men to me until much later and certainly never in terms quite as emotional (as opposed to professional) as those quoted in *The Secret Man.* In the first week after the break-in, a former official in the Nixon high command (another individual mentioned later as a Deep Throat candidate) told me, "I know the president well enough to know if he needed something like this [the Watergate bugging] done it certainly wouldn't be a shoddy job.... There was always a great preoccupation at the White House with all this intelligence nonsense. Some of those people are dumb enough to think there would be something there.... Mitchell wouldn't let go of a decision like that"—the hiring of the security director for the president's re-election committee.

As we slogged through our reporting and learned of one unthinkable crime after another undertaken by the president and his aides, as each new fact moved us toward Watergate's dénouement, I was reluctant—and I thought Bob was, too—to believe the lengths to which Nixon and his men would go. As we wrote in *All the President's Men,* "This picture of the White House was in sharp contrast to the smooth, well-oiled machine Bernstein was accustomed to reading about in the newspapers."

When we learned in the fall of 1972 that John Mitchell, the president's former law partner, attorney general, and campaign manager, was one of the keepers of a secret fund used to pay the Watergate burglars and finance other intelligence-gathering activities, I turned to Bob and, almost as if struck by lightning, said, "Oh my God, this president is going to be impeached." It was only three months after the break-in at the Watergate, a year before an impeachment resolution would be introduced in Congress, but Woodward—to my surprise—concurred with my bolt from the blue. "Jesus, I think you're right," he said, and we vowed never to mention the notion in the newsroom, lest our editors or someone else think we had an agenda beyond reporting the story.

I did not realize at the time the extent to which Woodward had already been alerted by Deep Throat to the general aura of paranoia and criminality in the White House. My first awareness of Felt's intensity on the subject didn't come for another eight months, on the eve of the hearings of the Senate Watergate committee. Then Felt shook us to the core with his warning that "everyone's life is in danger" and outlined the breathtaking dimensions of Nixon's conspiracy.

Eventually I came to regard Mark Felt as the ultimate tormented man. Having recognized on his watch the existence of a rogue presidency, an extra-constitutional, criminal presidency unique in American history (though other presidents had gone off the legal tracks occasionally and run afoul of a particular aspect of the law), Felt had determined that the only repository for his knowledge was the single institution unquestionably beyond the corruptive reach of the criminal president himself: the press. Yet Felt had spent his professional life climbing the ladder in another rogue institution, J. Edgar Hoover's F.B.I. Indeed, after Felt had performed his singular act of serving justice and the country, he was ignominiously convicted in the same courthouse as the Watergate burglars of authorizing the most symbolic of Hoover-inspired crimes: breaking and entering, ostensibly in the name of national security. In this instance, it was breaking into the homes of families of members of the Weather Underground. Felt's claim that he had been protecting national security rested on the very same weak subterranean fault line that Nixon had exploited in his attempt to entangle the C.I.A. and F.B.I. in the conspiracy to cover up Watergate itself. As Bradlee said in an interview after the identification of Deep Throat, "It is my experience that most claims of national security are part of a campaign to avoid telling the truth."

At Felt's trial, a small army of his fellow G-men had shown up at the courthouse to

endorse the conduct he had authorized as one of Hoover's loyal lawbreaking deputies: he'd been following orders; black-bag jobs were just another part of the Hoover M.O. He was merely carrying out "government" policy, their argument went, protecting the nation against radicals.

Until I read Woodward's manuscript, I had never thought to examine the extent to which the ghost of J. Edgar Hoover hung over Watergate. Not just Hoover's hostage-taking of presidents from Roosevelt to Kennedy to Nixon through his obsessive amassing of files about their personal lives and (un)presidential acts, but also his slippery crimes against the Constitution. Hoover believed that wiretapping, break-ins, electronic surveillance, "evidence" planting, and other extra-legal methods were permissible against individuals, institutions, and even whole political and social movements—including the civil-rights movement—that he perceived to be enemies of the state or the F.B.I., or merely undesirable or inconvenient to the objective immediately at hand.

This became the Nixonian mentality, too. Hoover had pursued his own national agenda, while keeping tabs on the private doings of members of Congress and Cabinet secretaries for more than 40 years. Previous presidents had been unnerved by what they feared Hoover had in his files on them, and had been either too timid politically or fearful personally to get rid of him or even oppose him or his methods. Nixon was the first president to actually bring Hoover's methodology and value system of routine, self-sanctioned lawbreaking into the White House itself. The targets selected by Gordon Liddy, Howard Hunt, Charles Colson, other aides—and Nixon—were the president's enemies, real and perceived: reporters, Democrats, Kennedys, think tanks, war protesters, liberals. Hoover had died only six weeks before the Watergate break-in. What might he have done later with his knowledge of those activities? He had been in a far more commanding position than Mark Felt.

"Well, I never knew if Nixon thought Hoover had something on him in all those files or not. It was always clear that Hoover would die with his boots on," said William Safire, the former Nixon speechwriter and *New York Times* columnist, in response to the revelation of Deep Throat's identity.

"Did Nixon misuse and abuse his power? Yes, he did," Patrick Buchanan had written on the 25th anniversary of the Watergate break-in, in 1997. "Instead of creating a 'Plumbers' unit in the White House to run down national security leaks, he should have left the black-bag jobs, as his predecessors did, to J. Edgar Hoover."

The burgeoning field of revisionist Nixonia—the presidential library in Yorba Linda is dedicated largely to the subject—holds that Richard Nixon was an honorable man, a great patriot who did some things wrong on his way to China, was sidetracked by Watergate in ending the war in Vietnam through some kind of "peace with honor," and was brought low by his enemies, especially those in the press and the Democratic Party.

There is no question on any side of the argument about the formidable power of Nixon's intellect, his unusually skillful writing (for a president), the acuity of his analysis of domestic politics (right up there with Bill Clinton's), his sophisticated knowledge of foreign affairs (as opposed to a successful foreign policy, with the exception of his opening of U.S.-China relations), his prescient wooing of disaffected white Democrats in the South and blue-collar workers in the Rust Belt, on which his party was able to build—as he had foreseen—the emerging Republican majority. It emerged.

But what of his pervasive criminality, the crimes against the Constitution, the specter of a president orchestrating a criminal conspiracy to pay hush money to burglars employed by the White House as an extension of presidential policy? Nixon's closest aides ran a massive political-espionage-and-sabotage campaign to undermine the very concept of free elections—to ensure that neither Edward Kennedy nor Edmund Muskie would be the 1972 nominee of the Democratic Party, and that George McGovern would be. Whether Nixon was responsible for bringing about the result he wanted—McGovern's nomination, which probably was inevitable—is not as important as the attempt to undermine the electoral process itself. Charles Colson and Howard Hunt were in the business of manufacturing smears and disseminating false information to the press, among other enterprises. The same Watergate burglary team—headed by Hunt and Liddy and presided over by John Ehrlichman, Nixon's domestic-policy adviser—also physically attacked anti-war demonstrators and broke into the office of the psychiatrist of Daniel Ellsberg, who had leaked the Pentagon Papers to the press.

Instead of ending the long era of black-bag jobs, Nixon made them the business of the president of the United States and invoked the Vietnam War and his bogus claim of national-security concerns to justify his crimes. As Deep Throat told us, "The whole U.S. intelligence community"—C.I.A., F.B.I., military—had been used as instruments of Nixon's personal covert activities.

And when it was discovered that Nixon had tape-recorded virtually all of his utterances in meetings and on the telephone, the conversations that were then disclosed (and hundreds more that have continued to be disclosed) revealed a president who spew venom and hate and demonstrated a sho ing lack of faith in democratic principl and—as Woodward has often noted—a comfort and a disdain, really, for peop This is not the stuff of greatness.

"Nixon had epithets for whole sections humanity," his first presidential counse Arthur Burns, whom Nixon later made ch man of the Federal Reserve Board, told when Woodward and I were researching *Final Days*. I had asked Burns about anti-Semitic slurs known to so many me bers of his staff but not yet revealed pu licly on his tapes.

Something had damaged Nixon's psych Burns was sure. Nixon had changed for worse as he drew nearer to achieving his l long goal of election to the presidency, a when he finally reached the Oval Offic darkness prevailed.

And it was the tapes that were his u mate undoing—not just during Watergate b also later in life and even after his death, more tapes were unspooled and transcribe revealing and betraying him, their ind numbers a catalogue of his character.

It was Woodward who, years later, wro compellingly about the tapes' most troubli aspect: virtually never is there talk about t lofty goals of a nation, of liberal democr cy, of the grieving families of Americ young men killed in Vietnam, of justice compassion for the poor. There is son grand geopolitical strategizing, but most there is smallness and mean-spiritedne and terminal self-involvement: Nixon's de tiny and the country's regarded as one ar the same. The tapes also documented t remarkable extent to which the preside was preoccupied with our reporting in *T Washington Post* and with our sources.

On October 10, 1972, we had written 3,000-word story that may have been ou most important: it finally made sense out "Watergate"; instead of the inexplicab "third-rate burglary" described by Whi House press secretary Ron Ziegler, th break-in had been only part of a massiv campaign of political espionage and sab tage directed from the White House. Nin days later, in a conversation with his chie of staff, H. R. Haldeman, the president spec ulated about where *The Washington Po* was getting its information.

Haldeman reported that he had learne authoritatively from his own secret source- he didn't name him—that there was a lea in the F.B.I.

"Somebody next to Gray?" Nixon asked referring to the acting F.B.I. director whon the president had chosen to succeed Hoove L. Patrick Gray III.

"Mark Felt," said Haldeman.

"Now, why the hell would he do that?" the president asked.

You can't say anything about this, be-
se it will screw up our source and there's
al concern. Mitchell is the only one that
ws this and he feels very strongly that
better not do anything because—"

The Oval Office tapes were running.

"Do anything? Never?" Nixon was in-
dulous.

"If we move on him," Haldeman cautioned,
'll go out and unload everything. He
ws everything that's to be known in the
I. He has access to absolutely everything."

Haldeman had asked John Dean what
uld be done about Felt. "He says you
't prosecute him, that he hasn't commit-
a crime.... Dean's concerned if you let
know now, he'll go out and go on net-
k television."

"You know what I'd do with him, the
tard," said the president of the United
tes. "Well, that's all I want to hear
ut it."

Haldeman noted that
t had wanted to suc-
d Hoover as F.B.I.
ector.

"Is he Catholic?"
on inquired.

"No, sir. He's Jewish."

"Christ, put a Jew in
e?" Nixon responded.

"Well, that could ex-
in it, too," Haldeman
d.

"What's the convey-
belt for Felt?" Nixon
ed later.

"The *Post*," said Hal-
nan.

On the day John Mitchell was to tes-
before Senator Sam
vin's Watergate com-
ttee, I took my seat at a green-baize-
vered press table in anticipation. Before
vin called the hearing to order, Mitchell's
yer, William G. Hundley, an old ac-
aintance of mine, asked if I'd like to meet
. Mitchell.

I'd heard that Mitchell was an amiable
n, with a sense of humor, and I said if
. Mitchell wouldn't be uncomfortable I'd
pleased to be introduced. I had talked
Mitchell on the telephone, famously, as it
ned out, when Woodward and I had writ-
the story of his control of the secret es-
nage slush fund.

I'd phoned him for a comment and read
n the story. He'd thundered, "All that
p, you're putting it in the paper? It's all
en denied. Katie Graham's gonna get her
caught in a big fat wringer if that's pub-
ed." Then he'd slammed down the phone
er saying that as soon as the Watergate
uation was over "we're going to do a sto-
ry on all of *you*." I took him to mean me and Woodward.

Hundley led me to Mitchell, who shook my hand warmly. "John, I don't believe you've ever met Mr. Bernstein," he said.

"No," Mitchell replied, "but we talk on the phone."

In fact, Mitchell and other presidential deputies *had* attempted to put Katharine Graham and her newspaper through the wringer. Deep Throat had told us the White House intended to force us to reveal our sources through subpoenas and court action. The afternoon a subpoena server arrived at the *Post* to hand me legal papers commanding my appearance and delivery of my notes in a suit brought by the Nixon re-election committee, I was hustled out of the office by Bradlee and Howard Simons, the managing editor.

"Get out of the building. Go see a movie," Bradlee ordered. (I headed to a theater showing, actually, the film *Deep Throat*.) Bradlee had explained the strategy. Before I accepted the subpoena, later in the day, he wanted legal custody of my notes and Woodward's to pass formally to Katharine Graham. Woodward was out of town. I told Bradlee the location of the file cabinet where our notes were kept. The scene was described in *All the President's Men*.



THE WONDER YEARS
Carl Bernstein, then a reporter for *The Washington Post*, taking notes at the Senate Watergate hearings in 1973.

"Of course, we're going to fight this one all the way up, and if the judge wants to send anyone to jail, he's going to have to send Mrs. Graham," Bradlee said. "And, my God, the lady says she'll go! Then the judge can have that on his conscience. Can't you see the pictures of her limousine pulling up at the Women's Detention Center and out gets our gal, going to jail to uphold the First Amendment? That's a picture that would run in every newspaper in the world. There might be a revolution."

"The main thing is the *Post* is going to have damnable, damnable problems out of this one," the president told John Dean on the Nixon tapes in September 1972. "They have a television station.... And they're going to have to get it renewed.... Well, the game has to be played awfully rough."

In addition to trying to discover our sources, the Nixon White House hoped to break the *Post* financially by seeking revocation of the company's television licenses by the Federal Communications Commission. The *Post*'s TV stations were the profit center for the company, which had just gone public with its stock. The shares went on the market at the height of our Watergate coverage. The stock went south in a hurry.

The Nixon White House, with great success for a disturbingly long time, made the conduct of the press the issue in Watergate, instead of the conduct of the president and his men. Today, a whole political movement—often appearing utterly unconcerned with the truth, seeing an easy scapegoat in the press, angry at its perceived enemies, rapturous at its unprecedented power in all three branches of government—has had great success doing the same, as has the White House of another president.

John Mitchell's testimony to the Watergate committee focused on what he called "the White House horrors," which included burglaries ordered by the president, illegal wiretapping (of reporters, among others), political espionage and sabotage, use of the I.R.S. to punish Nixon's supposed enemies, and the smearing of the president's opponents through false news stories and planted evidence. Mitchell blamed the men closest to the president in the White House.

Whatever the differences in mentality between Richard Nixon, whose actions were overtly criminal, and the more affable George W. Bush, who has displayed a careful legal circuitousness three decades afterward, there is something profoundly dangerous and dismaying about the even greater success of the Bush administration (not to mention its allies) in again making the conduct of the press the issue—again in wartime

with false claims and smears directed at political opponents, reporters, newspapers, magazines, and broadcast organizations for supposedly undermining national security. This president and the people around him have devised a basic strategy of disingenuous response and lethal attack to undermine truthful reporting. Oddly, special venom has been reserved for critics who have made sacrifices perhaps unimaginable to a president and vice president who were careful to safely avoid service in Vietnam. Among them: Senators John McCain and John Kerry, former senator Max Cleland, Cindy Sheehan, and army specialist Thomas Wilson, the young soldier who dared challenge Donald Rumsfeld about insufficiently armored vehicles in Iraq.

The Bush White House operates a media apparatus far more sophisticated in fighting and discrediting the press and political opponents than the little shop directed by Haldeman and Ehrlichman and Colson and Ziegler. (The reach of the White House's hirelings now extends even into the press itself, exemplified by the Bush administration's use of Armstrong Williams, a black conservative commentator, to promote Bush's No Child Left Behind Act. He was paid $241,000 by the Department of Education through a P.R. firm. Another payment, by the Department of Health and Human Services, was made to conservative columnist Maggie Gallagher. Meanwhile, the Bush administration concocted a concept called "pre-packaged news releases": White House–produced "newsclips" designed to look like legitimate broadcast segments and run uncut and unedited on hundreds of pliable, ignorant, and/or unprincipled local television stations across the country, possibly in violation of laws prohibiting government agencies from disseminating domestic propaganda.)

The Bush White House (not altogether unlike its opponents, it should be noted in fairness) commands an ideological battlefield, with a vast number of troops strategically positioned in the K Street lobbying corridor and around the country, in outposts manned by the party faithful and professional P.R. firms, and—unlike its opponents—a whole army of conscripts from the religious right.

Like Nixon during the Vietnam era, George W. Bush and the people around him have often relied on outright denial and adept manipulation of the media in response to uncomfortable truths. In more straightforward times and circumstances, and absent the trappings of the presidency (and vice-presidency) and the desire of citizens to believe their leaders in wartime, this mind-set would have been more obvious early on. The signposts were already evident, from pre-9/11 (non)preparedness to (nonexistent) W.M.D., to Saddam Hussein's (non)involvement in the attack on the World Trade Center, to MISSION (UN)ACCOMPLISHED, to the (in)visible coffins of America's dead warriors. Since then, the flashing red lights have been harder to ignore, from responsibility at the highest levels of the chain of command for policies leading to the torture of prisoners at Abu Ghraib and Guantánamo Bay, to the Karl Rove–Scooter Libby–Ari Fleischer–Scott McClellan convolutions around Joseph Wilson, his wife, Valerie Plame, and columnist Robert Novak.

The irony of the current, overdue disintegration of this presidency's immunity to the consequences of lying is that it arrived on the wings of the least weighty instance—relatively speaking—of White House mendacity: the attempt to avoid responsibility in the Wilson affair.

As in Watergate, the issue that has left the emperor's clothing hanging by a thread while indelibly staining the uniforms of the commander in chief's top aides is the outright denial for months of now established fact. After almost two years of their insistent running to the metaphorical high ground of "Nobody here was involved," it turns out some people around the Oval Office *were* aware and involved. In the Rove-Wilson cover-up, as in 1972, leveling in the first place would have caused far less damage than the eventual seepage of the truth.

Now, as in Watergate, the Bush presidency has created the unpredictable conditions (to quote Woodward's recent observation) of a "perfect storm." These conditions include nonpartisan recognition of institutional deceit from the top down, a special prosecutor beyond the control of the White House, and rising public indignation (even, ever so slowly, in the president's own party). Whipping the winds is a re-invigorated White House press corps that senses vindication after years of being lied to and played for fools.

As in the case of White House denials of involvement in the Watergate break-in, the initial uncovering of the Bush administration's untruths in the Wilson imbroglio is leading to the discovery of endemic denial of larger, more important truths.

The danger to the White House—any president's White House—of a nonpartisan special prosecutor in this atmosphere is the almost infinite investigatory latitude of his charter and a corresponding desire to deliver the goods. Nixon was not laid low by the bugging at the Watergate. It was the cover-up of the "White House horrors" that undid him.

Denials by the White House of potentially damaging assertions and accusations are very powerful and very effective—until the denials are demonstrated to be false. The problem for the Bush presidency is not that Karl Rove may have committed a crime (he probably didn't); it's that the White House did not tell the truth. The blanket denials of the president's top aides are chewed full of holes. Worse, while repeating these denials, the White House and allies sought (successfully for a very long time, as in Watergate) to attack the press when reporters refused to move on. Then, having been found out, the White House was confronted, almost hourly it seemed, by the video of NBC's David Gregory mal- hash of Scott McClellan and his refusal to discuss what the White House had been too eager to discuss before it got caught lying. The example of Ron Ziegler rendering previous denials "inoperative" is something not easily forgotten in Washington, especially in the press corps, even generations later.

The disingenuousness of this president, vice president, and their aides on the way to war—and through the post-invasion disasters—has inevitably invited parallels with the discredited words of Nixon, Lyndon Johnson, Robert McNamara, Hubert Humphrey, and Henry Kissinger in the Vietnam era.

Perhaps to a lesser extent than Nixon did, Bush also attempted to bend the Constitution on his watch. And when his methods and truthfulness were questioned, he responded with retribution and mendacity and all their Nixonian overtones.

"What did the president know and when did he know it?" the Republican senator Howard Baker asked momentously during the hearings of the Senate Watergate committee. In Nixon's case, it had been Republicans—particularly conservative Republicans, led by Barry Goldwater, House minority leader Bob Michel, Senate minority leader Hugh Scott, and G.O.P. members of the House Judiciary Committee—who decided that Nixon must be held responsible for his crimes and misdemeanors and was unfit for office. But long before Nixon's resignation many loyal Republicans had put aside partisanship to inquire about the policies and activities of the Nixon White House and the president. Democrats had done the same during the Vietnam War, in response to Johnson and his secretary of defense, McNamara.

But among Republicans today, there seems to be scant interest in asking tough questions or honoring the example of courageous leaders of Congress who, not long ago, stepped forward, setting principle before party, to hold presidents accountable for their actions—not with impeachment in mind but accountability to the Constitution and the truth.

It was Woodward who first used the phrase "the best obtainable version of the truth"—initially in *All the President's Men*, to describe the state of Deep Throat's knowledge about the Nixon White House, and then in defining what real reporting is, which he did almost as an aside in answer to a question asked us in 1978 at the University

Virginia, in Charlottesville. Like many rases and ideas that originated with one us and were appropriated by the other, I with this one and have kept running. he best obtainable version of the truth" nains the essential goal of good reporting. In 1992, on the 20th anniversary of Watere, I attempted a kind of status report on the anging conditions of post-Watergate jourlism with the unsubtle title of "The Idiot lture." The piece, written for *The New public,* was, in retrospect, perhaps a bit mpous and presumptuous, but also anticitory of the tawdry media culture that now rrounds us. "The lowest form of popular lture—lack of information, misinformation, information, and a contempt for the truth the reality of most people's lives—has over- real journalism," I wrote then.

In 2005 we live in a hothouse media atosphere in which superheated controversy—er, say, Deep Throat's patriotism or Dan ther's "mistake" or *Newsweek*'s "mistake" ating to the treatment of Muslim prisoners Guantánamo (the latter two being real inances of journalistic lapses)—is used by the hite House and its ideological allies to bury e larger issues the stories had attempted to dress. The most significant "story" of the 04 presidential election was the unstopble (and largely untrue) Swift Boat Veters for Truth attack that (with considerable sistance from the candidate himself) helped k the campaign of John Kerry.

Three days after we confirmed that Mark . Felt was Deep Throat, I went into my le village on Long Island to buy the newspers on Main Street and encountered Juh Miller, the *New York Times* reporter. Good timing," she greeted me. "Maybe e Deep Throat story will help." It didn't. A few weeks later, after the Supreme Court clined to hear her case, Miller was jailed refusing to testify before a federal grand y investigating whether White House aides d violated the law in identifying a C.I.A. dercover operative. The C.I.A. employee, lerie Plame, had reportedly been identified Karl Rove, among others, because her husnd—a former ambassador—had written piece for the op-ed page of *The New York mes* casting doubt on the claims of Presnt Bush that Saddam Hussein had sought anium in Niger for his nuclear ambitions. Meanwhile, columnist Robert Novak, inead of reporting the real story—that White ouse officials were trying desperately to scredit the writer of an op-ed piece critical Bush's truthfulness and the administran's case for invading Iraq during the run to war—eagerly carried the White House ater and smeared it into print.)

To be absolutely clear: there is no way r reporting on Watergate could have been ne without the use of anonymous sources. In fact, in our first 100 stories, there is not a single named source who revealed anything of substance about the undercover activities of the Nixon White House. Only a few of those stories were based on information confirmed or provided by Deep Throat. And the few individuals in the Nixon administration who were quoted by name were almost always lying or misleading.

The basic process of reporting in Washington—good reporting and bad reporting—is dependent on the use of anonymous sources. Unfortunate, yes, but inevitable in a culture where even the most human of mistakes, missteps, or gaffes can cost someone his job, reelection, or stature. On July 17, 2005, less than two months after we confirmed Felt's identity as Deep Throat, Woodward and I appeared on *Meet the Press.* The special prosecutor in the so-called Karl Rove case, Woodward noted, had "discovered that there is an underground railroad of information in Washington. [In] my view ... this investigation, though properly empowered, is an assault on that process that we have not just in Washington [but] in any other community in this country where we have a First Amendment, and he will wind up crippling that process by dragging reporters before the grand jury. And I wonder if he and the judge have really sat down and said, 'Now, what are we going to gain here versus what are we going to lose?' And the loss might be immense."

Does every source deserve a reporter's protection regardless of how unsavory or even criminal? Absolutely, as long as the source has kept his part of the bargain and dealt faithfully and honestly with the reporter. Even Karl Rove.

When the Nixon re-election committee sent its subpoena server to *The Washington Post* in 1972, Katharine Graham did the opposite of what *Time* editor in chief Norman Pearlstine did in 2005. She took formal control of our notes and unequivocally declared she would go to jail rather than give them up or reveal their contents—as would we. Pearlstine turned over the notes of *Time* reporter Matt Cooper, leaving Cooper to fend for himself before the special prosecutor and grand jury without the backing of his boss. Pearlstine's actions suggested that he had a responsibility to protect the profits and corporate interests of Time Warner first—and journalistic principle second. The *Post*'s financial future was headed toward John Mitchell's wringer, but journalistic principle was Graham's bottom line.

When the Time Warner media conglomerate was subpoenaed in the Rove case, it was awaiting F.C.C. review of its joint acquisition (with Comcast) of a bankrupt cable-television company—a type of F.C.C. review similar to what *The Washington Post* was facing for its television licenses in 1972.

"Is this a journalistic company or an entertainment company?" David Halberstam asked rhetorically about Time Inc. in another era. In the Pearlstine era of Time Warner, the question has been answered definitively.

Most great reporting has been done by resourceful journalists relying on, and *protecting,* their anonymous sources, including Halberstam's reportage from Vietnam. When we published *The Final Days,* in 1976, we were attacked by many journalistic colleagues for using anonymous sources so extensively. They claimed we were practicing some kind of irresponsible "new journalism." How could we have possibly known that Nixon and Kissinger had really gotten on their knees and prayed together in the Oval Office? Perhaps we had made up the story, or heard something eighth-hand and used a ruse of anonymous sourcing to hide our carelessness or inventions. (Later, both Nixon and Kissinger confirmed our account in their own books.)

In response to the controversy over the use of anonymous sources in *The Final Days,* Woodward and I appeared on *Meet the Press* in May of 1976. I'd taken with me a journalism classic: a book by two preeminent journalists of another era—the columnist Joseph Alsop and *The New York Times*'s Turner Catledge—about F.D.R.'s packing of the Supreme Court. It remains the definitive account. I began reading from it on the air. Its revelations were based almost entirely on anonymous sources.

Today, the press is under assault as never before, particularly for relying on anonymous sources. The Bush administration has opposed a federal shield law for reporters. Inevitably, there will come a time when those now doing the attacking—usually ideologues or unswerving partisans displeased by real reporting—will be the victims of injustice or a smear or some other offense, and wish for reporters committed to the truth and with the means (including the use of confidential sources) to find it. One hopes the credibility of the press will not be shredded by then.

The accident of myth figures huge in Watergate and the tale of Deep Throat: the myth that *The Washington Post* or the press in general dispatched Richard Nixon; the myth that other presidents had committed crimes on a Nixonian scale; the myth that Deep Throat was our primary source.

Read through *The Secret Man* or *All the President's Men* and note that Woodward and Felt communicated fewer than a dozen times in the two years of our Watergate coverage. There were no "leaks." Getting information from Felt, as from most sources, involved drawing out a reluctant witness. And most of what Felt imparted was context for and confirmation of information we'd already obtained elsewhere. Perhaps most important, he gave us a certitude about much of our

reporting. He gave us—and our editors—confidence that what was going into the paper was factually unimpeachable.

It was the convergence of information from firsthand witnesses, at all levels of the Nixon White House and campaign, and Deep Throat that enabled us to penetrate the secrecy of the Nixon presidency.

There has been considerable criticism since Watergate that reporters are "too close" to their sources, especially in Washington, where the ostensibly comfortable dialogue between the feeder and the fed goes on. Woodward and I subscribed to this belief during Watergate, thinking at the time that the reason so many reporters in the Washington press corps, and especially our senior colleagues on the national staff at the *Post,* were skeptical of the facts we were reporting was this coziness of our elders with the people they covered.

Today, other more insidious habits may afflict the pack and contribute to the malaise of the press corps: the hazard of holding firm to a preconceived notion of a story, an unwillingness to think beyond the ordinary parameters of institutional precedent, oftentimes because reporters are *not close enough* to their sources, are not hanging out with them, listening to them, picking up clues, pestering them, finding the people who make institutions work—including those who handle the flow of paper and observe the bosses.

In the afterword to *The Secret Man,* I noted that we have maintained for decades that for a reporter most good work is done in the defiance of management. That means the reporter has to set his or her own course, to push against editors at times, to roam and be free to explore, to defy the conventional wisdom if necessary. And to find the sources to help him get to the bottom of things, and to protect those sources. At the same time, as Woodward and I had learned, reporters need good editors and courageous publishers and brave broadcast executives. In the end, this collaboration is what anchors the credibility of the press.

There is a tendency to regard the press as different from other institutions in American culture. More likely, we reflect the larger values of the society itself. When I began work in the newspaper business, mainstream journalistic culture was rooted in a concept of serving the public good by simply reporting "the best obtainable version of the truth." That ethic infused *The Washington Star* when I went to work there, as it did the *Post,* across town—however inferior a paper it was at the time.

It would remain so until Ben Bradlee came on board. Bradlee brought to the *Post* great journalistic values and a hunger for the big stories, obtained with care and in context. Bradlee also brought a sweeping sense of his time, a willingness to listen to young reporters, and an esteem for the experience of older ones. At the *Post,* these two groups coexisted uneasily in a state of "creative tension," to use a phrase heard often in Bradlee's newsroom, but usually with regard and respect for each other.

Newspapers existed to make money for their publishers, no doubt, but at least at those two Washington papers—and *The New York Times,* the *New York Herald Tribune,* the *Los Angeles Times,* and many smaller, independent hometown newspapers—it wasn't at the expense of serving the common good. The costly, difficult business of tough reporting was built into the budget and was sacrosanct.

Today, in too much of our journalism, the public good is no longer the bottom line. The bottom line has itself become the bottom line. Just glance at tabloid television, or formulaic local broadcast news ("If it bleeds it leads," as they say in the business), or stripped-down newspapers owned by chains headquartered in distant cities.

The most important decision a reporter or news organization makes is to determine what is news. "The best obtainable version of the truth" in today's media atmosphere is increasingly an anachronistic notion. Thus it seems more American reporters covered the Michael Jackson circus than the war in Iraq, and far more airtime on cable television was devoted to the Jackson trial than serious reporting on *any* subject. The highest-rated cable news show in recent months has been Fox's *On the Record with Greta Van Susteren,* boosted by her exploitative, wall-to-wall coverage—often on the scene in Aruba—of the disappearance of a teenage girl from Alabama.

The overwhelming trends in journalism since Watergate have favored the sensational, the coarse, the stupid, the strange, and—especially—manufactured and overamplified controversy and overheated debate, as on *Crossfire* and its mutant offspring. Yet, the best American newspapers, whatever their shortcomings—*The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Wall Street Journal,* the *Los Angeles Times* among them—are more comprehensive than ever before. Much of their reporting is better. But they are the exceptions, as papers all over America have gone downmarket to stay in business or boost profits for the chains that run them. Reportorial budgets as a percentage of income at most papers are at an all-time low.

The big-three networks of the broadcast era—ABC, NBC, and CBS—are all owned today by mega-conglomerates, shorn of managements that once protected their news divisions from political intimidation, tabloid sensibility, and profit ratios as the measure of news values.

One of the determining moments of Watergate came in October 1972, when the *CBS Evening News with Walter Cronkite* devoted half of one night's broadcast (15 minutes and 7 minutes of the next to the cumulative revelations that, until then, had been confined almost exclusively to *The Washington Post, The New York Times,* and *Time* magazine. Until those two broadcasts, which reported heavily on what the *Post* in particular had been running in its pages, the White House had been unrelentingly effective in undermining the credibility of our stories and others. Only after Cronkite's special report aired did the Watergate story become a matter of true national consequence. Charles Colson had personally tried to derail the two lengthy *Evening News* segments through pressure on CBS chairman William Paley. He was unsuccessful, though Cronkite's second report was cut back from a planned 15 minutes to

Compare the backbone of the CBS management—its commitment to real news values—of that era to today's corporate executives of the network who have made abundantly clear their fear of criticism by the Bush White House and efforts to tar the network with false claims of "liberal bias."

Meanwhile, at ABC, the managers of the Disney entertainment empire that owns the network were confident there would be public outcry in 2001 if they dumped Ted Koppel and *Nightline*—the best news broadcast in television for more than two decades—for a late-night comic. Only because Koppel refused to capitulate and David Letterman publicly shamed Disney by supporting Koppel and refusing to negotiate with ABC for the time slot did Koppel remain on the air. And he has decided that, upon the expiration of his contract in December, he will leave the network where he has been a fixture for more than 30 years.

Worse than Watergate was the title of John Dean's 2004 book about the policies, prevarications, and personnel of the presidency of Bush the younger.

True? I would say, rather, apples and oranges: different time (Cold War/terrorism), different place (Vietnam/Iraq), different political culture (still reasonable/blindly ideological), different media configuration (independent newspapers and rational columnists dominant/conglomerates and cacophony dominant—i.e., Internet-and-talk-TV immediacy, ignorance, ideology, and, sometimes, long overdue inquiry).

It is impossible to separate the media today from the larger ethos of contemporary culture. This is particularly true when a dozen or so huge corporations own most of the media and entertainment outlets in the world—and encourage the often opposing values of journalism and entertainment to mingle. Similarly, it is impossible to separate the media from a political culture in which truth holds less and less value, especially for elected officials whose bottom line often has little to do with

public good and more to do with winning deology or raising money for re-election. The press operates in a take-no-prisoners itical environment in which members of ngress expend far more time and intellectu- energy in their battles against partisan or ological enemies than, say, against terror- . In these battles, the press has become der for both sides of the culture wars: ex- idable, an object to be corrupted, itself npliantly susceptible by ignoring its com- ment to the public good. First-rate report- is monetarily costly, and in today's atmos- ere too often an outdated concept. Mean- ile, a new element in the mainstream media taken root: ideology as the underpinning a whole news network (Fox) and a separate ustry (talk radio), both of which propagate nyth of pervasive "liberal bias" in the tradi- nal mainstream press, presumably meaning *e New York Times, The Washington Post*, BS, and the other broadcast networks.

Columnist Richard Reeves, a former *New York Times* political reporter who has written important histories of the Nixon and Kennedy presidencies, was one of the participants in February 2005 at a University of Texas symposium on the press and the Nixon White House, in conjunction with the opening of the Watergate papers of Woodward and myself.

"Whatever the . . . papers show . . . a critical part of the story is nowhere in the boxes opened here," Reeves wrote in a subsequent column.

"It was about the willingness of *The Washington Post* (and later other outlets) to continue publishing less-than-sensational stories attacking or chipping away at the power of government—week after week, month after month. That was done even as the government denied it all and threatened the owners of the *Post* with the loss of things like the Federal Communications Commission licenses of *Post*-owned television stations.

". . . Above and behind the often confused and sometimes inaccurate young men [that would be us, correctly described] were the publisher of the *Post,* Katharine Graham, and her editor, Ben Bradlee, who hung tough when it counted."

Reeves then asked, "Would that happen today?"

My answer would be yes. The reporters would get the information; the *Post* or half a dozen other big-name journalistic entities would publish it, day after day. Would such reporting originate in a paper or magazine or network owned by one of the media conglomerates? I doubt it.

Assuming that the information was published, would it spur the political, judicial, and legislative processes to action, as the Watergate stories did? And the citizenry itself? I doubt it.

But those are not the concerns of the journalist: the story is. □

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aris Hilton

NTINUED FROM PAGE 289 and plans to oduce a thriller with Hilton in his na- e Greece. He is well spoken, educated, oughtful, and utterly devoid of pretense. e even drives a pickup. But he happens to me from one of Europe's most powerful milies, whose wealth is listed in the billions. Kasidokostas's grandfather Yiannis "John" tsis, who died in 2003, was the son of a herman. He made his fortune in ship- ng and oil but eventually transferred most his interests into banking. *Forbes* ranks e Latsises at No. 54 in its 2005 list of the orld's richest families. Their yachts have used some very famous guests, including rmer president Bush and Prince Charles, th each of his wives.

Paris K. is the son of Latsis's daughter Ma- nna and Grigoris Kasidokostas, a Greek wa- rskiing instructor who became mayor of an fluent Athens suburb. They divorced when ris was a boy. In his international-man-of- ystery voice, the young man tells me, "My rents really took good care of me, and each ne of them had to offer totally different ngs, because they came from different back- ounds. It allowed me to experience two dif- rent worlds and understand the advantages d disadvantages of coming from money."

Although the press has reported that Paris sumed his mother's maiden name so that could more fully enjoy the benefits of be- g a Latsis, he takes great pains to deny this, aming the gossip columnist Taki Theodo- copulos for starting the rumor. "Magazines ant to write about the name everybody ows, but I never changed my name, because n low-key," he says. "It's good to have a name that people don't know." Hilton jokingly adds, "I can't even pronounce that shit."

Hilton speaks highly of Marianna and her longtime boyfriend, Nikos Kourkoulos, one of Greece's most famous actors. "They're so nice," she gushes. "I met them in Gstaad over Christmas vacation." She says that when she complimented Marianna on a diamond ring she was wearing, Marianna took it off her finger and gave it to her. Though the tabloid press has reported discontent with the match on the part of Paris K.'s parents, the Hilton camp dismisses such talk as nonsense. This past summer the Hiltons went to Greece and spent time vacationing with Paris K.'s family. The Parises say they plan to have two weddings, one in Greece and one in Los Angeles, but no dates have been set.

As she plans her life with Kasidokostas, Hilton is looking to her parents as role models. Kathy and Rick have been together for 25 years. "They have never spent a night apart from each other," says Paris. "If he goes on a business trip, she goes. They are so in love. And I wanted someone like my dad. My dad is so loyal. My mom is, like, his life, and he'll do whatever she wants."

The family has always been tight-knit. Paris and her mother talk at least 10 times a day, and her younger brothers are constantly over at the young couple's new house. Paris considers Nicky her best friend. "Nicky acts like she's my older sister," Paris says. "She's very protective and always sees the bad in people before I do. Everyone that's ended up being bad in my life, Nicky has already pre-warned me and I didn't listen to her, so now I always listen to her."

The prospect of married life has already changed Hilton in noticeable ways. Her flamboyant behavior has been replaced by an air of domesticity. She wants to have a baby in two years and hopes the public's demand for her image will have dissipated by then, so she can raise her child without the constant onslaught of paparazzi. She swears that she will never make another sex tape and admits to having a very traditional home life with Kasidokostas. "I think I'm sexual in pictures and the way I dress and my whole image, but at home I'm really not like that," she says. "I'd rather sit in bed and watch TV. All of my ex-boyfriends—of course, not Paris—would be like, 'What's the problem? You're so not sexual.'"

Strange to say, Paris Hilton seems to be growing up. "Now that I'm with Paris, I'm really becoming a stronger person," she says. "I've just weeded out all of my friends, which is sad, but when I really think about it the people I was hanging out with before were bad people and were using me. Now I have a couple of close friends and they really love me and they really trust me and I trust them."

Kasidokostas is clearly smitten. "I really admire what she does," he says. "She does not achieve that from partying. She is gifted, she is talented, she can sing, she can act. It's really tough to work so hard at this age, especially for a girl that would have the option not to do it. She makes me feel that she really loves me for who I am and not for anything else. She is my soul mate, my best friend. She is the world to me."

As my visit with the notorious Paris Hilton draws to an end, I ask whether she feels fame and success were her destiny. "I think so," she responds. "Ever since I was little, everyone said it, and I always wanted it. But it doesn't just happen. I've worked really hard and I have to travel the world and work it. It's fun for me to make people happy and smile." □

CREDITS

FASHION

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Page 285: Prodo dress from selected Prada boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; **Dolce & Gabbana** panties from Catriona MacKechnie, N.Y.C., and Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or call 877-70-DGUSA; for **Vivid** earrings, necklace, and ring, call 888-4VIVID4, or go to vividcollection.com; for **Van Cleef & Arpels** watch, call 800-VCA-5797, or go to vancleef.com.



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Page 287: Hilton's **Rochas** suit from Barneys New York, N.Y.C., or call 212-826-8900. **Poris Kosidokostos's Prodo** pants from selected Prodo boutiques, or call 888-977-1900; **Façonnable** belt from Façonnable, N.Y.C., and Nordstrom stores nationwide.

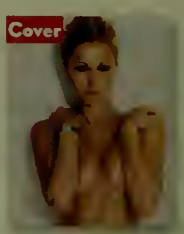
Page 299: Franz Welser-Möst's J. Crew shirt and jeans from J. Crew stores nationwide, or go to jcrew.com; Madeleine Thor for Link.

Page 307: Sidney Crosby's Dolce & Gabbana shirt from Neiman Marcus, L.A.; **Gap** jeans from Gap stores nationwide, or go to gap.com; **Hollywood Trading Company** belt from Hollywood Trading Company, L.A., or call 310-451-9002; Michael Ciaffoletti for celestineagency.com.

Page 315: Top, Sorajone Hoore for Vernon Jolly.

Page 346: Donald Sutherland styled by Jeanne Yang for clautierogency.com; suit and tie by **Giorgio Armani,** from Giorgio Armani, N.Y.C., or call 212-988-9191, or go to giorgioarmani.com; shirt by **Chorvet,** from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., or call 212-753-7300.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING



Cover and page 80: Paris Hilton's hair styled with **Kérastase Paris** Mousse Nutri-Sculpt, Serum Nutri-Sculpt, Vinyle Nutri-Sculpt, and Nacre Nutri-Sculpt, from Butterfly Studio and Orlo Salon, both in N.Y.C., or call 877-748-8357; Orlando Pita for Kérastase Paris/Orlo Salon. Makeup products by **Shiseido,** from Barneys New York, Bergdorf Goodman, and Saks Fifth Avenue, all in N.Y.C.; on her face, the Makeup Cream Foundation in Natural Light Beige and Loose Powder in Pink Rose; on her eyes, the Makeup Hydro-Powder Eye Shadow in Goldlights, Tiger Eye, and Whitelights, Eyeliner Pencil in Black, and Advanced Volume Mascara in Black; on her lips, the Makeup Lip Gloss in Champagne Sparkle; Tom Pecheux for Shiseido the Makeup. Nail enamel by **Sally Hansen** in Teflon Tuff 07 Sheer French Pink from Walgreens and other major drugstores nationwide, or go to drugstore.com; Gina Vivian for artistsbytimothypriono.com.

Page 100: Craig Offman's grooming by Josie Torres for artistsbytimothypriono.com.

Page 138: Justine Lévy's hair and makeup by Mogali Pilloux for modshoirogency.com.

Page 144: Georgina Brandalini's hair and makeup by Francis Gimenez for Aurélien. **Donny Meyer's** grooming by Helene Macaulay for artistsbytimothypriono.com.

Page 160: Top left, **Olivia Chontecoille's** hair styled by Allen Ruiz for Jackson Ruiz Salon; make-up products by **Chontecaille,** from Bergdorf Goodman and Jeffrey, both in N.Y.C.; makeup by Julie Clevering for Corosol. Bottom right, **Estée Louder** Pure Color Crystal Gloss in Evelyn Pink, from Estée Lauder counters nationwide, or go to esteelouder.com; **Bobbi Brown** Ribbon Pink Shimmer Lip Gloss, from Bobbi Brown counters nationwide, or go to bobbibrown.com; **Jo Mala** Red Roses Cologne and Bath Oil, from Jo Malo boutiques nationwide, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and selected Saks Fifth Avenue stores; **Donno Koron** Essence from selected Neiman Marcus stores nationwide. Bottom left, **Bostien Gonzalez'** grooming by Francis Gimenez for Aurélien.



Page 164: Rebekah Forecast for the Wall Group; Carla White for Moc Pro/L'Atelier.

Page 178: Kevin Ford and Liz Martin for Naked & Wigs.

Page 196: Simon Kelner's grooming by Mary Wiles for Naked Artists.

Page 207: Robert Thomson's grooming by Mary Wiles for Naked Artists.



Page 265: Melisso George's hair styled with **Matrix** Logics Performance Spray; for Matrix products, go to matrix.com; Peter Sova for Matrix/aartistloft.com. Makeup products by **Diar,** from Dior boutiques and major department stores nationwide; on her face, DiorSkin Compact in Peach; on her eyes, Liquid Eyeliner in Black; on her lips, Addict Plastic Gloss in Ferocious Coral; Troy Jensen for Dior/The Wall Group.

Page 270: Bob Soget's grooming by David Cox for celestineagency.com.

Pages 280–87: See credits for cover.

Page 299: Franz Welser-Möst's hair styled with **L'Oréal** Tecni.art Liss Control Smoothing Cream, from drugstores nationwide. Grooming products by **Clorins,** from Macy's and Saks Fifth Avenue, both in N.Y.C., and other selected department stores, or go to clarins.com; on his



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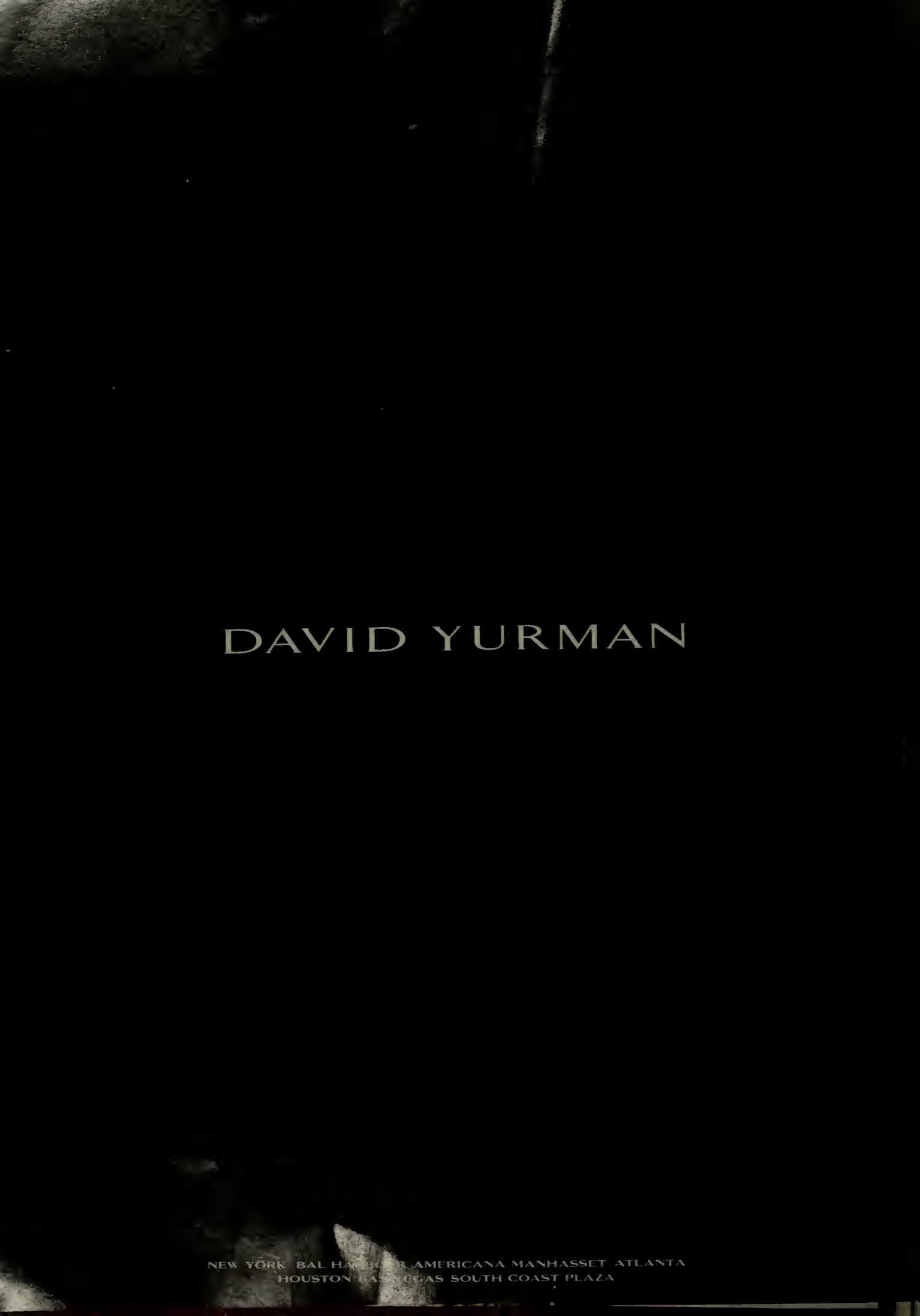
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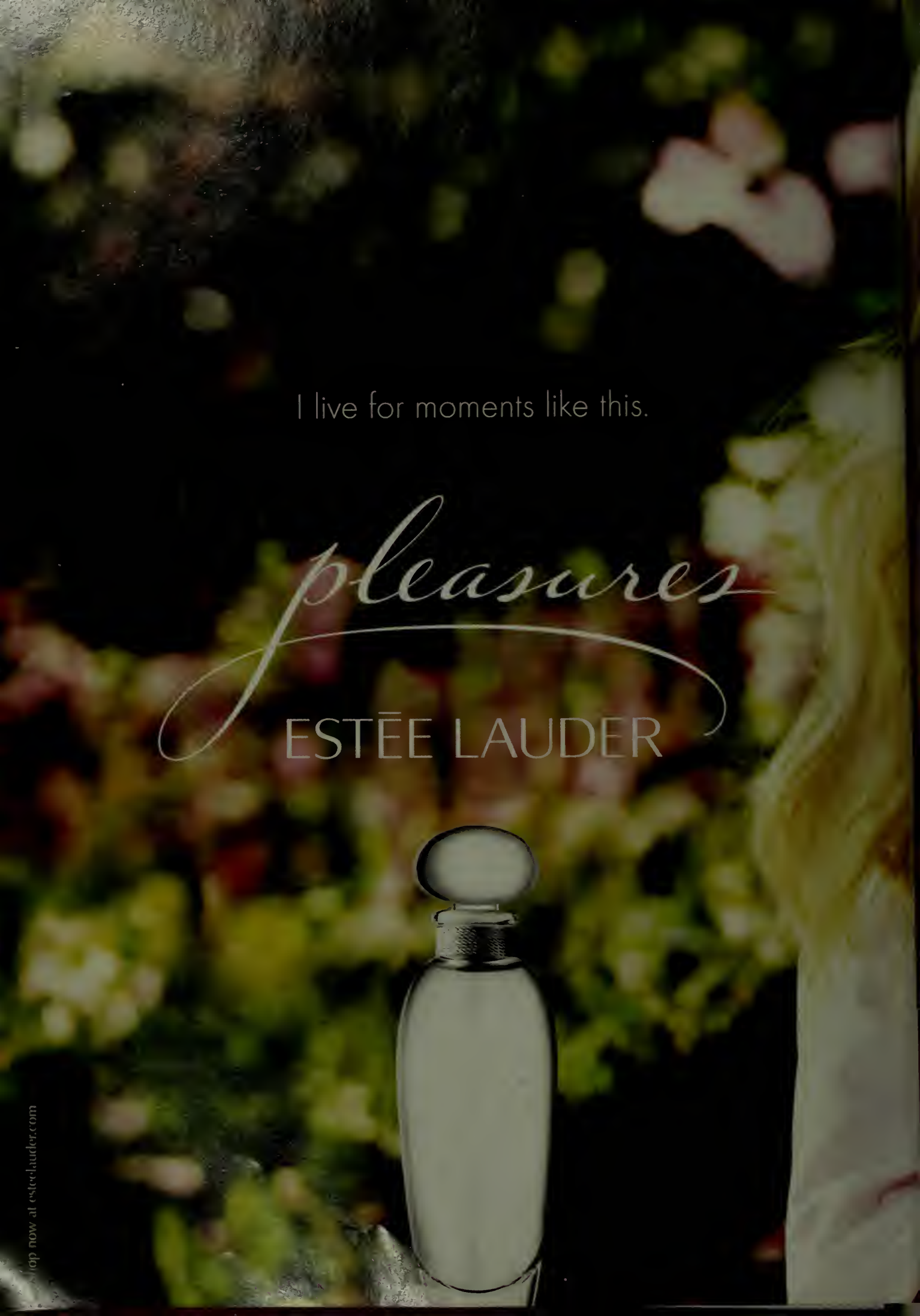

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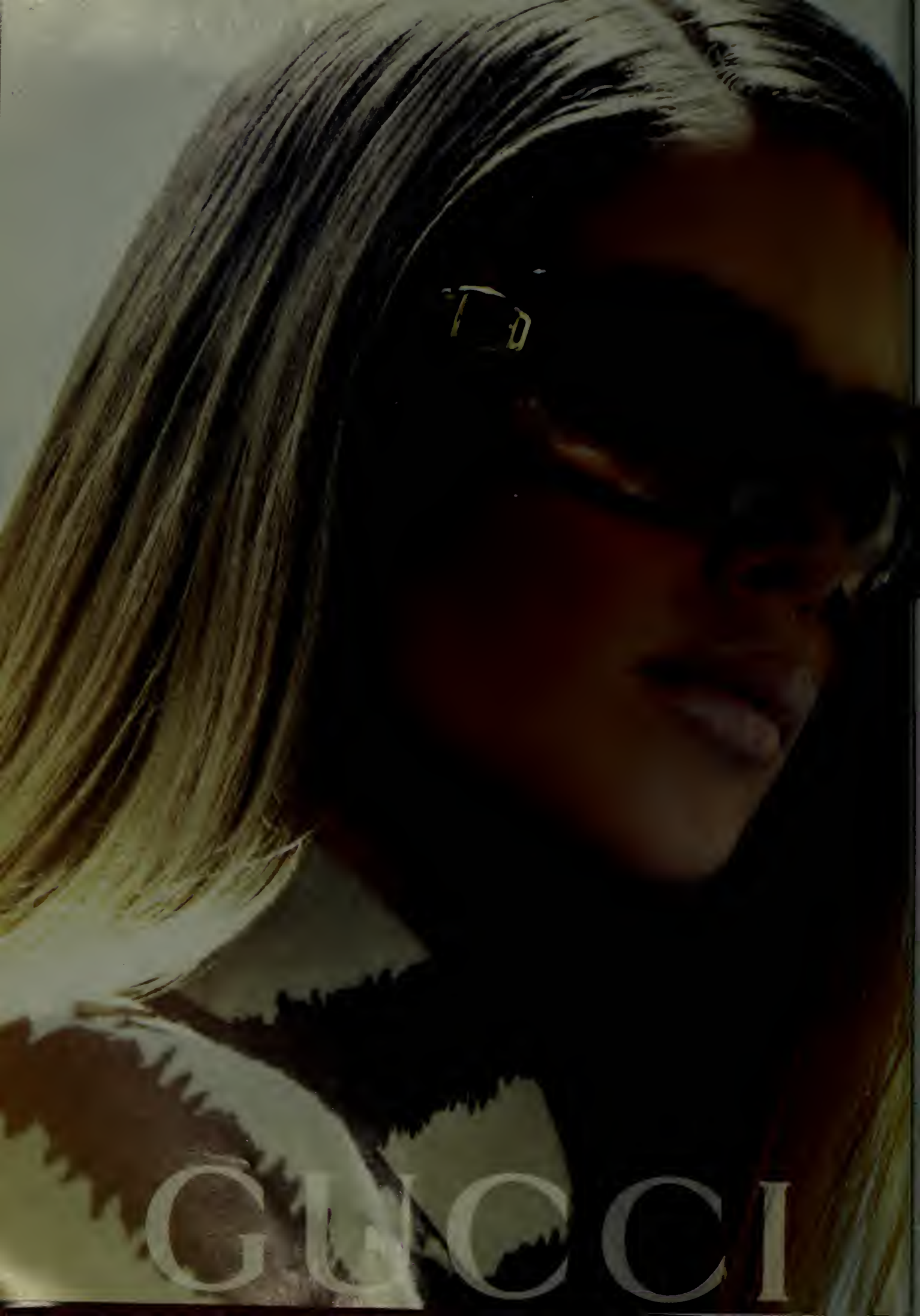

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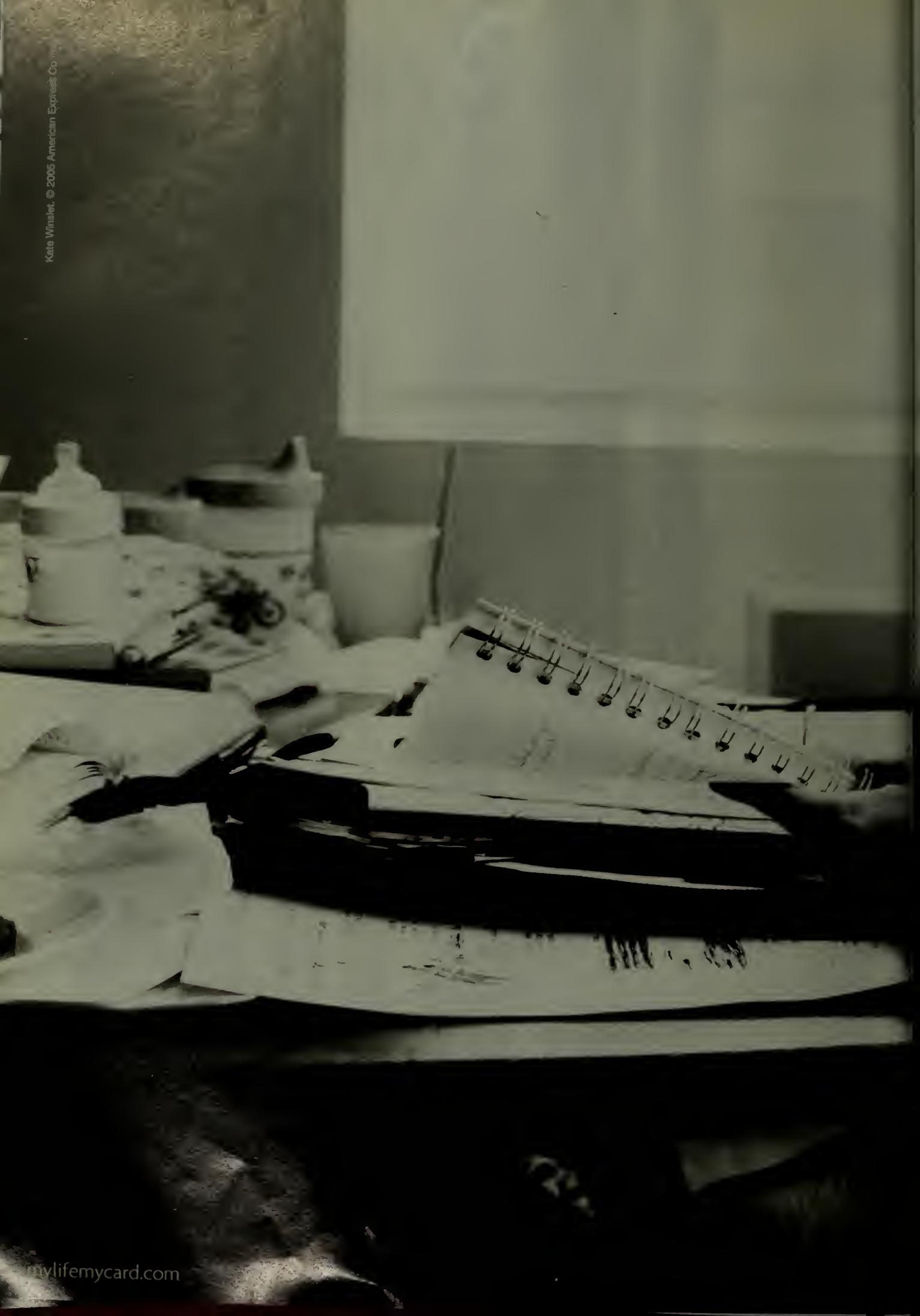
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FEATURES

298 THE MUSIC PORTFOLIO 2005 It all began more than 30 years ago in the Bronx, with two turntables and a microphone. Today, hip-hop is the backbeat of modern music, and *V.F.*'s sixth annual portfolio showcases 44 of the talents who took it there, including DJ Kool Herc, Run-DMC, Kanye West, 50 Cent, Eve, Missy Elliott, Ice-T, Snoop Dogg, Pharrell Williams, and OutKast. Photographs by Mark Seliger and other top photographers.

336 ABOVE AND BEYONCÉ Beyoncé Knowles is a churchgoing "country girl" who has learned to let loose—thanks to the alter ego she calls "Sasha"—even as she lets go of the most successful female group in the world, Destiny's Child. Catching up with the multi-platform superstar, her mother, and her boyfriend, Jay-Z, Lisa Robinson discovers what gets Beyoncé mad, what keeps her going, and why she won't dance at parties. Photographs by Patrick Demarchelier.

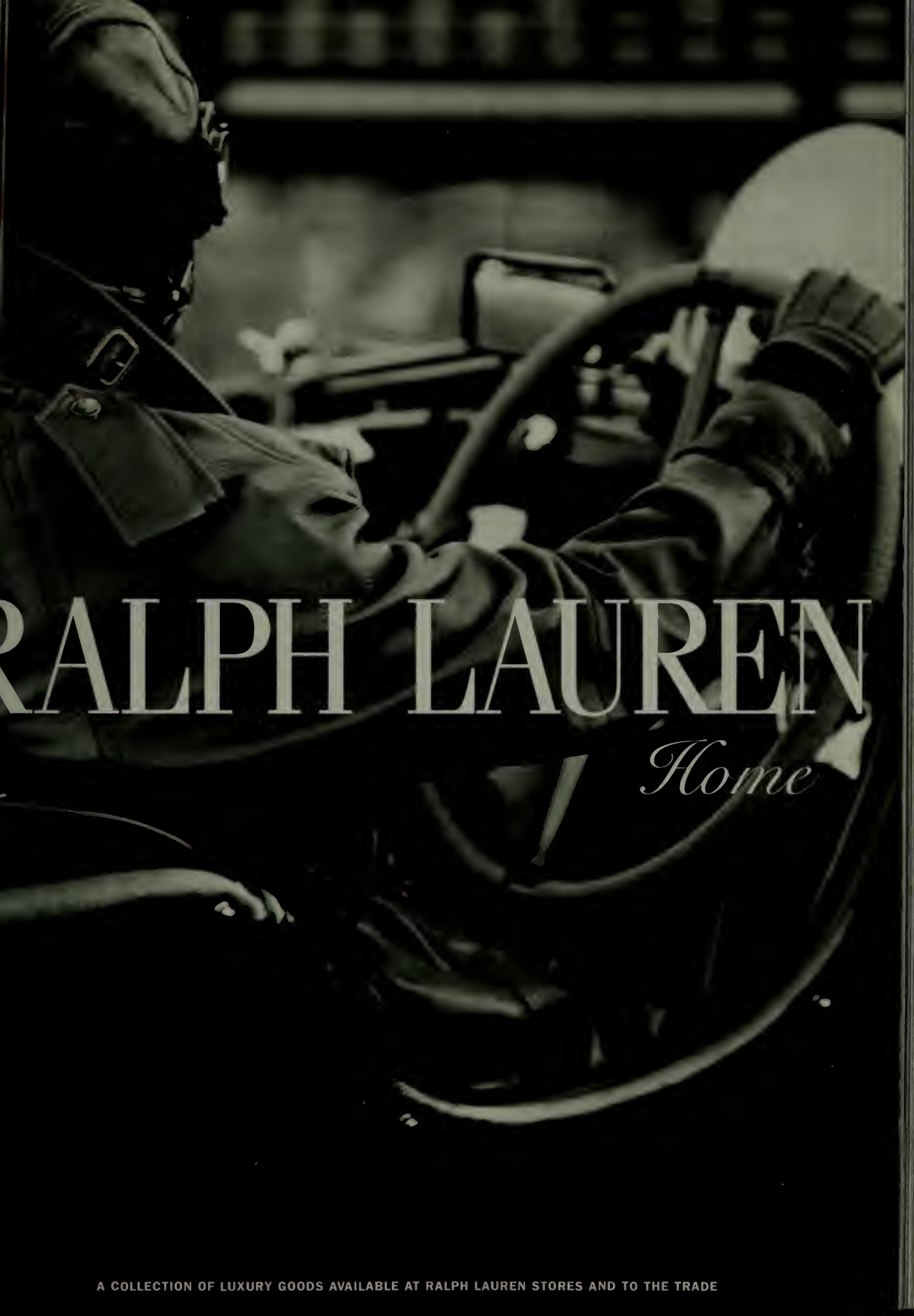
344 DO YA THINK I'M SIXTY? Rod Stewart is one blond who has always had more fun. Mark Seliger and Jim Windolf spotlight the rocker turned crooner in an unconventional family portrait.

348 LIVE, FROM TRIBECA! The Odeon led the *Zeitgeist* when it planted its neon sign in darkest Tribeca in 1980, mixing burnished wood, comfort food, and cocaine into a chic stew of filmmakers, art stars, uptown celebs, and the cast of *Saturday Night Live,* led by the crème-brûlée-loving John Belushi. On its 25th anniversary, Frank DiGiacomo relives the giddy scene with the Odeon's creators, admirers, and troublemakers.

358 HELL AND HIGH WATER When catastrophe struck the Gulf Coast, Washington's incompetence and the breakdown of social order in New Orleans dominated the news. But as David Halberstam reckons with the ugly truths Hurricane Katrina exposed, a historic 28-page portfolio by photographer Jonas Karlsson and reporter Ron Beinner showcases the survivors of the storm, and the men and women in whom it brought out the best.

TUNED-IN "DROPOUT"
KANYE WEST AT THE PLAYERS CLUB IN NEW YORK . . . 298

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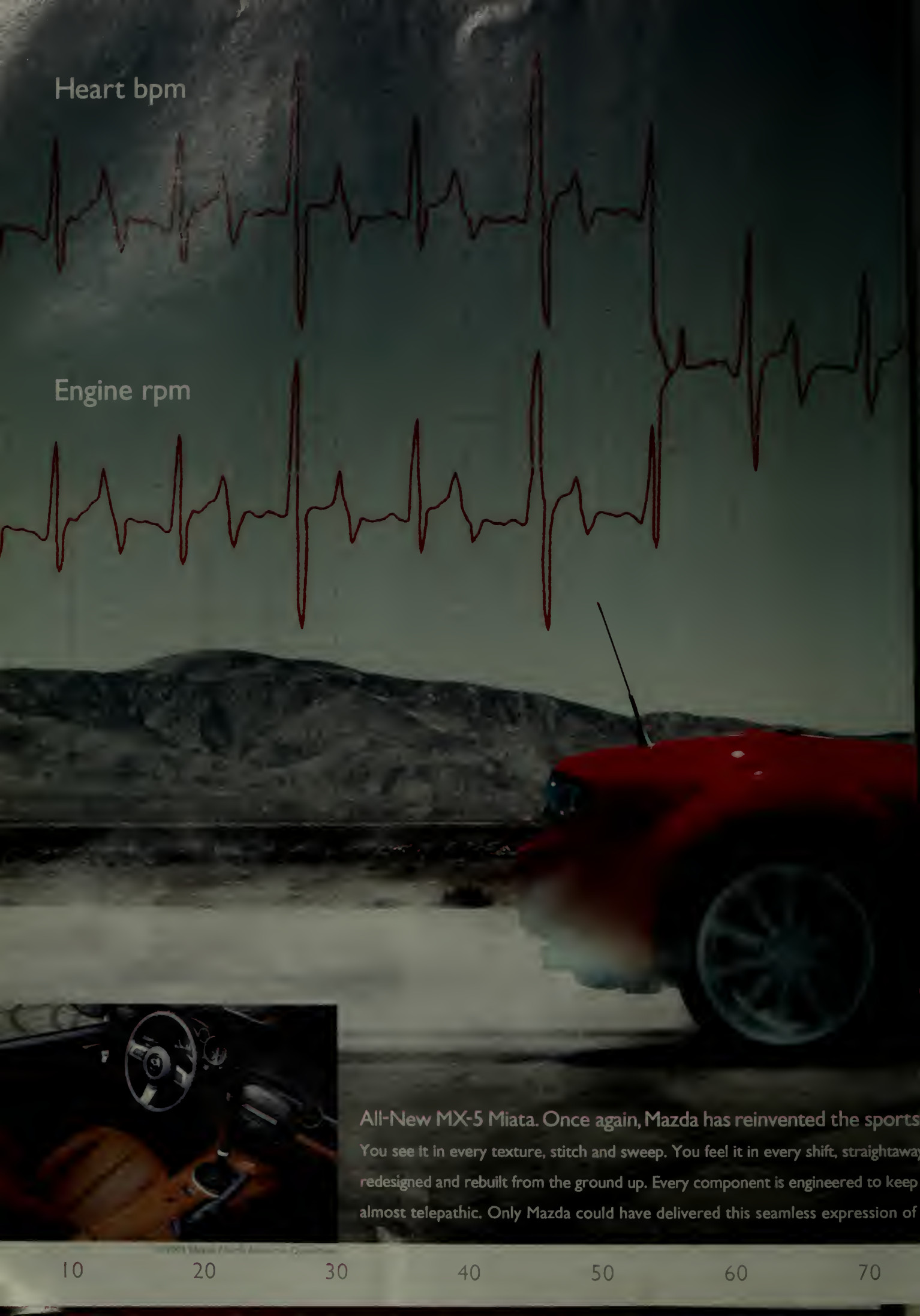
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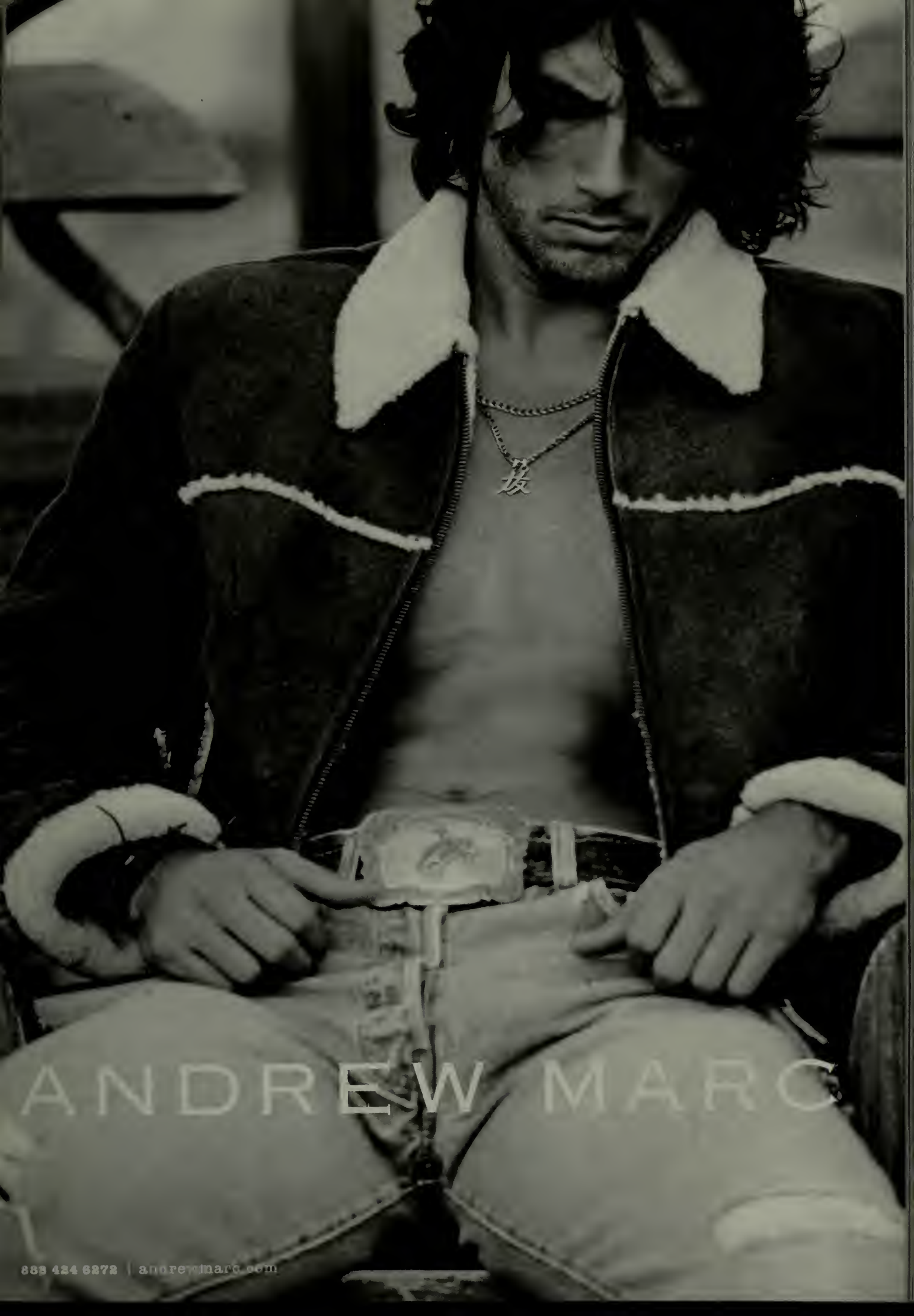
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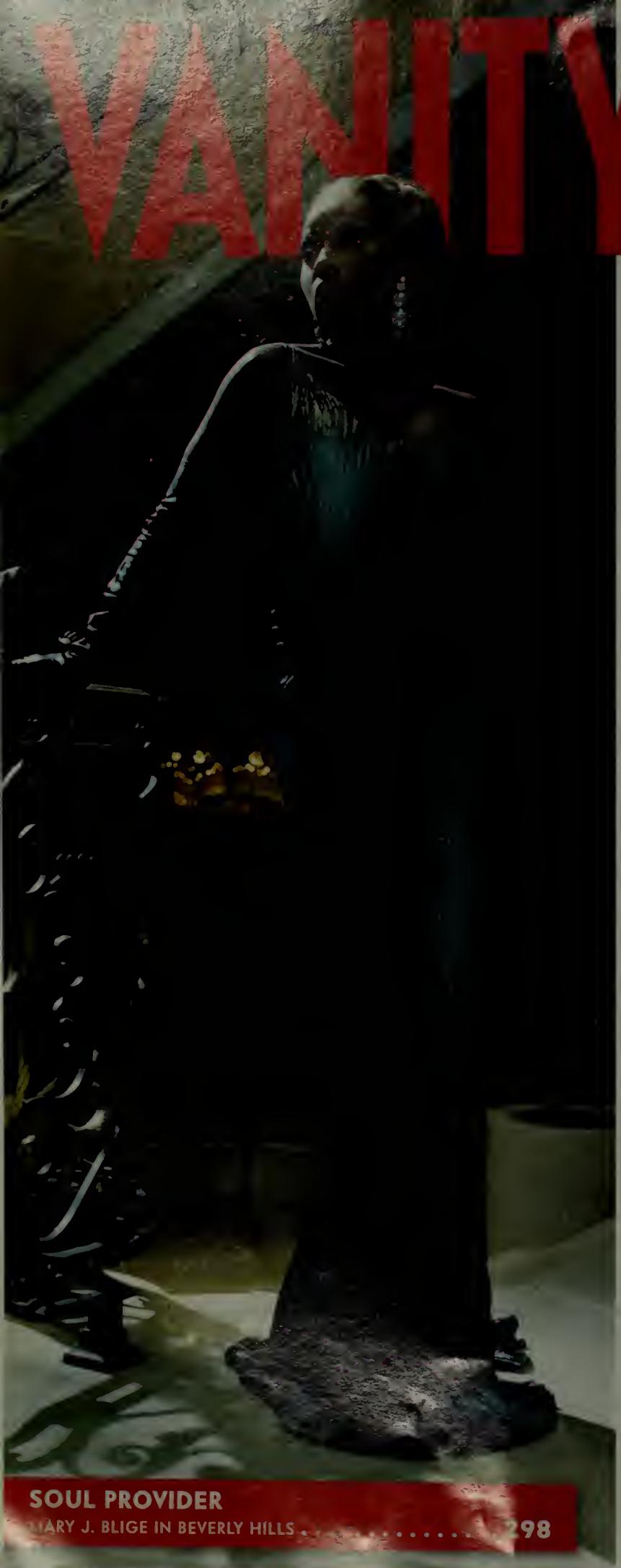
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FANFAIR

145 30 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE Baby, what a view—Top of the Rock reopens. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. Sue Carswell in the kitchen with Iron Chef Cat Cora; Django Reinhardt inspires Emi Poenisch. Victoria Mather swoons for South African jazz Lisa Eisner rides to the rodeo; Dee Dee Myers debates the Tennessee Monkey Trial; Bruce Handy reviews Jerry Lewis's upcoming memoir. New films *Pride & Prejudice* and *Walk the Line*. Punch Hutton on the Cloister revamp; Aaron Gell on Antony and the Johnsons. Visual books of the season. Tommy Hilfiger turns 20. My Stuff-Vanessa Getty; Christine Muhlke gets beauty tips from Paul Starr and Tom Pecheux.

COLUMNS

176 FLOODING THE SPIN ZONE Analyzing the passionate media reaction to Hurricane Katrina (starting with Brian Williams, Anderson Cooper, and Shepard Smith James Wolcott contrasts that blast of candor with the usual spin. Could this be the comeback of real journalism

186 MEANWHILE, IN AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION . . . Most second-term presidents have a V.P. jockeying for a shot at the Oval Office. Not Bush. Aside from making one steely-jawed hurricane-relief appearance, Dick Cheney was invisible for 11 days. Michael Wolff may have figured out why. Illustration by Philip Burke.

192 THE MAN WHO ATE HOLLYWOOD When wildcatter turned Hollywood magnate Marvin Davis died last year, he was supposed to be worth $5.8 billion. Instead, his daughter claims, the estate is worth nothing. That's only one of the big surprises, as Mark Seal reports, in an outrageously epic life.

222 HIGH NOON IN CRAWFORD Welcome to Crawford, Texas, where the leader of the free world transforms into a pickup-drivin', brush-clearin' cowboy. (Don't mind the grieving Iraq-war mothers to your left.) At the president's vacation retreat, Evgenia Peretz learns why the "Howdy, neighbor" act is wearing thin. Photographs by Larry Fink.

238 25 FOR THE ROAD Whether she's touring France with Lance Armstrong, fleeing the cops in a Z-28, or cruising a Missouri summer night, rock star Sheryl Crow is an expert on winding roads. Here, she selects 25 albums no driver should be without. Photographs by Marc Baptiste.

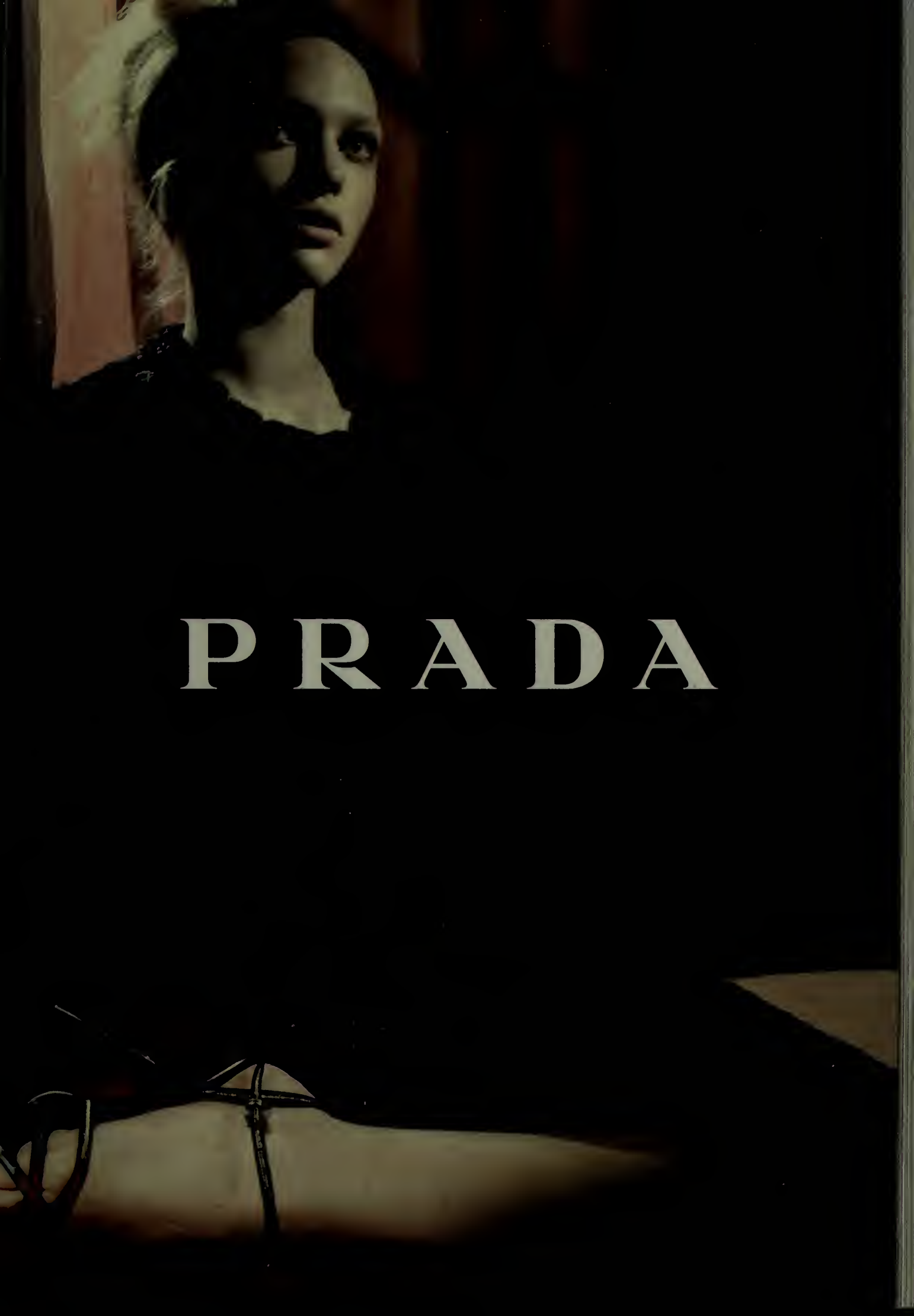
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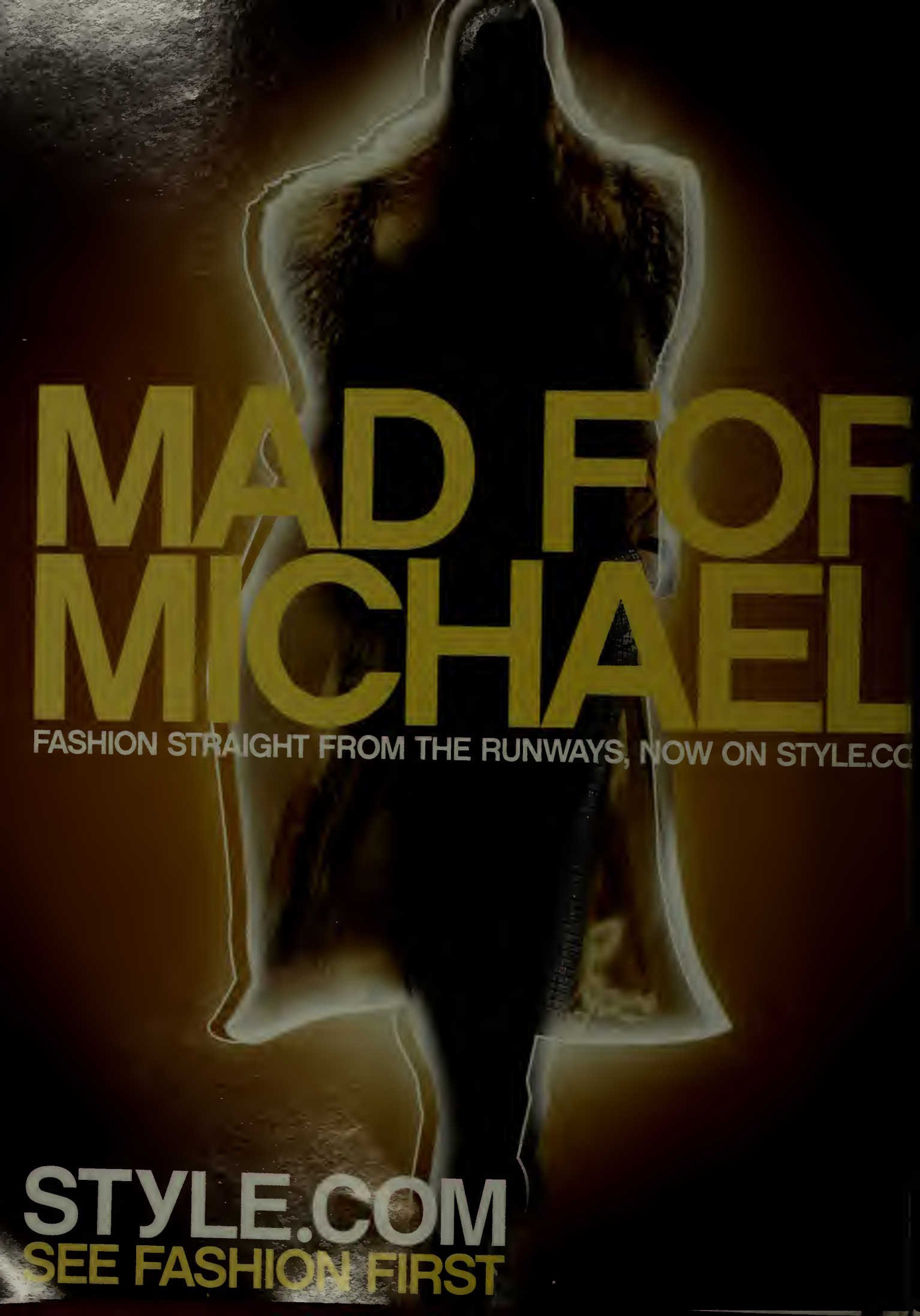
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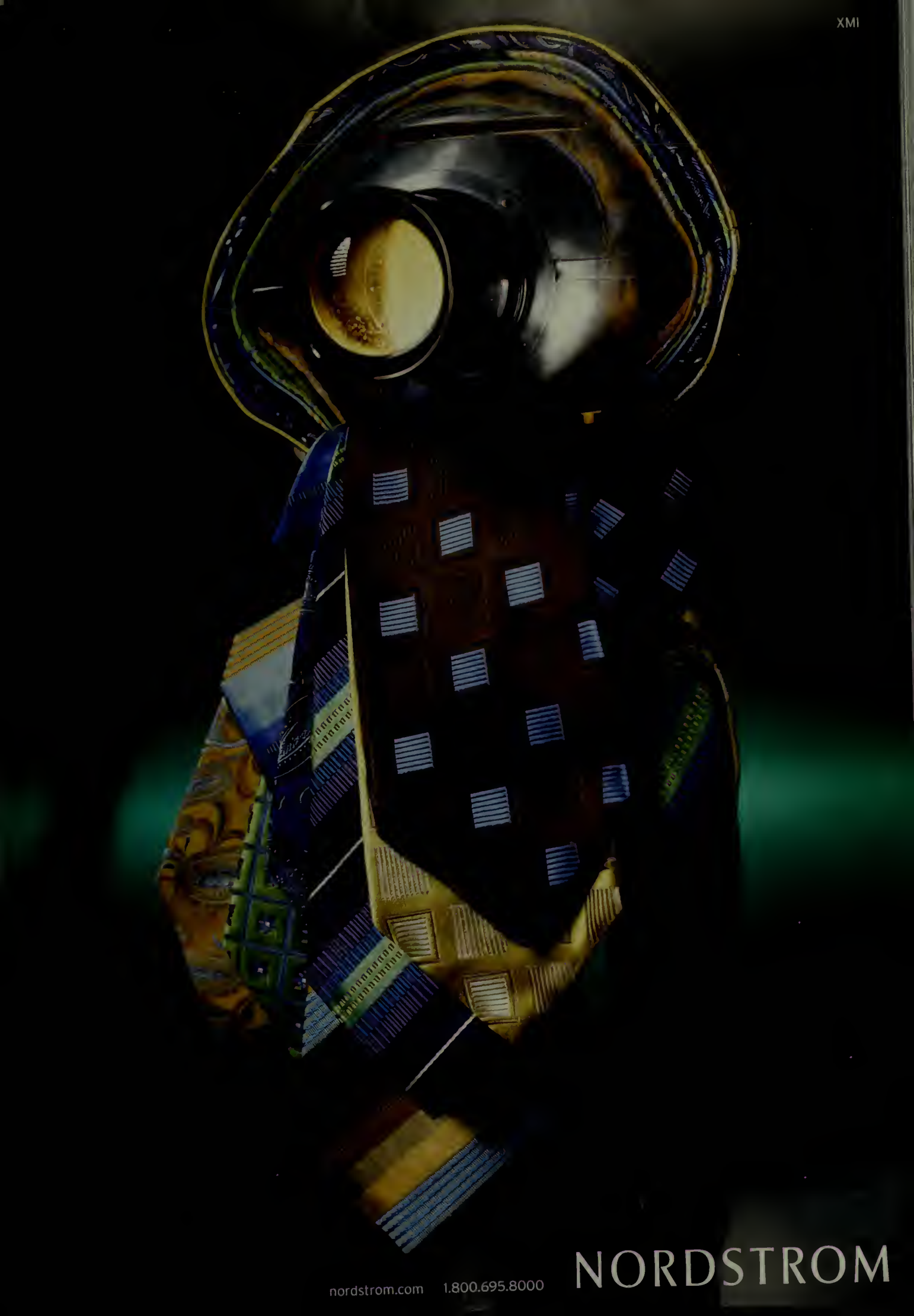



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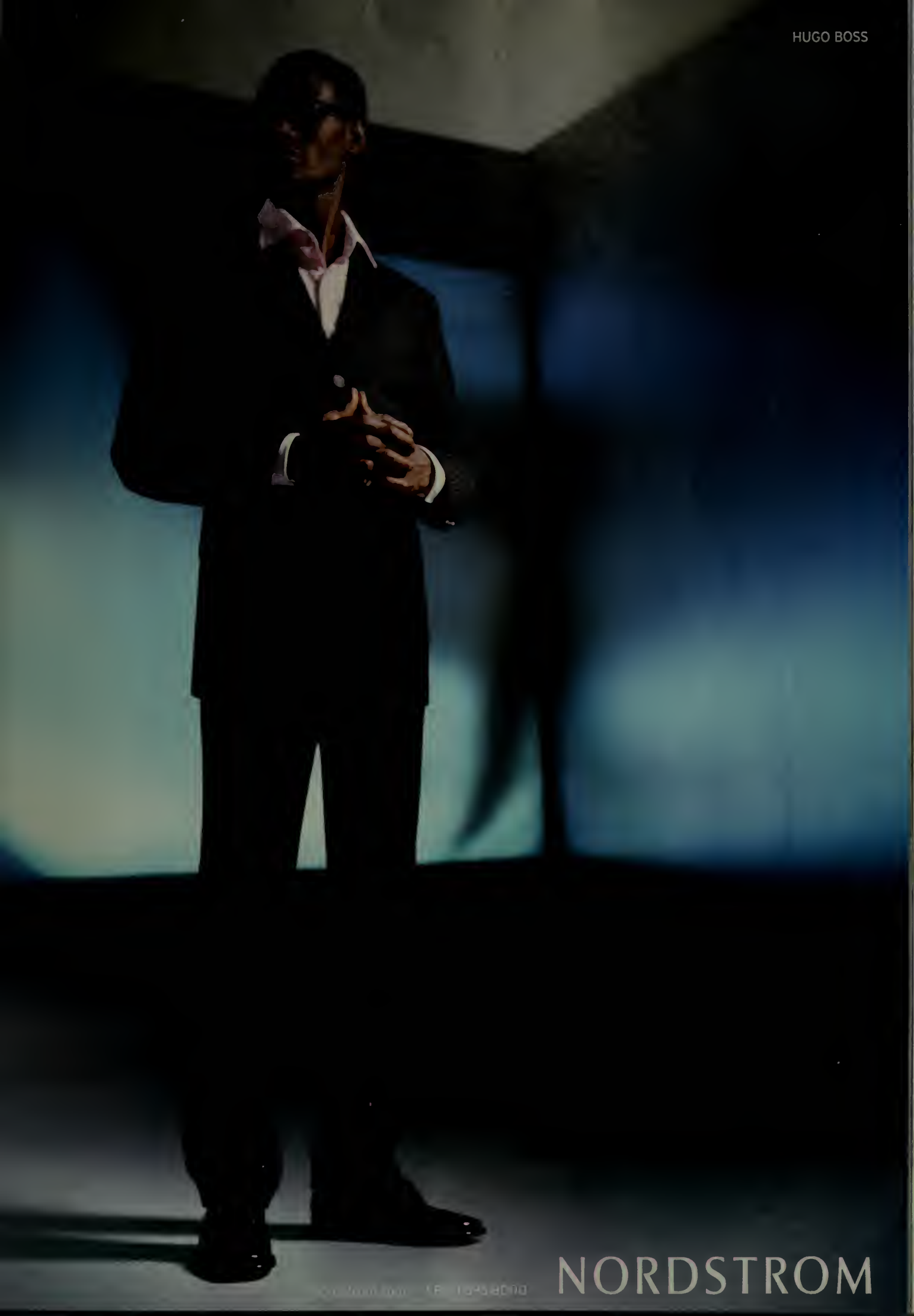
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250 HIP-HOP HAPPENS Englewood, New Jersey, 1979: three young men climb into an Oldsmobile in front of Crispy Crust Pizza and emerge as the Sugarhill Gang—which will record rap's first hit single. Steven Daly revisits hip-hop's scrappy, sometimes shady, and always electric origins.

268 THE WAITING PLAGUE Epidemiologists warn of a potential natural disaster that could dwarf Hurricane Katrina. Tracking the deadly avian flu across Asia, William Prochnau and Laura Parker find a handful of doctors, officials, and health workers who are struggling to confront the danger.

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ON TIME Any watch can tell the hour, but if you want the ultimate in technology and design on your wrist, only a horological wonder will do. In a special pullout section, Taki Theodoracopulos explores the psychology of watch wearing, while Simon Mills joins Jodi Kidd on a race to ticktock heaven, and Bill Emmott extols the well-timed investment.

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285 I, MAX David Kamp and wine expert/author David Lynch compile the Wine Snob's Dictionary. Gently aged former heartthrob Tab Hunter comes out to George Wayne about coming out. Lisa Robinson's Hot Tracks.

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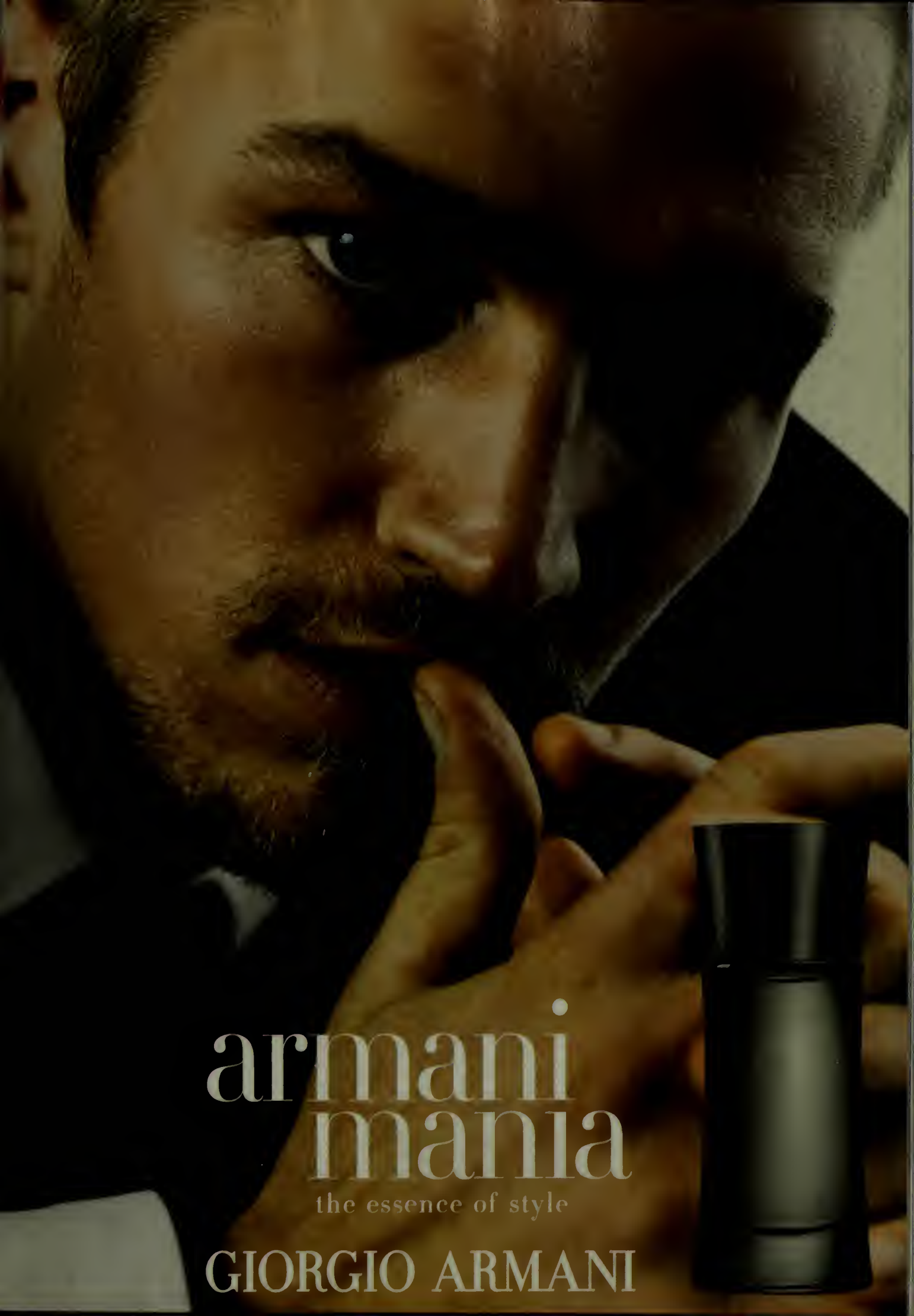
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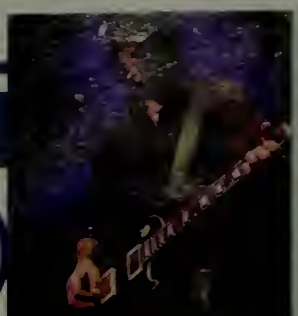
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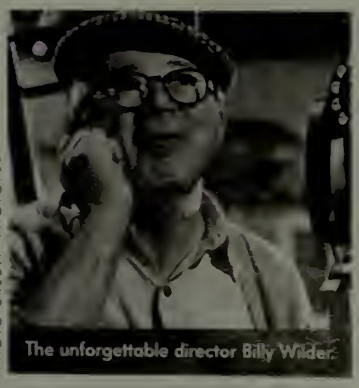


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Gone with the Wind—and the Rain



The administration is fond of referring to George W. Bush as a C.E.O.-type president. He and his handlers encourage this description in that it conveys to voters a sense of can-do efficiency, fiscal probity, laser-like decisiveness, and casual-Friday fitness. It's clever packaging. But as we now know, it's pretty much just that—packaging. In the wake of the administration's plundering of the nation's natural resources, its ill-fated response to 9/11, its mismanagement of the country's finances, and its now infamous non-response to Hurricane Katrina, a few shareholder questions might be in order.

First of all, what sort of C.E.O. works in a bubble? (Jerry Levin, the former chief of Time Warner, used to rattle around on the company's nearly barren executive floor at 75 Rockefeller Plaza. He was seriously isolated. And what did he wind up doing? Merging his blue-chip company with AOL—the business equivalent of invading Iraq.)

What sort of C.E.O. surrounds himself almost exclusively with yes-men and -women?

What sort of C.E.O. doesn't read the newspapers, or even watch the evening news?

What sort of C.E.O. wants to hear only *good* news?

What sort of C.E.O. makes drastic, life-altering decisions based on flimsy due diligence, or outright faulty research? (See also: weapons of mass destruction; Saddam's links to the 9/11 hijackers; and the impression that Americans would be welcomed in Iraq as "liberators.")

What sort of C.E.O. makes bold announcements of victory long before a battle is over?

What sort of C.E.O. bullies his competitors and allies alike?

What sort of C.E.O. pays more attention to public relations than to actual operations?

What sort of C.E.O. plunges his company into historic debt levels in order to reward the wealthy backers who put him in the job?

What sort of C.E.O. has the vacation mind-set not of a Fortune 500 mandarin but of a French civil servant?

The administration's logy indifference to the suffering and catastrophic consequences of Hurricane Katrina should come as no surprise. The whole order of things followed a step-by-step pattern, now familiar after four and a half years of this C.E.O. presidency:

Step I. Staff Up with Cronies and Friends

Bush stocked his first-term administration with well-heeled donors who were put in charge of the very government divisions with which they had previously done battle. In this vein, onetime lobbyists and lawyers for the oil and gas industries were put in charge of those responsible for giving out drilling permits; anti-environmentalists were put in charge of environmental programs; and so forth. In the case of Michael Brown, the hapless head of the Federal Emergency Management Agency at the time Katrina hit U.S. shores, he wasn't even a crony. He was a crony of a crony: the college friend of Joe Allbaugh, who had later managed the Bush-Cheney 2000 election campaign. Allbaugh was awarded a job after Bush got into office. And when Allbaugh left to [illegible] he recommended his old pal to take his place, [illegible]

would leave a worn football jersey younger brother. *The Washington* pointed out that, like Brown him four of FEMA's seven senior officials der him had no bona fide disaster ifications. Their common achievem their tie to the Bush administratio

Step II. Ignore Warnings

New Orleans, as those who lived t know only too well, sits like a cereal floating in a kitchen sink. *The Ti Picayune* (owned by the Newhouses, same family that owns *Vanity Fair*) a by now famous, five-part series in 2 that delved into the city's vulnerab to massive flooding. The reports included details about the sibility of huge numbers of drowned residents, but also pres the destruction of homes, the release of hazardous chemicals, so forth—in short, just about everything that came to pass September. In 2004, more than three dozen state, local, and unteer organizations performed a mock survival exercise sought to replicate the effects of a Category 3 hurricane. Reut reported that the groups "had to deal with an imaginary sto that destroyed over half a million buildings in New Orleans forced the evacuation of a million residents." And less tha month before Katrina hit, the National Oceanic and Atm pheric Administration announced that there was a 95 to 100 p cent chance of higher-than-normal hurricane activity this ye

On August 28, just as Katrina was plowing toward the G Coast, Jiff Hingle, the sheriff of Plaquemines Parish, said t New Orleans' levees were designed to withstand a Category 3 h ricane. Anything stronger, he warned, and "these levees will hold the water back." The next day, the National Hurricane Cen rated Katrina as a Category 4. Max Mayfield, the head of t National Hurricane Center, says he briefed both Brown and Hon land Security chief Michael Chertoff as to the destructive force Katrina "way before landfall." He briefed President Bush as w via videoconference. As Mayfield told the *St. Petersburg Times*, just wanted to be able to go to sleep that night knowing that I d all I could do." (The next week Chertoff confessed that this sto scenario—a Category 4 hurricane *plus* a breached levee system—w not included in his department's emergency plans.)

Step III. Do the Wrong Thing

It wasn't that the administration did the wrong thing so much that it did so little in the crucial days *after* the hurricane. A ministration officials either did not see the unfolding disaster the rest of the world did on its television sets, or just put doi something off until tomorrow. And when they did act, they seeme more interested in damage control than in controlling the damag (Like a man whose wife has found a strange girdle in his glov compartment, the president, in a frantic effort to win back th nation's favor, was all flowers and boxed chocolates, a month late for the victims of Hurricane Rita.)

The public's first sight of the president in disaster mode too the form of a photo op: the commander in chief, at a windo aboard Air Force One, flying over the devastated area. Th point of the picture, which appeared in newspapers around th world, was one of "Message: I care." The effect, given all that ha


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[illegible] was of a kid looking out the window during an aerial tour of the Grand Canyon. "As we flew here today, I also asked the pilot to fly over the Gulf Coast region so I could see firsthand the scope and magnitude of the devastation," the president said. He then demonstrated his renowned powers of observation by pointing out that "the vast majority of New Orleans, Louisiana, is underwater." As *The New York Times* noted in an editorial, "Nothing about the president's demeanor . . . which seemed casual to the point of carelessness—suggested that he understood the depth of the current crisis." To prep his boss for his first on-site visit, Dan Bartlett, counselor to the president, thought it prudent to put together a DVD compilation of news broadcasts.

Vice President Dick Cheney had been at his home in Wyoming when the hurricane rammed the Gulf Coast. Three days after the levees broke, he cut his vacation short and headed back to the office. The vice president finally made it down to New Orleans a week later, his warm and fuzzy manner spreading hope and love throughout the ravaged area.

The New York *Daily News* reported that, on the Wednesday after Katrina hit, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice, on a trip to New York, attended an evening performance of *Spamalot,* at which she was booed when the curtain came down. The next day, according to the Gawker Web site, she was spotted in the Ferragamo flagship store on Fifth Avenue and had to confront another patron's loud reprimand, "How dare you shop for shoes while thousands are dying and homeless!" (A source within Ferragamo disputes the account, insisting that at no time did "fellow shoppers react to [Rice's] presence in the store.")

Former first lady Barbara Bush was dispatched to the Houston Astrodome to comfort the 11,000 evacuees huddled in the sports complex. "What I'm hearing, which is sort of scary, is they all want to stay in Texas," she later said famously. "Everyone is so overwhelmed by the hospitality. . . . And so many of the people in the arena here, you know, were underprivileged anyway, so this is working very well for them." And who could blame her for seeing the bright side of a bad situation? Many of the evacuees had seats on the 50-yard line. All they were missing was a football game. And their homes.

At least the president didn't respond to Katrina the way he did to 9/11. That would have meant invading the Bahamas, where the hurricane formed. As the editorial cartoonist Tom Tomorrow "quoted" President Bush: "You're either with *us,* or you're with the *weather!*"

Step IV. Avoid Blame by Pointing Fingers

The White House tried to put a game face on a poll-plunging situation with a flurry of talking points that sought to delay accountability for the screwup and, at the same time, finger others as the culprits. Thus, during week two of the New Orleans disaster, administration members parroted the phrase "Let's not play the blame game" to anyone who would listen. (They're certainly not above playing the "Plame Game.") At the same time, they took pains to helpfully point out that local and state officials (most of them Democrats) were really the ones at fault. During a Cabinet meeting the president repeated the blame-game line that was written for him. And then added a dilly of his own: "We've got to solve problems; *we're problem solvers.*"

Step V. Reward Friends and the Incompetent

Just as former C.I.A. director George Tenet was given the Presidential Medal of Freedom (after devastating Iraq intelligence failures), and the architect of the war, Paul Wolfowitz, was made head of the World Bank, Michael Chertoff was allowed to stay on as head of Homeland Security. On his agency's list of designated cha for Katrina relief: Operation Blessing, a group controlled b Robertson, which has been known to earmark half its dona for Robertson's Christian Broadcasting Network. And of c Halliburton, already contracted to take on some of the e gency work in case of "natural disasters" in the region, was poised to receive Iraq-style, no-bid contracts. Brown (who resigned under fire) may have been late in grasping the full d tation in New Orleans, but his old college friend certainly d seem to be. Now a consultant to KBR (formerly Kellogg, Br and Root, the Halliburton subsidiary that has so gummed u rebuilding of Iraq), Allbaugh arrived in New Orleans early possibly to "advise" his new employer. And the "disaster p teers"—as Danielle Brian, director of the watchdog group Projec Government Oversight, called some contractors—got an imm ate boost when the president suspended the Davis-Bacon A Depression-era law that requires contractors in relief areas to its workers what people in the region made before the disaster

The cleanup, true to form, will result in little sacrifice for the ministration's wealthy backers. The president stressed over and again that the $200 billion intended for the region would be acc plished without a tax increase. This is basically Bush-administra code for: *We are going to take money from one group of disadvanta Americans and give it to another group of disadvantaged America*

The events of September 2001 told Americans that we are isolated from the dangers of the world. The events of Sept ber 2005 should tell us that we are really no different fr the rest of the world. We are vulnerable. We make mistakes. W New Orleans looking a lot like Baghdad, Americans might just suffering a rare loss of confidence. Not in themselves so muc individually, thousands of citizens rose to the challenge of the di ter—but in their elected representatives, and in the "system," as used to call it in the 60s. This is not necessarily the worst thing more humble America would be a more welcome world neighb

Senior adviser Karl Rove, the McKinsey partner of the C.E administration, has long prided himself, with some justifi tion apparently, on his wizardry at database management wonder if the pressures of the job, and the distractions of "Ro gate," are now beginning to take their toll. I have little evidence o er than the following letter I received earlier this year from his c league (the Senate majority leader) "Bill Frist, M.D."

"Dear Graydon," the letter began, "Will you join the Preside and Mrs. Bush, the leadership of the Republican Party and me f dinner here in Washington . . . ?" *Well, I thought, I have something that night, but I'm sure I could move things around a bit.* "And w you also allow us to honor you, Graydon, for your work in the 20 elections? . . . " *I mean, I did what I could, Bill—we are, I assume, a first-name basis—but this really is too kind.* "This year The Pre dent's Dinner not only celebrates President Bush's second term, i also a testimonial dinner for you, Graydon, and a handful of oth Republican men and women who played vital public, and in mar cases, critical behind-the-scenes roles in President Bush's campaign *Now you are going overboard. I'm sure there are many individuals f more deserving than I am.* "That's right, on June 14th—Flag Day the Republican Party will publicly recognize the lifetime commi ment you've made to help make our Republican agenda for Americ a reality. . . . " *I assure you, my efforts to date are not worthy of suc recognition.* "Graydon, will you accept the honor you so richly d serve and the accolades and public appreciation of your Republica Party?" *If you insist. But only if you insist.* —GRAYDON CARTE

ON THE COVER: Beyancé Knowles wears a dress by Zaldy and a bracelet by Louis Vuitton. Hair and makeup products by L'Oréal. Hair by Kimberly Kimble. Makeu by Francesca Talot. Manicure by Lisa Logan. Styled by Andrea Lieberman. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Patrick Demarchelier in New York City, August 11, 200


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Mark Seliger

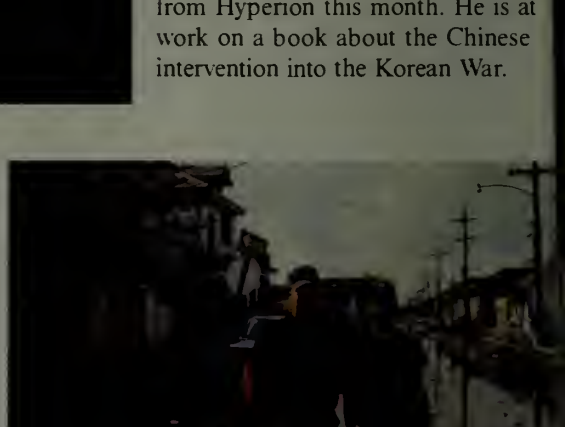
Contributing photographer Mark Seliger is no stranger to the music scene, having been the chief photographer at *Rolling Stone* for more than a decade, as well as having directed a number of music videos, for such names as Lenny Kravitz, Elvis Costello, and Willie Nelson, and even having his own band, Rusty Truck. So it was natural that he would shoot the majority of this month's Hip-Hop Portfolio. "I definitely felt like we were breaking new ground with the magazine," he says. "As it grew, people got really excited. All of the shoots had a great energy, and everyone was really up for looking sharp." Seliger also got a lesson in elegan from OutKast's fashionable André "3000," who told him to dress in a carefree wa like you don't need money. Seliger's new book, *In My Stairwell,* is out this month from Rizz



PORTER GIFFORD

David Halberstam

Contributing editor and Pulitzer Priz winner David Halberstam, who wrot the essay accompanying *V.F.*'s 9/11 supplement, in November 2001 delivers a touching introduction to th New Orleans portfolio, "Hell and High Water," on page 358. This year marks Halberstam's 50th year as a nationally published reporter—his firs article, on a Mississippi election, ran in *The Reporter* magazine—and als the publication of his portrait of the New England Patriots' Bill Belichick *The Education of a Coach,* available from Hyperion this month. He is at work on a book about the Chinese intervention into the Korean War.



Jonas Karlsson and Ron Beinner

For the November 2001 issue of *V.F.,* contributing photographer Jonas Karlsson and contributing photography producer Ron Beinner collaborated on "One Week in September," a photo portfolio memorializing America's response to 9/11. This month they headed south to document another horror occurring on U.S. soil. "The question after 9/11 was 'How could this have happened?,'" Beinner says. "This time it's 'Why weren't we prepared?'" Considering the challenges all those affected by the disaster still face, their determination and character amazed Beinner and Karlsson. "Every person we met was warm, honest, and genuinely loves New Orleans," Beinner says. Adds Karlsson, who als shot four of the images for this month's Music Portfolio, "You don't see peo e giving up; they will not lie down and die." CONTINUED ON PAGE 9



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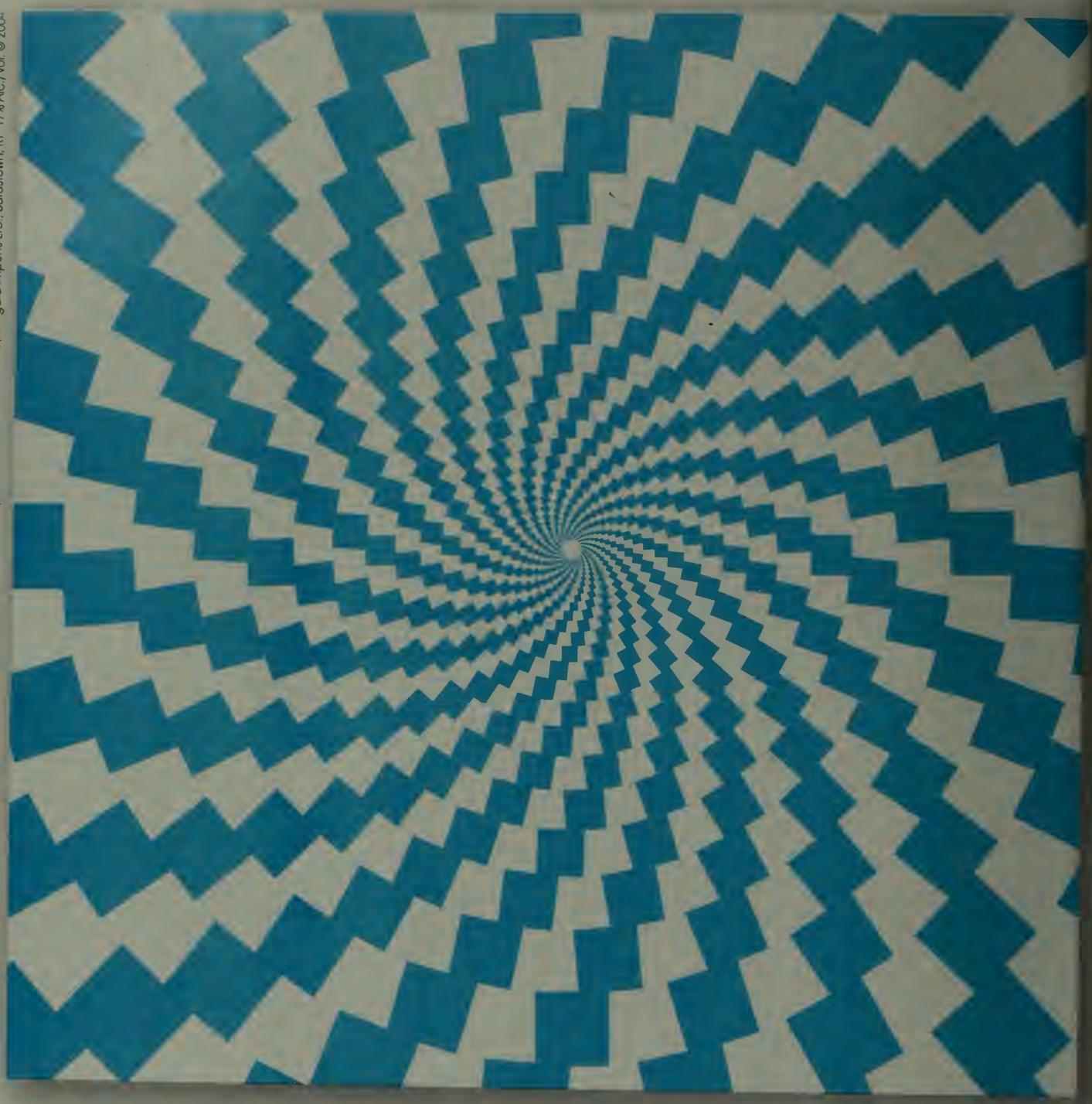
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 92



JONATHAN BECKER

Lisa Robinson

For this year's Music Issue, contributing editor Lisa Robinson (here with Jay-Z and Jon Brion at this year's *V.F.* Oscar party) profiled cover girl Beyoncé Knowles, who, says Robinson, "has a tireless work ethic and real talent—a combinatio I've rarely seen. Plus, she's delightful." In additi Robinson lined up all the musicians (and went t almost all of the shoots) for the Hip-Hop Portfo "These photos were often difficult to schedule, and at times the creative input from the artists v overwhelming, but it's my favorite Music Portfol ever—because we're presenting the biggest stars from the most influential music of the last 25 years in beautiful, and often elaborate, settings. Hip-hop made us all listen to music differently; these photos give us a chance to look at hip-hop in a different way, too."

Marc Baptiste



Haitian-born photographer Marc Baptiste shot Sheryl Crow and, for the Hip-Hop Portfolio, Common, Eve, and Snoop Dogg and Pharrell Williams. "Beautiful images are created by setting the right mood," he says. "The pressure has to be on me and my team—everyone else should relax and enjoy themselves." Fittingly, there was laughter at every shoot, such as when, upon being recognized by passing children, Snoop Dogg spontaneously freestyled over Pharrell's beatboxing. "It is always great to work with talented people," says Baptiste. "Snoop will make you laugh until tears come out of you eyes. Eve is beautiful and has a mellow sense of humor. Common is deep and alway insightful. Sheryl Crow was lovely, as usual." Baptiste's third book proje *Innocent,* will be published in fall 2006 by Rizzol



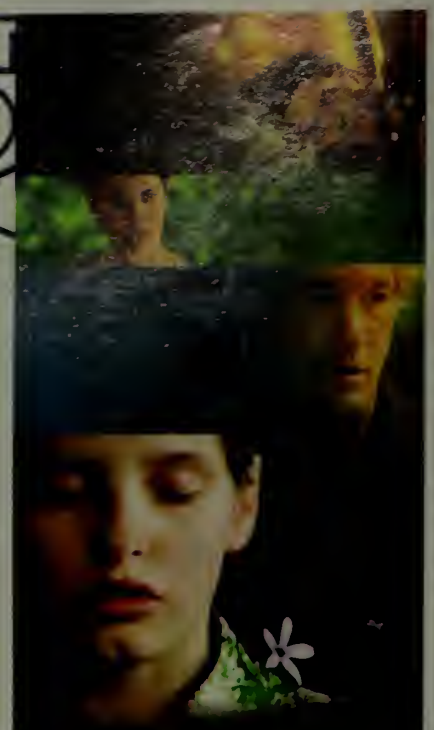
TED WOO

Mark Seal

Mark Seal, a Dallas- and Aspen-based writer and *Vanity Fair* contributing editor, specializes in stories about larger-than-life personalities. But the subject of this month's profile, on page 192—oil tycoon and movie mogul Marvin Davis—dwarfed them all. "I've interviewed countless people over the last 30 years, and I don't think I've ever been so overwhelmed by someone," says Seal. "His physical presence was so enormous, but coupled with that was an equally huge story. He lived an epic, theatrical life." An anthology of Seal's celebrity interviews will be published by Rutledge Hill Press in 2006

CONTINUED ON PAGE 100


MICHAEL
NORDSTROM
MICHAEL KORS



The stars of *Bee Season*, from top, Juliette Binoche, Max Minghella, Richard Gere, and Flora Cross.

ON THE SILVER SCREEN

Bee Seoson, from the celebroted novel by Mylo Goldberg, is the story of o modern Americon family whose picture-perfect surfoce conceols on underlying world of secrets. Richard Gere ond Juliette Binoche star with newcomers Flora Cross ond Mox Minghella.

Co-directors David Siegel ond Scott McGehee exploin why they were drown to the film's moteriol: "The film is a portrait of o fomily trying to find their woy bock to each other...they ore olso trying to find their way to something more meoningful in their own lives, ond the way those two quests intertwine is something most of us encounter in life."

From an octor's perspective, Gere sees thot "Like mony fomilies, it's only when you get deep inside the house that you see that it's filled with all kinds of secrets ond conflict. But then, if you look even further, you find you have four people who are seorching for some kind of...groce ond redemption."

***Bee Seoson* opens in the fall at theoters across the country.**

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

Evgenia Peretz



For contributing editor Evgenia Peretz, who grew up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and lives in New York City, going to Crawford, Texas, was certainly exotic. "I think I ate one vegetable the entire time I was there," says Peretz, who traveled to Crawford four times over the summer. Although she could have done without the chicken-fried steak, she had fun meeting George Bush's local, die-hard supporters. "I really enjoyed the back-and-forth with people I usually disagreed with. Only on a cou of occasions did I need to keep my shock in check—like when talking to the woman w believes the president's brush clearing proves that he's an amazing environmentalis



MARC BAPTISTE

Sheryl Crow

On page 238, Sheryl Crow digs into the "soundtrack of her youth" to rank her favorite songs to listen to while driving. "Although a lot of m choices are recent finds and loves," she says, "the process of recalling th music that means so much to me prompted my gut to go with the selections I made." Crow readies he highway mix once more as she prepares for a new tour, to promote her latest album, *Wildflower*—and this time she has a new "roadie" to boot: fiancé and seven-time Tour de France winner Lance Armstrong. "Listening to certain music while driving, or traveling on my tour bus, brings me to a place of inner peace inspired, enlightened, and safe."

Larry Fink



To describe the protest zone outside President Bush's usually tranquil ranch, in Crawford, Texas, contributing photographer Larry Fink imagines it as a scene in a movie. "It would be a combination of Robert Altman and Federico Fellini," he says. "It was, on one level, hilarious. On the other, as serious as it can be." Although he is left-leaning, Fink actively pursued and studied his new red-state acquaintances. "I take great pleasure in crossing over and talking to the people who are 'my enemy,' to see if I can influence them or learn from them," he says. "Although we still disagreed profoundly, the conversation were based on a certain bemused generosity." Fink is currently working on two books one on praying mantises and the other on jazz music. CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

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48th annual GRAMMY AWARDS

CONTRIBUTORS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100



GASPER TRINGALE

Sarah Czeladnicki

Over her seven years at *Vanity Fair,* senior associate photo editor Sarah Czeladnicki has produced a range of shoots for the magazine, from Septembe Jennifer Aniston exclusive to the historic World Series win for the Boston Red Sox in the April issue. This month, Czeladnicki oversaw most of the Hip-Hop Portfolio, a formidable yet rewarding task. Her role, in brief, was t ensure that any number of things that could go wrong didn't. "The biggest challenge was managing so many differe personalities and logistics," she says. "One minute we're shooting Diddy in Times Square at one A.M., and the next we're trying to keep the fans at bay while Snoop and Pharrell play croquet in a public park in Beverly Hills."



Steven Daly

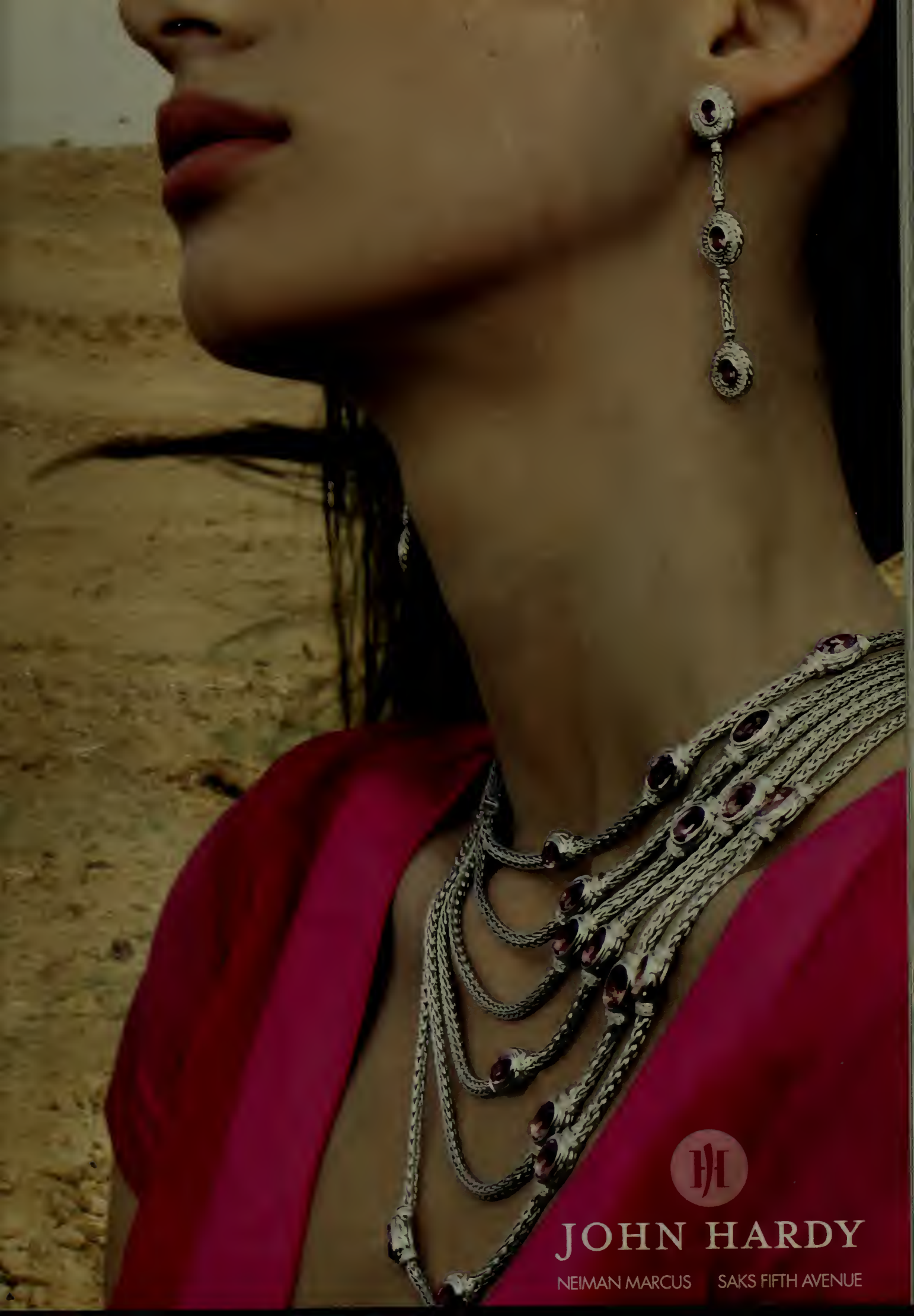
Inspired by a suggestion from his friend musician Edwyn Collins, contributing editor Steven Daly wrote "Hip-Hop Happens," which starts on page 250. Daly, who grew up in Glasgow, Scotland, became aware of hip-hop's early entrepreneurs Sylvia Robinson and her husband, Joe, through the R&B records released by their All Platinum label in the 1970s; in the U.S. most of these were only regional hits, but in Britain they appeared on the pop charts. Plus, Sylvia Robinson already had a hitmaking reputation that went back to 1957. "It was hard to reconcile the fact that the woman behind all these classic oldies also launche the modernist form that still dominates global youth culture in 2005," says Daly



MARK SCHAFFER

Frank DiGiacomo

This month, contributing editor Frank DiGiacomo turns in an oral history of the Odeon ("Live, from Tribeca!," page 348), the restaurant to which John Belushi, Jean-Michel Basquiat, and other 80s luminaries flocked for fine food, provocative conversation, and, in some cases, a mound of blow. Though New York will never lack for stylish restaurants favored by boldfaced names, DiGiacomo says the conditions under which the Odeon—still kicking at 25—became a seminal downtown destination can no longer be replicated. "When the Odeon opened, there were these fringe areas such as Tribeca and the East Village. But practically every inch of New York is developed now."


JOHN HARDY
NEIMAN MARCUS
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

THE RAP PACK

IF YOU THINK ARRANGING A G-8 SUMMIT TAKES WORK . . .

BY LISA ROBINSON



When Graydon Carter first said that he wanted hip-hop to be the subject of this year's Music Portfolio, senior articles editor Aimée Bell, photography director Susan White, creative director David Harris, and I all thought it sounded like fun. The personalities are strong, and certainly the music has been the most influential of the last 25 years. Then reality set in. Everyone travels with 10 people. Many stars only fly in private planes. **Nelly** refused to fly. **Jay-Z,** who had a huge hit with the **Rick Rubin**–produced song "99 Problems," wanted to pose with Rick, but the two were never in the same city at the same time. **Lil' Kim** was on trial, facing an eventual jail sentence. **Queen Latifah** was in Prague making a movie. **Eve** and **Snoop Dogg** were in Europe (not together). Suffice to say, logistics were involved. It was a scheduling challenge. And many of the artists, especially the old-school rappers, were hard to find.



But soon enough—with the help of people such as hip-hop historian Bill Adler, who put us in touch with many of hip-hop's founding fathers—*V.F.* photo producer Sarah Czeladnicki, who worked on most of the shoots, and research consultant Deane Zimmerman tracked people down through relatives, lawyers, and friends. We were under way.





We went to where it all began: 1520 Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx, with **DJ Kool Herc,** who doesn't always get the credit he deserves for being one of the first—circa 1973—to play with turntables and huge speakers. Jonas Karlsson's shoot turned into a block party, with music played by DJ Jaycee, while Herc talked to the neighborhood children about how all the music they listen to, the clothes they wear—the entire hip-hop culture—started on that very street more than 30 years ago. "We got history here," he said. "No one can buy this."

To see the **Fugees** together again for the first time in eight years was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112

HIP-HOP HOORAY
From top: photographer Marc Baptiste coaches Snoop Dogg and Pharrell Williams in croquet; photographer Mark Seliger, contributing editor Lisa Robinson, and Kanye West preview West's new album; at the Black Eyed Peas shoot, Gina Monaci styles apl.de.ap's hair, and Steven Aturo touches up Fergie's makeup.


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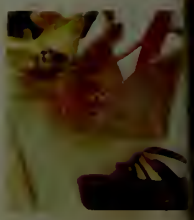
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Certain items are subject to availability. Photographed by Chris Bartlett



INSPIRED BY HER STYLISH NEW MERCURY MILAN, Tina did what anyone else in her shoes would do—buy new ones.





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Milan's eye-catching style and two-tone leather seats* gave Tina ample reason to add to her shoe collection; not that Tina ever needed reasons. The big question now is whether her closet will hold as much as Milan's trunk.

*Available leather-trimmed seats. **As shown. 2006 Mercury Milan V-6 Premier with available features. MSRP $24 980. Tax, title and registration fees extra.







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nerve-racking. [illegible] was tentative at first, but as Mark Seliger's shoot went on, things warmed up, and the familial nature of the trio became evident, with Wyclef Jean probably the one who brought it together and seemed to be holding it together. Sony execs who were there discussed plans for the group's forthcoming surprise appearance on the BET Awards the following week and whispered about the hoped-for reunion CD. And, yes, everyone called her "Miss Hill."

Kanye West was up all night in Miami at a video shoot for "Gold Digger" with Jamie Foxx and director Hype Williams, but he got the first flight out in the morning and came to the Players Club in New York to be photographed with live falcons. And not taking any chances on illegal copying, when we got a sneak preview of his not-yet-released new album, Kanye played it on *his* laptop.



The number of e-mails that went back and forth between Rick Rubin and me about his photo shoot with Jay-Z could fill a good-size file cabinet. Rick, who has a fanciful, creative mind, had ideas that ranged from Niagara Falls to the White House, and it took almost six months of discussion before Jay, as he often does, just took charge—announcing the place and the time, and insisting on the NetJets Boeing Business Jet. The **Beastie Boys** wanted Seliger to take their picture in one of the older subway cars in New York City's Transit Museum, and once there, they decided that they looked very "Rat Pack" with their cigarettes and hats. **Ice-T's** shoot was attended by *Law & Order: SVU*–loving *V.F.* staff members as well as *Law & Order*'s recurring arraignment judge, *V.F.* contributing editor Fran Lebowitz. We all got a chance to meet Ice-T's wife, the voluptuous Coco, who was wearing one of the tightest knit dresses any of us had ever seen. **Common's, Nas's,** and **Run-DMC's** shoots were all on boats—those of us there were grateful for elastic seasickness bands. Common was his usual Zen self, listening to Miss Lauryn Hill's solo album while photographer Marc Baptiste took the boat way too far out in Marina del Rey. When people started to turn green from the unsettling waters, we came back to shore. Nas patiently sat in a rowboat in Central Park while Seliger chased away paparazzi and the New York parks department watched over us. Run-DMC's Darryl "DMC" McDaniels and Reverend

RAP SNAPS
From top: photographer Norman Jean Roy and stylist Kim Meehan get Queen Latifah ready for her close-up; photographer Jonas Karlsson and Russell Simmons look at Polaroids; Ben Watts photographs Kurtis Blow and the Hip Hop Church Choir.




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From The Ground Up, the latest from Hear Music/Lava Records' recording artists Antigone Rising.



THE TALENTED QUINTET FROM ANTIGONE RISING

Opposite page, from left: On Cassidy, dragon print sweater with sequins detailing in cream, paired with classic boot-cut jeans in Crinkle Ink wash. On Dena, Seven7 logo embroidery with tattoo print shown in spice, paired with regular boot cut in Crane wash.

This page, top row from left: On Kristen, rip and torn jean in Raver Dark wash, paired with Seven7 logo T-shirt in ink tie-dye. On Cathy, modern boot cut in Prosperity wash paired with heart-core logo print tank in blue. On Jen, Seven7 logo tank with contrast stitching, paired with 12-inch mini in Rainbow wash. On Dena, Seven7 logo T-shirt in eggplant with cream contrast stitching, paired with classic flare in Imagination wash. Bottom row: On Cassidy, heart-core print tank in red, paired with classic flare in Crinkle Ink wash.

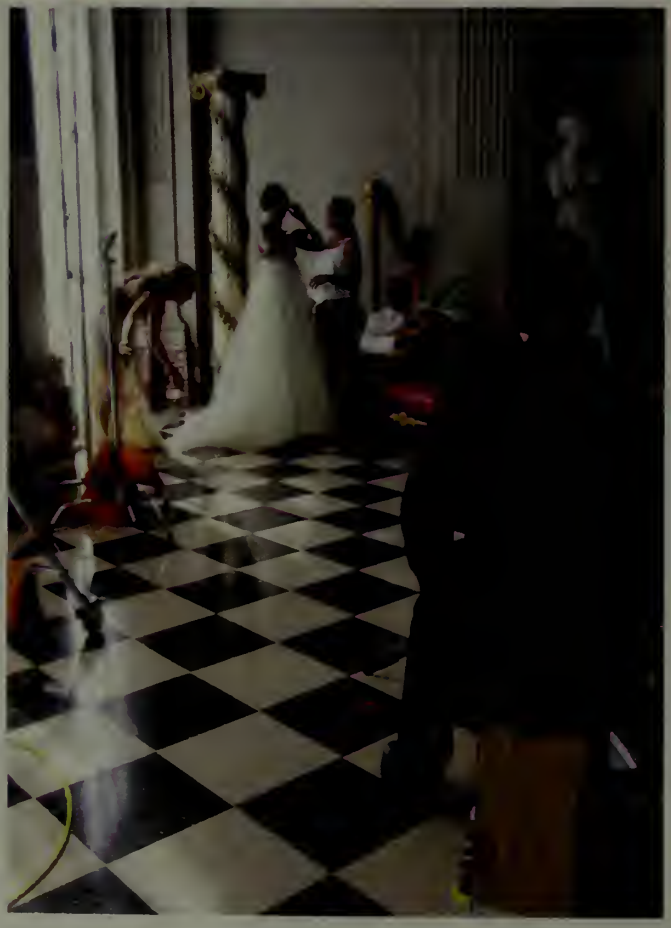
www.seven7jeans.com

Joseph "Run" Simmons were good sports about Karlsson's photographing them in an Amphicar in the choppy waters around Liberty State Park, but after a while, the Reverend Run requested—loudly—that we return to dry land.

The last time we photographed Queen Latifah at a music shoot, she complained that we didn't play enough hip-hop. This time, we listened to Tupac during Norman Jean Roy's shoot, much to the Queen's pleasure. When I told her that I wished there were more women in hip-hop, she said, "I kind of like it. With all those guys—we stood out." Norman Jean Roy also photographed **Mary J. Blige,** in Beverly Hills, where we all wrestled over the one telephone in the house that worked (there was no cell signal). Mary's husband, Kendu Isaacs, commandeered the one phone for most of the afternoon—instructing a staffer how to download Mary's hot remix of "Da MVP" so it could be delivered to me on a disc by the end of the day. For **Eve's** shoot, stylist Andrea Lieberman and photographer Marc Baptiste were into dress-up and lots of different looks; shoots with Baptiste are always like a party. When **Diddy** (who was then still called P. Diddy, or Puff by his close associates) came to Times Square very late at night for his shoot, the security detail was intense, the tourists were delighted, and photographer Seliger (who traveled across the country many times for this portfolio) made sure that he "preserved the sexy," as Diddy so eloquently says in an infomercial.





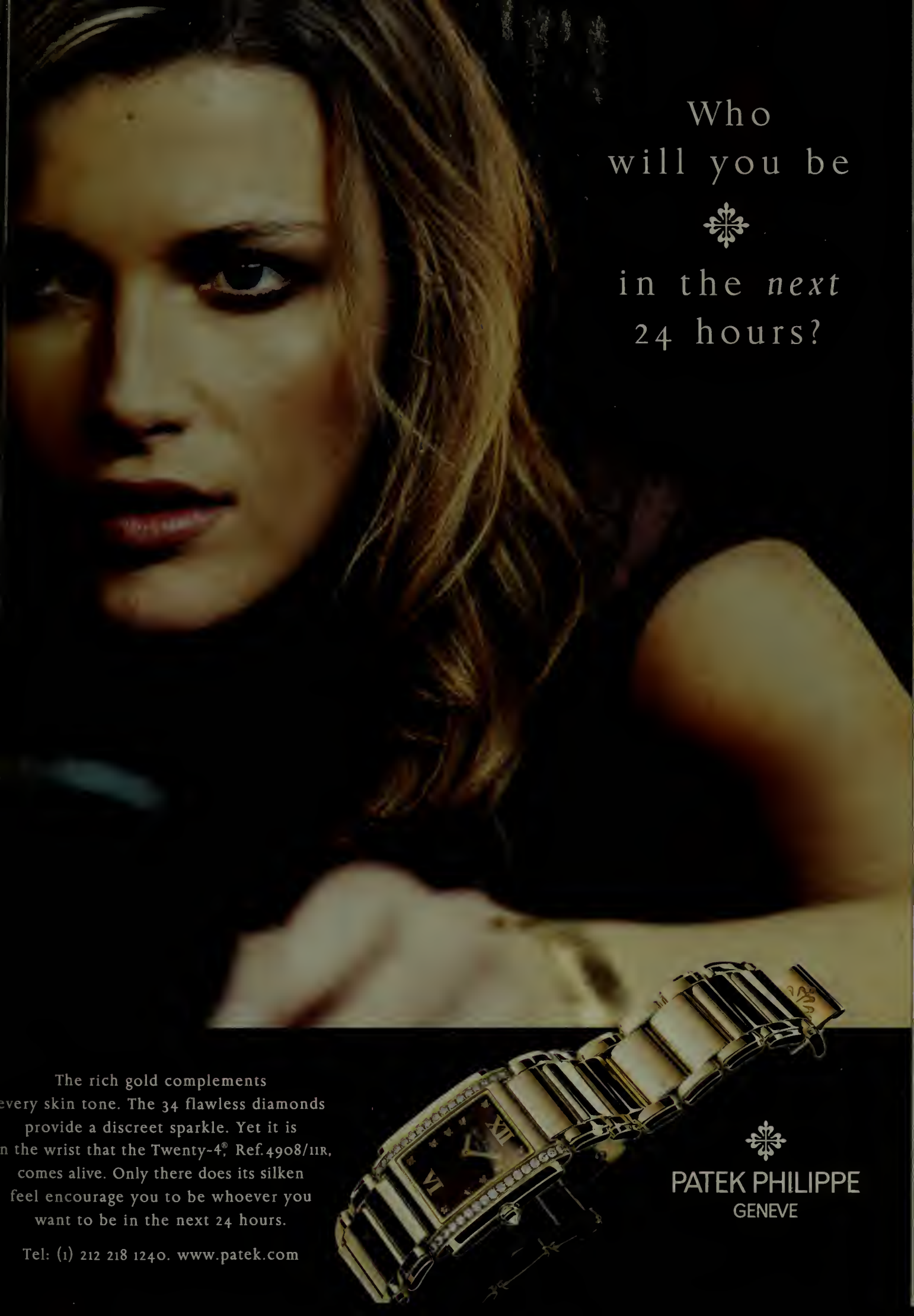


HOT IN HERE
Clockwise from top left: photographer Mark Seliger, senior associate photo editor Sarah Czeladnicki, and producer Ruth Levy look at a Polaroid of Kanye West; Nelly checks out Chris Aire's jewelry; at the Fugees' shoot, Lauryn Hill receives some last-minute touches from stylist Mami Senofonte and hair stylist Tippi Shorter.

Everyone wanted to dress up, and everyone was into the elegant nature of the shoots. **50 Cent, Olivia,** and **G-Unit** had been on their summer Anger Management Tour, and they were the last to be photographed for the portfolio. When we arrived at 50's Connecticut mansion, formerly owned by Mike Tyson, I said to him, "It's a long way from Southside, Queens," the neighborhood where 50—né Curtis Jackson III—was born, lived, and sold drugs before he changed his life. 50 lives large: the house is immense, has countless rooms, and features an elaborate Baccarat chandelier and a huge winding staircase in the foyer. Outside: a pool house and a waterfall. The whole place is being landscaped and renovated to make it 50's own. A hospitable host, he seemed most proud of the multiple awards all lined up in glass-enclosed bookcases.

The shoots were varied. Nelly was high atop the Hollywood Hills with bikini-clad models and diamonds from jeweler Chris Aire. **Grandmaster Flash** was on Long Island, and **Missy Elliott** was at home in Miami. Back in New York, Seliger posed **Chuck D** in front of images of civil-rights marches, Martin Luther King Jr., and Malcolm X for the portfolio—which has captions by Jim Windolf, David Kamp, Bruce Handy, as well as Carolyn Bielfeldt, Ash Carter, Cate Edwards, Jonathan Kelly, Stephen Levey, Mary Lyn Maiscott, and Keenan Mayo. **The Black Eyed Peas** were glamorous at the Argyle Hotel, in Los Angeles, while **Mos Def** got together with early hip-hop influences **the Last Poets** in a Brooklyn diner. **OutKast** was at a mansion outside Atlanta, **Ice Cube** in a Los Angeles recording studio. Snoop Dogg and **Pharrell Williams** played croquet in a park in Beverly Hills, and **Kurtis Blow** sang with the choir in his hip-hop church in Harlem. **Russell Simmons** did yoga on the terrace of his offices in New York City, and Lil' Kim was in bed.

The personalities in this portfolio are all larger than life and still true to the streets. Just like hip-hop. ❑


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HOOD ORNAMENT
Jennifer Aniston lies across a Land Rover Defender in Malibu, California.

A NOTE FROM JOE SCARBOROUGH

A former congressman turned MSNBC pundit defends himself; in praise of Jennifer–for the most part; bring back the draft!; kind words for Marian Fontana; Hitchens under attack; everyone's a film critic; and more

I have been a loyal reader of *Vanity Fair* for some time. But that was before James Wolcott used his October 2003 column to suggest that I murdered an employee while I was a member of Congress ["MSNBC's Fox Hunt"].

His libelous charge, pulled from a hate site on the Internet, led readers to believe that a good woman named Lori Klausutis carried on an adulterous sexual affair with a congressman before being killed in a sleazy sex-scandal cover-up. The article also suggested that this imaginary sex scandal forced me to leave office. I was painted as the Republican Party's answer to Gary Condit, saved from prosecution by a right-wing media machine.

I have long held fast to the rule that I do not respond to rumors, but my assistant suggested that I make an exception this time since the lie published could get me executed, were I a black man living in Texas. And while I cringe at responding to Mr. Wolcott's gutter reporting two years later, I need to set the record straight on your article's implication that I am a murderer.

Here are the facts *Vanity Fair* and James Wolcott would have learned had they spent five minutes on the telephone engaging in rudimentary fact-checking: (1) Lori worked in my annex office in Okaloosa County, Florida. (2) I met her no more than three times; I was never alone with her. (3) I didn't leave Congress because of her death; I announced my retirement from Congress in May 2001—she passed away several months later.

Vanity Fair's shameful reporting spawned a thousand conspiracy theories. But instead of writing a letter or hiring a fleet of lawyers, I called editor Graydon Carter and Mr. Wolcott to point out the recklessness of the charges and the pain caused to all involved. After a meeting with Mr. Carter, I even convinced my wife that it was safe to bring the publication back into our home. I was naïve enough to believe that these lies would fade away without my public denunciation of Mr. Wolcott and *Vanity Fair*. I was mistaken.

After a March 2005 profile of Michael Moore ["Moore's War," by Judy Bachrach] published a Web-site domain name that Moore purchased, JoeScarboroughKilledHisIntern.com, I was understandably concerned that *Vanity Fair* would promote its original reckless charge.

On March 30, 2005, Mr. Wolcott wrote

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MARIO TESTINO


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on his blog, jameswolcott.com (which is linked to VanityFair.com), that he had removed material about the death of Lori Klausutis from his book, not because he knew it to be false but because he was told that I was a pretty nice guy. Even so, he concluded that he would never again give anyone "on the other side" a break. Funny, but I always thought I was the one giving Mr. Wolcott and *Vanity Fair* the break by refraining from filing a lawsuit.

Most politicians and public figures know that being lied about is the price of admission to their jobs. Sadly, Lori and her family did not do anything to deserve this cruel treatment by *Vanity Fair* and its writer.

JOE SCARBOROUGH
Pensacola, Florida

JAMES WOLCOTT RESPONDS: I regret any emotional distress caused to Mr. Scarborough, his family, and the family and friends of the late Lori Klausutis.

JENNIFER, FULL OF GRACE

I HAVE READ novels that have brought me to tears, but never before have I read a magazine article that moved me the way Leslie Bennetts's did in the September issue of *Vanity Fair* ["The Unsinkable Jennifer Aniston"]. Ms. Bennetts, I thank you. And to Ms. Aniston, I say this: You are an impetus. Stunningly beautiful, grounded, courageous, and psychologically evolved as few others on our planet are.

SARAH MILLER
Milton, Ontario

I THINK THE MAJORITY of us have forgotten that Jennifer Aniston is a real person, with real feelings. I have always admired her as an actress, but why does every detail of her personal life have to be ours for the taking? It is our fault that she can't even get her paper from the porch without the paparazzi springing out to snap her picture. They are there because we buy the magazines.

I think it's high time we give Jennifer and all celebrities some space.

KYLA HENDERSON
Brandon, Manitoba

AS A DEDICATED READER of *Vanity Fair*, I am shocked and appalled by Leslie Bennetts's interview with Jennifer Aniston. The double-talk of your magazine's editors is detestable.

In your June issue you regaled your readers with tales and praise of Angelina Jolie's humanitarian work and newfound serenity ["Sex and the Single Mom," by Nancy Jo Sales]. Three months later, you write Jolie has "trumped even that public-relations bonanza by adopting another orphan, an African girl whose parents had died of AIDS." I have a hard time finding what is to be criticized about a woman who dedicates her life and significant income to improving the lives of children in the Third World.

I was most offended by Ms. Bennetts's assertion that "the twice-divorced Jolie—previously known as a tattooed vixen with a taste for bisexuality, heroin, brotherly incest, mental institutions, and wearing her husbands' blood—had morphed into a globe-trotting humanitarian who seemed to be channeling Audrey Hepburn." One would be safe in assuming that Angelina Jolie was also known to the world as an Academy Award winner and a three-time Golden Globe winner.

COURTNEY HOOPER
Chicago, Illinois

JENNIFER ANISTON is not a victim. The media have widely covered her as the poster child for sad divorced women. She has a steady career, a lot of friends, and no children to worry about feeding. You want to know how bad divorce can be? Ask a single mom who has two jobs and no support system!

ROBYN VANDENBERG
Hollywood, Florida

YEARS FROM NOW, Jennifer will be remembered not only for her brilliant career as an actress but also for the way she handled herself during this difficult time.

LISA MOZLEY
Dallas, Texas

THE FEW. THE PROUD. ANYONE.

THANK YOU for bringing us to the front lines of the recruiters' war ["The Recruiters' War," September]. Michael Bronner did an extremely sensitive job of conveying the systemic problems in military-recruitment programs and their heartbreaking effects on the lives of both young people and recruiters.

As a staff member of an organization that has spent 88 years working for truth in recruiting and providing alternative service for young people, I applaud *Vanity Fair*'s excellent coverage of the Iraq war's impact on all levels of our society.

MARY LORD
Assistant general secretary for peace and conflict resolution
American Friends Service Committee
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

AFTER CONTEMPLATING "The Recruiters' War," I now believe that we should return to the military draft.

The military has stated that it prefers voluntary enlistments because of the quality of people who sign up. But if it is finding itself short of recruits, then we should start drafting young men and women. And, if we do start the draft again, I would eliminate ed-


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[illegible] Too many eligible young men avoided the draft during the Vietnam War because of that particular deferment. We can have other deferments, but going to college should not be one of them.

I see absolutely nothing wrong with a young person giving two years of his or her life to serve our country. Millions of Americans have been drafted and are proud of their service.

ROGER DELLINGER
Scottsdale, Arizona

I AM APPALLED by the lack of professionalism, decorum, and Semper Fi unity presented in "The Recruiters' War."

I think that our country needs to reevaluate what is important to us. Are we really fighting for freedom and the American way in our armed forces or are we surrendering our values, morals, and inhibitions in the fight to recruit? I support those brave soldiers who stood up and spoke out for the truth we all seek.

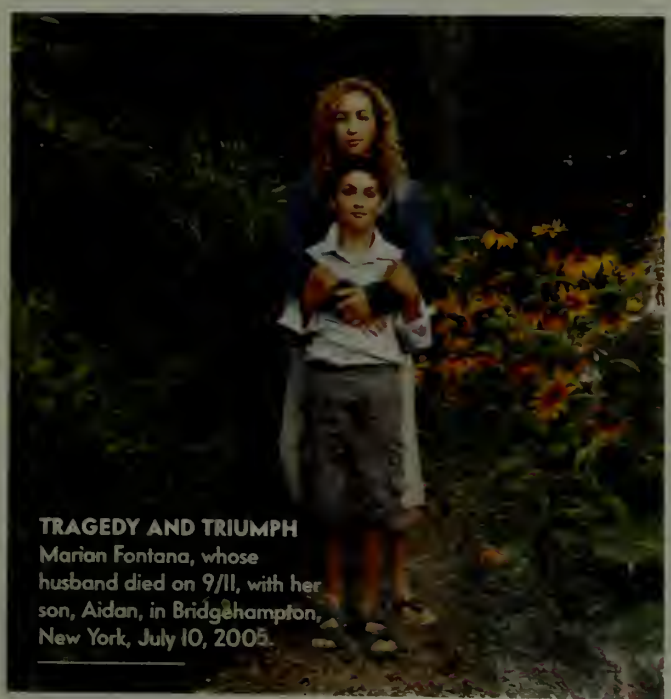
KEISA WILLIAMS
San Marcos, California

A WIDOW'S COURAGE

WHILE JENNIFER ANISTON'S face on the cover of *Vanity Fair* is certain to sell more copies, Marian Fontana and her husband, Dave, are the real story ["The Widow's Story," by Marian Fontana, September].

Thank you for publishing this heartfelt account of a woman who took her personal tragedy and turned it into a triumph in memory of her husband. These are the real heroes. These are the real stories. Ms. Aniston, I'm sure, will bounce back.

NAZ KEYNEJAD
Los Angeles, California



TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH Marian Fontana, whose husband died on 9/11, with her son, Aidan, in Bridgehampton, New York, July 10, 2005.

HITCHENS GOES SOUTH

I WAS SORELY DISAPPOINTED in Christopher Hitchens's September article on the South ["My Red-State Odyssey"]. Instead of providing fresh insight, he gave us hackneyed vignettes that perpetuate the stereotype of the South as some kind of monolithic "Bubbaland" amusement park.

JONATHAN LAMMERS
San Francisco, California

SO MUCH FOR an Oxford education. Christopher Hitchens's column on the American South and his belated discovery that he's been living there for the last 23 years was priceless in many ways, especially his line about how in the South "all politics is yokel." But I just about fell off my barstool when he claimed that the 1964 Johnson-Goldwater presidential campaign was the last time two southerners ran against each other. He is so wrong (geographically, politically, culturally), and so is *Vanity Fair* for not catching it. Is there no one there who knows that Arizona is a western state—indeed, one of the quintessential states of the Old West (Tombstone and all that)? Barry Goldwater was no southerner: he was born in Phoenix in 1909. Texas was indeed one of the 11 Confederate states, but Arizona didn't even become a state until 1912. It is far more accurate to say the 1964 campaign was the last time we had two presidential nominees from states that used to belong to Mexico. As for the last time we had two southerners, has Hitchens already forgotten Bush v. Gore?

MARIA PUENTE
Falls Church, Virginia

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS RESPONDS: Maria Puente bowls me over in more ways than one—not least by her lethally witty employment of southern courtesy. I knew I was running a risk with Goldwater and was also warned by our vigilant fact-checking department, but decided to stretch it a bit. And I naturally take full blame for the Bush-Gore howler. But the funny thing is that nobody noticed that until Ms. Puente did. And I wonder: is it because we subliminally think of George W. as from Andover and Yale, and Al Gore as a boy brought up in the family-owned Fairfax Hotel? Or is it some more deep-seated state of denial about the very occurrence of the election of 2000? None of this excuses my myopia and stupidity, neither of which, however, should be blamed on my Oxford college. I already knew not to [illegible] with V.F. readers.

HOW COULD YOU FORGET . . . ?

THE "50 Greatest Films of All Time" [September] insert was quite fascinating. As a movie-history buff, I say bravo to the *Vanity Fair* team's selection of films such as *Amarcord, Some Like It Hot,* and *Citizen Kane*—but to leave out the likes of *The African Queen* and *The Third Man* in favor of *It's a Gift* and *GoodFellas* is simply unconscionable.

LOUIS C. KLEBER
Las Vegas, Nevada

PAROCHIAL AND SUPERFICIAL are rarely your trademarks, but you plumbed new depths with your "50 Greatest Films of All Time." Apparently, according to *Vanity Fair,* there hasn't been a decent British film since 1964. This will no doubt thrill a whole generation of modern British filmmakers. Older ones, too, were left in the cold, since you appear to have overlooked anything by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, Merchant Ivory, Peter Yates (*Bullitt,* anyone?), and Ridley Scott.

Further afield, most critics and Fellini admirers would put *8½* and *La Dolce Vita* well before *Amarcord.*

Did we need two films by Renoir when Quentin Tarantino, the Coen brothers, Michael Mann, Anthony Mann, Peter Weir, and Spike Lee were omitted?

You were obviously having a giggle with *Old School.* Fair enough, but too many truly groundbreaking and entertaining classics were missing in favor of ordinary fare.

NICK STEWART
London, England

THANK YOU for your wonderful list of the "50 Greatest Films of All Time." I know your department will soon be bombarded with thousands of letters from readers pointing out which of their favorite films were excluded. I, however, wanted to thank you for striking a nearly flawless balance with a collection of classic and modern films. The fact that your magazine has compiled a catalogue where the films' major dramas center on the Civil War, a toga party, a flying elephant, a boy's love for his mother, singing in less than desirable weather, and a malfunctioning mechanical shark illustrates that your editors recognize truly great cinema comes in all shapes, sizes, and levels of mental stability.

JOI RAINES
New Orleans, Louisiana

REMEMBERING A LANDMARK

THE CAPTION accompanying the photo of the Pan Pacific Auditorium in the September story "L.A. Century" [by Matt Tyrnauer] simply says that it CONTINUED ON PAGE 34



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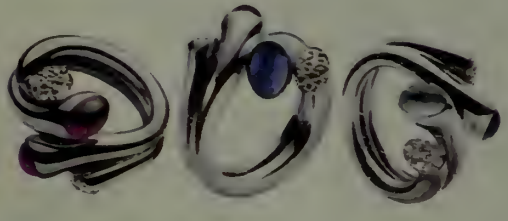
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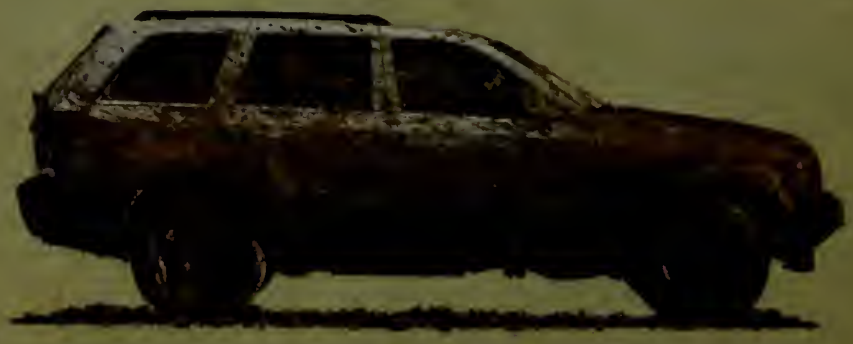
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KING KONG: A CLASSIC THAT ALMOST NEVER WAS

The studio was skeptical. The executive producer had his doubts. Even the leading lady didn't want the job. *King Kong* wasn't exactly a typical love story. However, under the tutelage of director Merian C. Cooper, it stole the hearts of audiences everywhere. On November 22, Turner Classic Movies presents *I'm King Kong!: The Exploits of Merian C. Cooper* at 8 P.M. EST, followed by the digitally remastered version of the original *King Kong* (1933) at 9 P.M. EST. For more information, visit turnerclassicmovies.com.



The director Merian C. Cooper.

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124 was demolished by Los Angeles County in 1998. This inaccurate description leaves the reader with the impression that the auditorium, referred to by some as the icon of Streamline Moderne architecture, was unceremoniously razed, another victim of mindless, L.A.-style cannibalization of historic landmarks. In fact, at the time of its demise (not in 1998 but on May 24, 1989), there were plans to transform the Pan Pacific into the new American Cinematheque. Sadly, it was a spectacular arson fire that destroyed those plans, along with the structure. And, yes, its charred and broken remains were subsequently demolished by the county.

FRED AXELROD
Tarzana, California

PATRIOT GAMES

I APPLAUD your article "An Inconvenient Patriot" [by David Rose, September], about our government's mistreatment of F.B.I. translator Sibel Edmonds. It made my skin crawl! As a witness to the 9/11 attacks in New York City, I am disgusted that our government is still burying its head in the sand. How many more vicious attacks on our people and our country will we have to endure before the F.B.I., N.S.A., D.O.J., and other governmental agencies stop worrying about looking good and start *doing* good?

SUZANNE DILLINGER ALBERT
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

BLAME THE MEDIA

I COMMEND Michael Wolff for questioning the media about their lack of reporting on the Valerie Plame leak ["All Roads Lead to Rove," September]. You are right—most readers want the truth. I appreciate responsible news reporting and journalists like you who are not afraid to speak out.

NANCY HAINES
Los Ranchos de Albuquerque, New Mexico

MICHAEL WOLFF'S otherwise insightful article contains a gross factual error: Charles Colson did not have "his operatives break into [Daniel] Ellsberg's psychiatrist's office." Colson raised $5,000 for John Ehrlichman, who told him that it was for a White House national-security project and that he shouldn't ask any questions about it. Colson didn't, and found out about the break-in only after the Watergate story hit the press. How do I know? I was Colson's [illegible] during the Watergate affair and investigated the matter thoroughly. These facts were confirmed to me by Ehrlichman himself during a dinner we shared in St. Petersburg, Russia, in 1992. Why did Colson plead guilty to obstruction of justice? That's between him and his Maker.

DAVID SHAPIRO
London, England

POLITICS AND THE BLUES

IN "THE POWER OF ROVE" [July], Michael Wolff referred to Lee Atwater as "a happy bad boy with country-music stars in his eyes." Correction: my father played the blues.

SARA LEE ATWATER
Washington, D.C

FROM THE *V.F.* MAILBAG

The mail has arrived, and we are—to borrow the sign-off used by one reader in Houston, Texas—"Truly Concerned." Because to say that the Jennifer Aniston cover story ("The Unsinkable Jennifer Aniston," by Leslie Bennetts, September) struck a chord is to understate matters: it bashed chords up and down the keyboard, chords of all kinds, using forearms and elbows and bootheels, Jerry Lee Lewis–style. People had strong, clangorous opinions. Hundreds of them.

But first, there was some other mail.

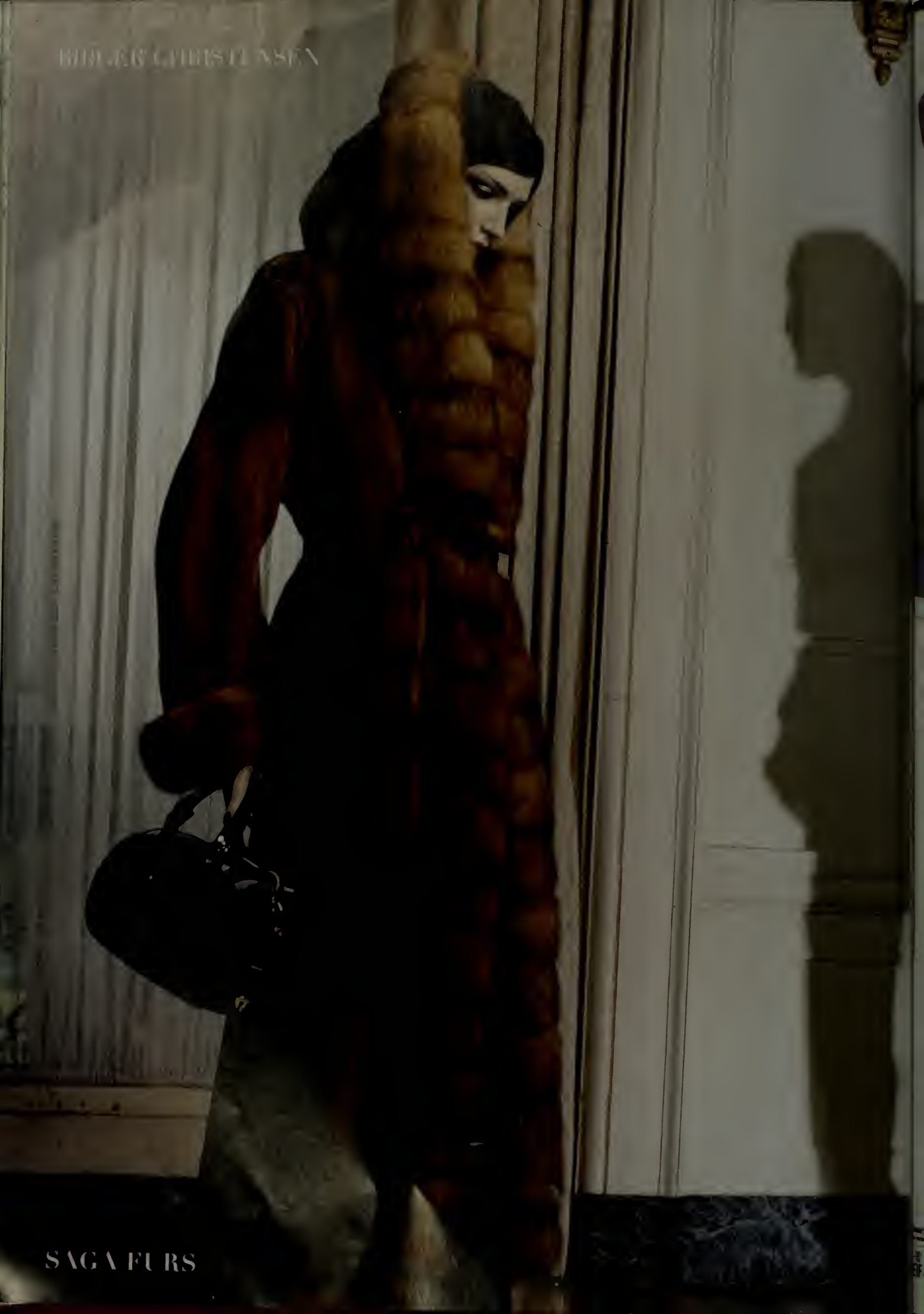
"Why is Dominick Dunne so obsessed and fixated on the Edmond Safra murder and the billionaire widow he left behind?" wonders Maurine Nuschy, of Omaha, Nebraska. "Please, don't send him to the next trial for [Ted] Maher, as we will be inundated with that story for months (and years) to come." And Jeffrey Geez Glavick, of Phoenix, Arizona, is baffled by the fact that a photo of Mr. Dunne appears with his column each month. "IS IT IN HIS CONTRACT? . . . WE KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE, AND SOME READ ON REGARDLESS . . . " (No, it is not in his contract.) In a dissenting view, Louise Linari, of Highwood, Illinois, writes, clearly if nonspecifically, "I love you, Dominick Dunne!!!"

Jim Wrightsman, of Bronxville, New York, says he read David Rose's piece on Sibel Edmonds ("An Inconvenient Patriot," September) with "mounting indignation. . . . I want to send [the National Security Whistleblowers Coalition] a donation." And controversy is brewing in Hamburg, New York, where Arlene Gramza noticed that in the August cover story on Martha Stewart ("The Prisoner of Bedford"), by Matt Tyrnauer, the electronic ankle bracelet is first described as being on Ms. Stewart's right leg . . . and a few pages later on her left leg. Ms. Gramza, CONTINUED ON PAGE 142


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The Jane Doe's share their soulful sounds.

AN ARTFUL EVENING

On Thursday, September 1, Campari and *Vanity Fair* teamed up to host an exclusive event celebrating an exhibition by emerging Los Angeles artists at the House of Campari in Venice Beach, California. Guests gathered to sip cocktails, enjoy a live musical performance by the Jane Doe's, and peruse a wide selection of artwork.



JANE R. COLEMAN

NEW YORK MUSIC

Based in New York, Matthew Rybicki is a bandleader and bass player who has performed with Wynton Marsalis and the Lincoln Center Jazz Orchestra, Wycliffe Gordon, Norah Jones, Nnenna Freelan, and Terell Stafford, among others. He also teaches privately, is an artist/instructor for Jazz at Lincoln Center, has led workshops at The Whitney Museum of Art and is a substitute bassist in The Lion King on Broadway. For more information, visit matthewrybickimusic.com.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134 are you suggesting that Martha Stewart is messing with our minds? (In truth, a probation officer moved the electronic monitor from ankle to ankle, presumably to prevent her skin from chafing. Hey, it's a living.)

"I don't know where you got George Wayne, but I wish you would give him back," writes Jan Brown, of Van Nuys, California. Listen, do you suppose we haven't tried? The moral: always save the receipt.

From a Florida reader: "I HAVE BEEN TRYING TO FIND YOUR [SEPTEMBER ISSUE] IN STORES BUT AM UNABLE TO. ALL I CAN FIND IN YOUR SLOT IS A MAGAZINE CALLED *ALLURE*. IS THAT THE SAME?" This whole situation is frankly a little confusing to us: if we answer your question—and we can—will you see the answer? Or—here's an idea—maybe we should respond in the mailbag column in the current *Allure*? Please advise.

"Dear Mr. Carter, Thank you for your personal note," writes Alex Slovik, of Connecticut. That was his first mistake. Not Mr. Slovik's—Mr. Carter's. What was Graydon thinking? But—*phew*—apart from Mr. Slovik's desire to contribute to *V.F.*, and the inclusion of those Quebec City vacation photos with his e-mail, he has written a letter more charming than alarming: "I used to work in [the] Accounting field in NYC, including at The Helmsley Palace and The Plaza Hotel back in the 80s and early 90s. I'm sending you a pic with my Boss at that time—(The Queen)—Mrs. Leona Helmsley from [a] 1984 Christmas Party. I was only 28 years old there, and she was much younger too. Can somebody stop the time please!!!" (Answer next month.)

Shockingly, there were people who begged to differ with *Vanity Fair*'s selections in September of the "50 Greatest Films of All Time." (Who ever heard of people having opinions about movies?) Here are but a few of the titles that, according to our readers, should have been included (included, that is, if we were presenting the 84 Greatest Films of All Time, or possibly the 261 Greatest Films of All Time): *On the Waterfront, Schindler's List, The Battle of Algiers, My Life as a Dog, Dr. Strangelove, To Kill a Mockingbird, La Strada, His Girl Friday, Diabolique, A Streetcar Named Desire, Modern Times, Klute* . . . well, you get the idea, and we can't argue with any of their suggestions. As for the films some readers felt should never have been on *V.F.*'s list, these included *Old School, Die Hard, Goldfinger, Old School, Old School, National Lampoon's Animal House, Toy Story*, and *Old School*. Also: *Old School*.

But, yes, passions ran much, much higher regarding the Aniston interview. Everyone, it seems, had a personal stake in this saga. In fact, if you printed out all the e-mails and made a nice, not-so-little pile, then (a) removed and put aside all the ones that contained the phrase "I am a fan and . . . " then (b) removed and put aside all the ones that contained the phrase "I am not a fan but . . . " you'd pretty much have nothing left.

Let's try to break it down. Reader reaction was not exactly unanimous. Ms. Aniston is either our greatest actress or "no great beauty . . . [with] a flair for second-rate sitcoms." She is "a wolf in sheep's underwear" or a gracious woman wronged; she is self-serving and self-righteous or a commendable "roll model." (Funny, we don't remember the passage on tumbling.) Readers gave yeas to Jen and Leslie, and nays to Brad, Angelina, and Kimberly Stewart—except, of course, for those readers who gave yeas to Brad and Angelina, and nays to Jen, Leslie, and Kimberly Stewart. Empathetic souls offered Ms. Aniston comfort in the form of handsewn stuffed dogs, recommendations for post-heartbreak CDs, and, should she happen to be in their particular town with time on her hands, coffee and a shoulder to cry on. There was, inevitably, a poem, regarding which we can say only that we agree wholeheartedly: "Who can fathom why?" indeed.

All those roiling emotions set off by the Aniston piece helped us appreciate the closing remarks of reader F. Gordon ("Everybody needs to GET OVER THIS already!"), as well as a terse observation from another reader—"PFOOEY"—which we loved, even though we can't recall its precise context. But no one put it more wisely than Regina Anderson, of Denver, Colorado: "I really believe that we will never know the truth of what happened." Exactly. Same as last November's presidential vote in Ohio. Same as the whereabouts of Jimmy Hoffa.

Finally, in other mailbag news, not a few southerners wrote to say rather pointedly that in fact their interests ran to loftier pastimes than NASCAR ("My Red-State Odyssey," by Christopher Hitchens, September). Susan Brantley of Douglasville, Georgia, opened with "Well, Mr. Hitchens, I won't keep you long." That's a sentiment we can embrace; we'll stop right there.

CORRECTION: On page 92 of the October issue ("Roman Holiday," by Graydon Carter), the name of one of the founders of Private Eye, *Richard Ingrams, was misspelled.*

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.



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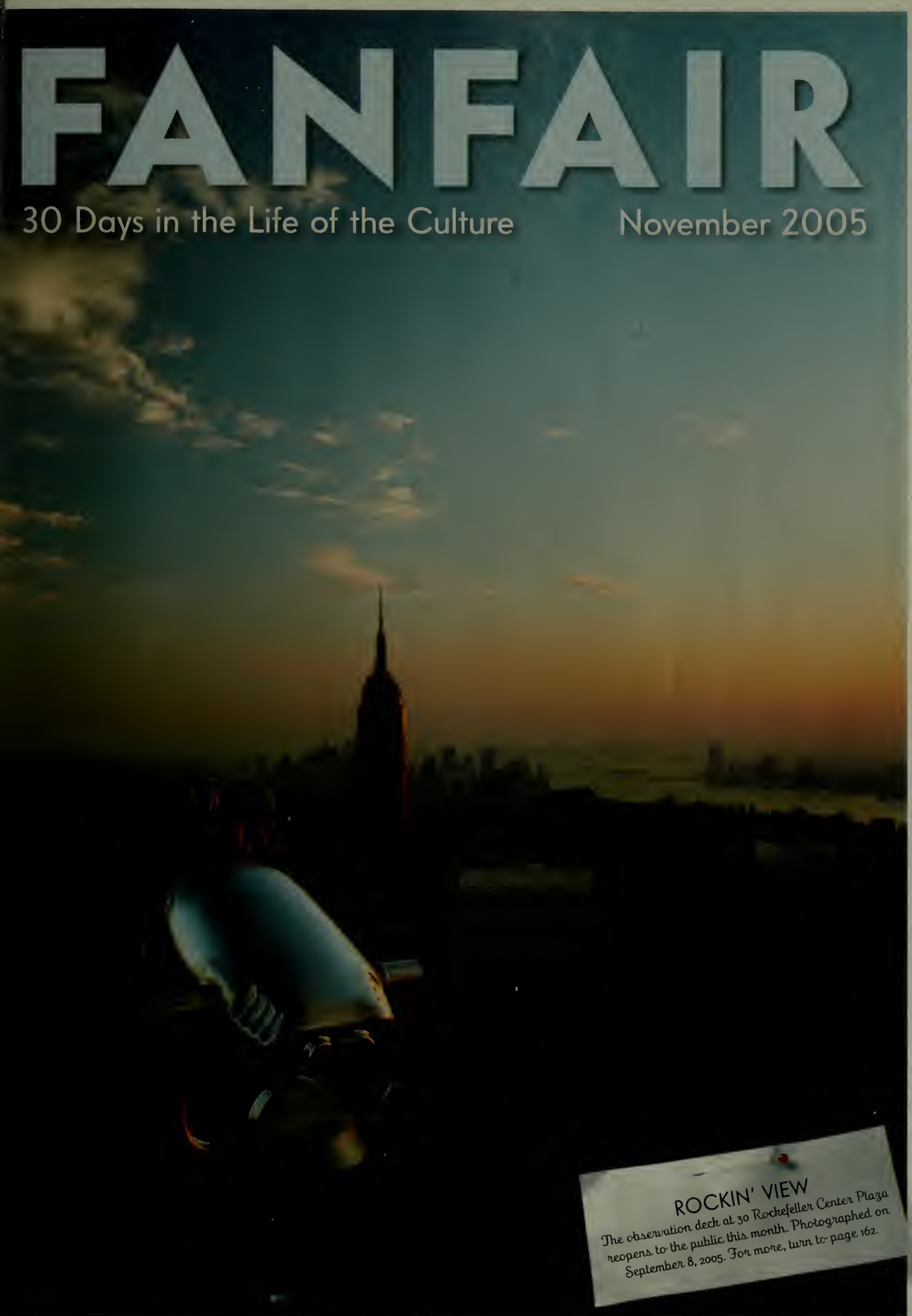


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30 Days in the Life of the Culture

November 2005



ROCKIN' VIEW

The observation deck at 30 Rockefeller Center Plaza reopens to the public this month. Photographed on September 8, 2005. For more, turn to page 162.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE


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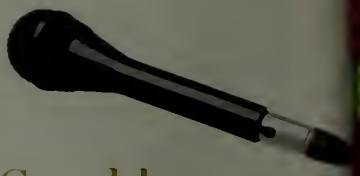

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ACURA

NINE THINGS TO DO NOVEMBER



3 Visit a Museum

An impressive exhibition of work by artist **Henri Rousseau** focusing on his jungle paintings opens today at London's Tate Modern.



17 Take a Gamble

Jon Stewart, Dave Chappelle, and **Larry David** perform—and **Jerry Seinfeld** is honored with the Comedian Award—at the Comedy Festival, hosted by HBO and AEG Live, at Caesars Palace and the Flamingo hotel, in Las Vegas (Nov. 17–19).

Hail an Original

Director **Barry Avrich's** documentary *The Last Mogul: The Life and Times of Lew Wasserman,* on the late, incomparable Hollywood king and former MCA/Universal chairman, opens today in Chicago and New York.



24 Gobble



Which turkey will it be this Thanksgiving? The organic favorite Diestel, the nostalgic Butterball, or the trendy tofurkey?



6 Keep Running

Fans line the streets in all five boroughs as more than 35,000 athletes cover the 26.2 miles of the ING New York City Marathon, which finishes in Central Park.



15 Boot-Scoot and Boogie

City meets country when **Faith Hill, Kenny Chesney,** and **Alan Jackson** perform at the 39th annual Country Music Awards, at Madison Square Garden.

25 Dance Around

See a brilliantly quirky interpretation of works by **George Balanchine** and **Maurice Béjart** at the Suzanne Farrell Ballet at the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C. (Nov. 22–27).

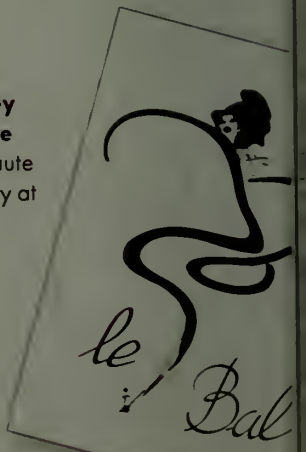


16 Snap a Photo

The iconic architectural images of 95-year-old photographer **Julius Shulman** are on display in the "Julius Shulman: Modernity and the Metropolis" exhibition at the Getty Center, in L.A.

26 Make Your Debut

Twenty-four young ladies, including **Ashley Bush, Bianca Brandolini,** and **Louise de Rothschild**—each dressed in a fabulous haute couture gown—will be introduced to society at the glamorous annual international Paris Couture Ball, at the Hôtel de Crillon.




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Left, John Travolta and Kelly Preston's Florida house, from *Hollywood at Home*; below, a photograph by Joseph Sterling from *The Age of Adolescence*.



HOT TYPE

ELISSA SCHAPPELL

Maureen Dowd dares to ponder—in this golden age of the turkey baster, when everyday women are mastering the art of minor plumbing and auto repair, *Are Men Necessary?* (Putnam).

Also this month . . . Let's have a wolf whistle for Cary Grant as a falsies-wearing war bride, Dustin Hoffman as a soap-opera actress: **Jean-Louis Ginibre's** saucy *Ladies or Gentlemen* (Filipacchi) is a divine (yes, her too) history of cross-dressing in the movies. How Jewish are you? In **Abigail Pogrebin's** *Stars of David* (Broadway), prominent Jews such as Natalie Portman and Leonard Nimoy speak to their religious identity. Meanwhile, in *Bar Mitzvah Disco* (Crown), editors **Roger Bennett, Jules Shell,** and **Nick Kroll** share harrowing "survivors' tales" from the 70s to the 90s. **Ben Schott** shoots the moon in *Schott's Sporting, Gaming & Idling Miscellany* (Bloomsbury). Quirky, over-the-moon illustrator **Maira Kalman** enlivens William Strunk Jr. and E. B. White's classic primer on writing in *The Elements of Style Illustrated* (Penguin). On a quest for the sublime *Untrodden Grapes* (Harcourt), **Ralph Steadman** unearths vineyards seeded on inhospitable hillsides around the world. In celebration of winning the Neglected Masters Award, from the Poetry Foundation, **Samuel Menashe** takes a victory lap with *New and Selected Poems* (Library of America). As ever, **Robert Coover** bewitches, bothers, and bewilders in his collection of short stories *A Child Again* (McSweeney's Books). At 92, **Gordon Parks** chalks up his success to *A Hungry Heart* (Atria). The singularly talented **Spalding Gray** was working on his monologue *Life Interrupted* (Crown), a recounting of the crippling physical and psychological effects of his car accident, when he tragically took his own life. Edited by **Kenneth Roth,** the executive director of Human Rights Watch, *Torture* (New Press) is not recommended reading but required reading. Spun like a modern-day fairy tale, **Mary Gaitskill's** *Veronica* (Pantheon), set against the surreal backdrop of Manhattan in the 1980s, captures the complexity and pain of a lost friendship. The ever enlightening **Walter Kirn's** new satirical novel is on a *Mission to America* (Doubleday).

Dennis Altman boldly forges *Gore Vidal's America* (Polity). **Paige Rense** edits *Architectural Digest: Hollywood at Home* (Abrams). **Gyles Brandreth** heralds the royal marriage of *Philip and Elizabeth* (Norton). **Lisa Grunwald** and **Stephen J. Adler** edit *Women's Letters: America from the Revolutionary War to the Present* (Dial). **Joseph Sterling's** photographs from 1959 to 1964 revel in *The Age of Adolescence* (Greybull). **Terry Coleman** offers one more curtain for the great *Olivier* (Henry Holt). **Bob Spitz's** biography of *The Beatles* (Little, Brown) paints a less-lollipop picture of the Fab Four. Canadian journalist **Hadani Ditmars** recalls her travels through post-invasion Iraq in *Dancing in the No-Fly Zone* (Raincoast).



PHOTOGRAPH CENTER BY DAVID LAWRENCE

Myth Universe

A NEW SERIES LAUNCHES WORLDWIDE



In a feat even the gods would marvel at, **Jamie Byng,** publisher of the U.K.'s Canongate Books, launches—simultaneously with 31 different international publishers—a new literary series, "The Myths." Its quest? To have a glittering pantheon of the most esteemed contemporary writers breathe bright golden light into the world's classic tales.

The inaugural fleet is composed of three books. Breaking the waves is **Karen Armstrong's** *A Short History of Myth;* in her wake **Jeanette Winterson** bears the *Weight* of the myth of Atlas, while **Margaret Atwood** smells a rat in Homer's *Odyssey.* Instead of casting the latter tale from the point of view of the heroic Odysseus, out on the high seas battling monsters and bedding goddesses while his ever faithful wife, Penelope, waits patiently with her loom back home in Ithaca, Atwood weaves her own tapestry through a less-than-virtuous Penelope, whose questionable judgment leads to the hanging of her 12 maids—a small matter in Homer's tale [illegible] the hot spot for Atwood. "I've always been haunted by the hanged maids; and, in *The* [illegible]*opiad,*" Atwood writes in her introduction, "so is Penelope herself." —E.S.



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WHAT'S COOKIN'? Cat Cora, photographed in Napa Valley on September 2, 2005.

Cat in the Kitchen

Cat Cora, the first female Iron Chef on one of the Food Network's top-rated shows, *Iron Chef America,* shares a place in front of the Viking with **Mario Batali, Bobby Flay,** and **Masaharu Morimoto.** With her boundless energy and southern drawl—she grew up in a Greek-American community in Jackson, Mississippi—the kitchen goddess charms audiences and dazzles palates with Mediterranean-inspired dishes. Cora, at 38, has trained under Michelin masters in France and with celebrated chefs on both coasts, is a regular on the morning-talk-show circuit, and is the author of the cookbook *Cat Cora's Kitchen* and the upcoming *Cooking from the Hip.* She is due to open Spiro, a restaurant named for her father, in Napa Valley, California, next year.—SUE CARSWELL

CHEF ESSENTIALS FOR THANKSGIVING AND BEYOND

Ultimate knife **KERSHAW SHUN CLASSIC** six-and-one-half-inch Santaku Knife.
Cookware **ALL-CLAD COPPER**
Oven **LA CORNUE GRAND PALAIS 180**
Grill **KENMORE ELITE 6-BURNER** with awesome power, rotisserie, spice rack, and cabinets.
Torch **WILLIAMS-SONOMA** sells the best one. It's perfect for crème brûlée, heating, or lightly cooking.

HOT GADGETS

Truffle slicer **BRON,** olive wood, from France, or **INOX,** stainless steel, from Italy.
Frother **BONJOUR PRIMO LATTE FROTHER** for everything from frothing milk and mixing hot chocolate to remixing purées.

MUST-HAVES

Grapemust mustard by **LA MAISON DENOIX,** excellent on cheese or slathered on anything savory.
Holiday turkey **DIESTEL** Olive oil **DAVERO**

WINE

Corkscrew **LE SOMMELIER** from **LAGUIOLE**
Wineglass **REIDEL**
Do you chill **RED WINE?** Never—it drops quality if you do.
(If a recipe calls for dry white wine, the best all-around choice is a quality American Sauvignon Blanc.)

MOVING ABOUT IN THE KITCHEN

Music **FAITH HILL, BOB MARLEY, BILLIE HOLIDAY,** among others.
Sneakers **HOT-PINK-AND-BLACK PUMA KLIMS**—"When I cook in them, I move like a cat—swift and stealthy."
Best shot before serving a meal **OUZO** from Plomari, Greece.

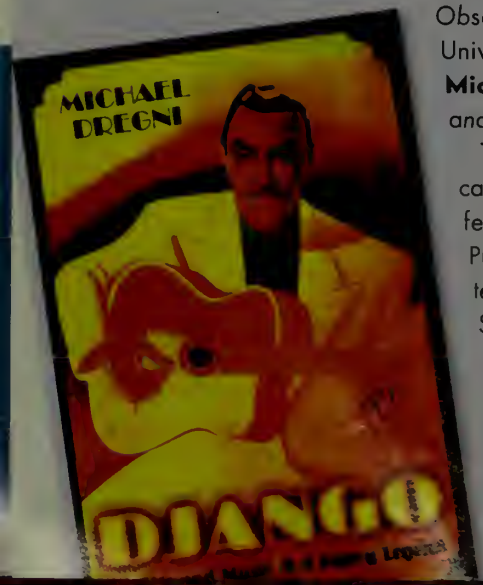


Django's Magic

THE ENDURING MUSICAL LEGACY

With his otherworldly sound and dizzying emotional range, Gypsy jazz guitarist **Django Reinhardt** has bewitched and inspired music aficionados and players, and has helped in the seduction of an awful lot of ladies. His story is legendary. He was illiterate and unable to read music, and as a teenager, he was forced to radicalize his technique after his caravan caught fire, leaving him with the use of only two fingers, both maimed. In 1934, Django and violinist **Stéphane Grappelli** formed Le Quintette du Hot Club de France and forged music history. Django continued to flourish during the Nazi occupation despite his Gypsy blood.

"Django is the spiritual godfather of Gypsy jazz. Ask any guitarist—whether it's **Eric Clapton, Jack White,** or **Slash**—they all know Django," says **Rick Ross,** a co-owner of West Coast hip-hop label Delicious Vinyl and a film producer (*Z Channel: A Magnificent Obsession*) now working on a Django documentary. Universal is also developing a feature film based on **Michael Dregni's** 2004 biography, *Django: The Life and Music of a Gypsy Legend* (Oxford).

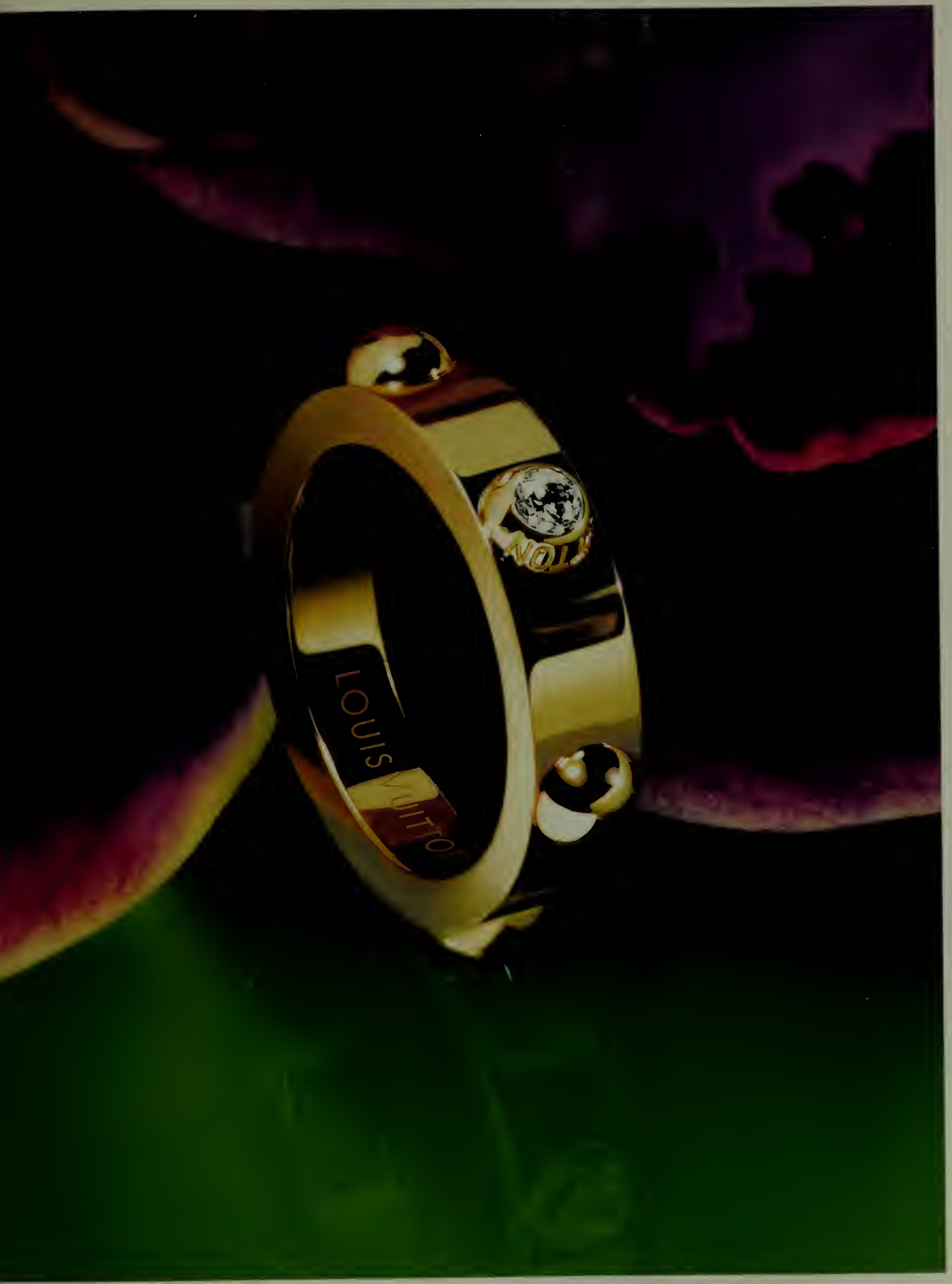


Today, Hot Clubs, which celebrate Django's magical sounds, thrive from San Francisco to Tokyo, Django-fests swell from Seattle to Oslo, and at La Chope des Puces, in Paris, and Le QuecumBar, in London, devotees of all stripes abound. "I went to the Djangofest in Samois-sur-Seine and I found all these young players," explains Ross, who is now fostering four exceptional guitarists—fans already include Leonardo DiCaprio and Bruce Willis. "That's kind of what my film's about, this new generation of kids."

—EMILY POENISCH

Left, Michael Dregni's book; *below,* Reinhardt (on guitar) with Duke Ellington (holding glass) and others of the Hot Club de France, 1939.





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HARMONIOUS TRANQUILLITY
The Winchester Mansions Hotel in Cape Town, photographed on September 8, 2005. *Insets:* vintage photograph of jazz performers; sign from Bourbon Street in New Orleans, Louisiana.

SWINGING SOUNDS FROM SOUTH AFRICA





There is a poignancy about the South African music scene now. "Go to the jazz brunch at **Winchester Mansions,** in Cape Town; it has a lovely New Orleans atmosphere," said **Don Albert,** veteran jazz musician, when I was there in crisp, joyous July days. "Let's go to **Marco's African Place**—it's so laid-back it's like New Orleans," said **Sam Woulidge,** editor of Cape Town's entertainment bible, *Time Out*. In Johannesburg, chilling to the beat in the lounge bar of **the Grillhouse,** socialite and interior designer **Julia Twigg** said to me, "This is how I imagine New Orleans." Within weeks New Orleans became how one imagines an African township.

Nothing reflects the modern South Africa as vividly as its social whirl: the cool restaurants, the hip bars, and the vibrant music. Just 11 years ago, before the end of apartheid, one wouldn't have dreamed of braving downtown Cape Town. Now I've had an epiphany in Marco's while eating crocodile carpaccio: I want to have a big bottom. Onstage three glorious black women are shaking their booties to seductive, slow, repetitive jazz strummed by a band that is exactly as a jazz band should be—majestically shambolic. The women have perfect rhythm, legs that could kick-start a jumbo 747, and superb curves; I feel like a pallid stick insect. Suddenly everyone is dancing, black and white, children, guys who look like city bankers, moms. We are singing and dancing to a backbeat arrangement of the national anthem. It is pure energy.

Marimba is slick urban, the Armani-suited crowd smoking Cuban cigars, drinking malt whiskey. It's fusion food and fusion music: blues, Latino, swing, and ambient jazz. Every night of the week the joint is jumping. Time to mellow is at the Sunday brunch at the Winchester Mansions in Sea Point, Cape Town's Santa Monica. A jazz band plays smoky tunes in the interior courtyard fringed with fretwork balconies, leafy palms, and tinkling water. Built in the 20s, it is white-painted and shady; people laze, drinking champagne and reading the newspapers. There are eggs every which way, roasts and salads, piles of tropical fruits, fresh-baked breads, and chocolate cake. It reminded me of Scarlett O'Hara's New Orleans honeymoon with Rhett Butler, when she ate

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY JURIE SENEKAL

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ALL THAT JAZZ
Counterclockwise from top: singer at the Bassline in Johannesburg; sax player at the Grillhouse in Johannesburg; drummer at Marco's in Cape Town; guitarist at the Bassline.

every passing delicocy with obondon so she'd never be hungry again.

Cape Town is laid-back. Johannesburg is edgy. It's utterly intriguing, growing so fost from frontier town to Africon Monhatton thot you con virtually see speed morks; a glitzy CD lounch ot **the Bassline,** the city's jozz centrol, wos light-years on from township music or the Cope Africon jozz of the 50s oping Sotchmo ond Ellington. Nomes to drop for todoy's jozz cred ore trumpeter **Marcus Wyatt,** bossist **Concord Nkabinde**—who's tronsloted the lyrics of "Summertime" into Zulu for o **Soweto String Quartet** CD—and, olwoys the classic, **Abdullah Ibrahim.** I dined on one of the world's best steaks in the Grillhouse, which has the stylish atmosphere of New York's '21' Club, with Don Albert. Once, he was threatened with jail for trying to get the low chonged so block ortists could perform in white-licensed premises such os this. The low was later rescinded. "To have done thot for block people during the apartheid era wos the greotest thing I have ever done," he says. After dinner we listened to the music in the bor, along with cool youth, block ond white, drinking the fine wines of their country.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JURIE SENEKAL



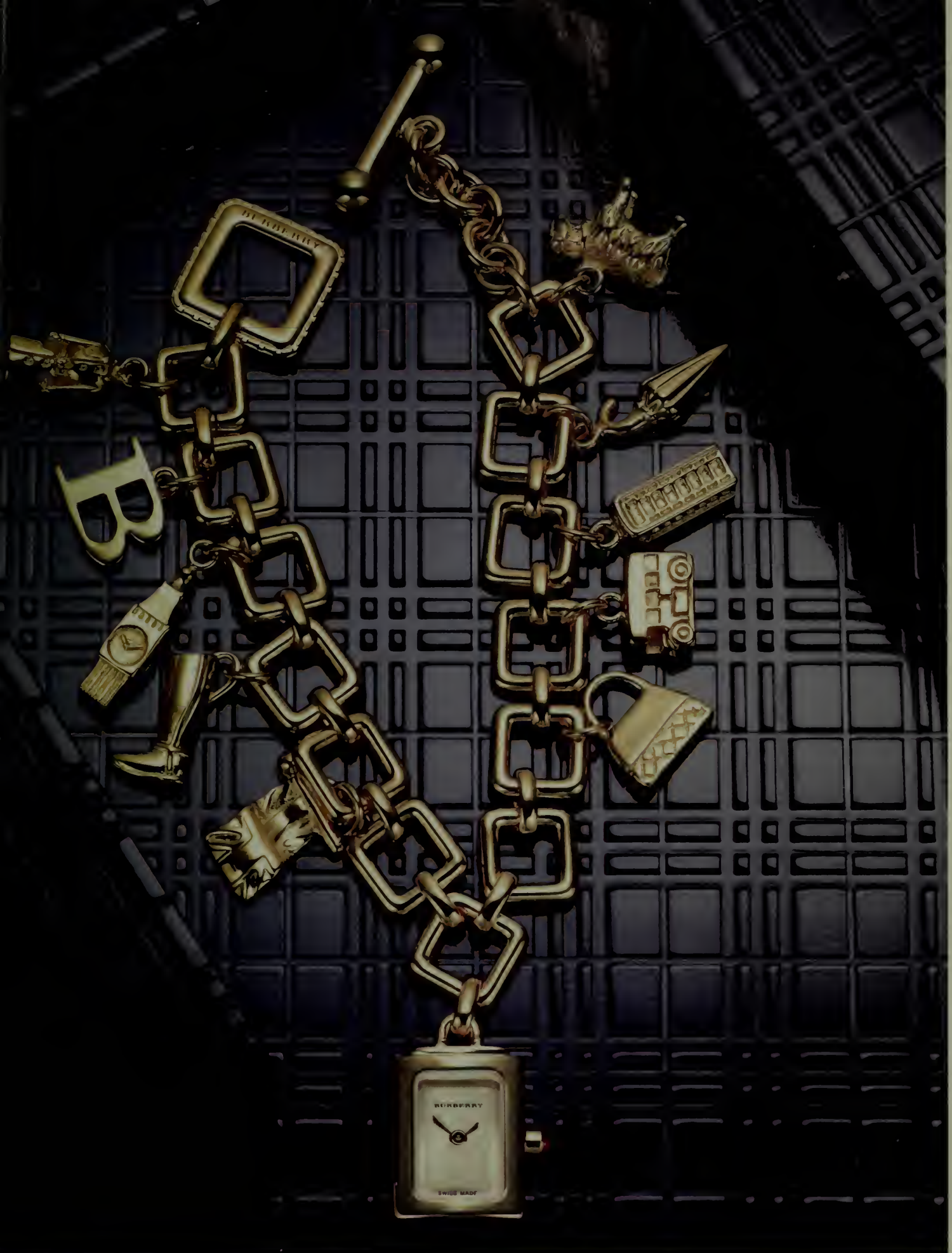
GONE CLUBBIN'
Above, at Winchester Mansions in Cape Town; *below,* at Marco's in Cape Town.



Everyone rushes through South Africa's cities to the bush, to the wine country. Stoy owhile—get under the skin of the country thot's given us **Charlize Theron.** This visit I went smoll: I stoyed ot boutique hotels with o sense of ploce. **Ten Bompas,** in o leofy, smort Jo'burg suburb, hos just 10 suites—eoch with a wood-burning fireploce and effortless WiFi—a superb restourant, ond o front desk full of great knowledge of the local scene. Every morning ot little **Kensington Place,** in Cape Town, I drew my curtains ond **Table Mountain** was glittering in the sun above my balcony. In the evening there wos chompogne ond oysters in the bor. When I left, the stoff hugged me. Thot would reinforce Blonche DuBois's belief in the kindness of strongers.

—VICTORIA MATHER





BURBERRY

BRIT CHARM BRACELET

BURBERRY BLOOMINGDALE'S



KICKIN BACK
Cowboys at the Wrangler National Finals Rodeo, Las Vegas.

Wild, Wild West

THE ULTIMATE RODEO COMPETITION

Fans from around the world will migrate to Las Vegas for the **National Finals Rodeo** next month at the Thomas & Mack Center. It's the World Series of rodeo, where the year's best cowboys, best bucking broncos, and best, biggest, baddest bulls all come together. For 10 days Vegas becomes a town full of **Wrangler**-wearing, tobacco-chewing boot scooters in 10-gallon hats.

It's the extreme Wild West show with plenty of theater—past years have included showgirls, trick riders, horses jumping through hoops of fire, light shows, flying motorcycles (think **Evel Knievel**), and performances by country-music stars.

My favorite moment is at the beginning, when all the contestants high-speed it around the arena on horseback waving their state flags. The crowd of 17,000 goes wild. Then there's the people-watching: the flashy **Miss Rodeo America** beauty contestants, suspender-wearing 90-year-old ranchers, super-handsome Marlboro men—it's worth the trip. The N.F.R. sells out every year, so many pack into Vegas saloons to watch on large-screen TVs. You can see your favorite cowboy hero get bucked off a bull and two hours later be drinking a beer with him. It's a buckle bunny's dream. —LISA EISNER

Hey, Laddie!

JERRY LEWIS'S MEMOIR OF LIFE WITH DEAN

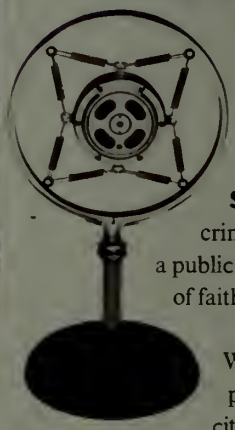
Not only has **Jerry Lewis** authored a book—he's authored a *good* book, a perceptive and entertaining showbiz memoir that should become a classic of its kind. Written with journalist and novelist **James Kaplan,** *Dean & Me (Doubleday)* bills itself as a love story, though mostly unrequited, about Lewis's partnership with **Dean Martin.** From 1946 through 1956 they were one of the biggest acts in America; onstage and off, Lewis's neediness was the key to the relationship. In the beginning, he writes, "I saw the indulgent smile of the older brother I had always longed for." But the future Rat Packer was a famously cool, even opaque customer—"a big jungle cat," Jerry writes (*ooof!*)—and Lewis could never quite reach him. Combine that with the accumulated resentments of any partnership, and the table was set for one of the bitterest breakups in Hollywood history. "You can talk about love all you want," Martin sneers. "To me, you're nothing but a fucking dollar sign." Their story has been told before, but never this well or nakedly. —BRUCE HANDY



Jerry Lewis captioned this photograph "First Tux. Chicago was never handsomer."

The Great Tennessee Monkey Trial

TAKING THE DEBATE ON TOUR



Eighty summers ago, in a sweltering courtroom in tiny Dayton, Tennessee, a substitute biology teacher named **John Thomas Scopes** was tried for the crime of teaching evolution in a public school—a white-hot debate of faith versus science.

This fall, L.A. Theatre Works, a radio theater company, will embark on a 23-city national tour of *The Great Tennessee Monkey Trial.* Written by **Peter Goodchild** and directed by **Gordon Hunt,** the play is drawn from transcripts of the 1925 trial. It will be performed—and broadcast live on public-radio stations—by a rotating cast including **Ed Asner, James Cromwell, Sharon Gless, Michael Learned, Marsha Mason,** and **Arye Gross.**



COURTROOM DRAMA
Clarence Darrow leans against a table during the Tennessee Monkey Trial. John T. Scopes is seated at table in white shirt.

As the play's narrator recounts, the trial "became national news when the giants of the liberal and fundamentalist causes"—**Clarence Darrow** and **William Jennings Bryan,** respectively—"answered the call to battle." For 12 days, the country was riveted by the first-ever live broadcast of a trial. From the beginning, as **H. L. Mencken** wrote, it seemed "the jury would be unanimously hot for Genesis." Momentum swung back and forth between the prosecution and the defense. Ultimately, Scopes was convicted, but the guilty verdict—and $100 fine—were later tossed out on a technicality, dashing Darrow's plans to take the case to the U.S. Supreme Court. Five days after the trial, Bryan died. —DEE DEE MYERS

PHOTOGRAPH, TOP LEFT, BY LISA EISNER


GIORGIO ARMANI



WAITING FOR DARCY
Jena Malone, Donald Sutherland, Rosamund Pike, Brenda Blethyn, Care Mulligan, Keira Knightley, and Talul Riley in *Pride & Prejudice*

Austen Reign

KEIRA KNIGHTLEY DAZZLES IN *PRIDE & PREJUDICE*

You, likely being "Jane Austened out," may not think you need to see another version of *Pride and Prejudice.* But you do: (a) for **Keira Knightley's** sly, modern, yet not at all anachronistic performance as Elizabeth Bennet (Knightley's neck, by the way, is a physiological marvel that seems to have half again as many vertebrae as do those of mere human beings), and (b) for the skillful adaptation by director **Joe Wright** and screenwriter **Deborah Moggach,** which moves almost imperceptibly from light comedy to a darker, sometimes painful drama of genuine romantic longing. Austen has been done justice before on-screen, but rarely if ever has she been as moving. The cast also includes **Donald Sutherland, Brenda Blethyn, Jena Malone,** and **Judi Dench. Matthew Macfadyen,** the slightly doughy star of a BBC spy series, plays a Mr. Darcy who, unlike, say, **Laurence Olivier's,** does indeed seem a hard sell at first blush. **(Rating: ★★★½)** —BRUCE HANDY



GOT RHYTHM
Joaquin Phoenix and Reese Witherspoon as Johnny Cash and June Carter Cash, photographed in West Hollywood on September 22 2004

Cash Troubles

THE EXTRAORDINARY LIFE AND LOVE OF JOHNNY CASH

Walk the Line, a new film about **Johnny Cash,** is hard not to compare to *Ray,* last year's Oscar-winning biopic about a recently deceased giant of American vernacular music. Unfortunately for star **Joaquin Phoenix's** chances with the Academy, Cash could see; but like **Ray Charles** he had a poignant rural childhood that lends itself to picturesque flashbacks, a drug addiction ready-made for harrowing scenes of withdrawal, and a catalog of great songs you may have heard at Starbucks. As biopics go, *Walk the Line* takes an intelligently tactful approach, maybe even too much so. It's not until late in the film that Phoenix's performance finally catches fire, especially in an electrifying oh-now-we-get-it re-creation of Cash's famous 1968 concert at Folsom prison. The real revelation is **Reese Witherspoon** as **June Carter,** a country-music legend in her own right and, after a prolonged courtship that gives this movie its narrative spine, Mrs. Cash. Phoenix's Johnny can't keep his eyes off her, and neither can we: she nails the real June's humor, her easy grace, and her backbone. Both stars do their own singing, and again, Witherspoon takes the cake. Funny, though, that in this age of clumsily catering to the "values" crowd, the couple's deep religious faith is barely mentioned. **(Rating: ★★★)**—B.H.

PHOTOGRAPH, BOTTOM, BY MARK SELIGER. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

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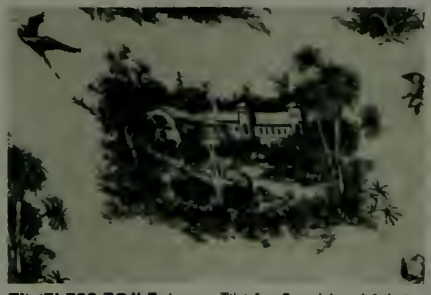
SOUTHERN COMFORT
A view of the Claister, an Sea Island, Geargia; *inset*, a vintage postcard.

Sea Island Social

CLOISTER TAKES IT UP A NOTCH

Salt-spray breezes, handsome oak trees hugged by Spanish moss, Mediterranean arched walkways, and the bursting color of pink azaleas are among the heavenly memories that linger with anyone who has ever visited the Cloister, on Sea Island, Georgia—one of the country's most glamorously understated resorts. The **Addison Mizner**–designed property, built by **Bill Jones** in 1928, oozes refined elegance and good breeding and has been a favored destination for generations of **Eisenhowers, Churchills, Goodyears,** and **Pulitzers.**

The Cloister, currently undergoing a $350 million face-lift, has joined the trend of enlisting hot designers to create signature suites. Most notably, Tibi fashion designer **Amy Smilovic,** who grew up on neighboring Saint Simons Island, has been tapped by the third generation of Joneses not only to pull together the Tibi suite but also to freshen up the resort's Great Rooms and uniforms. Her five Sea Island prints mirror all things indigenous to the area—egrets, palmettos, catamarans, cotton flowers, even drawings of the property—and will be on everything from wall coverings and teacups to the terry-cloth bikinis and luxe beach towels sold at the resort's boutiques. By creating exclusive patterns and destination items, Smilovic and **Bill Jones III** are essentially seeking to brand the Sea Island lifestyle: "If someone is wearing a jacket they bought at the resort, and the lining is one of my Sea Island prints," says the designer, "we want people to be able to identify that." —PUNCH HUTTON



TIMELESS TOILE A new Tibi for Sea Island fabric.

BIRD ON A WIRE

"Hope there's someone who'll take care of me ... when I die," trills **Antony Hegarty,** of **Antony and the Johnsons,** on the breathtaking first track of the band's recent album, *I Am a Bird Now*. The voice is a near whisper, trembling but determined, emerging from the wreckage of New York's AIDS-rovaged avant-garde like o wildflower forcing itself through the permafrost. This cross-dressing, six-foot-something, downtown performance vet has bewitched the likes of **Lou Reed** ond **Boy George.** And lost month, despite having lived in the U.S. since age 12, he surprisingly won the Mercury Prize for best British or Irish album. But on both sides of the pond, Antony's arrestingly spare heart-in-hand hymns of loss and tronsformotion ploy like on oll-too-fitting soundtrack to a very fragile age. —AARON GELL



CROSS-DRESSING
Candy Darling on the cover of Antony and the Johnsons' CD *I Am a Bird Now.*

HIGH IN THE SKY
Overhead view of the Rockefeller Center observation deck in the 1930s.

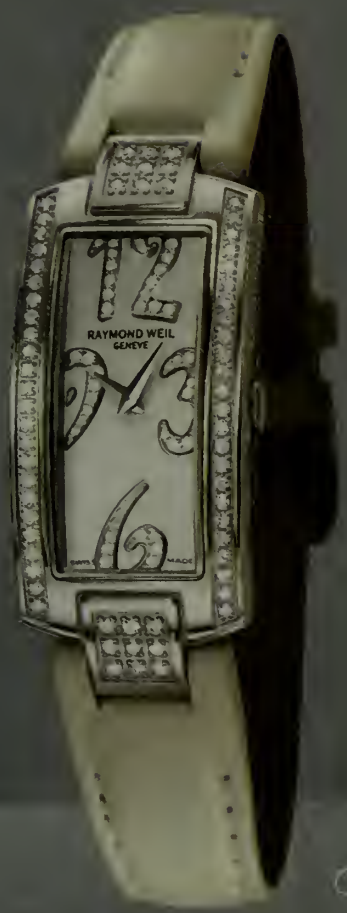


Top of the Rock Fact Box

- **John D. Rockefeller** ond architect **Raymond Hood** broke ground for the Art Deco skyscroper 30 Rockefeller Plaza in **1931.**
- The observatian deck wos opened to the public in **1933.** Its design was inspired by the luxury ocean liners af the era—outfitted with deck chairs, gooseneck fixtures, and air vents that laaked like o ship's stacks.
- The observatian deck clased to the public in **1986.**
- The Top af the Rock reapens in **November 2005.**
- As yau rise **850 feet above street level,** yau can view Rockefeller Center imagery from decodes past as it is projected anta the elevotors' glass-tap ceilings.
- The building's crawn, the 70th flaor, is **20 feet wide and 200 feet long** ond affers ponaramic views af New Yark City—the Chrysler Building, the Stotue of Liberty, Central Park, the Hudsan River.
- It will be apen fram **8:30 A.M. to midnight.** General-admissian tickets ore **$14.**


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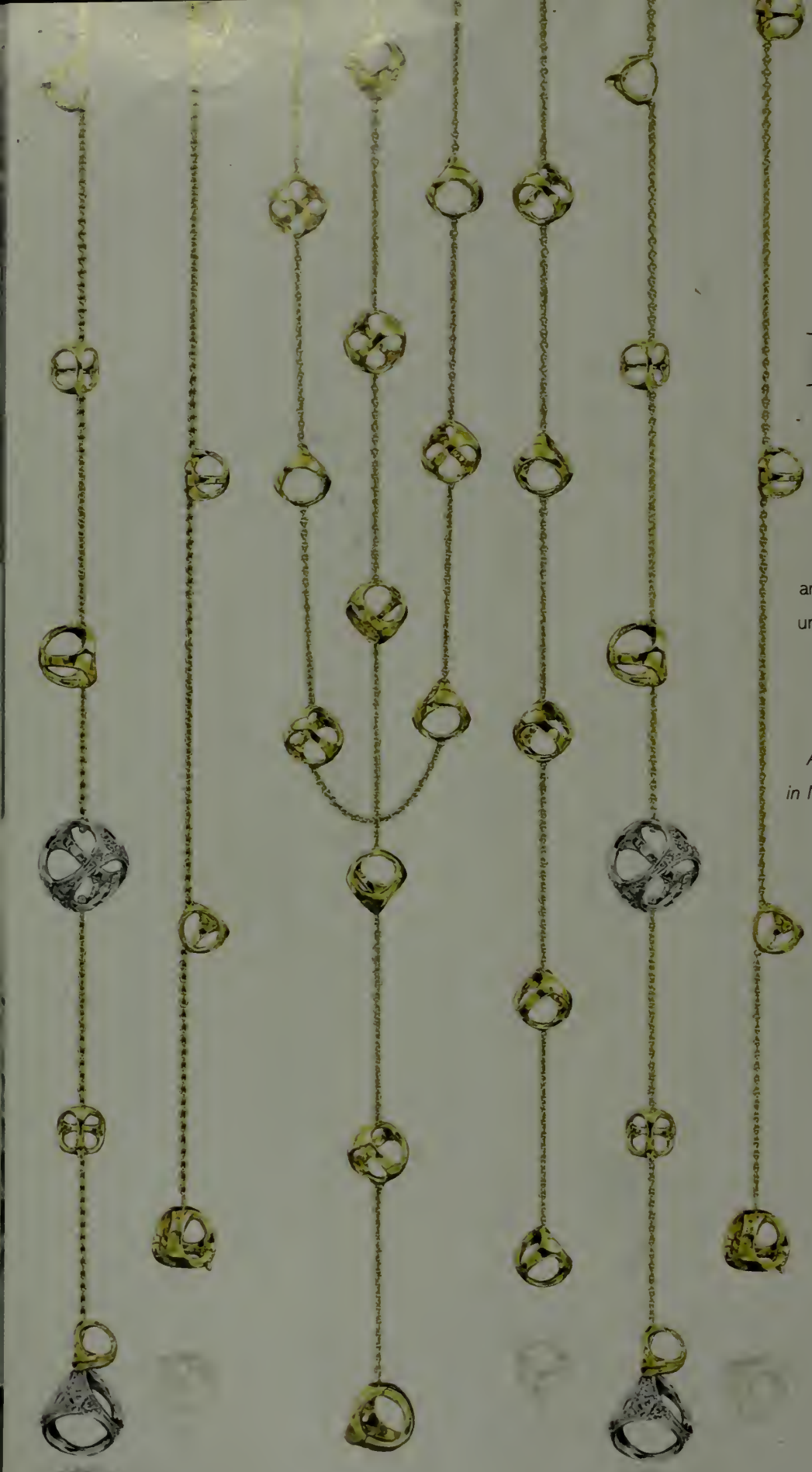


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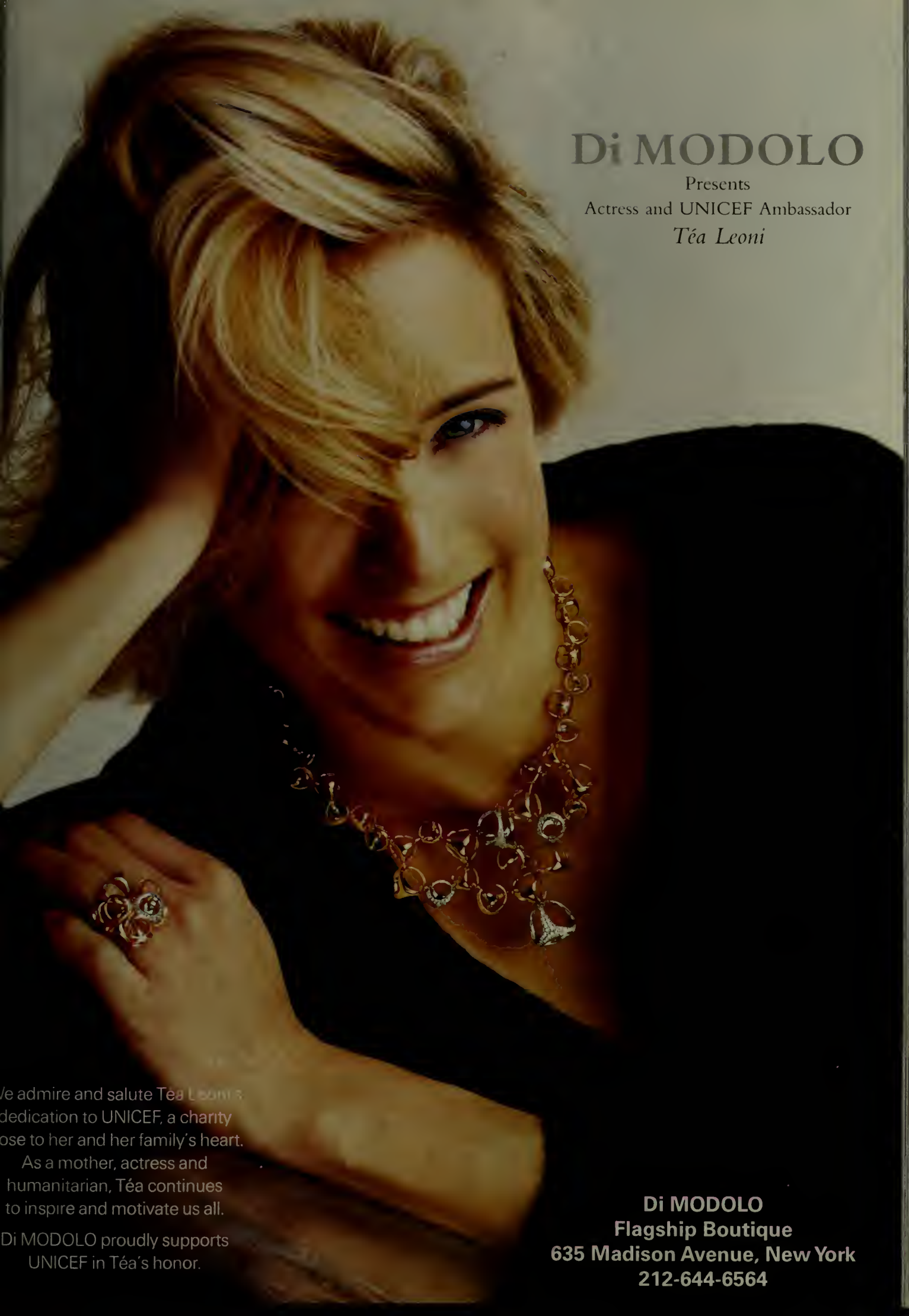
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PLAYING AT THE MANSION ◂
From ***Playboy: Helmut Newton,*** a compendium of eraticism and beauty (Chranicle).



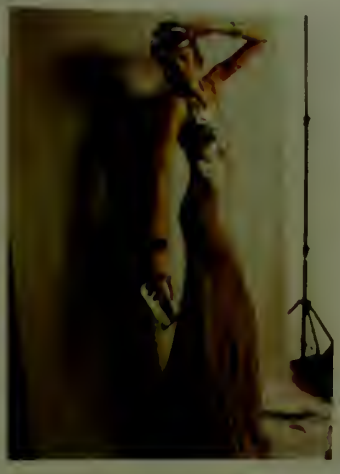
ROCK ON ▴
Peter Beard with madels, one af many images captured in Mork Seliger's ***In My Stoirwell*** (Rizzo

AS GOUDE AS IT GETS ▸
See Jean-Paul Gaude's vibront designs and muses in ***So For So Goude*** (Assauline).

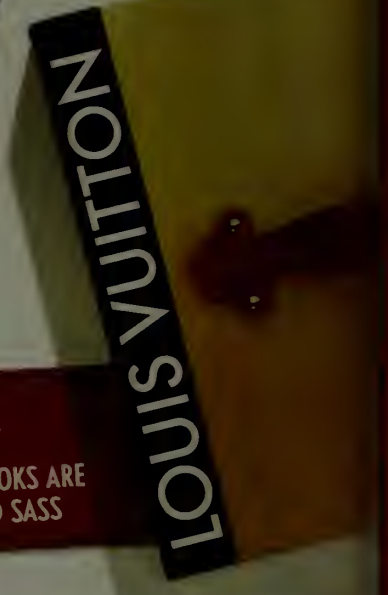
MAIS OUI ▾
Louis Vuitton: The Birth of Modern Luxury by Poul-Gérard Pasals (Abrams).

VIRTUAL DESIGN ▾
An inspiratian baard and madel fram ***Rolph Louren: Diory of o Collection*** (Ralph Lauren Publishing).









Flipping Out

THE SEASON'S BEST COFFEE-TABLE BOOKS ARE AGLOW WITH ART, NOSTALGIA, AND SASS

HIGH SOCIETY ▾
Fram Richard Avedan's ***Womon in the Mirror*** (Abrams), Liz Pringle in Raund Hill, Jamaica, February 1959.





A TIME TO REMEMBER ▴
In ***Bygone Days: 1907–1957*** (D.A.P.), John Penar and family reminisce abaut coming af age in America.



SOCIAL DESIGN ▸
One of many works included in ***The Snippy World of New Yorker Fashion Artist Michael Roberts*** (Abeidl/Edition 7L).

PHOTOGRAPHS

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MAGIC IN MUSTIQUE
Behind-the-scenes photos from the spring 2003 Mustique campaign.

Everyone's All-American

TWENTY YEARS OF TURNING RED, WHITE, AND BLUE INTO GREEN

For those who think of **Tommy Hilfiger** as the avatar of clean-cut, neo-preppy style, it may come as a shock that the designer's rag-trade debut was opening a boutique in his hometown of Elmira, New York, specializing in bell-bottoms, rolling papers, and pipes. Or that it was at a 1969 **Led Zeppelin** concert that the designer first grasped the synthesis of music and style that would become the foundation of his fashion empire, now celebrating the 20th anniversary of its first collection. Just how much Hilfiger's brainstorm had to do with the LSD he dropped that day is anyone's guess, but as he rhapsodizes over the band "in platform boots, skintight bell-bottoms, and silk blouses, pounding away at 'Communication Breakdown,'" he sounds like he's having a flashback. "I've got chills just talking about it."

Hilfiger would spend years trying to dress like a rock star before "cleaning up my act," as he puts it, and returning to his preppy roots. He founded his own company in 1984, focusing on smart, affordable clothes enlivened by tiny details that carried a residue of rebellion (green stitching on the buttonholes, vibrant patterns hidden inside collars) while remaining fundamentally, refreshingly well mannered. Notes **Taboo** of the **Black Eyed Peas,** "He takes a classic look and flips it."

The formula worked, and Hilfiger—who now divides his time between homes in Connecticut and Vermont and on the islands of Nantucket and Mustique—has stuck with it ever since, even during the grunge era, when the ripped-flannel flag of sartorial surrender fluttered high over Seventh Avenue. With the help of Tommy's music-fanatic brother, **Andy,** the label found its strongest adherents in the rap world, especially after **Snoop Dogg** wore a Hilfiger rugby on *Saturday Night Live* and **Mobb Deep** let the world know that "Tommy Hil was my nigga." Hilfiger returned the love with oversize collections and logos that could be spotted by passing satellites, and by dressing an iPod's worth of musicians, from **Q-Tip** and **Lil' Kim** to **Metallica** and **Sheryl Crow.** The company signed **Britney** to an ad campaign in 1999, then watched, awestruck, as her debut record hit No. 1. **Beyoncé,** now the face of Hilfiger's True Star fragrance, was another early discovery. "He and Andy were always on top of what was happening," notes Casablanca Records honcho **Tommy Mottola.** "Tommy's been able to penetrate every cross section of the culture through music."

There have been setbacks: Devotees like **Russell Simmons** and **Sean Combs** got wise and created their own labels. Hilfiger's reality series, *The Cut,* has itself been cut from the CBS schedule, and recently the business pages have reported that Hilfiger is seeking a buyer. He turns aside questions on the subject, preferring to talk about his forthcoming spring collection, based on the slogan "Fresh American Style." It's not quite "Stairway to Heaven," but it has a real nice ring. —AARON GELL

TOP, BOTH BY CARTER SMITH





MAKIN' MUSIC
From left: Beyoncé and Tommy Hilfiger launch their new fragrance, True Star; Lenny Kravitz in a fall 1999 Tommy Rocks–campaign ad; Mark Ronson and Aaliyah from the fall 1997 Tommy Jeans campaign; a 1999 "Year in Music"–campaign ad.




I LOVE SALVATORE
Salvatore Ferragamo



MY STUFF

VANESSA GETTY

Admired for her philanthropic endeavors, Vanessa Getty (the mother of two boys and married to Billy, grandson of oil magnate J. Paul Getty) is one of San Francisco's leading ladies of charitable causes. She's a staunch supporter of Illinois senator Barack Obama, and she pours her energy into her San Francisco Bay Humane Friends, which provides free spaying and neutering for the pets of low-income families. Getty is also an ardent collector of vintage couture and is working on bringing top fashion collections to Northern California. Herewith, a few of her favorites . . .

BEAUTY PRODUCTS
Lipstick WALLETT (THE LINE IS FROM AN S.F. MAKEUP ARTIST.)
Mascara CHRISTIAN DIOR Shampoo KÉRASTASE
Hair product PRIVÉ Moisturizer LA PRAIRIE AND SK-II
Perfume/cologne NONE—MY HUSBAND DOESN'T LIKE IT.
Toothpaste SUPERSMILE Soap CETAPHIL
Nail-polish color BUBBLE BATH BY OPI

ELECTRONICS
Cell phone MOTOROLA E815 BLUETOOTH
Computer SONY VAIO Television PIONEER PLASMA
Stereo BANG & OLUFSEN

CLOTHES
Jeans SEVEN
Underwear COSABELLA
Sneakers NEW BALANCE
Watch CARTIER T-shirt JAMES PERSE
Day bag BALENCIAGA OR CHANEL
Evening bag VINTAGE JUDITH LEIBER

HOME
Sheets FRETTE Coffee-maker JURA-CAPRESSO
China FLORA DANICA Car MERCEDES S430

BEVERAGES
Bottled water SAN PELLEGRINO Coffee ILLY
Favorite cocktail BELVEDERE VODKA
Soy milk or regular? REGULAR

FAVORITE PLACES
SAN FRANCISCO, SOUTH AFRICA, HAWAII

FAVORITE DESIGNER
AZZEDINE ALAÏA

ANY PETS?
ONE DOG, FOUR SIAMESE CATS, AND A TANKFUL OF SALTWATER FISH.

NECESSARY EXTRAVAGANCE
DISNEYLAND WITH MY BOYS.



MAKING MAGIC
Makeup artist Tom Pecheux working on model Mia Hansner-Sovinsky.

DAZZLING BEAUTY

When people say that makeup artist **Tom Pecheux** is a feeler, they're not kidding: he greets each subject with a massage. It's this kind of sexy intuition that guides his colorful creations for Shiseido. For the holidays, he's blended an ethereal array of shades that even neutral-wearers will desire: shimmering highlight pencils; juicy, jeweled lip glosses; and a starry eye palette. "My point is to help bring color and fantasy to your favorite makeup," he says. "It's like playing with a coloring book when you were a girl: you give life to that white page." —CHRISTINE MUHLKE



Get runway-ready with the **Tom Ford Estée Lauder Collection,** a fragrance-and-makeup set encased in gold-fluted packaging designed by the fashion icon. . . . **Shu Uemura's** Ace ß-G Signs Preventing Essence, a new formula with anti-aging element beta-glucan, nourishes and protects skin. . . . Sold exclusively at Barneys, **Odile Lecoin's** four OR skin-care products will leave you looking luminous. . . . Preserve your complexion with silky-smooth **Sisleya** Daily Line Reducer. . . . And indulge in La Crème, by **Clé de Peau Beauté**—the gentle nighttime luxury cream developed by cellular scientists warrants its $500 price tag. —JESSICA FLINT

MAKEUP TIPS FROM A STARR

"When you're a makeup artist, there are two things you can do: create a line with a big company or write a book," says **Paul Starr.** Now he's done both. The director of **Estée Lauder's** national makeup-artist team, he somehow found the time to interview 30 of his favorite faces, who somehow found the time to share their thoughts on beauty (99 percent say it comes from within), aging (bring it on!), diet (protein and chocolate), and what they love most in life (laughter and sex) for *Paul Starr on Beauty: Conversations with Thirty Celebrated Women* (Melcher Media). "It was time to show people the intimate world that's created between a makeup artist and his muse," says Starr, who, in his 20-year career, has shared secrets with everyone from **Anjelica Huston** to **Lindsay Lohan.** The book also shows readers how to create their own red-carpet looks, but Starr's favorite style is clean, like the barefaced starlets he did for *Vanity Fair*'s 2002 Young Hollywood cover. "It was the highest compliment when **Annie Leibovitz** told me afterward, 'I love your makeup because it's about finding the woman.'"—C.M.



BEAUTY BOOK
A photo of Jennifer Garner, from Paul Starr's new book.


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PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN



Owen Wilson

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

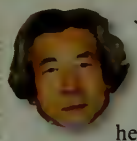
It's certainly disconcerting when someone comes on strong and then inexplicably cools down, backs off, or disappears entirely—especially for a Scorpio like you, who demands lifetime loyalty from moment one. But what else can you expect when Mars goes retro in your 7th house? Meanwhile, the way you've iced certain people out of *your* life with no explanation or farewell suggests that you've got a few communication issues of your own. As Jupiter leaves your solar 12th house, let's see some patience and forgiveness on your part.



Julianne Moore

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

The financial wounds you sustained in the last few years are still healing, but be cheered by the fact that you've at least stopped the bleeding. Now all you have to do is stay healthy and you should be able to restore prosperity to your life. As often as friends have disappointed or even deserted you, with your ruler in the 11th house they are here now to steer you in the right direction, so get into the bygones-be-bygones thing and make yourself available.



Junichiro Koizumi

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

If you've been feeling more anxious and dispirited than usual, this time it's not Saturn's fault. Blame Chiron, a not so heavenly body that's been dragging you along for the past couple of years. While its influence is strongest on those born around January 18, Chiron affects all members of your sign. The irony is that, along with the nail-biting, loss of confidence, and pain, Chiron also brings you strength and wisdom, which elevate you in the eyes of others and make them respect and admire you. Even so, thank God it's leaving Capricorn.



Galileo Galilei

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

You have a remarkable ability to view all of life—including the unforeseen reversals brought about by your 12th house—as a golden opportunity to learn and grow. No matter what sort of upheaval is happening in your personal life, however, the passage of Jupiter through your 9th house is one of the greatest blessings the universe can bestow. Although some people think you're cold just because you laugh during funerals, the truth is that your cosmic perspective lets you see the humorous side of existence.



Gale Norton

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

You can look at yourself in one of two ways right now: as a lost, off-the-track, vegged-out loser on the dole who has to be bailed out by other people, or as a deeply committed human being who is fortunate enough to have the resources to help humanity evolve. It depends on the time of day, the weather, and how much you've had to drink at dinner. This dual perspective can be explained by the fact that an asteroid is direct in your 11th house, Mars has stopped moving in your 3rd, and a new moon on Jupiter has saved your ass once again.



Mario Shorapovo

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Since living decently costs such a fortune these days, not many people can give their boss the finger and waltz off into the sunset without thinking about health insurance, car payments, and all the other dandy perks we can't live without in the Western world. If you haven't already figured it out, Chiron's imminent departure from your solar midheaven is your chance to wave good-bye to a regime you long ago stopped respecting. In spite of your worldly woes, Jupiter in your 7th house is sending you someone who can kiss all your cares away.



Yogi Berra

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

If your wick is wet or you're feeling droopy, it may be Epstein-Barr, but the cosmic explanation seems more likely. When the planetary ruler of self-assertion and motivation stops moving in your sign, it's hard to get going. Your personal battery goes dead and the ignition just won't kick in. For one thing, you're probably fed up with schools, lawyers, and publishers these days, and with the disappointments you've experienced at work it's no wonder you're turned off. Just wait, though. Great big opportunities are right there in front of you.



Paula Abdul

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

Not counting outbursts from the usually repressed dark side of your personality, you're a peaceful person. It's hard to keep smiling, though, when 8th-house transits convince you that injustices are being perpetrated against you and that you're not getting money you deserve. With Mars in your 12th till at least the end of the year, you could talk yourself into a paranoid rage, but don't. While the ruler of your 7th house is in your 5th, you still have the ability to love—with or without the sex.



Tom Cruise

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

No matter how many years of therapy you've had, you still think it's *your* job and *your* responsibility to kiss everybody's boo-boos. Not that you do it with a smile—with Chiron still transiting your solar 7th house, half the time you're baring your fangs. You're lucky, though. Even as you scramble to put out fires and appease warring factions, the greater benefic planet occupying an exalted position in your solar 4th house is providing you with a beautiful place to live and a loving being to eat with and maybe even sleep with.



Meg Whitman

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

It takes a heck of a lot of determination to remain focused and enthusiastic at work when Mars goes retrograde in your solar midheaven and Chiron turns direct in your 6th house. Don't give in to the temptation to lose momentum. Right now, it's vitally important for you to stay on course and continue to be the inspiring leader you've set yourself up as. Besides, your head is chock-full of great ideas. You've still got a zillion contacts you can hit on, and your communication skills have never been greater. So stop bitching and keep working.



B. B. King

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

Although you may be wise beyond your years in most matters and able to do fractions in your sleep, when it comes to love you still have a few colossal 5th-house lessons to learn. Right now, for instance, there's someone you can't get out of your mind whom you love deeply but can't bring under your control. Until you learn to accept what you're never going to change in other people, that individual will continue to act like a sweet dog that for some reason keeps slipping the leash and running into traffic. At least you have money now.



Kelly Ripa

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

If the home you've been living in (and what happens in it) has given you cause to pace the floor in the middle of the night and reach for the Maalox, take heart and rejoice. Before too long, Chiron will be leaving your solar 4th house, and if you have learned the lesson of maintaining intimacy without clinging attachment, you'll be totally fine. Even if now and then you do have a few sexual mishaps and miscues that impede emotional bliss, the presence of the greater benefic planet in your sign should keep you in dizzyingly happy denial.


CHROME
REFLECTIONS
MEN
CHROME
AZZARO
OOMINGDALE'S

JAMES WOLCOTT

FLOODING THE SPIN ZONE

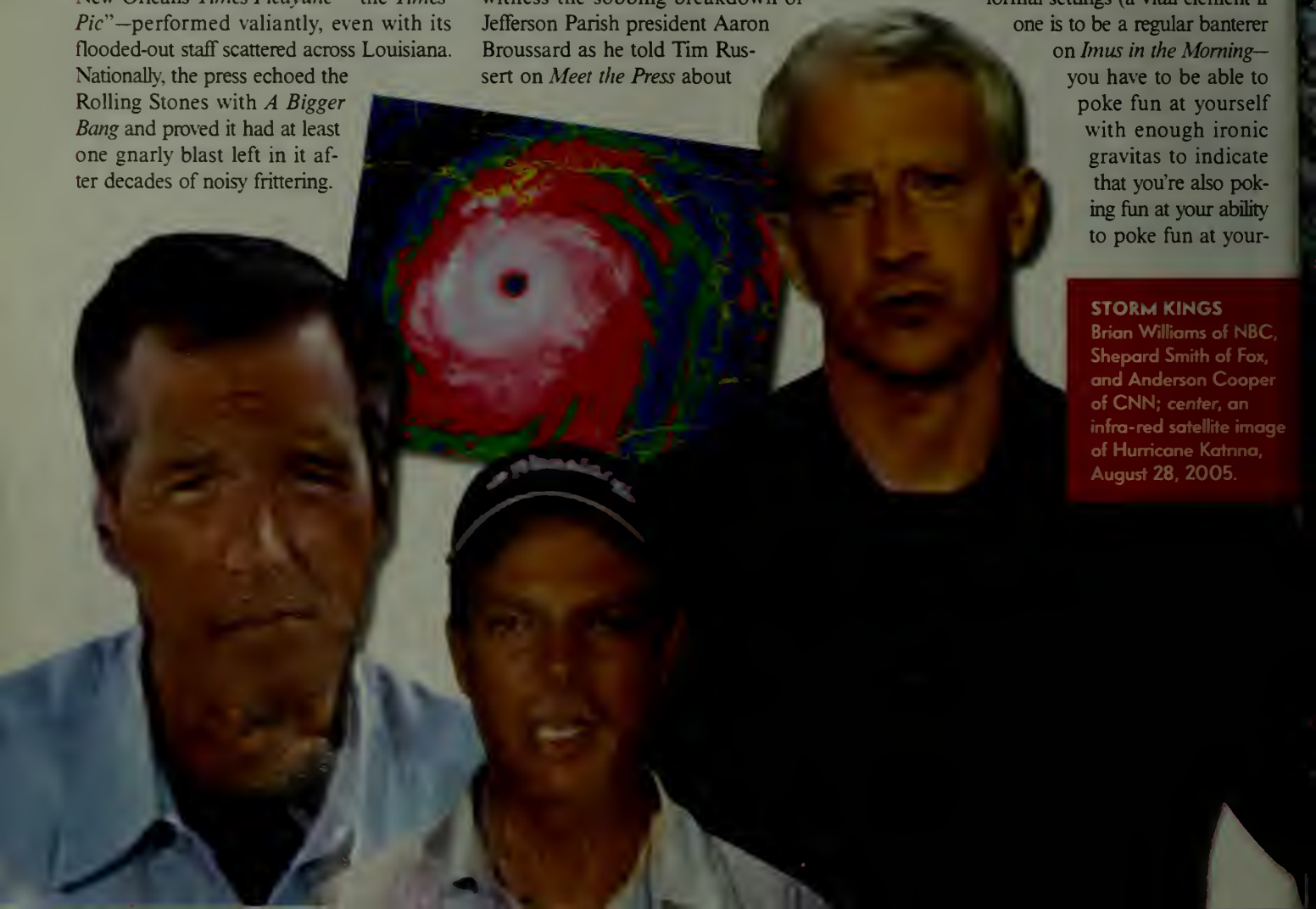
Stunned by the Hurricane Katrina disaster, the media came out of its defensive crouch and lambasted Washington. Standouts such as Brian Williams, Anderson Cooper, and Shepard Smith spoke truth to power, leaving the likes of Bill O'Reilly to spin the unspinnable and defend the indefensible

Is it too good to last? The levee break of raw candor that Hurricane Katrina let wild in the media, I mean. In the wake of Rathergate and *Newsweek*'s shamefaced apology for the Koran-flushed-down-the-toilet story, American journalism had assumed a fetal position, begging for forgiveness from the bloggers, ombudsmen, and op-ed pages giving it so much grief. Such a pitiful sight was this posture that Douglas McCollam, writing in the *Columbia Journalism Review,* urged the press to climb out of its defensive crouch and stand on its hind legs again. For God's sake, stop prostrating yourself! Hurricane Katrina tragically granted his wish. In the week following Katrina's marauding of the Gulf Coast, American journalism magically awakened, arose from its glass coffin, and roused itself to impromptu glory. Locally, the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*—"the *Times-Pic*"—performed valiantly, even with its flooded-out staff scattered across Louisiana. Nationally, the press echoed the Rolling Stones with *A Bigger Bang* and proved it had at least one gnarly blast left in it after decades of noisy frittering.

Coddled since 9/11, President Bush found himself pursued across the bayou by news-hounds snappin' at his rear end.

In contrast to the invasion of Iraq, the network reporters and anchors covering the chaos and misery in the foul floodwaters of Louisiana and Mississippi were unembedded—free to report what was unraveling before them without military or government muzzlers playing chaperone. For once they didn't have to behave as if they had electronic bracelets beeping their every move. To hear Fox News's Shepard Smith release an angry howl that hasn't been heard since Allen Ginsberg went atomic, to see CNN's courtly Anderson Cooper tell Louisiana senator Mary Landrieu to wake up and smell the corpses (she got the message, later threatening to punch President Bush if the feds kept bad-mouthing local officials), to witness the sobbing breakdown of Jefferson Parish president Aaron Broussard as he told Tim Russert on *Meet the Press* about the drowning death of an emergency worker's elderly mother, who had waited four days for a rescue that never came—it was like removing the lid and releasing the pent-up truth. But it was only a matter of time before the lid was screwed back on to prevent any further outbreaks of reality, and the standouts in Hurricane Katrina coverage found themselves standing alone.

Among the standouts was Brian Williams, who vanquished whatever doubts were hanging around the lobby regarding his fitness to succeed Tom Brokaw as numero uno at *NBC Nightly News,* which bolstered its status as the ratings champion among evening newscasts post-Katrina. No one questioned Williams's poise, telegenic good looks, seamless delivery, dedication to the job, and deadpan self-deprecation in informal settings (a vital element if one is to be a regular banterer on *Imus in the Morning*—you have to be able to poke fun at yourself with enough ironic gravitas to indicate that you're also poking fun at your ability to poke fun at your-



STORM KINGS Brian Williams of NBC, Shepard Smith of Fox, and Anderson Cooper of CNN; *center,* an infra-red satellite image of Hurricane Katrina, August 28, 2005.



Beyond safety, there's Active Safety. The X5 is equipped with state-of-the-art airbag systems to help protect you in an accident. But more importantly, it is designed with technologies like Dynamic Stability and Hill Descent Controls, to help you steer clear of harm's way. Safety features that help in an accident are one thing; performance that helps you avoid one is BMW.

self). Williams won high marks in every category, looking and sounding like the ideal product of anchorman eugenics. That's what was iffy about him. He looked and sounded a little too impeccable for the part, his tan just this shade of George Hamilton festive orange, his mellow tones traveling a little too smoothly along the conveyer belt from mouth to microphone. Williams's devotion to NASCAR fed suspicions that he was NBC's sop to the red states and the white suburban populism that had helped give Bush two terms in office and a kick-ass gleam to Toby Keith's boots. However, as the sole network anchor on the original scene in New Orleans, Williams proved through marathon reporting that he was his own person, whose primary loyalty was to the story and to those suffering without food, water, or shelter in the breakdown of order and infrastructure. Not only was his on-air reporting Murrow-worthy, but his MSNBC blog scarily documented the pushback he and his colleagues received from armed and dangerous peacekeepers, one of whom pointed a gun at members of the media to keep them from doing their jobs.

CNN FINALLY HAD THE EUREKA REVELATION

THAT IT'S A NEWS ORGANIZATION, NOT A UTILITY CLOSET.

Katrina had unintended consequences for CNN, and experience teaches that unintended consequences are usually bad. Not here. The emergency catalyzed CNN into becoming *interesting* again, something it hasn't been since co-founder Ted Turner wielded a cocky cigar in his maverick prime. Without "the Mouth from the South" charting course, CNN suffered acute personality drainage. Staggering around like an amnesia victim searching for its lost identity, CNN finally had the cobwebs torn from its eyes by Katrina and had the eureka revelation that it's a news organization, not a utility closet with Robert Novak stuck behind the brooms. In hurricanes past, CNN would dispatch ace host Anderson Cooper close to the landfall spot to latch onto a pole or tree trunk and be lashed by the tempestuous elements; he was the Saint Sebastian of wind and rain. This time the intelligence and commitment Cooper has brought to his nightly show, *Anderson Cooper 360°*, outshone the location stunt work. The situation here was much more dire, a far deeper infliction, and when the rains stopped, Cooper roamed and reported and didn't put up with guff from excuse-makers. His silvery attack seemed to galvanize those holding down the fort at CNN headquarters, which for too long had been a high-tech Sleepy Hollow.

No program benefited more than CNN's new production, *The Situation Room*. When CNN unveiled this lavish three-hour weekday razzle-dazzler on August 8 of this year, hosted by Wolf Blitzer, it threatened to be CNN president Jonathan Klein's crowning folly, perhaps his auto-da-fé. The futuristic set, the sonic bombast, the zoom-in, zoom-out visuals, the fast tempo—this was a news broadcast designed for the mutant race of the wired generation. With multiple screens evoking *24* or the nerve-center lair of Vice President Dick Cheney's undisclosed location (a battery of surveillance cams satelliting the earth, zeroing in on every hot spot), *The Situation Room* was laughably overwrought at first, so hyped up and panic-mode that it approached every story as if it were a possible doomsday device. Hurricane Katrina gave the show an opportunity to justify its fly-eyed delivery system. The multiple screens provided editorial commentary as overview shots of fires and distraught, displaced homeless families crying for relief were juxtaposed with live footage of FEMA spokesmen or White House flacks droning rote responses in other checkerboard frames. The video compositions gave lie to the bureaucratic assurances, and the assurances sounded weaker with each reiteration. Scathing as the counterpoint images were, they were no match for *The Situation Room*'s resident cynic, Jack Cafferty, whose ire showered the mediascape with volcanic ash.



EYES OF THE HURRICANE CNN men Jack Cafferty and Wolf Blitzer.

A local fixture on New York's news broadcasts, Cafferty had never quite found the proper slot in the batting order at CNN, where his unsunny disposition conflicted with the breakfast cheer of its morning show, when it was hosted by Bill Hemmer and Soledad O'Brien. After one of his crabby sarcasms, their smiles would get stuck to their teeth as they brain-computed an appropriate response. Youngsters don't quite know what to do with a laconic cuss like Cafferty, who is among the last of a noble, cranky breed—the licensed curmudgeon. Although H. L. Mencken is often considered the father of the species, it is something of a misnomer where he's concerned. Mencken was too radical in his rejection of Christianity and the average ruck of humanity, too ebullient in his love of beer and German composers, to qualify as a simple sourpuss philosopher. The typical curmudgeon is far more conventional in his pet peeves and personal irks. Sloppy dress, bad grammar, plastic packaging, and snooty French waiters are what tend to make him chafe. His rumpled face an advertisement for antacid relief, a curmudgeon is primarily a middle-aged male grump out of sorts with modern fads and trendy jargon, growling like an old dog from the porch at the idiot parade going by. (The only female curmudgeon who leaps to mind is southern pistol Florence King, who has retired from her kvetching post at *National Review*.) With once notable TV curmudgeons such as Henry Morgan and Cleveland Amory dead and fading from memory, Cafferty, Don Imus, and Andy Rooney of *60 Minutes* are the only ones still clinging to the bark.

On *The Situation Room*, Cafferty found the prize soapbox that had eluded him elsewhere on CNN. Pairing him with the bionic Wolf Blitzer was inspired casting. In the Wolf Man, who never blinks, never sweats, never sleeps, and never tires, Cafferty found the perfect straight man—a total stiff. If other hosts didn't know how to react to Cafferty's barbed mutterings, this poses no problems for Blitzer, since he seldom reacts to *anything*, human interaction not being one

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of his hobbies. Clipboard surgically attached to his hands, Blitzer maintains a lack of affect whatever Cafferty's provocations, blinking at plausible intervals as Cafferty drives the argument downfield with an eloquence to match his ferocity.

Here was his eruption on Katrina, as thousands awaited evacuation from the Superdome:

> I got to tell you something. We got five or six hundred letters before the show even went on the air. No one, no one says the federal government is doing a good job in handling one of the most atrocious and embarrassing and far reaching and calamitous things that has come along in this country in my lifetime. I'm 62. I don't remember—I remember the riots in Watts. I remember the earthquake in San Francisco. I remember a lot of things.
>
> I have never ever seen anything as badly bungled and poorly handled as this situation in New Orleans. Where the hell is the water for these people? Why can't sandwiches be dropped to those people that are in that Superdome down there? I mean what is going—this is Thursday. This is Thursday. This storm happened five days ago. It's a disgrace. And don't think the world isn't watching. This is the government the taxpayers are paying for, and it's fallen right flat on its face, as far as I can see, in the way it's handled this thing.

Once the federal government swung into action, Cafferty questioned the stagecraft behind the rescue op. "Do you suppose, Wolf, that the arrival of the relief convoys and the political photo ops on the Gulf Coast happening at the very same time were a coincidence today?" Not having an answer programmed into his subroutines, Wolf was non-responsive save for a few stray syllables. Asked if he had any final thoughts, Cafferty gaveled, "It's embarrassing."

POVERTY HAS BEEN SCRUBBED FROM THE AMERICAN SCREEN WITH A SANITARY WIPE.

The anti-Cafferty of Katrina—his Bizarro World double—was Bill O'Reilly, host of Fox News's *The O'Reilly Factor.* Despite his chesty pride in running "a no-spin zone," O'Reilly spun like a turntable on the Bush administration's behalf. Although O'Reilly bears a passing resemblance to a curmudgeon—a middle-aged white male running low on talcum powder—a genuine curmudgeon deflates big shots with finely flicked darts. For all his braggadocio about "looking out for the little guy," O'Reilly, like Rush Limbaugh, is a big shot who enjoys the prerogatives of being a big shot and hearing himself spout. He usually contents himself with the standard targets of the right-wing rifle range: Michael Moore, Paul Krugman, Barbra Streisand. Or an occasional new favorite, such as incendiary, longhair professor Ward Churchill. What wasn't standard operating procedure with Katrina was the unseemly spectacle of O'Reilly trying to piss on his own colleagues, pulling rank on fellow host Shepard Smith, whose reporting thundered with indignation over the bungling and failure he witnessed in New Orleans. Smith had on-air spats with O'Reilly and conservative Fox host Sean Hannity (who, shilling for the Bushies, suggested that Smith needed to get a little perspective on the situation, to which Shep, still in New Orleans, shot back, "That is perspective!"). Once Smith was back in the New York studio as a guest on *The O'Reilly Factor,* O'Reilly chalked up his colleague's outbursts to hot flashes. "You got some emotion," O'Reilly said with an implicit sneer, the only emotion O'Reilly traffics in being righteous anger. Jeff Jarvis, writing in his BuzzMachine blog, recounts the rest of the segment:

> O'Reilly can't ever help saying that he knows what's happening and no one else does: "I knew, I knew that a huge bureaucracy like the federal government couldn't move that fast." He tries to defend the feds and blame the locals; Shep won't jump to conclusions and he just gives Bill a cold stare that, I believe, will become his trademark. He cuts O'Reilly down with silence and the authority of experience: He was where O'Reilly wasn't.

What the Smith-O'Reilly face-off uncovered was the schism, the chasm, between those who stuck with the playbook during Katrina and those who went with their perceptions, instincts, and passions. Apart from Smith, everyone at Fox News adhered to the Republican playbook, particularly Brit Hume and Fred Barnes, who bailed out the Bush administration with more zeal than they showed for the flood victims.

Another who stuck to the playbook was Chris Matthews, host of MSNBC's *Hardball.* He was off his game during Katrina. Or, rather, he was on his game, only it was a game no one else was playing. Matthews mentally funneled the images and info coming from the region into a fixation on finding a savior on horseback. It was embarrassing, his hero-shopping for a big strong manly man to seize the reins. A diligent blogger of high mischief, Digby of Hullabaloo (digbysblog.blogspot.com) compiled a clip reel of Matthews's breathless lobbying with guest after guest for a marquee name to seize history by the scruff. "Congressman Livingston, you love that area. You grew up there. That's your home. Do you think we should have somebody like a Rudy Giuliani or a Colin Powell, some big shot on the site who says, I will make the big decisions at federal, state and local levels right now?" "Let me ask you, Howard Safir [former New York City police commissioner], the big question. Should the president have a person of high prestige and command ability, almost like a young Douglas MacArthur or a younger, perhaps, Colin Powell—I don't want to knock him—he might be the right guy—who stands ready to take charge in these tragic situations?" With Bernard Kerik, the disgraced nominee for Homeland Security, who has been enjoying a reputation rehab courtesy of cable talk shows (where he's fawned over as a human boulder of street smarts), Matthews went deep in the pocket and threw long: "You know, whenever we have, Mr. Commissioner [Kerik], a big challenge, like rebuilding Tokyo after World War II or rebuilding Berlin or saving Berlin from the communists, the president of the United States, whoever he was, would name a big figure, Lucius Clay in [the] Berlin airlift, of course, the general, or, of course General MacArthur in Tokyo.

"He became basically an American Caesar over there."

Excuse me, but isn't this supposed to be a democracy or republic or at least a plausible semblance of what the Founders intended? The last thing we need or should want is an appointed Caesar swanking around in jodhpurs, brandishing his riding crop. And when are grown men in the media going to get over their gaga schoolgirl crushes on Colin Powell, John McCain, and Rudy Giuliani? Especially since it's clear the latter isn't going to accept a high-profile, high-risk job and jeopardize any possible presidential run with an ill-timed scandal or mistake. (One Bernie Kerik is baggage enough.) Since 9/11, "America's Mayor" hasn't done anything except make craploads of money and pimp for mediocre Republican candidates, such as Charles Winburn for mayor of Cincinnati. Other names Matthews threw into the hopper as worthy of wearing Caesar's laurel were Jack Welch and Norman Schwarzkopf: two more male-menopause patriarchal heartthrobs.

For all his nervous crackle and Beat-poet stream-of-consciousness bebop, Matthews typifies the besetting problem of top-tier American journalism even in the flash point of Hurricane Katrina: the dead, clammy choke hold of Washington consensus, its obsession with famous retreads as the an-

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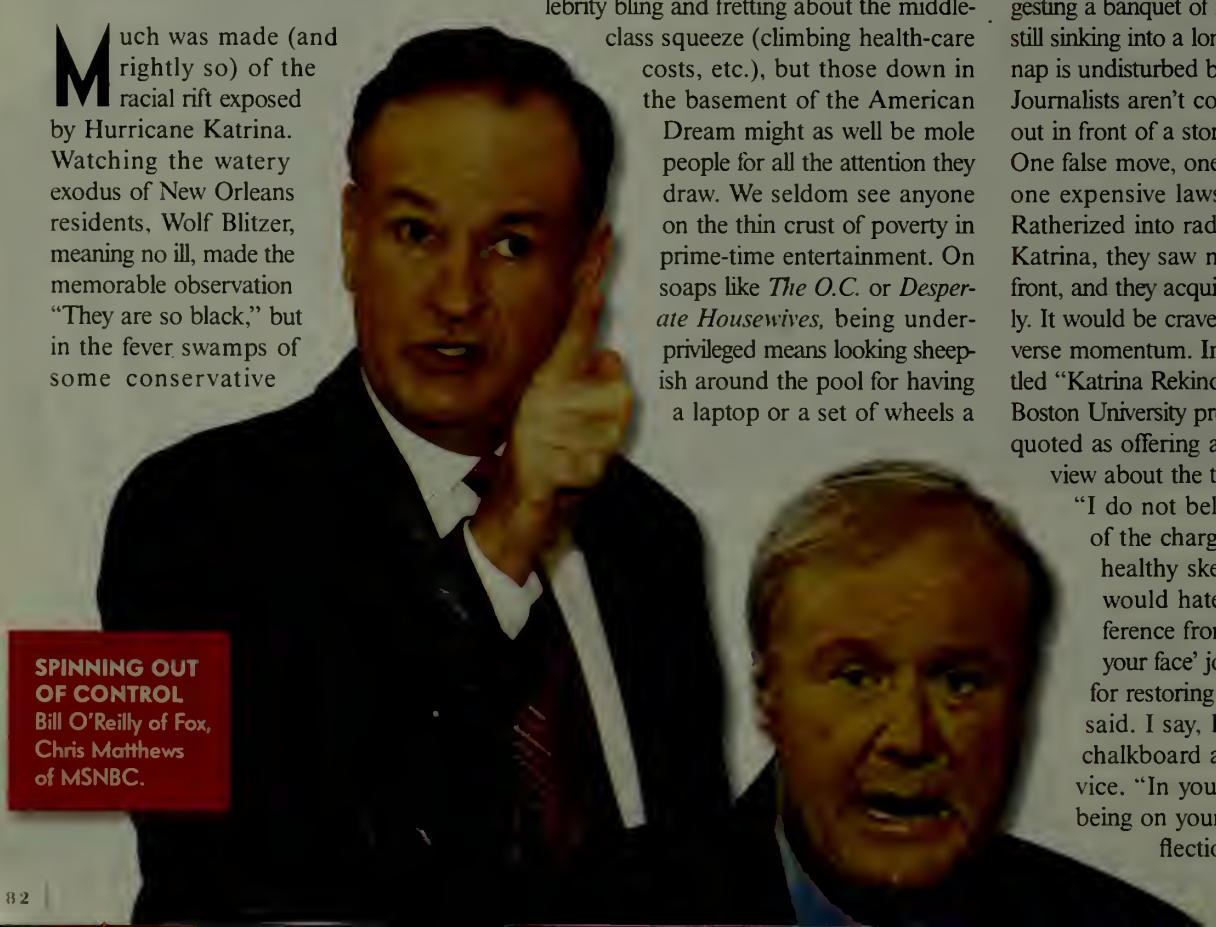
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swer to social ferment. They try to nullify any clamor or unrest from the ground up by re-asserting the Wisdom of Washington. As correspondents in the field were causing a ruckus, the Beltway pundits defended their comfort zone like a castle. Where reporters and rogue elephants such as Cafferty recognized the rupture in American society revealed by the botched evacuation of New Orleans, David Broder (who actually intoned, "For a president who believes that actions speak louder than words, this is an advantageous setting"), Cokie Roberts, George Will, Mara Liasson, the editorial board of *The Washington Post* (which must vacation in George Bush's pants), and other enforcers and preservers of national innocence did their valiant best to chloroform everyone into bland submission. It wasn't entirely smooth and creamy in the capital. Full of feistiness, the White House press corps beat on White House spokesman Scott McClellan like the Ramones during the daily briefings. But that's McClellan's role, to be a super-absorbent sponge for abuse. (White House press briefings are the closest C-SPAN gets to pro wrestling.) The Beltway pundits are the agenda police, the articulators of permissible discourse. They may not have the popular reach of Brian Williams or Anderson Cooper, but, unwittingly or not, they help protect the powerful investment the political-corporate oligopoly has in keeping dissent down to a dull roar and division within a few polling points.

APART FROM SMITH, EVERYONE AT FOX NEWS ADHERED TO THE REPUBLICAN PLAYBOOK.

Much was made (and rightly so) of the racial rift exposed by Hurricane Katrina. Watching the watery exodus of New Orleans residents, Wolf Blitzer, meaning no ill, made the memorable observation "They are so black," but in the fever swamps of some conservative blogs and talk-radio blabfests, baiting lazy, shiftless black folks for being responsible for their own mess was a major form of recreation. One radio talk-show host, Glenn Beck, called some of the stranded "scumbags" and unburdened himself of the sentiment "I didn't think I could hate victims faster than the 9/11 victims," but the Katrina victims beat their record. This ugly reflux was no surprise. Race is never off the table as a touchy topic in this country, whether the subject is the dearth of black N.F.L. coaches or the crotchy influence of hip-hop or Michael Jackson's postmodern ambiguity. It's class, not race, that's been the great undiscussable. The true eye-opener from Katrina was having the flap lifted on the specter of lower-depths poverty in this country. All those poor people—where'd they come from? They've been kept under wraps for so long that seeing them massed or queued for food stamps and A.T.M. cards was like having a family secret escape from the cellar.

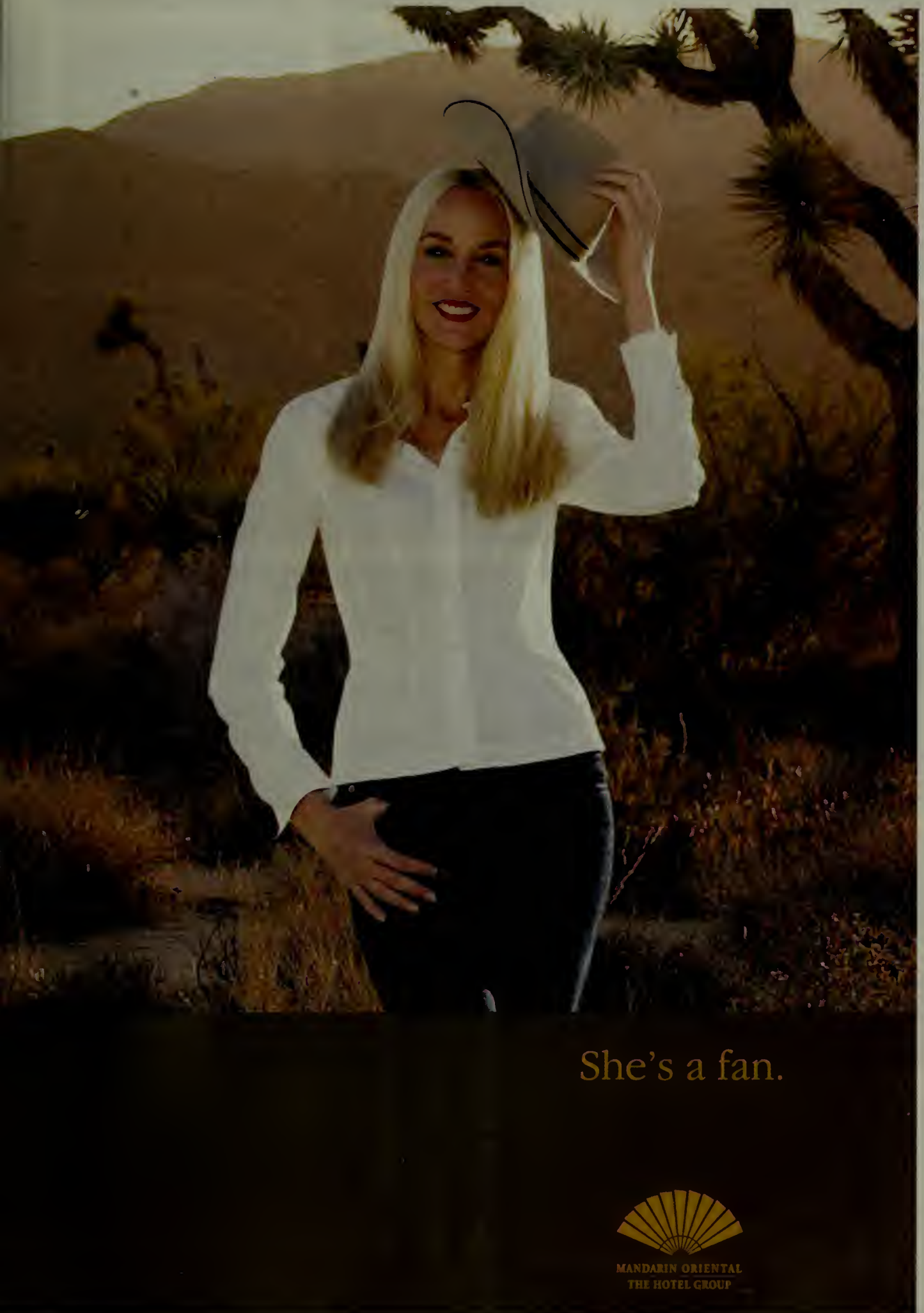
Poverty has been scrubbed from the American screen with a sanitary wipe. *The New York Times* can publish chastening headlines about the poverty rate rising under President Bush, but those numbers remain abstractions until faces and bodies apply flesh to them. Network news and reality shows oscillate between salivating over celebrity bling and fretting about the middle-class squeeze (climbing health-care costs, etc.), but those down in the basement of the American Dream might as well be mole people for all the attention they draw. We seldom see anyone on the thin crust of poverty in prime-time entertainment. On soaps like *The O.C.* or *Desperate Housewives,* being underprivileged means looking sheepish around the pool for having a laptop or a set of wheels a model/make behind everyone else's, or, if you're a parent, being faced with the shuddering prospect of being forced to send your spoiled brats to *community college* because the no-good ex is behind on the alimony payments. Affluent characters with trim bods enjoy glossy dilemmas ripe with sexual glow and psychological conflict. Poor people's problems are like a chronic cough or limp, no fun to dramatize. Summing up the majority attitude toward the poor in his famous review of Michael Harrington's *The Other America,* Dwight Macdonald said that poor people never seem able to obtain traction; things are always going wrong for them; their problems are so complicated—face it, they're a bringdown, man. Which is why America ignores them as much as possible, until it's no longer possible and the conscience is nagged.



SPINNING OUT OF CONTROL Bill O'Reilly of Fox, Chris Matthews of MSNBC.

Macdonald was writing in the 60s, when there were still institutional consciences in Washington that could be nagged into action, however ill-conceived. We're much slicker about our self-interests now, finding it within our hearts to forgive ourselves for letting large pockets of society rot at the curb. Katrina made that indifference less easy to maintain, but America is a big country, capable of swallowing and digesting a banquet of intractable problems and still sinking into a long nap. Especially if that nap is undisturbed by an independent press. Journalists aren't comfortable being too far out in front of a story, and for good reason. One false move, one embarrassing mistake, one expensive lawsuit, and they may be Ratherized into radioactive material. With Katrina, they saw no choice but to be out front, and they acquitted themselves heroically. It would be craven to retreat now and reverse momentum. In a *USA Today* article titled "Katrina Rekindles Adversarial Media," Boston University professor Bob Zelnick was quoted as offering a cautionary contrarian view about the turbocharged reportage. "I do not believe the press is guilty of the charge that it abandoned its healthy skepticism in Iraq, and I would hate to see it draw the inference from New Orleans that 'in your face' journalism is the panacea for restoring our lost credibility," he said. I say, Ignore that man at the chalkboard and his wet-blanket advice. "In your face" is preferable to being on your knees. Save the genuflection for Sunday Mass. □

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MICHAEL WOLFF

MEANWHILE, IN AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION . . .

Just when a weakened Bush administration needs steel-plated gravitas, Dick Cheney has gone off the radar. Explanations abound: The veep is gaming the next 9/11 . . . No, he's sabotaging Condi Rice . . . He's mapping out a nuclear attack against Iran . . . The author has his own theory

The true helmsman of the Bush administration, its philosophical architect, its psychic heart, its blood and guts, is missing in action. He's become a media vacancy, a hole where the normal huffing and puffing of a politician's demand for attention should be.

According to his office, he's at work in Washington, or fly-fishing at his Wyoming ranch, or out giving good-cause speeches which the press hasn't been covering. But as to the vice president's performance of his specific role as the administration's strength, authority, gravitas—just as the administration most needs strength, authority, and gravitas—he's slipped out the back, dematerialized.

Disaster relief is the time-honored province of vice presidents, but it took him 11 days to make the scene of one of the worst natural disasters in U.S. history—and there he wore his discomfort, even sullenness, even lack of interest, as obviously as his chinos.

His office, oddly, or nervously, or defensively, refuses to supply a daily schedule of his recent activities, and, furthermore, makes this refusal off the record. (Truly—a spokesperson refused to provide information only under the condition that I agreed not to say she refused to provide information.)

At this point in any normal two-term presidency you invariably begin to see a distance growing between the administration proper and its vice president. The vice president, nurturing his nascent power base—most every veep would've been itching to get to New Orleans, to collect media face time and a bounty of local IOUs—begins to plan for a future, begins to see his real life beginning. It's a complex condition between president and vice president, as between adolescent and parent, in which the veep becomes both opportunistic malcontent and, as designated successor, last best hope.

But Cheney you have to see differently—he isn't the average or historical veep. He's so obviously a parent, rather than an adolescent. He's not developing a power base—his power is inherent in the very nature of this administration. He doesn't have a separate identity (part of his identity is that he's not interested in a separate one). There's no reason we shouldn't be looking to Cheney for the deepest meaning of the Bush presidency—because it's as much the Cheney presidency (certainly as much the vice president's presidency as any presidency has been).

Or it's the Iraq presidency—that's its consuming theme. And Iraq is most consistently and cogently—historically, ideologically, temperamentally—Cheney's war. The neocons are his army. Defense Secretary Rumsfeld (hired on Cheney's say-so) is his comrade-in-arms. A reasonable thesis—one that will surely occupy presidential historians—is that without Cheney George Bush, who heretofore had scant historical, ideological, or temperamental connection to the issue, would have been a lot more equivocal about the whole Iraq shebang. You could argue no such thesis for any other vice president in the nation's history—that his interests and passions were paramount.

So where is he? Why isn't he defending, selling, standing tall, buttressing the president at every breach in the levee?

Well, if Cheney best represents Iraq, and if Iraq has become, in virtually everybody's estimation (save perhaps that of the four or five ranking members of the administration), lose-lose, then Cheney's low profile might suggest a new ambivalence within the administration, possibly a rethinking. Cheney's public persona may have been downgraded by the president's people in their effort to project a kinder, gentler intractable situation. A way of communicating "we care" could be to minimize Cheney, the hardest guy among hard guys, the scariest of the scary.

Indeed, his last major front-page appearance, before his reluc-



INVISIBLE MAN Vice President Cheney, whose office refused to supply his schedule.

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tant and late-stage trip to the Gulf Coast, was in early summer when he announced in sweeping Orwellian black-is-white patois, during an appearance on *Larry King,* the "last throes" of the Iraq insurgency.

Still . . . beyond the fact that none of the president's people have given any indication that they have power enough to disappear or discipline the vice president (Andrew Card, the president's chief of staff, and Karl Rove, the president's political mastermind, seem as closely aligned with the vice president as with the president—in some sense, to have a dual reporting function), what Cheney represents in this administration, even more than Iraq, is its most striking character note: its *lack* of ambivalence.

And precisely when you are most uncertain and conflicted—as to how to deal with the looming 2,000-dead-soldier mark in Iraq or with a hurricane that's caught you with your empathetic and logistical pants down—you want to use your biggest guns to project and insist upon your freedom from self-doubt and wishy-washiness.

The way both the Gulf war and the initial response to the Gulf Coast disaster have been played is right out of the Cheney stand-firm, breathe-slow, register-minimal-emotion exercise book. The president's entire rhetorical focus has been to project his own, and his administration's, psychological immunity. (When, after two and a half weeks, he took official responsibility for the official disaster relief cock-up, it was only as a procedural, fact-finding matter.) The war has got to be fought—nobody ought to question that (we're in so deep now that nobody, practically speaking, can question it). Natural disasters happen—so be it, damn it (if God had meant for his divine judgment to be met with massive federal intervention, he wouldn't have invented conservatives). The vaguest intimation of spontaneous feeling—five minutes at a dead soldier's mother's encampment, or diverting the presidential-holiday plane for a visit to the Ninth Ward—is out of character for this administration. (These boys know how Clinton would have responded and it makes them cringe.)

This steadfastness is a pretty precarious line to walk, but, in a way, it's a truly principled conservative line: government is not about making you feel better—sorry. If government must help, it should do so grudgingly. That we drag our feet is not, in fact, incompetence; it's what we believe. And yet, if you really want to walk this line, where is your best guy at walking it? The embodiment of conservative detachment. Your president of coldness. How come he's not back on *Larry King* showing some monosyllable backbone?

I confess to a certain admiration for the Cheney staunchness. Such helpless admiration wouldn't be mine alone: his very lack of needing to be liked, that political novelty, has been, I think, a secret electoral tonic. His eschewing of emotion—his stoic handling of the gay daughter, for instance—has gained him some honest no-bunk cred. He and Halliburton may be crooked, but his eat-me attitude somehow elevates him above mere greed. And while his last-of-the-truly-truly-white-men demeanor makes the left go crazy, that evidently total lack of feeling, that pitilessness, has been profoundly uplifting for the white-man conservative base (here too I confess a certain over-50 white-man nostalgia—my father's friends looked like Cheney).

So where is the big guy? How come, when doubtlessness and implacability are most needed, the president—not really such a convincing cowboy—is riding alone?

Still, there is with Cheney a sense, unique among politicians, that when he's not in the limelight, when he's not exercising his political ego, he may actually be doing work. Even that he prefers to work—again, unique among politicians—in secret. That working in secret, black-arts secrecy, far from public scrutiny, is his reason for being.

The administration's way of communicating "we care" could be to minimize Cheney, the scariest of the scary.



EYE OF THE STORM
President Bush says he is sending Cheney, left, to the hurricane-ravaged Gulf Coast, September 6, 2005.

For instance, Pat Buchanan's anti-Iraq-war *American Conservative* magazine reports that "the Pentagon, acting under instructions from Vice President Dick Cheney's office, has tasked the United States Strategic Command (STRATCOM) with drawing up a contingency plan to be employed in response to another 9/11-type terrorist attack on the United States. The plan includes a large-scale air assault on Iran employing both conventional and tactical nuclear weapons."

Then, too, the *Houston Chronicle* reported a "hush-hush" plan for the vice president to fly into Houston to headline a big fund-raiser for Tom DeLay, the House majority leader, who is mired in scandal and assorted investigations—"hush-hush" is certainly in the vice president's limited political tonal range.

The Hattiesburg (Mississippi) *American* claims that shortly after the storm hit the Gulf Coast and took down the electrical system, the vice president's office was ordering that power be restored to a pipeline that supplies the Northeast—thereby delaying other efforts to restore local power. Hmmm . . . perhaps not out of character that the vice president would, in fact, be on top of the disaster, but that his response would be strictly petrochemical-centric.

The liberal Talkingpointsmemo.com has Cheney leading the Bolton wars. John Bolton, the embattled nominee for U.S. ambassador to the United Nations, whom the president finally shoehorned into the job by special recess appointment, was, according to Talking Points Memo, a Cheney soldier in the internal battle to undermine Colin Powell and other voices less committed to waging the Iraq war. Now, Talking Points Memo theorizes that Bolton, at the U.N., is working for Cheney in a bid to undermine Condi Rice. This is definitely Cheney, working through a series of seconds and agents—his people are everywhere.

Indeed, it may be that he's keeping his head down now precisely because the force of events is tracking back to him a hot problem through one of his seconds, Scooter Libby. The outing of C.I.A. agent Valerie Plame is reaching rather too close for comfort to the vice president—best just not to be available for anyone to ask you what you knew and when you knew it.

But the specter and potential of Cheney's secret government









NAUTICA

mass, perhaps, the larger point. The org chart of this administration has always tilted to the president as public face and glad-hander, with the vice president as the paramount HQ executive. He's got the line responsibility. So he may just be too busy to come out for a photo op. It isn't only the hush-hush stuff and conservative agenda that need to be administered, but also the entire executive bureaucracy. It's that sense of once-and-forever C.E.O. (with his great suits and all-around prosperous country-club attitude) that has so endeared him to Republican professionals. He's in charge. He's running things. For five years the buck has stopped with Dick.

On the other hand, what with the failing war, $60-a-barrel oil, a faltering legislative agenda, falling approval ratings, and the human, economic, logistical, and public-relations calamity in New Orleans, you'd be hard-pressed to say that there's a brilliant executive giving the job his full attention.

He could actually be ill. He is, quite possibly, the least healthy person ever to sit so close to the presidency.

He's unhealthy enough, or unloved enough by his political opponents, for Charles Rangel, a New York congressman, to offer a rancorous diagnosis: "Sometimes I don't even think Cheney is awake enough to know what's going on.... He's got heart disease, but the disease is not restricted to that part of his body. He grunts a lot, so you never really know what he's thinking."

On the other hand, the game here could be the exact opposite of hiding him so that nobody knows he's too ill to fully function as vice president. It might be to remove him from view—and from all the screwups—so that he looks like he might *want* to be president.

He may just be too busy to come out for a photo op.

Among the characteristics that most mark this administration is its lack of a structural successor. There has never been a modern-times administration without a vice president hotly desirous of being president—and, hence, many second-rung White House functionaries ready to follow him and maintain the pretense of a gung-ho, able-bodied second term. Without such a succession plan, there's the possibility of a devastating kind of lame-duckness—an administration whose very bureaucratic structure, its DNA, is unsustainable. Without a vice president running for president, everybody will pack up early. This administration could be over with, kaput, history, after the midterm election—if it makes it till then!



DRIVE-BY
Cheney views Katrina's destruction from the seat of a Hummer.

So, duh. Cheney, his health and desires and all practicalities aside, has got to at least hold out the possibility of running for president.

Such speculation has so far come mainly from *The Washington Post*'s Bob Woodward—who, Woodward being Woodward, if he is speculating, has probably gotten the official line on speculation. "He would be 67 if he ran and was elected. Reagan was 69. Republicans always like the old warhorse.... Both parties like to nominate vice presidents.... Cheney would do it, and I think it's highly likely, so stay tuned," says Woodward.

Cheney's spokesperson, saying *she* doesn't want to speculate, refers me, off the record, to Woodward's speculation (it's off the record that she's suggesting I use someone else's on-the-record remarks).

Woodward is wrong. It is *not* likely that Cheney will run for president. But, on the other hand, there will be, inevitably, a certain desperation growing around Cheney—not just a mounting desire to pretend this might really happen, but a wishfulness that actually causes people to act like it really is happening.

And that could, by some both fine and cockeyed logic, mean that Cheney is distancing himself both from himself and from the war he started. After all, if he wants to run (and, frankly, what politician cannot be persuaded that it really is his duty and destiny to be president?), it's hardly reasonable to think he could do it defending the status quo of the war. Hell, eventually everybody backs away from no-win wars, even the people who start them—so why not Dick?

Or the vice president is merely resigned—perhaps depressed. In Cheney's eyes (unlike in the president's eyes) you can see the possibility for great weariness, malaise, political Chapter 11.

Even in politics there comes a moment wherein what you see is what you get. If you don't see the vice president, if you don't hear the deepest voice of the administration, it's not because there's a crafty plan afoot, but because there is no plan. Because nobody has anything new or remotely convincing to say—or any heart for pretending he has. What's the point? No amount of hitting the hustings is going to convince anybody who hasn't already been convinced that things are going well.

The true believer will make this endgame analysis out to be wishful and ideological. "I think the Bush capital will be rapidly replenished," said Tom Rath, a New Hampshire Republican, in *The New York Times*, manning the White House line as New Orleans was sinking.

But I don't think Cheney believes that. When you start to lose, you keep losing. This is, to me, another Cheney virtue: the lack of a salesman's knee-jerk optimism. He's the mordant vice president balancing the jejune president.

The management issue is how you best spend the dwindling capital that you have. And as you begin to feel your market share eroding, how you leverage the brand identity and goodwill that remain.

I bet this was how the hurricane escaped their attention. Instead of realizing that a natural disaster—one that gives you days' warning—can be, with a little logistical skill and stage-managing, manna for a president, these guys were concentrating all their attention on Iraq. (Bush: *You think we have a problem with this storm?* Cheney: *Halliburton can cover any damage to the refinery facilities. If the Mississippi naval bases get hit, KBR can be on the ground overnight. I'm concerned about the Sunnis . . .*)

That's the cost of war: you can't really think about much else. And a war, which needs all your time and attention, becomes ever more problematic when most of your people have begun to think about their futures. And, in fact, have begun to think that maybe being so closely involved with this war might not be a plus. This is entropy. This is the center not holding.

But Cheney, I'm convinced, remains the center. And at the center is Iraq.

And while all the people around him are losing their heads, and worried about floods and approval ratings and their next job, I think that we can have some confidence that the vice president, however seemingly absent, is hunkered down, stubbornly, righteously, with a singularity of vision, waging war. □

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THE TITAN
Marvin Davis and his wife, Barbara, covered in chinchilla and diamonds, on a night out in 1995.

The Man Who Ate Hollywood

A giant of a man, Marvin Davis lived a giant life. Rocky Mountain wildcatter turned Hollywood mogul, he treated Twentieth Century Fox as his personal playground, broke all the rules (even his own), and, when he died last year, left his family warring over what may be a vanished $5.8 billion fortune

By Mark Seal

Marvin Davis was the biggest human being I ever met, and not just in size, though at six feet four and 300-plus pounds he was certainly that. Davis was big in every way. In 2000, when I interviewed him for *Golf Digest*—one of the rare interviews he ever granted—he sat elevated above me behind a massive desk on a pedestal in his vast, peach-colored chandelier-lit office in Fox Plaza, the 34-story office building on the Avenue of the Stars in Century City, California. Davis's desk was a replica of the Denver oil baron Blake Carrington's on *Dynasty*, the 1980s TV series, which was said to have been inspired by Davis back when he dominated Rocky Mountain oil. Davis had built Fox Plaza—which was featured in *Die Hard*, the 1988 Bruce Willis movie—later sold it for a $50 million profit, then bought it back for $253 million, only to sell it again for an $80 million profit.

"We'll talk about golf, O.K.?" he said, in


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his huge, gravelly voice, while simultaneously keeping his eye on dual market-watch screens. That was our deal—to talk about golf only. Not about his game, in which he gambled for thousands of dollars, but about how he'd snatched up Pebble Beach, the exclusive Northern California golf resort, along with the Aspen Skiing Corporation, as part of the deal when he bought Twentieth Century Fox for more than $700 million in 1981 and how, nine years later, he'd sold Pebble Beach *alone* to the Japanese for $840 million. Then, during the market collapse in Japan, Davis almost bought the resort back for a fraction of the cost. He proudly showed me a picture of him on the course at Pebble Beach—so enormous that the club in his hands looked like a toothpick. "I never fall in love with any asset," Davis said. "But that one I came closest to. That's why I tried to buy it back."



The less he revealed, the more I wanted to know: how this giant of a man, then 74 and less than five years away from death, had conquered various industries, drilling or participating in an estimated 10,000 oil and gas wells to become "Mr. Wildcatter," snapping up Twentieth Century Fox mostly with other people's money, buying the Beverly Hills Hotel for $135 million and promptly flipping it for a $65 million profit, and dazzling Hollywood with parties so ostentatious they made everyone else's look bland. In 2004, the year of his death, *Forbes* ranked him the 30th-richest individual in America, with a net worth of $5.8 billion. Yet he somehow managed to avoid ever having his story fully told. "It's an amazing story," his friend former president Gerald Ford told me. Yet when I suggested to Davis that we forget about golf and talk about him, the interview was over. He had another appointment, he said. As I headed out the door, he shouted that he'd get back to me, which, I later discovered, was what he told everybody.

Like Blake Carrington, Marvin Davis spawned a dynasty with Barbara, his wife of 53 years: two sons, John, a Hollywood movie producer, and Gregg, a Houston oilman; three daughters, Nancy and Dana, who live in Los Angeles, and Patricia, who lives in New York. Of his 14 grandchildren, the most visible is Brandon Davis, frequently in the gossip columns owing to his relationship with Mischa Barton, star of *The O.C.*

"This is a case about greed, theft, and betrayal," the suit reads.



BIG DEALS
Davis, *top*, in front of a Davis Oil sign and a photograph of an oil rig, 1977. *Above*, Davis, that same year, prematurely announcing the purchase of the Oakland A's.

Like the Carringtons, the Davises are a dynasty at war. On September 13, a year after Marvin's death, a 169-page lawsuit was filed by his eldest daughter, Patricia. "This is a case about greed, theft and betrayal," the lawsuit begins, "a case about how Marvin Davis, who was one of the wealthiest men in America, systematically stole hundreds of millions of dollars from the trust created for his oldest daughter, Patricia Davis Raynes, to finance his own business interests, the business interests of his two favored sons, and a lavish lifestyle for himself, his wife Barbara Davis, and his other children. Acting out of greed, spite, and malice, Marvin Davis and his close cohort of co-conspirators abused, isolated, and stole from Patricia because she dared to question Marvin Davis, and dared to leave Los Angeles for New York to live her own life. Patricia's brothers and sisters knew about, took advantage of, and greedily accepted the benefits from the wrongful, illegal acts of Marvin Davis, Barbara Davis, and their coterie of advisers and sycophants."

The suit, filed by Boies, Schiller & Flexner, the firm of David Boies, who represented Al Gore in the Florida-recount case, seeks unspecified damages against Barbara Davis, her four other children, and a series of advisers: Leonard Silverstein, a family attorney; Kenneth Kilroy, president and chief operating officer of the Davis Companies; Grace Barragato-Drulias, chief financial officer of the Davis Companies; the law firm of Buchanan Ingersoll P.C.; and others. When Patricia, now 53, turned 21 in 1973, she claims, she was entitled to begin receiving millions from a trust fund set up for her in 1967 by her paternal grandparents, Jack and Jean Davis. "Instead of distributing the trust property to Patricia when she turned twenty-one, Marvin forged Patricia's signature on new trust documents," the lawsuit reads. "To keep control of Patricia's trust property, Marvin coerced Patricia by threats and acts of violence, to sign still other documents that perpetuated his control of her property." For more than 30 years, as her sole trustee, Marvin defrauded his eldest daughter, the lawsuit contends, in a variety of ways, including stealing, commingling, profligately spending, and taking enormous salaries as trustee. "Marvin repeatedly told Patricia that she was worth over $300 million, that she was a 'very wealthy girl,' and that she would never have to worry about anything," the lawsuit reads. Around July of 2002, however, according to the suit, "Patricia complained yet again to Marvin that she needed to have her trust assets available to her. . . . Marvin responded dismissively, telling Patricia that if she was unhappy, he would buy out her entire trust for $10 million. . . . By Marvin's own reckoning . . .

LEFT BY CARI WASAK


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Patricia's trust had earned over $170 million in profits by 1995, in addition to over $42 million in original capital. . . . Nonetheless Silverstein, at Marvin and Kilroy's direction, undertook to draft documents that falsely calculated the value of Patricia's trust as only $10 million, imposed on her trust significant liabilities as a result of Marvin's self-dealing transactions, and split up her trust assets among Marvin, Barbara, John, and Gregg. These documents were never shown to Patricia until after she became trustee of her own trust, months after Marvin had died."

Patricia, who is married to New York real-estate developer Martin Raynes, has three children and resides in Southampton and Manhattan. An avid horsewoman, she is often in the society columns. She and her husband made headlines in 1994, when their friend Vitas Gerulaitis, the tennis star, died of carbon-monoxide poisoning while sleeping in a bungalow on the Rayneses' Southampton estate. In 1991, Martin Raynes declared bankruptcy. Several years later, he and Patty sold some properties, including their $14 million apartment on Fifth Avenue to Microsoft co-founder Paul Allen.

A few days after Marvin's death, according to the lawsuit, Patricia suffered the final indignity. She says she was told that her billionaire father had actually died broke, leaving, according to the complaint, a hopelessly entangled estate with at least one loan secured by his palatial Beverly Hills home, the Knoll, which Barbara soon sold for a reported $46 million and then moved into two bungalows at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Asked to respond to the claims in Patricia's lawsuit, Michael Sitrick, chairman of Sitrick and Company, longtime Davis family spokesman and public-relations counsel, stated, "The family is both shocked and saddened by this action. They are confident that claims in the complaint will be proven untrue and that Patty's lawsuit will be shown to have no merit. The family is hard-pressed to understand Patty's bitterness toward them, given the tens of millions of dollars she has received over the years." He also said, "While we are not going to respond to the complaint on an allegation-by-allegation basis, we reiterate that the family is confident that claims in the complaint will be proven untrue and that Patty's lawsuit will be shown to have no merit." Asked if Patricia consulted with the family before filing the lawsuit, Sitrick responded, "There were a number of discussions between other family members' counsel with Patty's counsel. The families' attorneys told them they believed the allegations had no merit. Unfortunately, Patty filed the lawsuit anyhow." Asked if Mr. Davis's estate was as financially precarious at the time of his death as Patricia claims, Barbara Davis responded through Sitrick, "If that was the case, then one would have to ask why Patty would file the lawsuit."

Where did the billions go, if they are gone? They probably went to feed Marvin Davis's gargantuan lifestyle.

"He was always fun," says Jackie Collins, the novelist. "He was *Marvin!* He would try to intimidate people. His first question would be: How old are you and how much money do you have? I think he liked me because when I met him and he asked me that I said, 'Fuck off, Marvin!'"

Marvin's father, Jack Davis, came to America from London in 1917, as a teenager. A fireplug of a man, he joined the British Navy after having been denied a college scholarship because he was Jewish. He took up boxing in the navy and eventually wound up in New York.

> "He'd put his arm around you and say, 'I'm going to take care of you!'"

Taking "any jobs to survive," according to his brother, Charles, Jack Davis eventually managed to connect with some salesmen in the garment industry. Soon he was working as a $200-a-week buyer for a store in New Jersey, and he went on to found the Jay Day Dress Company, specializing in cheap dresses. He married a beautiful New York blonde, Jean Spitzer, and on August 31, 1925, they had a son, Marvin, followed four years later by a daughter, Joan.

Jay Day occupied two floors on Seventh Avenue in Manhattan, and by the late 1940s, Jack was shipping 200,000 dresses a month, to mom-and-pop stores as well as to J. C. Penney. He had a regular table at '21,' an apartment on the Upper East Side, and a chauffeured Cadillac. His son attended the prestigious Horace Mann School for Boys, in Riverdale, New York. "Marvin looked like a movie actor—tall, blond hair, blue eyes," says Richard Bienan, his best boyhood friend. "He looked like a young Marlon Brando," according to another friend, Joan Levan.

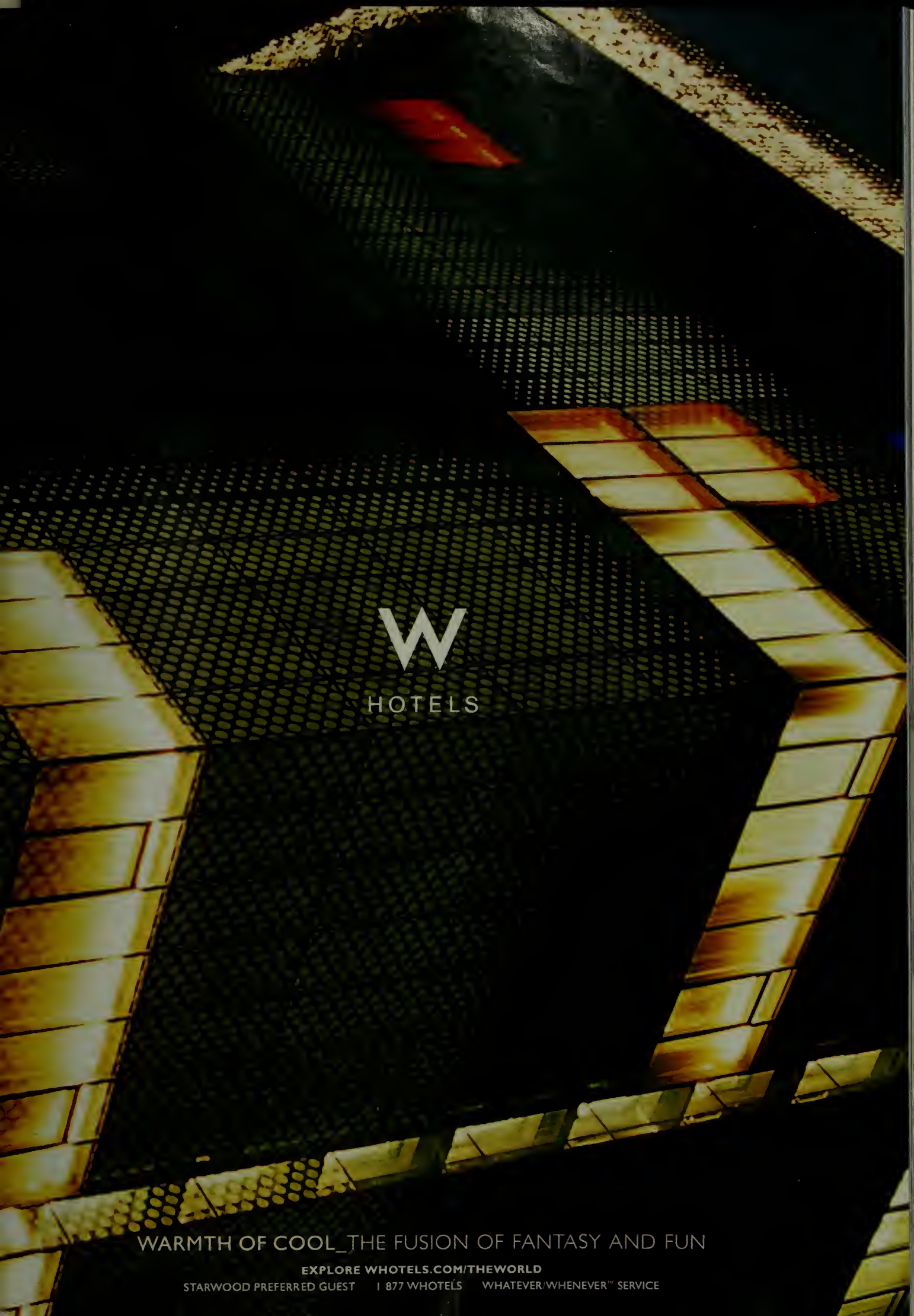
"I'll hand you the money as I make it." Marvin Levan, Joan's husband, remembers his friend Marvin Davis telling him during weekly crap games. "He was the high roller, and I was, like, his treasurer. He always won."

"Marv the Suave," as he was called in the Horace Mann yearbook, grew up in his father's flashy world of *schmattes,* salesmen, and gamblers. Then, sometime in the late 1930s, Jack Davis began to move from dresses into oil. Marvin glimpsed his future in Miami, while vacationing with his family at the Roney Plaza Hotel, a getaway favored by garment-industry entrepreneurs. One day, when a swimmer was seen in danger of drowning offshore, two men jumped in to save him: Jack Davis and a person named Ray Ryan, from Evansville, Indiana, who shortly thereafter presented Jack with the gamble of a lifetime.

Ryan was the ultimate high roller. According to the journalist Herb Marynell, he was one of the greatest cardsharps who ever lived. A confidant of celebrities, politicians, and mobsters, he called Texas oil baron H. L. Hunt, whom he had supposedly fleeced of several hundred thousand dollars on a cruise to Europe, his "pigeon." His friends included Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, and Clark Gable. A primary developer of Palm Springs, he became partners with the actor William Holden to create the Mount Kenya Safari Club, whose members included not only John Wayne and Bing Crosby but also, allegedly, high-ranking members of organized crime. In 1977, Ryan was blown up in his Lincoln Continental in an alleged Mob hit.

In addition to being a gambler, Ryan was a wildcatter, an independent oilman searching for oil outside of known deposits, leasing mineral rights, lining up investors, and drilling oil wells on a "third for a quarter" deal, meaning that each investor paid one-third of the cost and got one-fourth of the interest—leaving the wildcatter with a one-fourth interest in the well for his promotional efforts. In 1939, when Evansville was in the midst of an oil boom, Ryan found an investor to lease acreage for $10,000 and struck oil in 20 locations, which poured out 3,000 barrels a day. After reportedly raking in $350,000, he sold his lease on the land for another $250,000 and created the Ryan Oil Company. There was big money to be made in oil, Ryan told Jack.

"As luck would have it, Jack not only hit one well but two in a row," says Richard Bienan. "He hadn't a clue as to what he was doing, but he was the luckiest guy alive," says Dallas investor Alan May. Jack got many of his friends in the garment business to invest in oil wells, and in 1939 he founded the Davis Oil Company, in partnership with the Ryan Oil Company. When Marvin was a young man, he worked on oil rigs and in other parts of the business. Meanwhile, his father went west with a war chest of funds from his dress business. He dazzled Denver. "Listen, this was before television was around very much," says a vet-


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eran Colorado oilman, "and he knew all the current jokes first, and he told them extremely well. He knew famous people, people outside the oil business, and the head of every corporation in town." Jack drilled an extraordinary number of dry holes. "It was right out here in the Denver-Julesberg Basin," the oilman remembers. "Nobody had ever done that before, and then the next year he drilled the same number and didn't hit anything again."

After graduating from New York University in 1946, Marvin moved to Evansville, Ray Ryan's hometown, to work in company management. He expanded operations into Texas, then Oklahoma, returning to New York in 1949 as manager of oil activities for his father. One Sunday at the bar in the Madison Hotel, Marvin asked Bienan about an Adelphi College student they both knew. Her name was Barbara Levine, and her father was a lawyer. "If you ever stop taking her out, I'd like to," Davis said, and Bienan surrendered her phone number. Marvin and Barbara were married in July 1951 and honeymooned at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Barbara would become Marvin's rock. "The only thing that was non-negotiable was his family," says the actress Suzanne Pleshette.



THE FIRSTBORN
The Davises in the early 80s with their daughter Patricia, who is now suing her mother and siblings.

In the early 1950s, Marvin left New York to live in the oil patch for good. Not in Texas, where the state railroad commission stifled production with its restrictions. "They let you produce wells seven days a month," he later said in a deposition. Davis went to Denver to check on a well and promptly fell in love with the town. "I called my wife in New York and told her to come out," he said.

They had one child by then, Patricia. Marvin set up shop in a tiny office in the Denver Petroleum Club building and was soon as facile with men and money as his father. Dwarfing Jack, Marvin was often seen bursting from the red leather booths of the Palace Arms in Denver's Brown Palace Hotel, where oilmen lunched from silver trays.

"I took on an 80-well deal from Amoco on the east side of the Denver-Julesberg Basin," he told a gathering of famous wildcatters in Houston in 2003. "Cheap wells, $7,000 a well, shallow. I drilled 80 straight dry holes. . . . I figured there's no oil left in the United States! So every Sunday I took the kids—we used to drive to the supermarket, get our goodies for the week—and we stopped at the gas station to get the car filled. I took the nozzle, put it in the car, and it didn't work. . . . And my wife looked at me, in her nice, little way, and said, 'You can't even find oil in a gas station!'"

> "The only thing that was non-negotiable was Marvin's family."

"I went up to Marvin's office, and I was telling him how badly I felt . . . and he says, 'Aw, that's all right, Tommy, I made $5,000 off each one of them,'" recalls Tom Yancey, then manager of Amoco's Denver land department. "I thought, I'm not going to worry about Marvin anymore. He promoted the hell out of every well he drilled. He had more partners—he had 'em coming out of the *gumpus* [ass]."

Marvin had too many partners, in fact, says Yancey. "Sometimes over 100 percent—more money from investors than it cost to drill the well." If a well was a dry hole, "normally it wasn't going to cost him anything," says Yancey. When Davis was later asked if he ever told investors that there were ways to make money even on a dry hole, he said, "Absolutely not."

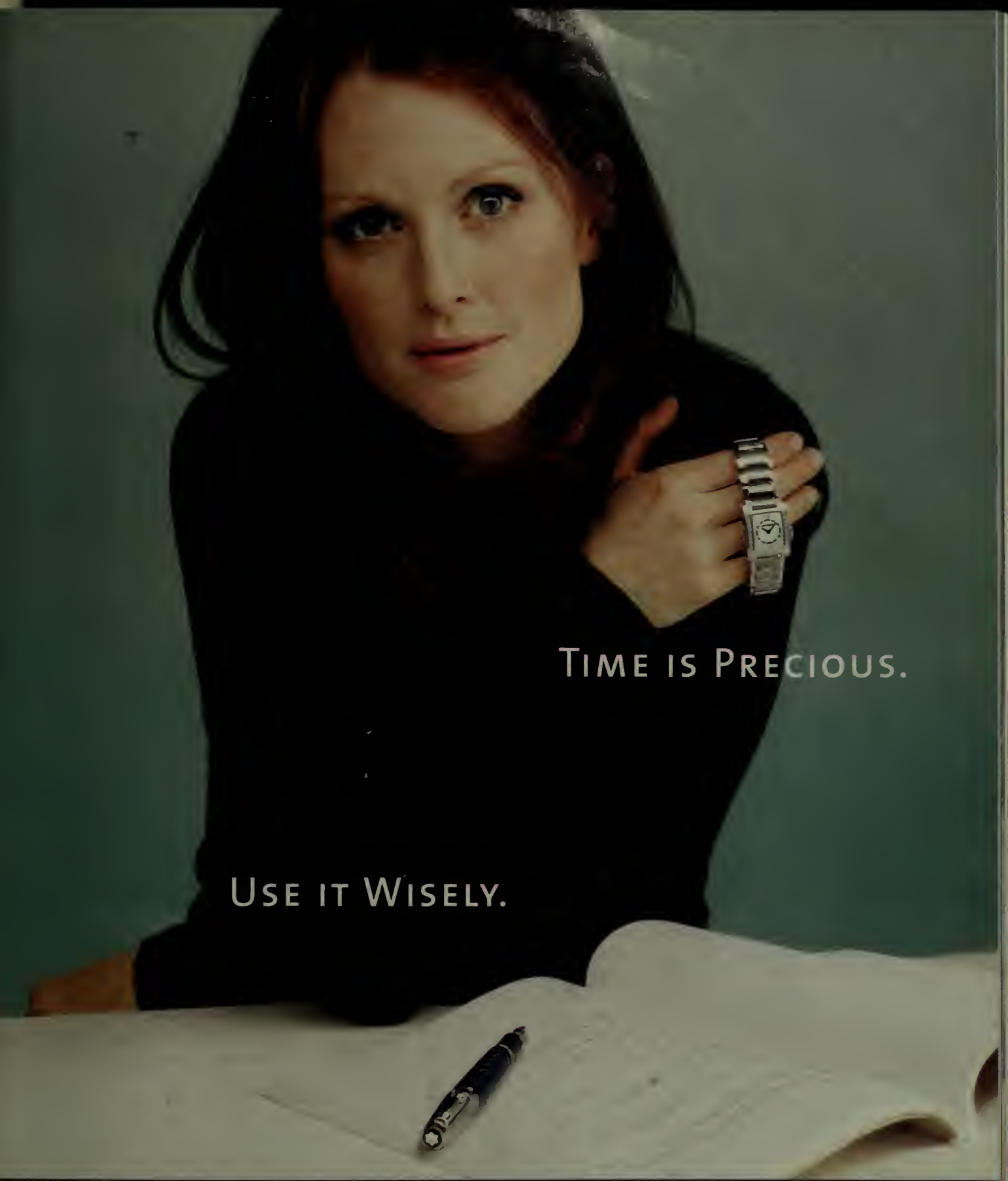
Then he hit, in areas where the major oil companies feared to go, one well, then another, until the Rocky Mountain states, West Texas, and the Gulf Coast were riddled by Davis's fork. Later, in Hollywood, he would regale his celebrity guests with stories of his first strike, casting himself as the James Dean character in *Giant*, "saying it came shooting up, and it went all over him, and how exciting it was," says Jackie Collins.

DAVIS OIL TOPS LIST IN WILDCAT WELL DRILLING, read a *Rocky Mountain News* headline. He was in the right place at the right time. OPEC had twice caused oil-price shocks in the major Western industrialized nations, which made domestic oil prices soar. "The prices went up dramatically from 1973, when the price was about $3.50 a barrel," says Fort Worth oilman Charles Simmons, who provided services for Davis's wells. "By the end of '73 it was $8.50. Sometime in 1975 it was $14, and that's when the boom started in a big way."

By the late 1970s, Davis had gobbled up much of Denver, including the 22,000-acre Phipps Ranch, where he planned to build a housing project; instead he flipped it to a developer for a $14 million profit. He bid $12.5 million for the Oakland A's, but the deal collapsed when the team couldn't sever its lease in Oakland. He founded Metro National Bank and became a major Denver developer. By 1980, according to court records, the Davis Oil Company, with regional offices in New Orleans, Houston, Midland, and Tulsa, had more than 400 employees and expenses of $20 million a year.

To support his overhead, Davis went after more investors. "He'd put his big arm around you and say, 'I'm going to take care of you! I'm going to take care of your kids!'" says one. "Only when it was over and you'd lost some money did you realize Marvin really thought of himself as a conduit between his friends and the U.S. government. Why should they pay taxes when they could drill the money with him?"

"We were out of the White House and we had to make a living, and Marvin, in his generous way, said, 'You ought to invest,'" remembers Gerald Ford, who moved to Denver with his wife, Betty, in 1977. "Well, it turned out that it was very successful. The interesting thing was, two or three years



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after the initial investment, Marvin told us to sell, but we didn't, and we were smarter than Marvin. The children are still getting income from that investment."

"He was tough, very tough," remembers Dallas oilman Bill Saxon, who knew Davis for 30 years. "Davis Oil Company deals would come what we call fairly 'loaded,' which means they had a lot of promotion in them, which is profit to his company going in. . . . He always operated the well and used his drilling rigs, which were subject to whatever price he wanted to charge. And he also had a pipe-and-supply company, so he supplied all the pipe, which is almost half the cost of the well. We were always overcharged, which made it tough to deal with him."

"We got an elephant!," Davis would exclaim to his investors, and he insisted that they were earning returns well above industry averages. The only thing Davis was reserved about was speaking with the press. In the basement of Denver's U.S. District Court, however, are the remains of a five-year lawsuit, *AE Investments, Inc.* v. *Davis Oil Company, Marvin Davis et al.*, in which he and his strategies spring to life.

> "Lubitsch?" he asked Ronald Reagan. "Who the hell is Lubitsch?"

Between 1981 and 1982, A.E. Investments, a subsidiary of insurance giant Aetna Life & Casualty, invested $168 million in Davis Oil. The wildcatter seduced them, Aetna's officers later insisted in court documents, urging them to trust him, promising that he put their interests before his own, even though he said he himself was investing about $150 million in his 1981 drilling program. In February 1981, Aetna invested $15 million. In May, the first "discovery" of oil was made, after which Davis flew to the company's office in Hartford, Connecticut. He was "hot," he said, and the oil patch was so hot that he encouraged Aetna to pony up another $100 million, explaining that its original $15 million wasn't nearly enough to do justice to the program's potential. Aetna came up with $60 million more. By late 1981, Davis suggested that the company throw in an additional $75 million, assuring the officers that the program was going great and that the "majors," or big oil companies, were eager to invest, so Aetna had better beat them to it.

By then, according to court papers, Aetna was in 98 exploratory wells, which Davis assured them had a success ratio of 34 percent, almost double the national average. For 1982, Aetna committed another $30 million. "He would call and tell me, 'Oh, Don, we've got the biggest strike here! You've got to come out and see it with your own eyes!'" remembers Donald Conrad, Aetna's C.F.O. at the time.

But oil didn't gush. Only expenses and hidden costs did, amid charges of kickbacks, according to court records, with Davis pocketing cash from side deals with suppliers. Aetna eventually sued, claiming that Davis Oil was designed to "drill as many wells as possible and then make money for its principal officers, even if the company found no oil." In part, the lawsuit reads, "After nine years, AEI has received only $60,316,605 in revenue from an investment that cost $182,377,981. Fully 188 out of 204 wells operated by Davis Oil Company lost money."

Davis offered to buy back the properties for $50 million, shaking hands with Aetna's officers on the deal. Then, through his lawyer, Edward Bennett Williams, Davis called Aetna's bluff. The deal was off and Aetna could sue, Davis said, although he doubted that would happen, because it would be an "embarrassment" to the insurance giant.

Six years after the suit was filed, however, on the day before the trial was to begin, Davis folded. "He settled on the courthouse steps for essentially what we were charging because he didn't want the negative publicity," says Conrad.

Davis had already had problems with the federal authorities. In 1979 six F.B.I. task forces, looking into $2 billion worth of industry overcharges in the oil business, claimed that Davis, as the head of Summit Transportation Company, had reclassified old oil as new oil to avoid price controls and reap illegal profits. Edward Bennett Williams worked his magic. Davis had to pay only a $20,000 civil penalty, while Summit was slapped with a $3 million fine and forced to pay $17 million in refunds.

Neither the lawsuit nor the federal indictment slowed Davis down one bit. By the early 1980s he was flying from his Denver mansion, which had a bowling alley and a staff of 12, to his homes in Vail, Palm Springs, and New York, first on his Gulfstream II, later on his Boeing 727.

"One time I asked him, 'Marvin, how do you always know when to sell?'" remembers Charles Simmons. "And he said, 'There is always a time to get off the train.'" That time came in the fall of 1980.

William Wilder, then C.E.O. of Hiram Walker and its oil-production subsidiary, Home Oil Company, walked into Davis's office seeking to increase his company's investment in oil and natural gas. "It was a very steamy time in the oil-and-gas market," Wilder tells me. The company had enlisted Morgan Stanley to scout out oil opportunities, and the investment firm had suggested Davis Oil. Wilder remembers Davis telling him he had a good reason for considering a sale.

Davis had recently undergone minor surgery for skin cancer on his lip. "He said he was dying of cancer," says Wilder. "He only had a year to live. That's why they wanted to sell the properties."

Up for grabs were 830 wells and 767,000 exploratory acres stretching from Wyoming to Louisiana, which Hiram Walker calculated could yield 8.8 million barrels of oil and 106 billion cubic feet of natural gas. Wilder says that with Davis that day was Ray Kravis, the oilman father of financier Henry Kravis, of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts. He told Wilder that Davis would be calling for tender offers from Shell, Exxon, and Chevron. "It was supposed to be a bidding contest," Wilder says. "Whether it was or not, who knows?"

The deal was announced in January 1981. The purchase price: $630 million. By early 1982 the bottom had dropped out of the oil-and-gas market and Wilder was at Hiram Walker's annual meeting announcing that the reserves in the Davis wells were 20 to 25 percent less than anticipated and that the company might take a markdown of roughly $145 million after taxes. "We will know in about a month if we have a case of misrepresentation," Wilder was quoted as saying in *The Wall Street Journal*, which prompted Davis to threaten a slander suit.

"They claimed that Marvin had misled them, that the properties weren't worth but half or so of what he'd sold it for," says oilman Charles Simmons. "Marvin said, 'I never said what it was worth. You offered me this amount of money, and that's what I took.'"

Davis was by no means at death's door. He had simply played a winning hand, raking in $630 million worth of chips, which he planned to parlay into something fun, he said. "At my stage of life . . . I'm not going into anything unless there's a little fun in it."

"You made a great sale," Ira Harris, the mergers-and-acquisitions wizard at Salomon Brothers, remembers telling Davis. "Now I've got a great buy for you."

"What?" asked Davis.

"Twentieth Century Fox," said Harris.

Davis was infatuated with Hollywood. He had had his first taste of it at his Palm Springs vacation house, where he and Barbara entertained Gary Morton and his wife, Lucille Ball. He had a screening room in his


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DAVIS ASSETS
Clockwise from top left: the five-star Little Nell Hotel, in Aspen; the Beverly Hills Hotel; the Pebble Beach golf course; and the Twentieth Century Fox studio.

house in Denver, and he owned a real theater, University Hills Cinema, where his kids occasionally worked at the concession stand. Davis listened eagerly as Harris extolled the potential of Fox. "I love it!" he said. "I *want* it!"

Fox was in turmoil, embroiled in an internal war between its chairman, Dennis Stanfill, and its vice-chairman, Alan Hirschfield. According to a 1981 account in the *Los Angeles Times,* "Intrigue at the studio had been worthy of a 17th-century French court: power plays, corporate backstabbing, careful fence-sitting." Fox was also rich. Aside from its film and TV businesses, the studio owned an extensive film library, the 63-acre lot in Century City, a record-and-publishing division, movie theaters in Australia and New Zealand, a home-video operation in Michigan, a Coca-Cola bottling plant, and two top-of-the-line resorts, Pebble Beach, in California, and the Aspen Skiing Corporation, in Colorado.

At a fall 1980 meeting of the board, it was determined that the company stock was, at about $35 a share, grossly undervalued, by a third or a quarter of what it should have been, according to Alex Ben Block's book *Outfoxed.* Fearing a leveraged buyout, Stanfill sought to take the company private, and when his efforts failed, according to Hirschfield, "it was like hanging out a FOR SALE sign." Fox was, in Wall Street terms, "put in play," ripe for a takeover.

"Don't be cheap. Don't pussyfoot. Make a rational bid to preclude a bidding war," Edward Bennett Williams told Davis, according to *The Man to See,* by Evan Thomas. Davis quickly made a written offer, of what would amount to $60 a share, which Williams delivered to Stanfill, who stood to make $7 million on his shares alone.

As always, Davis set up the deal with minimum financial risk to himself. He split off Fox's real-estate holdings, then dealt in Aetna. The insurance giant paid him $183 million for a 50 percent interest in Aspen, Pebble Beach, and the Fox studio lot. Then Davis turned to commodities trader Marc Rich, who, with his partner, Pincus "Pinky" Green, had contacted Davis in 1980 to invest $50 million in his drilling program.

"How did it turn out?," Rich's C.F.O., Peter Ryan, was later asked in a deposition. "Not well," he replied. Of the 100 wells they had an interest in, 72 had been dry holes.

> "He'd order three appetizers, three entrées, and three desserts."

However, Rich agreed to take one-half of the Fox investment and to let Davis keep all of the voting power.

According to *Outfoxed,* Continental Illinois National Bank granted Davis unlimited credit on the Fox deal, which would amount to $550 million. Davis kept his partners and credit arrangements confidential, which led the Fox board to believe that he was buying the studio on his own and would make few changes—even though he had reportedly made a handshake deal to sell off Fox's movie and TV operations to MGM's Kirk Kerkorian.

For Davis the deal was a poker game, and at the last minute he balked. "The day before the board meeting, Davis backed off with cold feet, as he had done on other deals in the past, and would do in the future," says Ira Harris. "It took Ed Williams and me a couple of days to bring him back to the table."

"Let's go!," Davis barked at a meeting in New York, according to his publicist at the time, Lee Solters. "Marvin, how could

TOP LEFT: BY ALAN BECKER. TOP RIGHT: BY GRANT MUDFORD. BOTTOM: BY [illegible]

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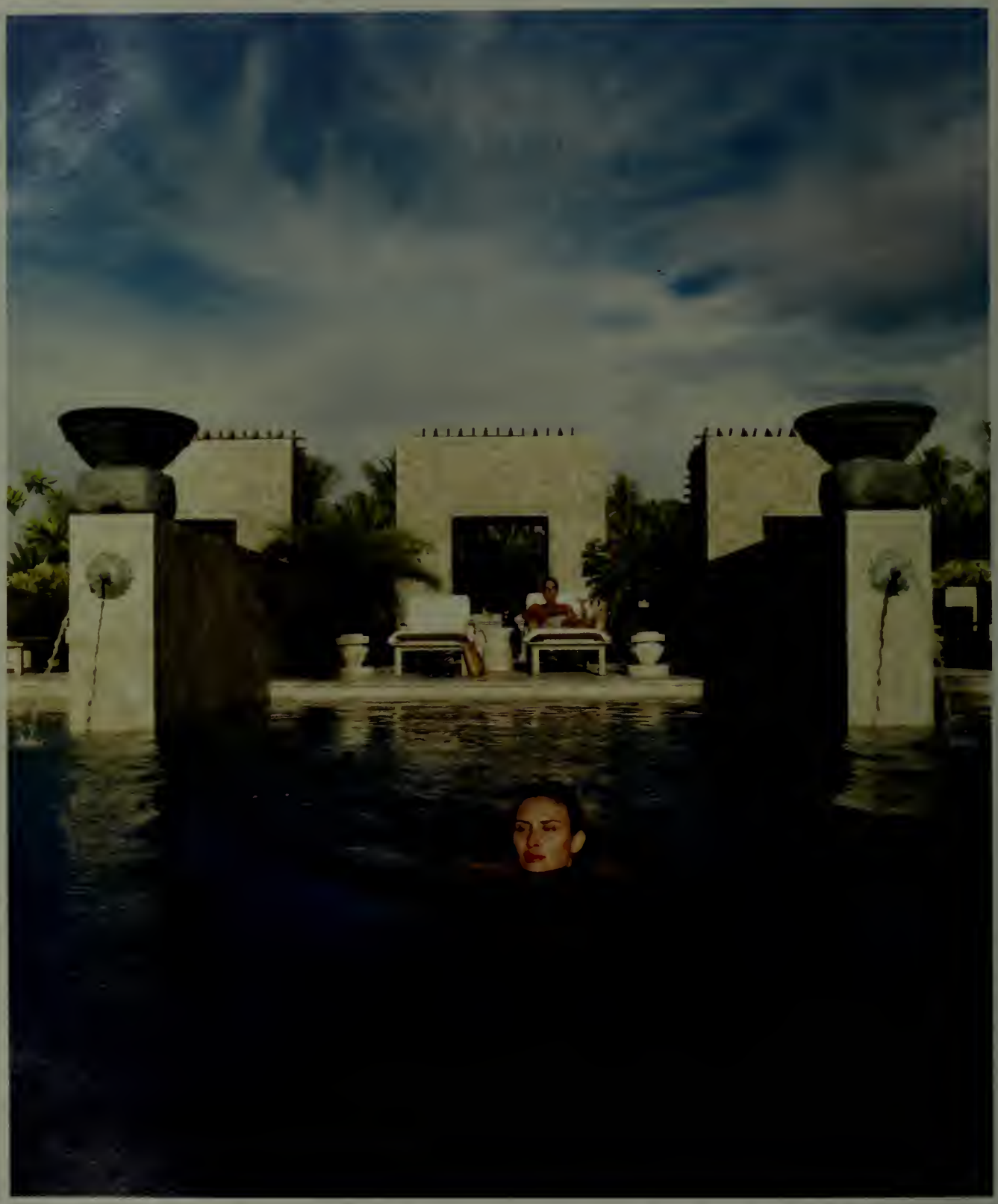
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you blow a deal like this?," Solters remembers asking Davis in the hallway. But the deal wasn't dead. By stalling, Davis only made the Fox board more eager to sell. "I think they folded once the elevator doors closed and we went downstairs," Solters says today.

Back on his plane to Los Angeles, Davis dug into a massive spread he had dispatched his driver to collect at the Carnegie Deli, on Seventh Avenue. "I thought he bought half the store," says Solters.

The Fox board and shareholders were surprised by Davis's last-minute revelation of his network of secret partners and credit. But at a meeting in the Scottish Rite Auditorium, in Los Angeles, on June 8, 1981, they nevertheless voted to sell Davis the studio and its assets for a reported $722,082,160.

Marvin Davis had made the deal of a lifetime, one that would change his life, move his family, and make him famous.

'As a welcome, they took over a huge soundstage and had a party, inviting the industry to come and meet Marvin Davis," says Solters. "And I had to stand next to him when the cars pulled up and tell him who was coming up the walkway.... From the side of my mouth, I'd say, 'Here comes Norman Brokaw, William Morris honcho,' and he would say, 'How are you, Mr. Brokaw?' My God, he loved it. There is no word in the dictionary. He *loved* it!"

Davis was formally introduced to Hollywood at a Friars Club roast, attended by Cary Grant, Gregory Peck, Ginger Rogers, and a slew of comedians. "I can't tell you how much I've enjoyed watching him eat a Buick," said Milton Berle. Jan Murray said Davis was "the only man alive who wears Orson Welles designer jeans." Gary Morton said that someday Davis's footprints would be in cement at Grauman's Chinese. "They won't be as big as John Wayne's, but they'll be deeper," he said.

"Go see *Porky's*!," Davis roared, referring to Fox's universally panned raunchfest, one of the biggest hits of the year.

Hirschfield recalls, "I think it was confirmed later by Marvin that he had really looked at Fox as a real-estate deal." But the world of movies enchanted him.

Davis took on the management of the studio himself. When Stanfill tried to fire the head of the studio's television unit, Harris Katleman, for $2,500 worth of questionable expenses on a trip to a television festival in Monte Carlo, Davis was shocked. For him, a dispute over expenses was no cause for termination. Besides, Katleman was successfully selling shows to the networks. So in the end Katleman stayed and Stanfill quit, filing a breach-of-contract suit which was reportedly settled for $4 million.

Davis moved into Stanfill's office, and he tore down the wall separating executives from staff in the commissary so that all of Fox could watch him at his favorite pastime: lunch. He rented a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel for $1,000 a night and began flying to L.A. with Barbara on his jet every Thursday night and returning to Denver Sunday evening. Every Friday he would gather all department heads, and the machinery of a major studio would grind to a halt as they attempted to teach him the movie business.

"He knew zero, zippo," says Katleman. "He'd show up at the studio on Friday, and it would be chaos," says Hirschfield. "He'd say to me, 'I don't want to look at any pilots—just tell me how we do,'" says Katleman. "We were No. 1 for television shows, and Alan Alda had an option to do *M*A*S*H* again. I told Marvin, 'It's been going on for seven years, and we're going to have to pay him $200,000 an episode.' Marvin said, 'Wait a minute! You're paying this guy 200 grand?' I said, 'Yeah!' And he said, 'Replace him!' I said, 'Marvin, you can't replace him! He's a star.' And he says, 'Oh, come on, there's lots of actors you can get.' I said, 'We just sold the rerun rights to every episode that Alda makes, and we're getting $20 million.' 'Ah,' he said, 'that's a good deal!'"

In Davis's first interview as the head of Fox, he told the *Los Angeles Times* that President and Mrs. Reagan had recently complained to him about excessive sexuality in films. He said the president had suggested that he produce films that implied, instead of showing, sex, in the style of the great 1940s director Ernst Lubitsch. "Lubitsch?," Davis said he had asked Reagan. "Who the hell is Lubitsch?"

On his first day at the studio, Davis asked, "Who actually makes the movies?" Sherry Lansing, he was told. "Send him in," Davis said. When Lansing, the first woman to head production at a major American studio, entered Davis's office, he barely looked up. "No, I don't need any coffee now, honey," he said.

"No, no, no. I'm Sherry Lansing, and I'm the head of Twentieth Century Fox," she said. "And he looked at me and said, 'No, I want Jerry Lansing,' and I said, 'Marvin, I'm *Sherry* Lansing, and I'm the one who runs the studio.' And he said, 'A girl?' And I went, 'Yeah, a girl.'

"That was the beginning of what would be a wonderful relationship of mutual respect," says Lansing, whom Davis began calling Dollface.

Another woman at Fox was Davis's daughter Patricia. For about a year she worked for no pay in the New York office.

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kissing Davis's ample behind. "You got money, you own a studio, you want to make movies, they find you," says Hirschfield. "He'd meet them at parties, or dinner, and he'd say, 'I want to do pictures!' He didn't understand that's like giving a blowtorch to an arsonist. If you tell somebody in Hollywood, 'I want to make a movie with you,' they go crazy. Sherry would get a call; I'd get a call.

"He brought in the director Billy Wilder, and we actually gave him an office at the studio," Hirschfield continues. "I'd say, 'Marvin, I'm not going to make a movie with him,' and he said, 'No, he wants an office; he needs a place to hang out.' My attitude was: It's your company—you do what you damned well please."

He filled the Fox board with his pals—Henry Kissinger, Gerald Ford, Art Modell. Fox became his playground, where he'd have lunch in the commissary with Mel Brooks, the two of them "convulsing" in laughter, Hirschfield says, or bring in Diana Ross just so that he could meet her.

Ever the clotheshorse, Davis had everything custom-made. One day when Katleman went into Davis's office while he was having a shirt fitting, Davis shrieked at his shirtmaker, "Give the kid a dozen!" Hirschfield adds, "This was like a candy store. He liked to kibitz. The problem was, we were busy—this is a business, not a country club—and he'd pull people out for two-hour meetings."

"One of the very first screenings was for Marvin to see *Taps,*" remembers Lansing. The film, about a military school, starred Timothy Hutton and featured the young Tom Cruise and Sean Penn. Norman Levy, executive vice president of marketing, wanted to hedge Fox's risk by selling off part of the movie. Davis had to make the final call.

"That's what I love about him—he was a fan. He didn't wait for anybody else to have an opinion," Lansing says. "He stood up and said, 'I love this movie! I'm not selling a single part of it. In the oil business, we dig a hole and we place our bet. That's what I believe in, and I'm placing a 100 percent bet on this movie.'"

Happily for Davis, *Taps* was a hit.

Davis never forgot that his real business was the oil business, and soon his two worlds merged. Katleman says that he and Hirschfield asked Davis to cut them into a deal. "O.K., the next field I draw, I'll let you boys in," Davis said. It wasn't long before he had an investment opportunity. "I proposed putting in a certain amount, and he said, 'No, that's too much money for you,'" says Katleman, who anted up the amount Davis suggested, as did Hirschfield and Levy. So did George Lucas, who was on the Fox lot doing *Return of the Jedi,* and many others. "He said, 'I'm putting Lucas in the oil business,' and I said, 'Make sure the damned thing hits, because we've got a lot at stake with this guy,'" remembers Hirschfield. As always, it was a third-for-a-quarter deal, with Davis getting his quarter free.

> "If I'd been in my car, I would have run him over," says Barry Diller.



THE CONNOISSEUR The Davises at the 1989 opening of one of his pet projects, the Beverly Hills Carnegie Deli, which was a disaster from the start.

JIM SMEAL

MARVIN DAVIS HITS OIL IN WYOMING was an August 1983 headline in *The Denver Post.* "He called me Square Deal, and he said, 'Square Deal, you really hit it!'" says Katleman. "'We hit our wildcat!'" Katleman asked him what a wildcat was. "He said, 'You'll find out when the checks come in,' and they were astronomical, every month. I got back my entire investment in three months."

Former secretary of state Henry Kissinger also got in on the action. "He invited me to participate on the board of Twentieth Century Fox, and then suggested that some of the board fees could be converted into investments in the oil business," says Kissinger, who invested his $50,000 annual fee and more. "I think I barely broke even," he recalls.

When a second investment opportunity came around, Davis expanded his circle of investors to include Fox stars. "He'd put his arm around the actor John Ritter and say, 'Do you want to invest in oil?' And John would think, Here's one of the best-known oil people in the world, and he'd say, 'Sure,'" says Katleman. But that round

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wasn't a bonanza. "We drilled 12 dry holes and lost our entire investment."

One Fox executive declined Davis's invitations. "Oh, often he called me in, as he did the other executives, and said he would take our money, put it in the oil business, and double and triple it," says Sherry Lansing. "But I'm an extremely conservative person, and I never did any of that."

Meanwhile, Davis's silent partner Marc Rich was impatient to develop their properties. One Christmas, Davis dispatched Hirschfield to squire Rich, his wife, Denise, and their daughters around Aspen. "Marc said, 'Could you help us with lift tickets? I've had to wait in line a long time.'" Hirschfield remembers. "I said, 'Marc, you *own* half the place!'"

Davis's liquidation of Fox's assets may have been going too slowly for Rich, but it was moving forward. Within months of the takeover, Davis and Rich had sold the studio's interest in its Coca-Cola bottling plant. Next they sold the record company and the music-publishing division as well as the foreign theaters and real-estate holdings. Davis merely refinanced the company's debt, which by 1984 would balloon to $430 million. Rich had reportedly been eager to convert his Fox shares to voting stock so that he would have an equal say with Davis in the studio. But in 1983, Rich and his partner, Pincus Green, were slapped with federal charges of evading $48 million in taxes, racketeering, and illegally trading oil with Iran during the 1979 hostage crisis.

Then one day Rich vanished. According to *The Man to See,* Edward Bennett Williams was standing in Davis's office when he heard that his client was on the lam. "They just stopped a plane at Kennedy airport!," Davis told Hirschfield.

Hirschfield says Davis had persuaded Williams, against his better judgment, to represent Rich. Now, after refusing to turn over documents to a grand jury and being fined about $20 million, Rich had attempted to have two steamer trunks of those documents smuggled out of the country on a Swiss Air plane, which was stopped at J.F.K. airport by federal authorities. "Somebody must have tipped the government," says Hirschfield. "That's why Eddie went ballistic, screaming at Marvin, 'How could you do this to me?'"

After Rich was in exile in Zug, Switzerland, the U.S. Justice Department froze all of his assets, including his half of Fox, but agreed to sell Rich's interest in Fox to Davis. According to his contract with Rich, Davis had the right of first refusal on any sale of Fox shares, and he was able to snap up Rich's 50 percent for $116 million, a fraction of even the bargain-basement price of $700-plus million that he had originally paid for the company.

While Davis never indulged in liquor or starlets, he had a serious weakness. "He was the poster boy for everything you shouldn't eat," says Hirschfield, "steaks, eggs, bacon, dripping with fat." Davis kept a stash of 30 spare ties in his office to replace food-splattered ones. "He always used to say he never trusted people who didn't eat," says Hirschfield. "Going to a restaurant with him was a production. It was like royalty walking in."

Davis favored Matteo's, an Italian restaurant on Westwood Boulevard. "He never could decide, so he'd order three appetizers and three entrées and three desserts," recalls Jacquelin Jordan, the widow of the owner. Once, for a Fox board meeting, Davis ordered a meal of all nine courses for everyone, Jordan says, "and sent his secretary over with 14 bottles of Pepto-Bismol, telling her to put one at each place setting."

Wolfgang Puck's Spago arrived in Los Angeles in 1982, and Marvin and Barbara became regulars. The staff would spring into action and have everything pre-prepared for Davis and his party. "I went to lunch with him at Spago, and all of the food arrived immediately," says Michael Caine. "I went, 'Jesus Christ! How do they know what you're going to order?' He said, 'They have the whole menu ready.'" A special throne-like chair was designed for him by Puck's then partner, Barbara Lazaroff. At Matteo's, Mortons, and Mr. Chow, Davis's security team would deliver in advance an extra-wide leather armchair to accommodate his girth.

Davis also loved luxury and show, and soon he found the mansion of his dreams. It was listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the then largest single-family house in Los Angeles: the Knoll, a 45,000-square-foot mansion with 11 bedrooms and 17 bathrooms, built in 1955 for oil heiress Lucy Doheny Battson. Once the home of producer Dino De Laurentiis, it was now owned by Kenny Rogers. "It was 11 acres in the middle of Beverly Hills—nothing else like that," Rogers says.

Rogers had starred in the film *Six Pack* at Fox shortly after Davis's arrival, and he and Davis played golf together. Rogers's hit song "The Gambler" ("You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em") could have been Davis's theme song. "I had about $100 million in real estate when interest rates were 22 percent," says Rogers. "I had a farm in Georgia, a building on Sunset, my recording studio. I was head over heels. The carry on the Knoll



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was killing. I had to unload that property."

Davis was one of very few potential buyers. "He had come to a party one night, and there were about 400 people around," says Rogers. "He just fell in love with it, but Marvin negotiates for everything." On numerous visits, Rogers remembers, Davis would say, "I want to look at it, but I don't think I can pay that price!"

Once Rogers was worn down, Davis stopped by again. "He said, 'Kenny, I'm going to pay your price. But I'm going to do it my way.'" Rogers had paid $13.5 million and spent about $4 million in improvements. "He wanted to give me $18 million as a cash payment on closing, with $4 million in a balloon note to be paid in three years with no interest."

"Well, Marvin, you're going to screw me one way or another," Rogers says he told him playfully.

"That's how I make my living," Davis said, laughing.

The most shocking section of the current lawsuit charges that Davis coerced Patricia into signing a new trust document that would perpetuate his control over her finances:

In March 1990, without disclosing his true intentions, Marvin invited Patricia to come home for a visit and to attend that year's Academy Awards ceremony, on March 25. Once Patricia arrived in Los Angeles, Marvin invited her into his office, where he insisted she sign the Revocation of Trust Agreement and Assignment of Trust Assets. Upon seeing the complex legal documents that Marvin gave her, and realizing that she did not and could not understand them on her own, Patricia suggested that she should show them to an attorney in New York before signing them. Marvin refused to permit her to do so. Instead of allowing Patricia to consult with counsel or any other independent adviser, Marvin would only permit Patricia to speak to his employee, defendant Kenneth Kilroy. Although Patricia told Kilroy that she did not want to sign the documents, but wanted to show them to a lawyer in New York, Kilroy pressured Patricia to sign, telling her that he had never seen Marvin so upset.

When Patricia continued to resist signing, Marvin threatened her. Marvin told Patricia that if she refused to sign or simply insisted on showing the documents to an attorney, Marvin would never permit her to see her mother, brothers, or sisters again, that he would make Patricia's life "a living hell," that he would make the lives of Patricia's own family "a living hell," and that he would tie her up in court for the rest of her life. . . .

Marvin backed up those emotional and financial threats with the additional threat of violence. . . . Marvin had a quick temper and had struck Patricia in the past. Still Patricia refused to sign the trust documents without consulting a lawyer first. Over the course of several days, Marvin continued to pressure Patricia to sign the trust documents, and continued to refuse to allow her to consult with any independent person. At the Davis family home, Marvin and Patricia argued in Marvin's bedroom. Marvin struck Patricia, and continued to beat her until Barbara eventually interceded. Barbara did not, however, resist Marvin's efforts to force Patricia to sign the trust documents; in fact, Barbara pressured Patricia as well, telling Patricia that she should "just sign, you can always change it later. I've changed mine."

Patricia signed the documents. Asked recently if Marvin was ever physically abusive to Patricia, Barbara Davis responded through the family spokesman, "Absolutely not!"



KING-SIZE Marvin Davis, Henry Kissinger, and Gerald Ford at the Davises' lavish Carousel of Hope Ball in Denver, 1982.

"I'm not going into anything unless there's a little fun in it," said Davis.

The Davises unveiled the Knoll at Christmas in 1984, beginning a nonstop party where the pair would preside over a court not seen in Hollywood before or since. "Of course, the chatter was 'Who is going to get an invitation, and who isn't?'" says former supermodel turned entrepreneur Cristina Ferrare. "You waited in a long line to get past security, and drove up the very long, winding, tree-lined driveway." Michael Caine adds, "I'd never been in a house with a dual carriageway drive, where there was a line down the middle."

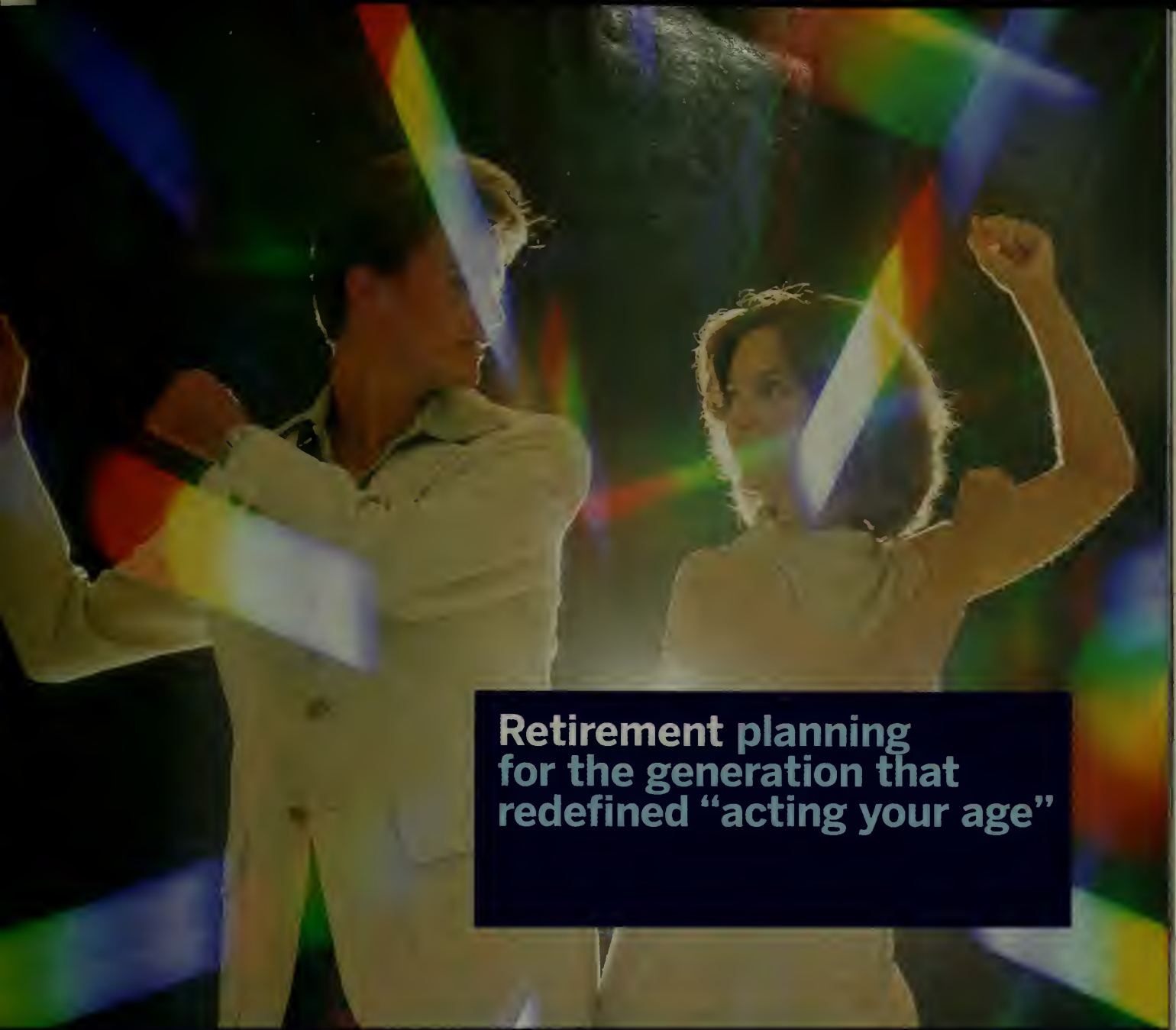
"It took your breath away," Ferrare continues. "Massive trees with a bazillion twinkling white lights. . . . Two huge standard poodles sitting next to the entrance. . . . And Barbara and Marvin were in the massive entry hall, speaking to each and every person, with a Rockefeller Center–size tree and violinists from the L.A. Philharmonic on the mirrored winding staircase."

For later Christmases, skaters would carve patterns on an ice rink out front, the Radio City Rockettes would high-kick down the stairs, and "Streisand would come out to do an impromptu performance for which she had rehearsed for three days with music producer David Foster [a longtime Davis friend]," says *Laugh-In* creator George Schlatter.

"The restrictions Marvin put on Barbara were as simple as 'Whatever you say, darling,'" says Schlatter. "If you weren't at her Christmas party, you'd better be out of town. They also had Fourth of July parties, western barbecues, where they'd give everybody squirt guns, delivered by white-gloved butlers on silver trays. At one point, Ronald Reagan, Gerald Ford, and George Bush were all at their Christmas party at the same time."

"Hanging on the back of our chairs were these fabulous stockings with every kind of imaginable toy in them," says Suzanne Pleshette. "I still have every music box and every Christmas decoration from every party. I don't even put out a tree anymore—I just pile it all into the shape of a tree." Another Davis party tradition was soon born: goody bags, filled with luxury items and certificates for services, which grew so huge over time that they had to have wheels on them.

"Marvin was the last figure to unite in



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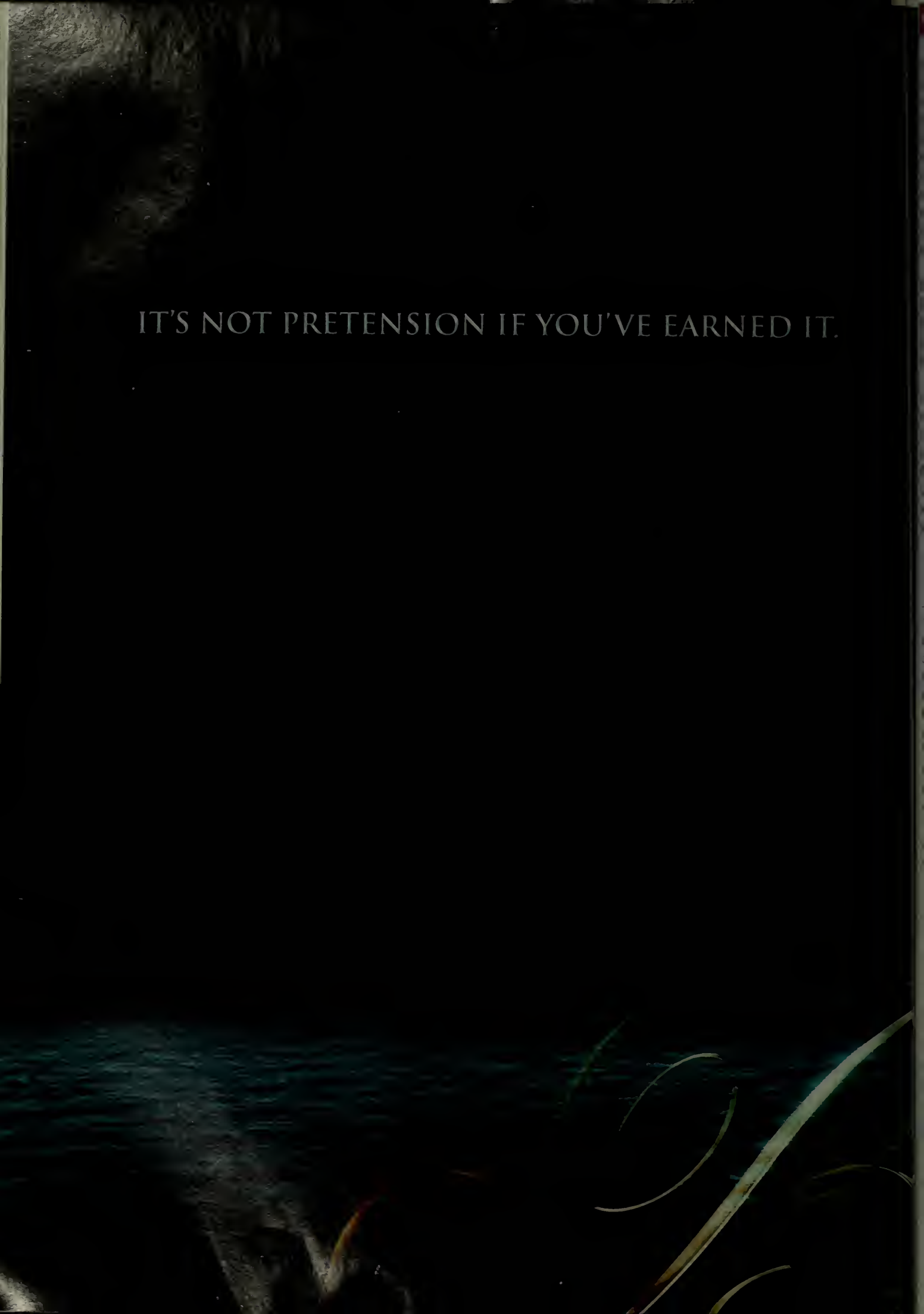
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IT'S NOT PRETENSION IF YOU'VE EARNED IT.

one evening all the stars at any time, no matter how diametrically opposed they were," says George Hamilton. "He could get anybody and everybody there. It was the last real power Hollywood had, that people would come up under any circumstances, and it was always in excess, in excess of everything. People in Hollywood, who were used to going home at 10:30, were still there when people like Elton John were still coming on."

"'O.K., now, I know everybody wants Don to say a few words,'" Schlatter says Davis would say at almost every event, and Don Rickles "would stand up and demolish the biggest names in the room, especially Marvin."

"He was huge in many ways," says Davis's best Hollywood friend, Sidney Poitier, adding that when the pack had left another side of Marvin would emerge, the art-lover, the history buff, "who would watch the History Channel like some people watch CNN." Poitier accompanied Davis to Wimbledon and on golfing expeditions. "I got that there was a little boy in him," he says.

For New Year's, the Davises would jet off to Aspen. A hundred of their friends would arrive on Davis's plane or their own planes, which were met by a string of limos. "The Davis family would command about a third of our rooms and suites, and get everyone settled according to their desired pecking order, including Gregory Peck, on occasion," says Eric Calderon, the general manager of the Little Nell Hotel, which Davis built. "Key was ensuring that the full-size extra refrigerator in the Davis pantry was fully stocked with shrimp and bananas."

"Oil barons and movie moguls and Donald Trump—they all came with their own security," says Schlatter. "Every night Davis would buy out a different restaurant. Marvin would sit at the base of the gondola at the Little Nell, and we'd say, 'Marvin, what are you doing?,' and he'd laugh and say, 'I'm counting lift tickets ... $35, $70.' Then, on Sunday, they'd be gone, this caravan, back to Tinseltown, leaving Aspen devoid of stars."

Back in L.A., everything, for Marvin and Barbara, led up to the Carousel of Hope Ball, the biannual event that became "the flagship of all charity events," says Schlatter. The proceeds funded the Barbara Davis Center for Childhood Diabetes, where 25 full-time physicians treat more than 5,000 patients annually. The ball began in Denver in 1978, three years after the Davises' daughter Dana was diagnosed with diabetes.

"Barbara called me and said, 'Our baby has diabetes,'" Davis once recalled. "I said, 'So, get it fixed.'" But they discovered that diabetes couldn't be fixed, and that, if not treated quickly, Dana could be threatened with anything from blindness to amputation. Davis decided that if he couldn't fix diabetes he'd fund the treatment of it, donating an initial $1 million to create the center and launch the Carousel of Hope Ball.

The ball grew so large that a galaxy of stars was annually on display, so many boldfaced names that some newspapers limited coverage to those names alone. "One year, Andrea Bocelli was the newest biggest thing, because we'd already had Plácido Domingo the year before, right?" says Schlatter. But Bocelli was in Italy. No matter: when it came to charity, Barbara never heard the word "no." "Oh, Marvin will send a plane," she said. "So we arranged to meet him in a hotel room to videotape his half of a duet with Celine Dion," says Schlatter, who then pieced the two stars together on a screen so that it looked as if they were in the same room.

Always, at the apex of the evening, Davis would rise from his chair and announce, according to Schlatter, "'Tonight's evening raised X number of dollars, and I would be pleased to match it.' The place would go crazy. Are you nuts? Because it would be like a $3 or $4 million donation." The Davis family says most of the expenses for the ball, which has raised more than $70 million since its inception, are underwritten.

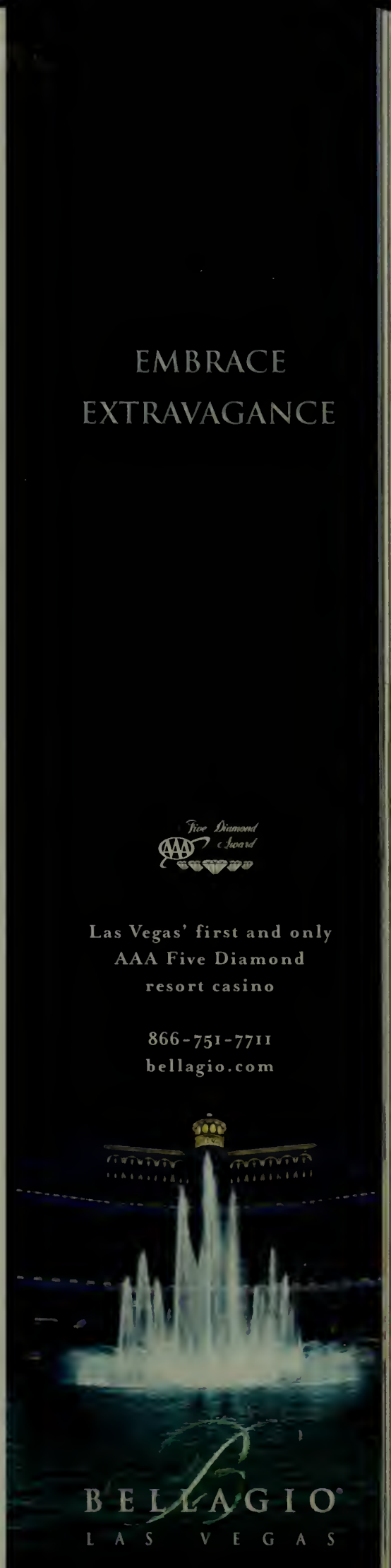
"I hit a well, I get 15 calls, people congratulating me," Davis once said. "When I was in the movie business, you make a great picture, everybody hated me!"

As a mogul, he hit more dusters than gushers, with such hits as *Romancing the Stone* and *Cocoon* offset by such misses as *Rhinestone* and *Six Pack*. "He had a lot of wonderful paintings on his walls," says Michael Caine, recalling Davis taking him past the Knoll's Impressionist masterpieces. "And he said, 'Let me show you the most expensive picture I ever bought.' And he showed me a photograph of Sly Stallone and Dolly Parton in *Rhinestone*. He said, 'That picture cost me $19 million.'"

According to the *Los Angles Herald Examiner,* Fox lost almost $36 million in fiscal 1984, while doubling its long-term debt. Davis felt he needed to slough off some of the debt and find a creative partner.

Barry Diller ran Paramount, whose films in the early 80s included *Raiders of the Lost Ark, Flashdance,* two *Star Trek* features, *Terms of Endearment,* and *Trading Places.* He was widely considered the young genius of the entertainment business.

"Marvin Davis called me and asked if there were any conditions that I would become the C.E.O. of Fox," Diller remembers. Thus began a grand seduction, with the 300-pound mogul, trying to be discreet, driving over to Diller's house in his Rolls-Royce to court him, playing "the role





PARTY BOY
Marvin Davis arrives by limousine at a book launch for Sidney Sheldon in Beverly Hills, 1990.

of tycoon, the entrepreneurial charmer." Finally, Diller succumbed, on one condition: he would have complete control. Davis couldn't speak to any member of the Fox staff other than Diller.

"Call them the Odd Couple," read a *Los Angeles Times* story. "Call them the barracuda and the bear. Or their deal, as one insider does, the Stalin-Hitler pact."

The deck was stacked against Diller from the start. "Within 30 days, [Davis] essentially reneged on the deal we had made, which was to provide financing for the studio," says Diller, who quickly discovered that the studio's financial situation was much different than Davis had described. "It became clear that the company owed $600 million. The banks wouldn't extend it any further." Diller pressed Davis for the new equity he had promised to put into the company, but Davis stalled, he says, and suggested that Diller call Michael Milken for a $250 million junk-bond loan, which would be Diller's, not Davis's, responsibility. In the end, Diller drove to Davis's home in Palm Springs to face him down and demand the float that Fox desperately needed.

"This man actually wrote a piece of paper with me—my little naïve person—and signed it," says Diller. "So I go to him and say, 'O.K., Marvin, as you know, the banks won't lend us any more money. We need equity in the business. You have to put up $100 million, because otherwise the banks are not going to go any further.' He said no. I said, 'But you agreed!' And he just stared at me, literally saying, 'You fool. What are you going to do now?'

"You have to put in $100 million," Diller says he told Davis. Again, Davis said no. "And I thought, Oh my God, what am I going to do? I realized what he'd done, which is, he set me up. Thirty days into this, my options were horrible. I could hardly go back to Paramount.

"I said, 'Here's what I'm going to do. I'm going to sue you for fraud.'"

But he didn't have to, because an unlikely white knight soon appeared.

Owning 100 percent of anything wasn't Davis's style. "He said, 'I don't want the risk,'" remembers Hirschfield. "Then he says to me one day, 'What about Rupert Murdoch?'"

"Marvin, in my opinion Rupert Murdoch is the smartest person who has ever been in the media business, the greatest futurist and strategist," Hirschfield says he told Davis. "He'll eat you for lunch."

"Nobody eats me for lunch!," Davis said with a laugh.

"That's true as a matter of size," said Hirschfield. "But he'll end up with the company if you sell him 50 percent." Davis insisted, and Hirschfield arranged lunch for the two moguls at '21,' in New York, where, he remembers, Murdoch talked about strategy and synergy while Davis ate his steak. "I can work with this guy," Davis said afterward.

But once he had sold 50 percent, Davis discovered, Fox wasn't fun anymore. He may also have been running low on cash. "With the value and return from his Denver oil, real estate, and banking holdings sagging, Davis lacked the cash to keep financing Fox's movie budget," according to *Business Week*. Now Diller was running the show. "'From now on, I'm the fiduciary here,'" Diller remembers telling Davis. "'Which means you can't charge expenses to the company unless your 50 percent partner agrees to each of them.' Essentially that was my relationship with Mr. Davis. It certainly did not end well."

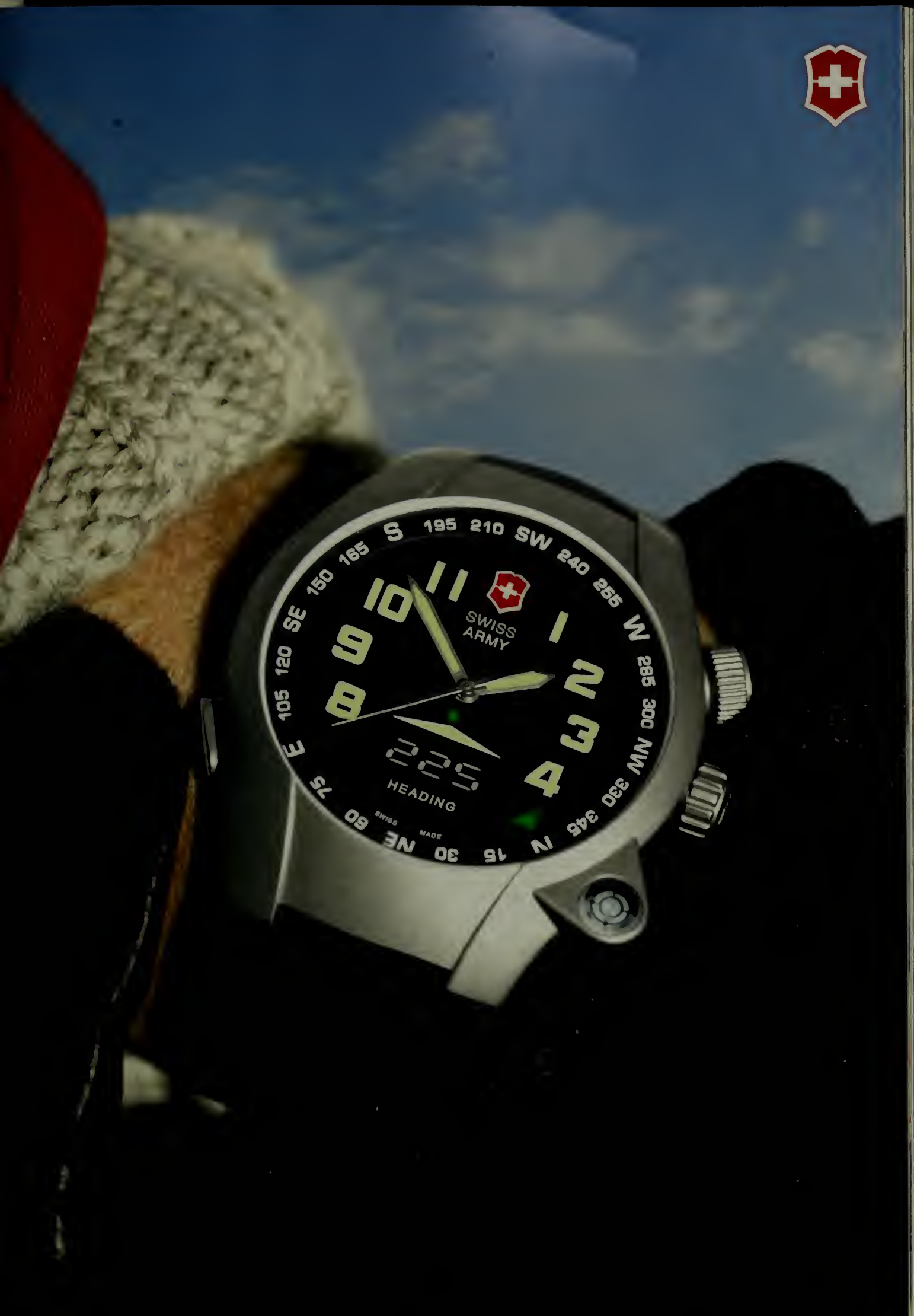
Then came Metromedia, and Davis wouldn't bite. On the plate was the future of Fox, a nascent fourth network: seven big-city TV stations owned by entrepreneur John Kluge. Finessed by Diller and Murdoch, Kluge consented to sell for $2 billion, which Davis said was too much. "According to Murdoch, Davis suggested that they flip a coin to see which of them should buy the other out of Twentieth Century Fox," writes William Shawcross in his biography *Murdoch*. "Murdoch said he accepted the challenge but Davis then backed out." Davis eventually agreed to sell his 50 percent to Murdoch for $575 million if he

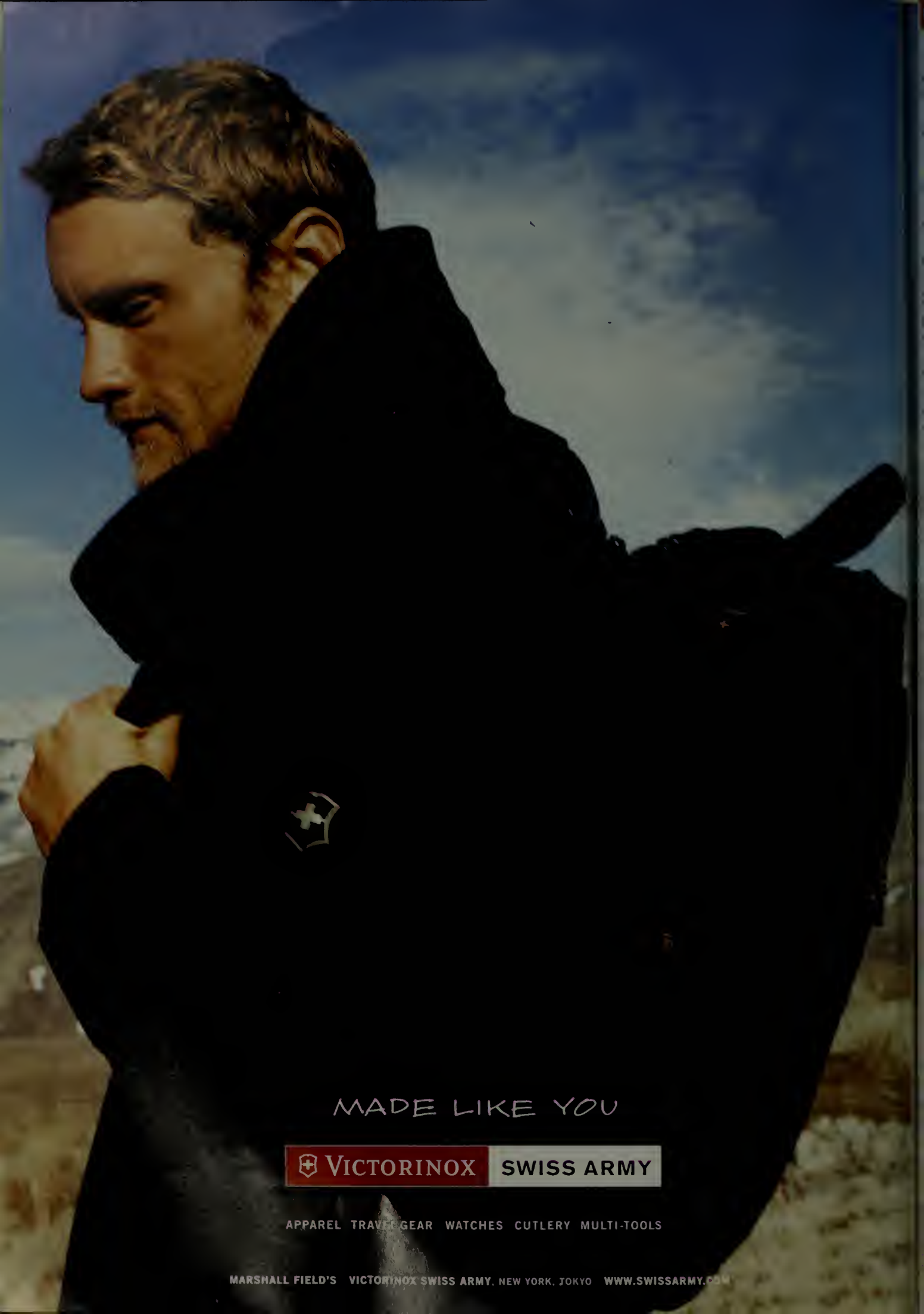
Barbara allegedly told Patricia, "You're poor, Patty. You're poor."

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could retain Pebble Beach and the Aspen Skiing Corporation. But once the contracts were drawn up, Davis stalled.

"I called him and said, 'Why aren't you signing these papers?,'" Diller says.

"I'll get around to it," Davis replied.

"I said, 'You'll get around to it Friday, because I've had it!,'" Diller says.

"O.K., you can come and pick up the papers at my house on Saturday morning."

On Saturday morning Diller drove up to the Knoll. "I got out of my car, and he came out of the house with the papers in his hand," Diller remembers. "He hands me the papers and he goes, 'You sure made me some money, kid!'

"I was speechless," Diller continues. "If I had been in my car, I would have run him over. But I was so happy to be done with it. I got back into my car and drove down the driveway, and that was the last time I think I spoke to Marvin Davis."

He'd sold his studio and most of its satellite assets, but the gambler still had two major cards to play, Pebble Beach and the Aspen Skiing Corporation.

First on the block, the only asset that he said he'd ever truly loved: Pebble Beach. Davis had polished the jewel of golf resorts by adding a new course and a hotel, but by the late 1980s residents were noticing cutbacks. It was time to sell.

Luck delivered the perfect patsy: Minoru Isutani, the leader of the 1980s Japanese golf bubble, who was searching the globe for the perfect place to build a replica of Pebble Beach—until he discovered that he could buy the real thing. "He knew the property well and mentioned a price," Davis told me. The price—about $840 million—was roughly $115 million more than Davis had paid for all of Fox only nine years earlier, but Isutani had a plan to make the numbers work: even though Pebble Beach was a public golf course, he would sell 1,000 memberships at $750,000 each.

Later, drowning in debt and warring with the area's residents and ecologists and the California Coastal Commission, Isutani was asked why he had ever thought he could privatize the world's most famous public golf resort. "We repeatedly asked Mr. Marvin Davis if there would be any objection," Isutani told the *San Francisco Examiner*. "He said there would be no objection."

Isutani went broke, and Davis had a chance to buy Pebble Beach back at a fire-sale price. But by then he was selling, not buying. It was 1993 and he unloaded what was left of the Aspen Skiing Corporation. "He immediately started tearing the company up and selling off bits and pieces," says 92-year-old former company president D. R. C. Brown, lamenting the vanishing assets, including a resort in Colorado, two Canadian ski operations, and a Spanish ski resort. In the 1980s, Davis had sold 50 percent of the ski corporation itself to the Lester Crown family of Chicago. In 1993 the Crowns bought the other half.



THE SPREAD
The Knoll, the Davises' palatial residence in Beverly Hills, which Barbara sold after Marvin's death for a reported $46 million.

Marvin Davis now began his third act, as a takeover artist.

Marvin Davis now began his third act, as a takeover artist. A pattern emerged: Davis in headlines announcing a takeover, followed by a rocketing stock price, followed by Davis's unloading his shares for a supposedly enormous profit. The types of companies he pursued ranged from entertainment (CBS, NBC) to hotels (Resorts International), to airlines (Northwest, United, Continental), to condoms (Carter-Wallace, manufacturer of Trojans). He actually did buy several companies, including Spectradyne, a Texas-based firm that provides cable-TV movies to hotels. He paid $635 million, most of which was put up by Prudential Insurance Co.

At the end of 1986, for $135 million, Davis also bought the Beverly Hills Hotel, where he and Barbara had honeymooned, winning a bidding war against the Sultan of Brunei. "As soon as the sultan lost it, he approached Davis," says Seema Boesky, who with her sister had sold the hotel to Davis. Within a year Davis flipped it to the sultan for a $65 million profit.

In 1989, Davis's appetite for deals and meals came together. The Carnegie Deli had always been his touchstone, a temple of mile-high sandwiches. He lined up investors including Jackie Collins, John Madden, and Don Rickles to open the $4 million Beverly Hills Carnegie. "Crank it up! I've put too much money in this thing!" he admonished the restaurant designer, according to *The New York Times*, insisting on opening without a trained staff or a liquor license. At the grand opening, he and Barbara sliced a six-foot salami while Carol Channing lowered a huge Styrofoam matzo ball into a giant bowl of chicken soup. "Did you eat there?" asks the New York Carnegie's owner, Sandy Levine. "He didn't buy our product! He put the name up, and he bought crap! You can't fool the people!" By 1994 the West Coast Carnegie had closed its doors.

In 1993 the Davises attended Wimbledon, then flew to Nice. They were being chauffeured in a gold Cadillac limo, snaking through traffic to the Eden Roc hotel on the Cap d'Antibes with two security cars behind them, when they were suddenly blocked by two Renaults and surrounded by four masked gunmen, who forced them to turn over $10 million in jewels and $50,000 in cash. As Davis recalled the incident to Schlatter, Barbara told the gunmen trying to undo her necklace, "I understand you're just doing your job. Don't break the clasp. Let me get it for you."

Patricia Raynes's lawsuit describes her father's endless takeover attempts like this:

In the last 20 years of his life, Marvin Davis, acting on behalf of the Davis Family Trusts, repeatedly made unsuccessful offers to pur-

PETER RODGER



OVER THE TOP
Marvin and Barbara Davis at their Carousel of Hope Ball in Los Angeles, October 1990.

chase airlines, media companies, and television networks, hotels, sports franchises, and gaming interests, and real estate, among others. By 1990, Marvin's reputation for looking, but not buying, was so well established that Forbes magazine reported that he had been nicknamed "the Tirekicker." In truth, Marvin, John, Gregg, and others who participated in Marvin's expensive bids to buy large companies, never intended to buy those companies. Rather, they were only trying to create the illusion that Marvin controlled a vast financial empire in order to benefit John's and Gregg's own businesses, to inflate Marvin's and Barbara's egos, and to generate millions of dollars in improper fees.

. . . In each case, Marvin caused the Davis Family Trusts to spend substantial sums, cumulatively in the tens of millions of dollars, on investment bankers, attorneys, and other advisers, and billed Patricia's trust for at least a proportionate share of those expenses, if not more. . . . Ultimately, as a result of his looting, waste, and dissipation of trust assets, Marvin lacked the financial resources to close the deals that he was bidding for, but pursued them anyway, further wasting trust assets in futile, self-aggrandizing expenditures . . . to maintain the fiction that Marvin, John, and Gregg Davis were major financial players in oil, real estate, gaming, technology, and entertainment.

In late 2002, a headline in *Acquisitions Monthly* magazine read, DAVIS RETURNS FROM THE WILDERNESS. The new blockbuster deal was his $20 billion offer for Vivendi Universal Entertainment. The Paris-based conglomerate's assets included Universal Studios in Los Angeles and its theme parks, as well as music and TV divisions.

By then Davis was ill and had lost 130 pounds. "He knew he had to have some surgery, and he kept putting it off and putting it off," says Gerald Ford. "And the longer he put it off, the more serious the surgery became, and it was sad to see him disabled."

"Shortly before he passed away, my wife and I were in L.A., and I told her about this house I had owned," remembers Kenny Rogers. "We were driving by the gate, and I saw all of my same gardeners when I was there, so I asked them, 'Do you think Marvin would mind if we drive up?' And Barbara came down and said, 'Marvin's upstairs. He'd love to say hello.' So I went upstairs, and he was in a hospital bed. He didn't look good, but he had great spirits. He was laughing. Then the phone rang, and he picked it up, and when he put it down he said, 'I just made a bid for Vivendi. I don't think I'm going to get it.'"

The company went to General Electric.

Patricia's lawsuit charges that Marvin's offer was rejected for a simple reason:

Vivendi rejected Marvin's bid, characterizing its financing and structure as "dubious and unattractive." In pursuing Vivendi alone, Marvin caused the Davis Family Trusts to spend tens of millions of dollars on investment bankers, attorneys, and other advisers.

When Davis died, Hollywood sent him off royally at the Westwood Memorial Park, the final resting-place of, among others, Marilyn Monroe and Truman Capote. Stevie Wonder and Carole Bayer Sager sang "That's What Friends Are For," and any cracks froze in Don Rickles's throat. At the end David Foster played "Goodnight, Irene," the ballad Davis always insisted end each late night at the Knoll.

In a town that doesn't care where you come from but only what you become, Davis died a legend, a star.

His daughter's lawsuit describes his end in less romantic terms:

Beginning around 1993, Marvin Davis's health began to fail. He developed diabetes, had a tumor on his spine, suffered from heart disease and near-fatal bouts with pneumonia and sepsis, was confined to a wheelchair, and relied on bodyguards and nurses to bathe him. . . .

Marvin Davis died on September 25, 2004, in the presence of his wife and five children. . . .

A few days after Marvin's death, Barbara Davis told Patricia—contrary to what Patricia had been told her entire life—"you're poor, Patty. You're poor." Barbara then stated for the first time that there were not billions of dollars, that in fact, there was "no money." Marvin had left nothing in his will. The next day, Patricia's brother John and sister Dana spoke to Patricia privately, informing her of what they had known for a long time: Marvin had looted the trusts, and had spent hundreds of millions of dollars that did not belong to him. If Patricia hoped to recover any of the small fraction of her wealth that was left, John told her, she would have to hire an attorney. The other family members already knew of Marvin's misconduct and had already hired lawyers of their own.

The story is not over by a long shot. On the front page of Patricia's lawsuit, in capital letters, are the words "JURY TRIAL DEMANDED." □

"Nobody eats me for lunch!," Marvin Davis said with a laugh.

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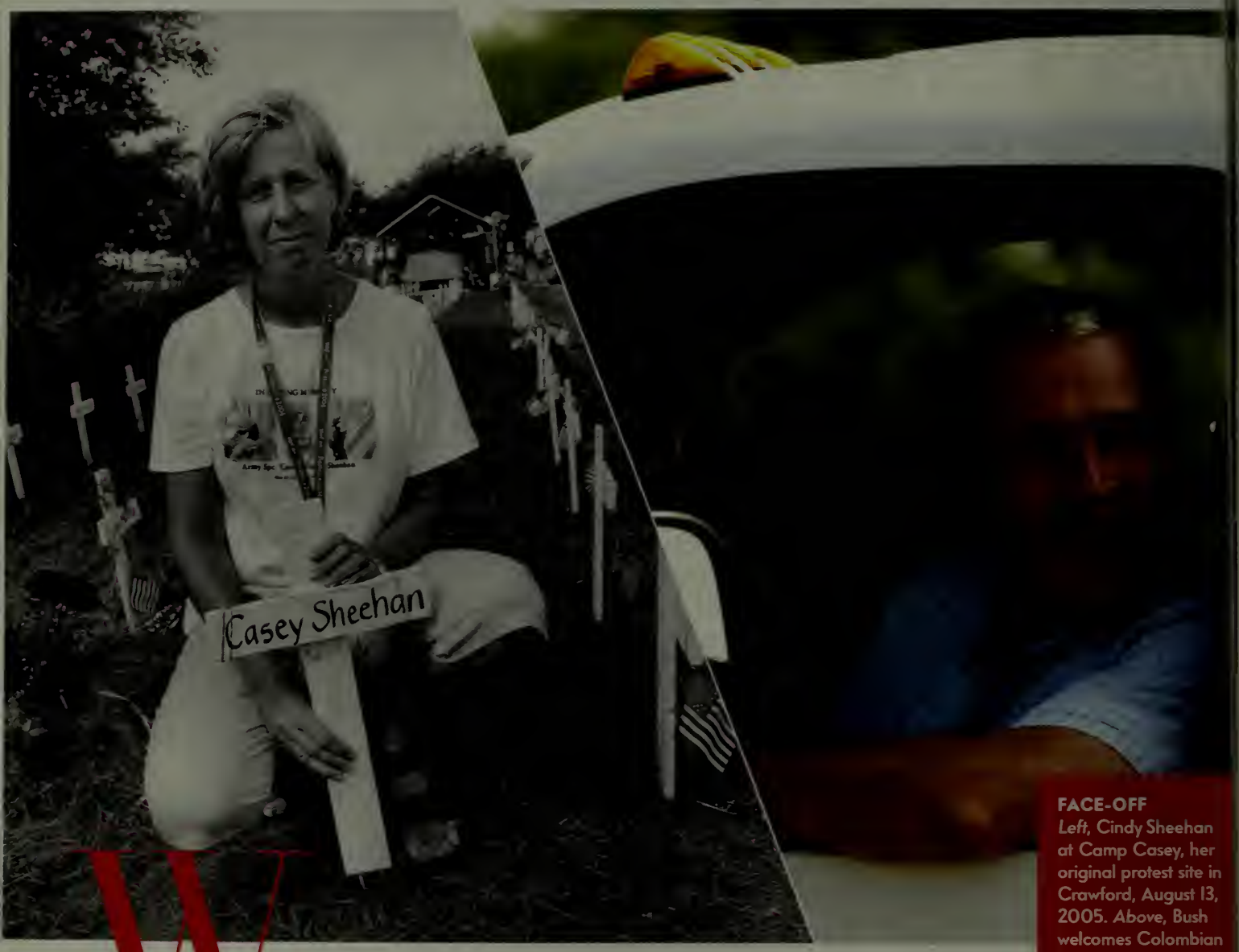
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POLITICS

High Noon in Crawford

President Bush's Crawford, Texas, ranch was intended as a perfect backdrop for his cowboy image. But a grieving mother, a deadly hurricane, and disenchanted neighbors have brought a dose of reality to his vacation retreat

By Evgenia Peretz



FACE-OFF *Left,* Cindy Sheehan at Camp Casey, her original protest site in Crawford, August 13, 2005. *Above,* Bush welcomes Colombian president Alvaro Uribe to the ranch, August 4, 2005.

When the 101-degree Crawford heat scorches the prairie, the dust blows through the sagebrush like a tornado, and fire ants attack your ankles like the Devil's minions, you won't see George Bush flinch. He's too busy beating the hell out of the underbrush, not caring at all whether he soils his work shirts. He doesn't talk fancy, but puts things "in English, or Texan." That's why he vowed to get Osama "dead or alive." His folks aren't "Washington types," but the guys "down at the Coffee Station," Crawford's one, tiny diner. You may have even seen him there on TV, shooting the breeze with them—his trucker and farmer buddies—telling the owner, Nick Spanos, to fire up the grill and make him a cheeseburger.

Like Ronald Reagan and Lyndon Johnson before him, Bush has been impressively successful at packaging himself as that American archetype of honesty, courage, and unshakable conviction: the cowboy. The plan to become one was hatched in the late 90s, when the Connecticut-born Texas governor, who attended Andover and Yale, worked with his close adviser, Karl Rove, to prepare a run for the presidency. The first thing Bush needed was a ranch. In 1999, he picked one, a 1,600-acre spread in Crawford, current population 705, a "dry" town with one blinking traffic light. It was one of the most conservative corners in the country, overflowing with true believers, who would turn every available wall into a Bush photo shrine and tolerate no dissenters. He'd spend roughly 20 percent of his presidency there—more than any mod-

RIGHT, BY ROD AYDELOTTE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY FINK

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ERIC ASIMOV,
THE NEW YORK TIMES,
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FOR GOD AND BUSH
Bill Johnson, owner of the Yellow Rose, Crawford's largest gift shop, in early August.

ern president has been on vacation—so the press would get a steady diet of him in his cowboy hat, walking tall down dusty roads.

For almost five years, the plan worked—until one mother from Vacaville, California, Cindy Sheehan, camped outside his ranch for most of the month of August, demanding a face-to-face meeting about why we went to war in Iraq and why her son Casey had to die there, a month and a half before his 25th birthday. Her astonishing presence, in addition to catalyzing a nascent anti-war movement, changed the meaning of Crawford—from Bush's cowboy backdrop to the walled-off vacation compound of an out-of-touch president. Then, after ignoring Cindy, he ignored Katrina. As he squeezed out his last vacation days, a major American city drowned.

"This is God's store," says Yellow Rose owner Bill Johnson.

The hotbed of Bush delirium extends to Waco, the small city adjacent to Crawford, still synonymous with the 1993 Branch Davidian disaster, in which David Koresh's band of arms-hoarding religious extremists went up in flames after a 51-day standoff with the F.B.I. and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms. Within minutes of meeting a visitor to their city, Wacoans let you know that the Branch Davidians were actually 15 miles outside of Waco—which is true. That said, the cultural center of Waco is Baylor University, a Baptist institution where, until 1996, students were not allowed to dance. To this day, women are required to cover their upper arms at the gym, because, as the girl at the front desk warns, "sleeveless shirts lead to sports bras."

When Bush was governor, Baylor president (now chancellor) Robert B. Sloan Jr. made his case that Baylor was a perfect fit for Bush's presidential library, which many Wacoans see as the best way to remove the Branch Davidian stigma. "We commented about the world of higher education and [how] the political, the majoritarian view in higher education tends not to be sympathetic to his own political outlook," says Sloan over lunch at Waco's Ridgewood Country Club. In his 10 years as president, Sloan has sought to strengthen the spiritual backbone of Baylor, by demanding that its students and faculty be more devoted to faith, and by fortifying its position in the culture war. When a gay student came out of the closet, for example, his scholarship was quickly revoked. At Baylor, Sloan explains, "you couldn't advocate certain lifestyles. You couldn't advocate pedophilia or bigamy," in contrast, he seems to be implying, to other universities, where multiple spouses and sex between adults and children are encouraged.

Not all true believers are so reasonable. Consider Bill Johnson, 63, who owns the Yellow Rose, Crawford's largest gift shop. "This is God's store," says Johnson, an eerily soft-spoken, intense reed of a man with carefully parted sandy hair, a deep tan, and piercing green eyes. Outside the Yellow Rose, visitors are greeted by two giant tablets bearing the Ten Commandments and a replica of the Liberty Bell. Inside, one is greeted by a cornucopia of stuffed real tigers and bears, assorted crosses, old wagon wheels, and, mostly, Bush souvenirs: countless images of Dubya in military gear, Dubya with the Bible, Dubya flanked by eagles, Dubya bobbleheads, life-size Dubya cardboard cutouts, Western White House shot glasses—plus a sign that reads, HITLER, STALIN, CASTRO, AND QADDAFI SUPPORTED GUN CONTROL.

"Saddam Hussein—he disarmed his enemies so he could kill them," says Johnson, explaining that, although everyone has a right to his own opinion, Americans who support gun control are no different from genocidal dictators. "That's pretty much the way us folks feel about it."

Just as his store is God's store, the war in Iraq, Johnson insists, is God's war. "In the Bible, it says if you don't protect your family you're worse than an infidel," says Johnson. Jesus the pacifist needs to be seen in context, he explains. "The same Jesus that turned the other cheek is the same guy that . . . ran out the money changers. He whipped them." The Bible also holds precious wisdom about how to treat people here at home, Johnson believes. Welfare, for instance, violates the message of the Good Book that those who don't work deserve to die. "In Second Thessalonians, it says, 'That the man shall not work, he should not eat.' Just let him starve," says Johnson.

Other true believers are simply basking in the glow of having the coolest guy in the world live in town. On this day in early August, to coincide with the start of Bush's month off, Waco and Crawford society have gathered at Baylor for one of the summer's hottest tickets—a photo exhibition called "Presidential Retreat." There's Tommye Lou Davis, the stunning, extremely well-preserved right-hand woman to Robert Sloan. She's in a cream pantsuit accented with a George Bush scarf fanned out across her blouse


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like a bib. Over there, taking in a picture of Laura and George, is Shirley Westerfield, who became Crawford's social queen when Bush danced with her at the inaugural ball she threw for him.

"She's so *pretty,*" says Westerfield, a peppy chatterbox, wearing a button-down shirt with a pattern of ferns, as she moves on to the other cheerful images on display here tonight: George giving the thumbs-up; George with his dog Barney; George with his girls; George with his top Cabinet members, enjoying a walk down Prairie Chapel Road; George charming the pants off a black woman getting a house from Habitat for Humanity. Should 60 pictures not be enough, the show is followed by a montage film of more of the same, set to music. Over the movie-soundtrack crescendos and heroic cymbal crashing, one detects "ahs" and even sniffles in the audience. "I got chills," says Westerfield, regaining her composure as she files out of the auditorium.

"He's one of us," she enthuses, over a barbecue-on-paper dinner. "I just like him. He reminds me of my father. You know—blue jeans, 'Let's get in the truck.'" His accomplishments as president—even his war in Iraq—are not only beside the point but barely on the radar. "I don't think about [the war], because I have about five or six girlfriends that I kind of stay in touch with, and we're not talking about the war when we get together."

Friendly and hospitable as most locals are, they can quickly turn into a lynch mob when their man is criticized, as W. Leon Smith, 52, the editor of *The Lone Star Iconoclast,* discovered. Hardly your fire-breathing liberal, Smith endorsed Bush in 2000 and, in addition to editing the paper, works, unpaid, as the mayor of Clifton, a small town near Crawford.

"We monitored his first term," says Smith, a rather sober-looking grandfather type, sitting back in his decrepit office, where parts of the ceiling are being held up by cardboard and duct tape. "And at some point we needed to make a decision on who we were going to endorse, and the cards kept coming up 'not Bush.'" He and his senior staff members, Don Fisher and Nathan Diebenow, fretted over the endorsement. "I lay there some nights staring at the ceiling, thinking about what we should do," recalls Fisher. In the end, he says, "I don't think we could do anything else in all conscience."

The September 29, 2004, editorial endorsing John Kerry was a dispassionate account of how Bush had failed on a number of issues—stem-cell research, his plans for Social Security, the economy, the debt. But the local reaction was near hysteria. Letters to the editor would not suffice. The paper lost half its subscribers and most of its advertisers. Businesses in Crawford refused to sell it. "There was an active boycott put into place," says Smith, "and [shopkeepers and advertisers] have been told they will be boycotted if they support us."



BUSH COUNTRY A map of Texas showing the location of the president's ranch.

It didn't stop there. Diebenow received phone calls demanding, "Are you a Christian?" (In fact, his father is a local pastor.) "We had e-mails saying, 'We hope you die,'" says Fisher. "Literally, 'We hope you die.'" One man came by the office to say that he and his buddies were going to "run you out of town." Two college students who were covering a local festival for the paper were denied admittance and were told that their names were on a list, and to wait right there so the sheriff could be summoned. Should the editors attempt to go into the Coffee Station, "you [would] have to carry your six-guns and go down, like *High Noon,*" says Diebenow. "It really wouldn't surprise us if we were served the door instead of a hamburger."

"If anyone thought that the opinion of three guys in central Texas was going to sway this election one way or another, that person needs to get out more, O.K.?" says Fisher, able to laugh about what happened. Mainly, the three men are profoundly disappointed. "The last defense, the last defiance, that you have is your voice," Fisher says. "When you're lying helpless and injured on your deathbed, so long as you have your voice, the thing is not over."

For the true believers, handling the White House press corps—those neurotic liberal show-offs who descend on their turf for a total of about two months a year—requires a bit more finesse than hate mail and death threats. The press spend their days in the Crawford Middle School gym, sitting in a forced vigil on folding chairs at cafeteria tables beneath basketball hoops. By noon, they've usually clocked 3,000 calories, thanks to a constantly replenished feeding trough of double-smoked bacon, barbecue, and chicken-fried steak provided by local restaurants. In spite of all the food they get to eat, they are a bunch of whiners, say the true believers. They whine about the heat, they whine about the crickets, they whine about how there's nothing to do.

"I hear a lot of complaints," says Westerfield, who, as part of her volunteer work for the president, picks up his staff and the press corps from the airport and takes them to their hotels in Waco. "Especially when they're right off the plane. They're all busy, 'filing their reports.' I just keep quiet."

Locals feel free to remind the press how out of touch and wrong they are—particularly when the reporters air their opinions in public, like at restaurants. CBS's Mark Knoller found this out after he complained to his dinner partners about the security precautions now taken at airports. A fellow diner overhearing the conversation "felt my remarks were out of line," says Knoller, "and he let me know it." Some locals think such conversations are designed for them. "I was at a restaurant," says one Baylor grad, "and they were having a very grand, esoteric conversation—for my benefit. About *cancer research,*" she says, rolling her eyes. Some true believers will speak up even when a reporter is quietly minding his own business. When *The New York Times*'s David E. Sanger dropped by Starbucks to get his paper, a fellow customer asked him why on earth

"I like him. He reminds me of my father," says Westerfield.

MAP BY JOYCE PENDOLA

ON TIME

SUPPLEMENT TO *VANITY FAIR*

SPECIAL ISSUE:
TIME AND TRAVEL

STRAPPED FOR CASH?
WHAT YOUR WATCH SAYS ABOUT YOU

SECRET SERVICE
THE FAST MOVES THAT CREATED A BANKING DYNASTY

A NEED FOR SPEED
JODIE KIDD ON THE OPEN ROAD



Sean Connery in Dr. No, 1962


12
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9
3
6
SWISS MADE
12
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2005 Cartier
12
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Jodie Kidd relaxes on the Alpine roads in a Maserati MC12 as she races from Modena, Italy, to Le Brassus, in Switzerland.

ON TIME

SUPPLEMENT TO *VANITY FAIR*

This issue of *On Time* celebrates the relationship between time and travel. And before we complain that travel is no longer an unalloyed pleasure, we must remember that things could be worse. Had the International Meridian Conference of 1884 not instituted the 24-hour timetable, which links the whole world, the chaos caused by lack of coordinated timing would make it almost impossible to travel the globe today. But even when you stay within one time zone, you can't always avoid running late: our high-speed drive from Modena, Italy, to the heart of Swiss watchmaking, in Vallée de Joux, with supermodel turned racecar driver Jodie Kidd may have been frighteningly quick, yet it still somehow managed to run four hours behind schedule. We also learn how the tendency of news to travel fast can benefit investors, and we hear about the horological penchants of the jet set.

–Nick Foulkes

On Time Editor NICK FOULKES
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Picture Editor KAREN HIBBERT **Editorial Coordinator** CANDIDA BEST

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On Time sent a supermodel in a supercar on a thrilling Alpine ride. Simon Mills dared to join her.

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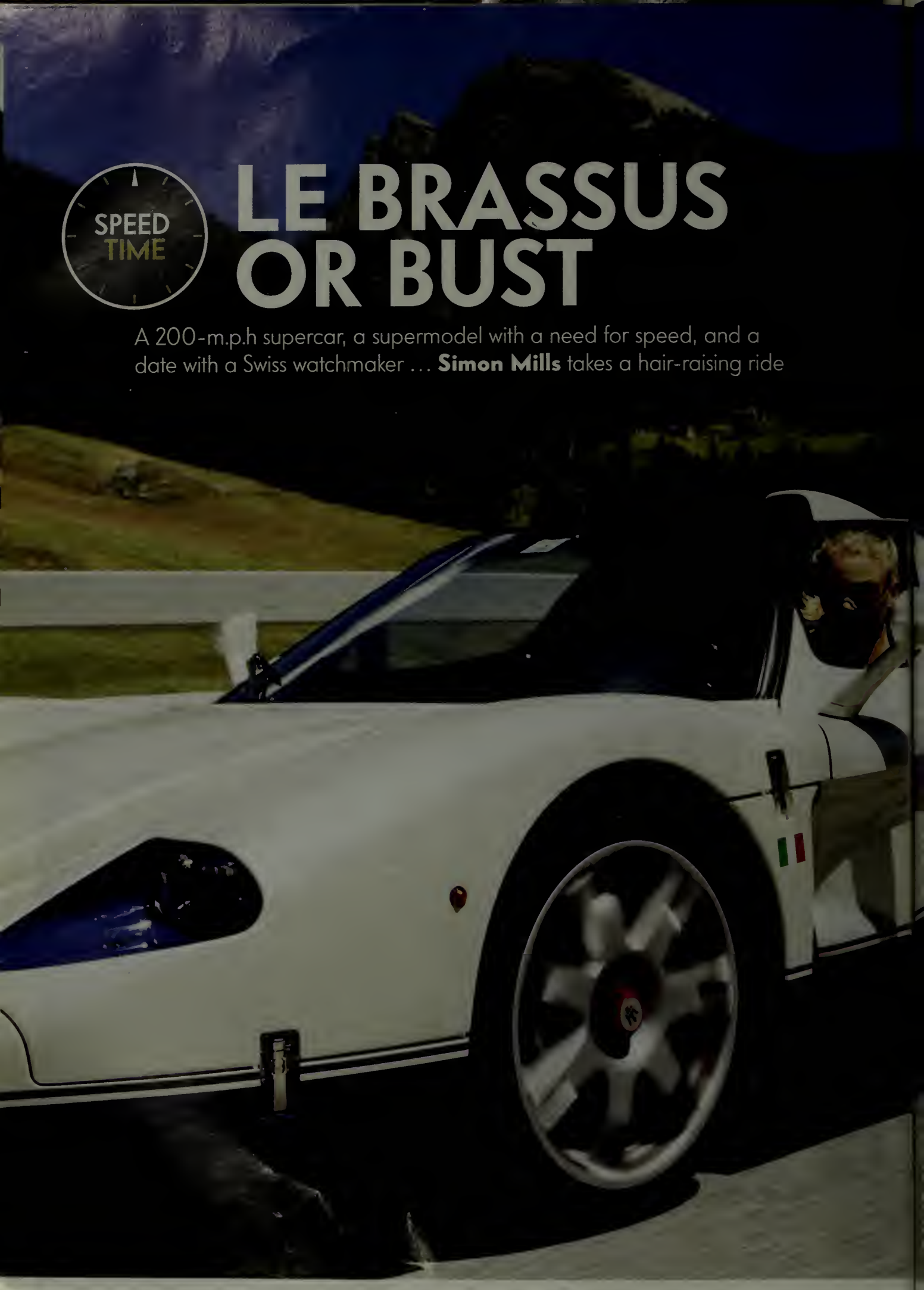
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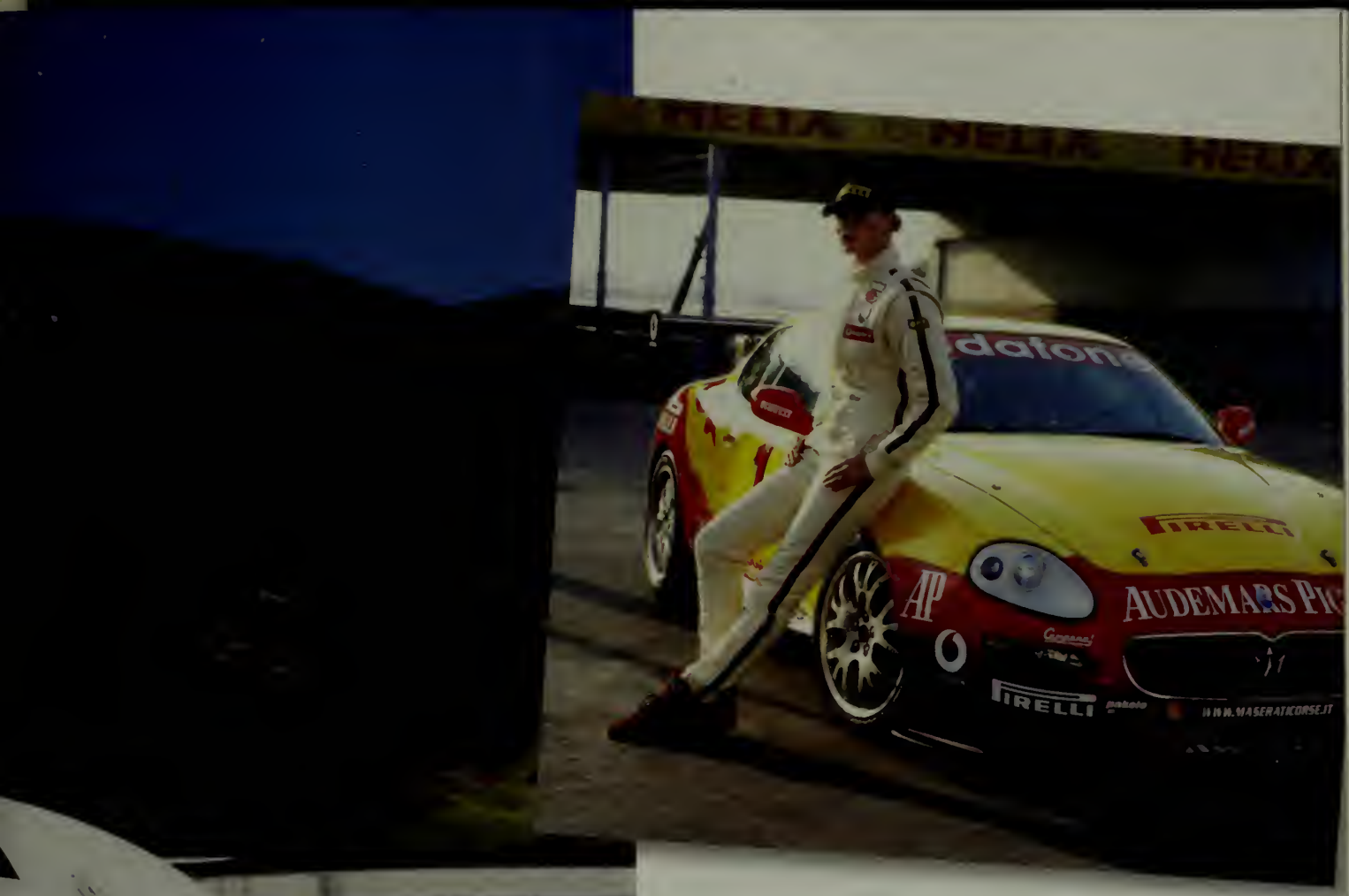
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LE BRASSUS OR BUST

A 200-m.p.h supercar, a supermodel with a need for speed, and a date with a Swiss watchmaker … **Simon Mills** takes a hair-raising ride





LATE FOR A DATE
Jodie Kidd at the wheel of the Maserati MC12, en route to Le Brassus, Switzerland. *Inset,* the model with her Audemars Piguet–sponsored racing car, a V8 Maserati Trofeo.

During the past five years, Maserati has worked overtime to regain its reputation as the world's premier motoring-playboy marque and to get back on the podium in the motor-racing world. The maker of such renowned road-going Lotharios as the Sebring, Mistral, and Ghibli, Maserati now has one of the most desirable stables of models in the world. The Quattroporte is Europe's dishiest four-door sedan, while the GranSport, Coupé, and Spyder have helped re-establish the automaker's great Granturismo tradition. As far as motoring brands go, Maserati, which celebrates its 90th anniversary this year, isn't just sexy, it's downright priapic.

Audemars Piguet presents a similar story of brave re-invention. A venerable watchmaker since 1881, it was always regarded as the precision architect of covetable, complicated, and elegant wristwatches. The brand really came into its own, however, when it pioneered the luxury steel sports watch in the 1970s with the Royal Oak. A.P., in fact, kicked off the big watch boom of the late 1990s with the now iconic and still audacious Royal Oak Offshore. These days there are even special editions of the Royal Oak endorsed by such showbiz heavyweights as rapper Jay-Z and movie star turned politician Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Shared values of tradition, excellence, and innovation are brought together in A.P.'s new Dual Time Millenary Maserati, a wristwatch with a distinctively retro design that borrows its elliptical shape from the R.P.M. counter of Maserati's new, $900,000 MC12 supercar. To honor this partnership between the Swiss watchmaker and the Italian automobile manufacturer, we came up with a plan to connect the geographical and cultural dots between the two, asking



MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME
Kidd, wearing the Audemars Piguet Millenary watch for Maserati, drives through the snaking Alpine roads, from the Italian border to to Vallee de Joux, Switzerland.

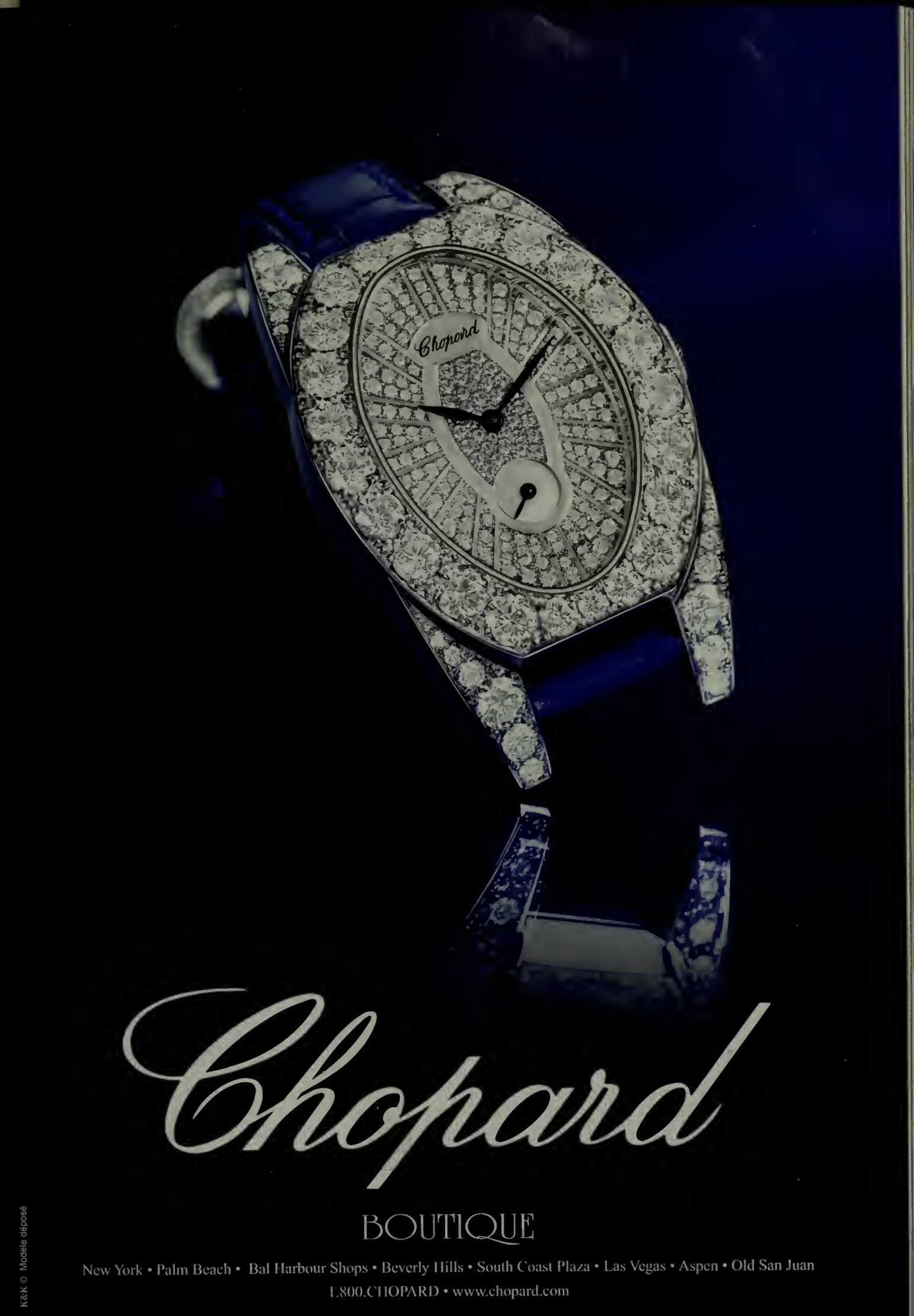
model and Maserati Trofeo racer Jodie Kidd to drive the new MC12 from one manufacturer's headquarters to the other's. However close the brands may be in spirit, physically they are almost 350 miles apart. Maserati operates out of Modena, Italy, while Audemars Piguet is based in the alpine village of Le Brassus, Switzerland, just north of Lausanne.

What will Kidd and her fiancé use as a wedding car? "I want to arrive in this!" she says.

The journey begins at 9 A.M. on a perfect July day in Modena, where Kidd and I first encounter the MC12 in the lot at Maserati's headquarters, on the Viale Ciro Menotti. More than 15 feet long and well over 7 feet wide, it is an irrefutably formidable machine. We look inside to find a brutally spartan cockpit: no radio, no cup holders, no carpets, and laughably perfunctory sun visors. Oh, and no rearview mirror, because there is no rear window. What you do get, however, is racing seats; four-point harnesses; air-conditioning (to stop you from being fricasseed by the engine heat); and big buttons on the center console marked with such tantalizing directives as START and RACE. As we climb in and buckle up, I notice that Kidd is wearing a form-fitting black velour top. Inscribed on the back, in diamanté letters, is the phrase POWER IS NOTHING WITHOUT CONTROL.

The people at Michelin have planned our route, and they estimate that we'll need five hours and 46 minutes to

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"Polo ponies and high-performance racing cars are not dissimilar," Kidd says. "Both are all about balance."

cover the 346 miles. (They also predict that we'll spend 33.46 euros on gas, which seems a tad optimistic for a car that gets less than 12 miles per gallon.) With the car's monster V12 engine, 623 brake horsepower, top speed of 205 m.p.h., and 0–62-m.p.h. time of 3.8 seconds (not to mention the rapidly improving racecar driver behind the wheel), we figure we'll be in cuckoo-clock territory with hours to spare.

It's the noise of the MC12 that gets you first—a whining, whumping, rattle-and-thrum orchestra that fills your ears as the car speeds up and slows down. Kidd grins as we pull away from a set of traffic lights, the R.P.M.'s redlining, our craniums pinned to the head restraints. In a flash we're doing 100 m.p.h. In traffic. Then her phone rings. It's her fiancé, Aidan Butler. "It's a beast, baby!" she yells. "A beast! Listen!" Extending a couple of long fingers, she drops down a gear, causing the engine to yelp in seductive protest as we lurch into hyperspeed. "Can you hear me, baby?" she asks, pointlessly. Butler and Kidd met in Monaco on last year's notorious Gumball Rally. It is a coming together that should never have happened. Butler and Kidd are the automotive Romeo and Juliet—car-crossed lovers. She drives a Maserati, he prefers his Lamborghini. What will they be using as a wedding car? "I want to arrive in this!" Kidd says, tapping the carbon-fiber wheel of the MC12.

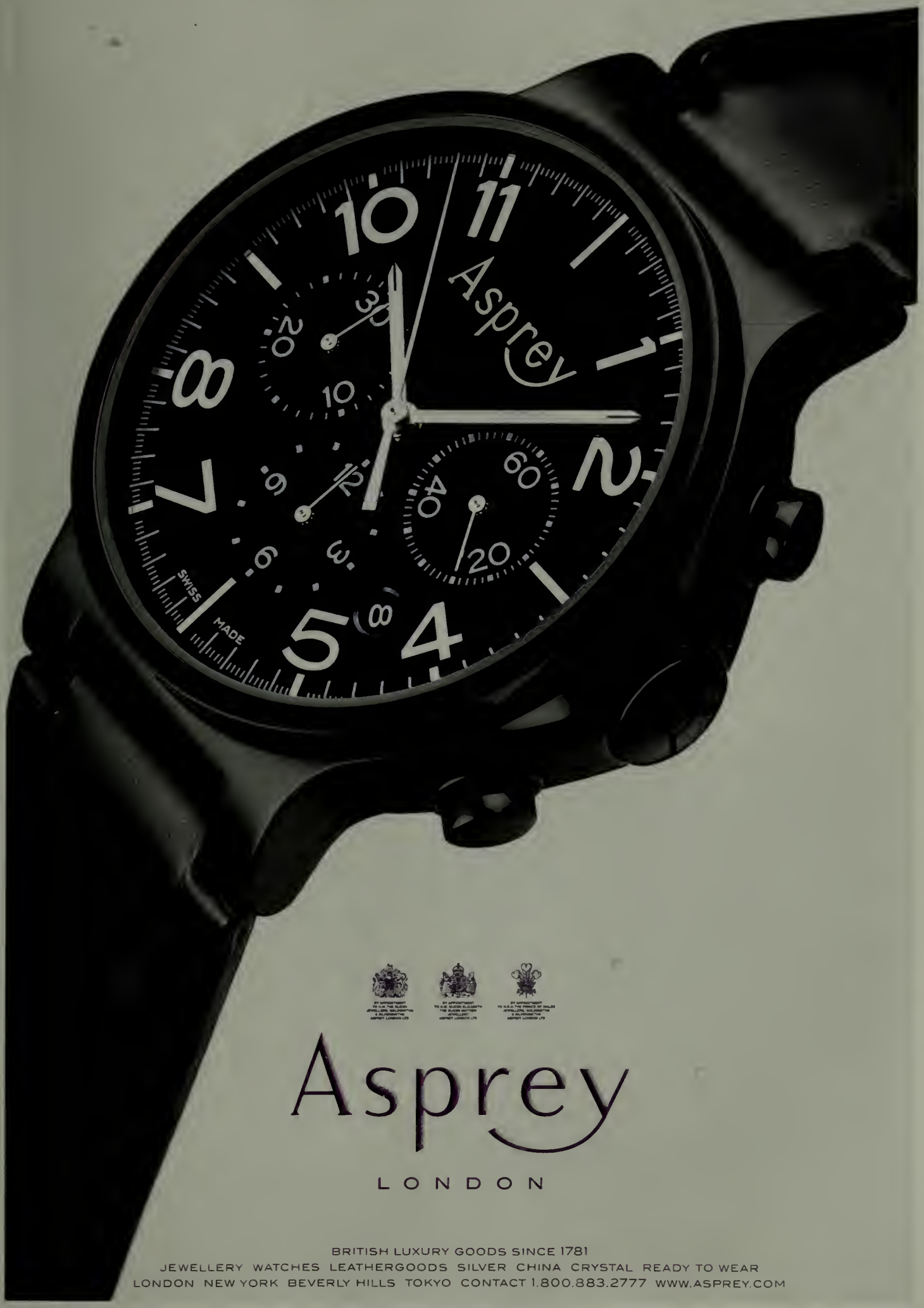
As the miles click past, we talk speed. Jodie says she clearly remembers climbing onto one of her father's horses as a child and digging her heels into its belly. The animal



SITTING PRETTY
Kidd, wearing her customised Audemars Piguet Ladies' Royal Oak watch, wonders whether she's missed the turn to Switzerland.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRISTIAN BEHNKE. DRESS BY ALBERTA FERRETTI. HAIR AND MAKE UP BY FRANCESCA

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took off at a ferocious gallop across the fields of the Kidd family farm. "I remember going so fast that I couldn't open my eyes because they were pouring with water," she says, grinning. "I remember feeling completely out of control but totally exhilarated. I was scared but I also really, really loved it. I can vividly remember thinking to myself, 'I like this ... I really like this.' She laughs. "I really should have been born a boy."



The granddaughter of Lord Beaverbrook, who had a noteworthy collection of classic cars, Kidd, who played polo on England's national team, is the daughter of the society and business figure Johnny Kidd. But she's best known for her modeling career, which took off when she was just 15 years old. "I was so busy that learning to drive was not an option until my early 20s," she admits. Indeed, she didn't actually buy her first car until a couple of years ago. But what a car: a super-rare Ferrari 550 Land Speed Record. And it was around the time of the Ferrari's delivery that Jodie discovered she could drive. Really drive. After her talent for power slides and cornering was showcased on the BBC2 program *Top Gear,* she got a call from Maserati. These days she races a 180-m.p.h. V8 Maserati Trofeo in the newly established Vodafone Maserati Trofeo Europe race series.

"Polo ponies and high-performance racing cars are not dissimilar," she says. "Both are all about balance. You learn not to throw either car or horse into a corner, then expect it to accelerate freely straight afterwards. You try to keep both horse and car as flat as possible, rather than going hell-for-leather."

"Don't worry," she says. "I know a bit about all the European speed cops from my experience in the Gumballs."

Maybe we're talking too much. A walkie-talkie command from a support vehicle tells us we have missed our turn. We head back toward Milan, making for the border at Como, as recommended. Huge mistake. By the time we get back on track, we are hours behind schedule.

Jodie presses on to the high, wide, and handsome Simplon Pass at an outrageous speed. "Don't worry," she says as a blue light flashes in the distance. "I know a bit about all the European speed cops from my experience in the Gumballs." Apparently, bodywork decals and racing colors are illegal in Spain and carry a hefty fine, while the Italians like to spark a siren and a blue light as a warning shot. Jodie admits that she has played the dumb blonde on occasion. "You just have to be extra sweet and polite," she says as we redline again. According to my driver, excessively exceeding the Swiss speed limit is punishable by a mandatory three days in prison.

After what seems like an eternity on a congested confusion of toll roads around Lausanne and Montreux, we hit a section of Alpine switchbacks on our climb up to Le Brassus. Kidd puts her driving skills on display, ripping up hairpin turn upon hairpin turn and scaring the life out of the locals, who are more used to the sound of cowbells than the music of a beautifully tuned Italian MC12.

When we eventually arrive, four hours late, Audemars Piguet's charismatic and extremely good-natured C.E.O., Georges-Henri Meylan, is waiting outside his company's headquarters with the expectant expression of a boy on Christmas morning. He stands patiently as photos are taken of Kidd, the car, and some dazzling watches. Finally, it is his turn. "You have finished now?" he asks. "I can have a go?" He wedges himself into the cockpit, the engine barks into action once more, and within seconds the car disappears into the lush Swiss landscape. Italian engineering and Swiss precision in perfect harmony.

Simon Mills is the social editor at British *GQ*



TO THOSE WHO WAIT...
Audemars Piguet C.E.O. Georges-Henri Meylon shows off his Duol Time Millenary Moseroti, (*top*), before toking off for o spin in the MC12.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTIAN BEHNKE


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WRISTY BUSINESS

Your watch says a lot about you. **Taki Theodoracopulos** harks back to the era when a classic Tank did all the talking and the jet set listened

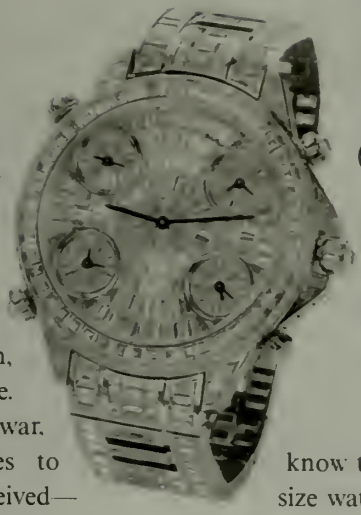
Socrates once asked his student Alcibiades what he valued more, his honor or his Cartier watch? To which the incorrigibly vain Alcibiades answered, "By far the latter." This piece of somewhat unknown history is according to that other great Greek philosopher, Taki, who somehow does not feature in any English version of the classics. No matter. Had Cartier watches been around at the time, old Al would surely have answered so.

Men did wear things around their wrists back then, but mostly for defense or decoration. Sundials and water clocks kept the ancients on time until some smart aleck came up with a more mobile system. Now things are completely out of hand—pun intended. Last year alone, the $2 billion luxury-watch industry upped its profits by 10 to 15 percent. No self-respecting banker, financial adviser, Hollywood mogul, furrier, rapper, pimp, or drug dealer wants to be seen without an eye-catching timepiece on his wrist, however limp that wrist may be. As the late Queen front man, Freddie Mercury, once declared, "Real men wear real watches."

As spending on watches reaches dizzying proportions, an array of watchmakers with a keen eye on new customers' needs for all things bling is moving in on the traditional Swiss turf. One such fellow, a New Yawker, the self-styled "Jacob the Jeweler" of Jacob & Co., has just come up with his *pièce de résistance*—a $1 million baguette-diamond watch. Once upon a time it was a man's war record, sporting achievements, or even title that impressed. No longer. Go to a nightclub and flash a $1 million timepiece and you'll get the girl. (The kind of girl who's impressed by a $1 million watch is another matter altogether.) According to the watch industry,

REX FEATURES

consumers are increasingly willing to shell out for the finer things in life. Of course they are. How else can one show off in a dark place, surrounded by loud music, except by flashing one's watch? The last time someone took his yacht inside a club for show-off purposes was in Palm Beach: the rich, drunken offender had to pay for the damage.



When I was growing up, during the war, we had no diamond-encrusted watches to play with. The second present I ever received—the first was a toy castle during the bleak wartime Christmas of 1944—was a Bulova watch with green phosphorescent hands. My father bought it from an English officer. I felt as proud as I'm sure the rapper who forks over $1 million for the Jacob the Jeweler watch will feel about his.

Bulova was a hot watch to own. "America runs on Bulova time," went the ad, which was, in fact, the first commercial ever to be broadcast on American TV, in 1941. It cost the Bulova company nine dollars to air and featured a map of America with a large Bulova timepiece in the middle. I got mine in 1945. Twelve years later, in New York, I was trying to pick up a blonde whose surname was Bulova—she was Romanian and divorced but had kept her married name—when the man she was with took umbrage. Cooler heads prevailed, and he became a lifelong friend.

Naturally, postwar Europe had its style setters, and no one set the style better than Gianni Agnelli, the late Fiat supremo. Many have taken credit for it, but I will bet my last devalued dollar that Gianni pioneered the fashion of wearing a wristwatch over the shirt cuff rather than under it. He began doing that just after the war because his Italian shirtmakers insisted on tight cuffs. As he was a very busy man, chasing women and running Fiat, Agnelli always had to know the time. So he began to wear his beautiful, outsize watches over his cuff, and thus began a trend. The first to copy l'Avvocato, or "the Lawyer," as Agnelli was known to friends, was David Somerset, now the 11th Duke of Beaufort—a longtime friend of Gianni's. I was second, and so it went. Allegedly, Fred Hughes, a business partner of Andy Warhol's and a great dandy, insisted that it was his uncle, Howard Hughes, who started the trend. After Fred died, however, it was revealed that Howard Hughes did not wear his watch over his cuff and, worse, that Fred Hughes was not related to him—not by a long shot.

Go to a nightclub and flash a $1 million timepiece and you'll get the girl. (The kind of girl is another matter.)

Never mind. Does a watch say something about its owner, like a boat or a pony does? Cheap people wear very expensive ones, and classy people tend to prefer Swatches. Mind you, not always. The most beautiful watch I've ever seen is worn by Jose "Pepe" Fanjul, the Cuban aristo and billionaire, who collects Cartiers. His favorite is a classic Tank. It's platinum and fitted with an extremely thin platinum band of tiny links, with the traditional ready-for-action buckle. The band is as flexible as a leather strap, but with less bulk. The watch was bought after the First World War by his grandfather's sister, the Countess Revilla de Camargo, in Paris. Back then, Tank watches were considered fashion statements: most were gold, very few were platinum. This watch was given to Pepe when he was a child. It was passed down as a family memento, and it's a true piece of horological, as well as Fanjul, history.

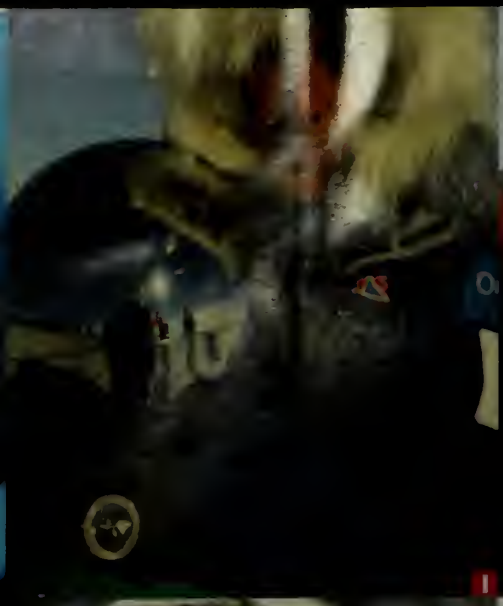


OVER THE TOP *Top*, Jacob & Co.'s Five Time Zone Baguette Diamond Watch. *Below*, watch-an-cuff advocates the Duke of Beaufort and, *inset*, Arnaud Bamberger, managing director of Cartier U.K.

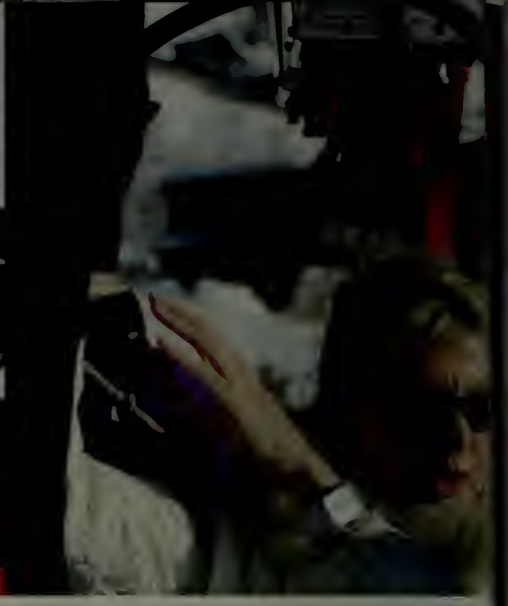
Which were the best watches when manners and style were more important than money? Easy—Longines, Cartier, Vacheron Constantin, Patek Philippe, Boucheron, and, later on, Rolex, Breitling, Blancpain. Watches don't make the man, but they sure say a hell of a lot about him. Or her. I once witnessed the most elegant gesture, in a casino, of all places, when a lady of great refinement called a banco for a large amount of money. She looked at her losing hand, took off her earrings, and placed them on the green felt baccarat table. Then, on second thought, she took off her watch, placed it next to them, and marched out of the Monte-Carlo Sporting Club. No one tried to stop her. Watches, like people, ain't what they used to be.

Taki Theodoracopulos is a contributing columnist for The Spectator.

BOTTOM FROM CAMERA PRESS







TRAVEL TIME

TIME TO EXPLORE

The must-have accessory for watch brands today seems to be a sponsored adventurer—someone whose idea of a day job involves going to extremes, preferably in a bizarre mode of transport: think balloons, powerboats, husky-pulled sleds, or ropes and crampons. Could it be that when one of these watches is strapped to the wrist a little bit of the Indiana Jones spirit is conferred on the wearer?









AGAINST THE CLOCK

(1) Patrick Woodhead, leader of the 2004 Trans Antarctica Expedition, wearing a specially designed Dunhill SP20. (2) Polar explorer, mountaineer, and TAG Heuer ambassador Tom Avery, who, at 27, became the youngest Briton ever to reach the South Pole on foot, in 2002. (3) Nancy Thomas, official pilot of the Parmigiani hot-air balloon, which made its debut at the international ballooning program this year. (4) Annabelle Bond, the fastest woman to climb the highest peaks on seven continents, wearing her IWC Spitfire Chronograph Automatic. (5) Explorer Mike Horn wearing the watch created for his 2003 Arktos expedition, a Panerai Luminor Arktos Amagnetic.

TICK FOLLOWED TOCK

(6) Emmanuel Coindre launching the Jaeger Master Compressor Extreme Chrono, which he wore during his July bid to row solo across the Pacific. (7) Bear Grylls, the youngest Briton to climb Mount Everest, leading the Arnold & Son Trans Atlantic Arctic Expedition in 2003. (8) Brian Jones, the first man to fly a hot-air balloon nonstop around the globe, in the Breitling Orbiter 3.


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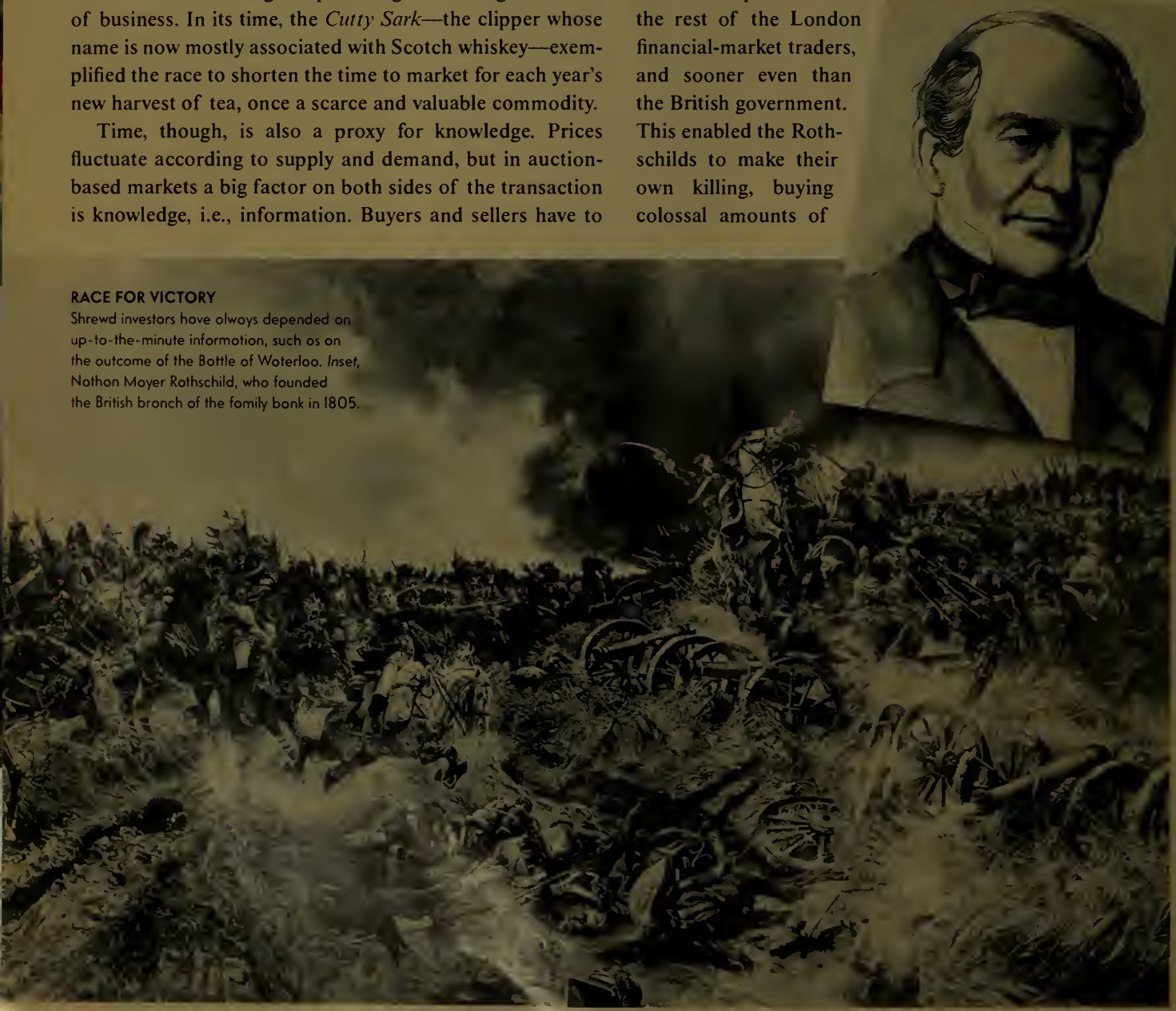
Making a fortune—as many a bankrupted millionaire can attest—owes less to the big idea and more to perfect timing. **Bill Emmott** finds more than a hint of truth in the old adage "Time is money"

"Follow the money," Deep Throat famously urged Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein, the *Washington Post* reporters who exposed the Watergate scandal that brought down President Richard Nixon. It is a good guideline for trying to understand politics, or crime, or much in current affairs. When it comes to business and economics, however, another dimension is required, and that is time.

In part, time means speed. Throughout commercial history, traders have fought to get their goods to market first, so as to command the highest price or grab the largest volume of business. In its time, the *Cutty Sark*—the clipper whose name is now mostly associated with Scotch whiskey—exemplified the race to shorten the time to market for each year's new harvest of tea, once a scarce and valuable commodity.

Time, though, is also a proxy for knowledge. Prices fluctuate according to supply and demand, but in auction-based markets a big factor on both sides of the transaction is knowledge, i.e., information. Buyers and sellers have to make judgments about likely future events. So, those who can get information more quickly than their rivals are likely to boost profits—as long as they have correctly guessed the importance of that information to other traders.

One of the most famous examples involves the Rothschild banking family and the Battle of Waterloo. Legend has it that the Rothschilds set up a network of informants and carrier pigeons that enabled their London bank to find out that Wellington had defeated Napoleon before the rest of the London financial-market traders, and sooner even than the British government. This enabled the Rothschilds to make their own killing, buying colossal amounts of



RACE FOR VICTORY
Shrewd investors have always depended on up-to-the-minute information, such as on the outcome of the Battle of Waterloo. *Inset,* Nathan Mayer Rothschild, who founded the British branch of the family bank in 1805.

GETTY IMAGES



TEATIME
The *Cutty Sark*, the 19th century tea clipper famed for its grace and speed

securities whose value soared once the information became widely known.

The legend is not quite accurate, however, at least according to Niall Ferguson, the distinguished Scottish historian and author of the two-volume history *The House of Rothschild.* Ferguson reveals how Wellington's victory at Waterloo was disastrous for the Rothschilds because they had staked a huge amount on financing an English war effort they expected to last for many more years. But it is true that *their* network of informants passed back the "bad" news more rapidly than any other, enabling the Rothschilds to make financial-market trades that stemmed the bank's losses in its main business—long-term lending.

Ferguson's story illustrates a general fact about finance—that speedy communications, as such, have rarely provided a sustained commercial advantage. Networks, whether of spies and pigeons or of satellites and computers, are too easily replicable. When, in the 1860s, the electric telegraph and an undersea cable suddenly slashed the time taken for information about market prices to cross the Atlantic, price gaps between the two sides disappeared almost immediately. The advantage was that this rapid information was shared by all traders, not just a few. Today the giant investment banks spend millions on faster communications systems, but they do so in order to keep up with trends, rather than having any expectation of staying ahead.

What does provide sustained profitability is, first, the ability to know secrets—inside information. But trading on inside information is illegal. The second source of profitability is likelier to keep you out of jail: superior judgment in assigning a price to risk. In other words, putting money at risk by lending it out or making an investment yourself, and finding the right price to cover both the possibility of losing money and the duration of the exposure.

For that, time is a crucial ingredient. Interest rates exist to reflect the fact that money tomorrow is worth less than money today, given the risk that something might happen in the meantime to change things: inflation, say, or theft, a terrorist attack, a tsunami, a new technological discovery. The game is all about guessing the right price to compensate for those possibilities, and it is one that both the borrower and the lender believe to be to their advantage.

Ordinary people often misunderstand the relationship between money and time.

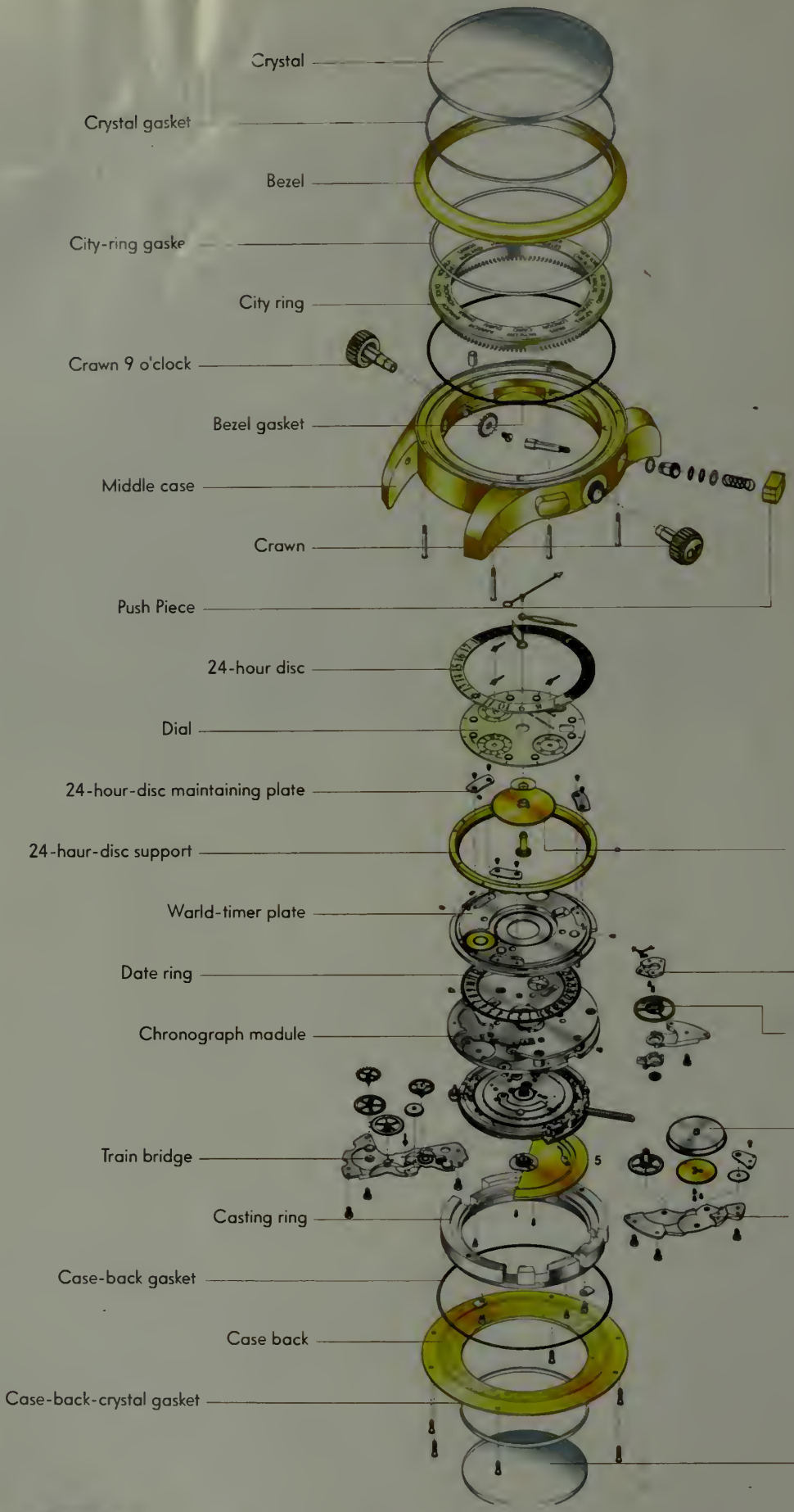
Ordinary people, or at least those who are neither economists nor financiers, often misunderstand this relationship between money and time. Experiments have shown repeatedly that people can be fooled into accepting the promise of seemingly higher rewards at some point in the future, when an immediate cash payment is actually worth more. That lack of financial sophistication lies at the root of many consumer lenders' ability to make profits.

On the other hand, few people value their own time in the way that their employers seem to. Or at least that is what is implied by the willingness of amateurs to do their own interior decorating, or to spend their time sitting in traffic jams, when their own salary levels imply that it would be worthwhile for them to pay someone else to paint the house, or to take up residence somewhere closer to the office. It is true that not everyone can manage time by finding a bit of extra work as a substitute for painting the house. But the concept of putting a value on your own time seems to escape many people.

Perhaps, though, the concept is set to become less elusive, at least for the jet-setting professional classes. Such people are finding themselves working longer hours, with more of their income coming from variable pay, such as bonuses, and with less time to enjoy the fruits of their labors. Where the rich were once gentlemen of leisure, they are now gentlemen and gentlewomen for whom leisure is a scarce luxury.

Hence the significant growth of concierge services to help the affluent and busy to manage their lives—essentially a form of outsourcing to what were once called domestic servants. The principle behind such a business is, naturally, "follow the money"; but it is also one of trading money for time. It is a business whose time has come.

Bill Emmott is editor in chief of *The Economist.*



Since making its debut at the SIHH in Geneva in 2000, Girard-Perregaux's WWTC—which cambines a world-time functian with 12-haur chranagraph—has became an icanic timepiece, available in pink, yellaw, and white gald, as well as titanium. C.E.O. Gina Macaluso sums up the WWTC's appeal: "I think it is the first time that these twa functians have been put tagether in one watch. Far me, it is a cambinatian af two very impartant aspects af my life: the chranograph, which speaks af the need far me ta cantral my time, and the warld-time functian, because I travel a lat and like ta keep up with the warld."

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Case diameter: **43mm**
Height: **13.40mm**
Crawn: **Screw-in**
Jewels: **63**
Tatal mavement pieces: **361**
Tatal case pieces: **59, plus strap and buckle**

INSIDE TIME

WATCH OUT!

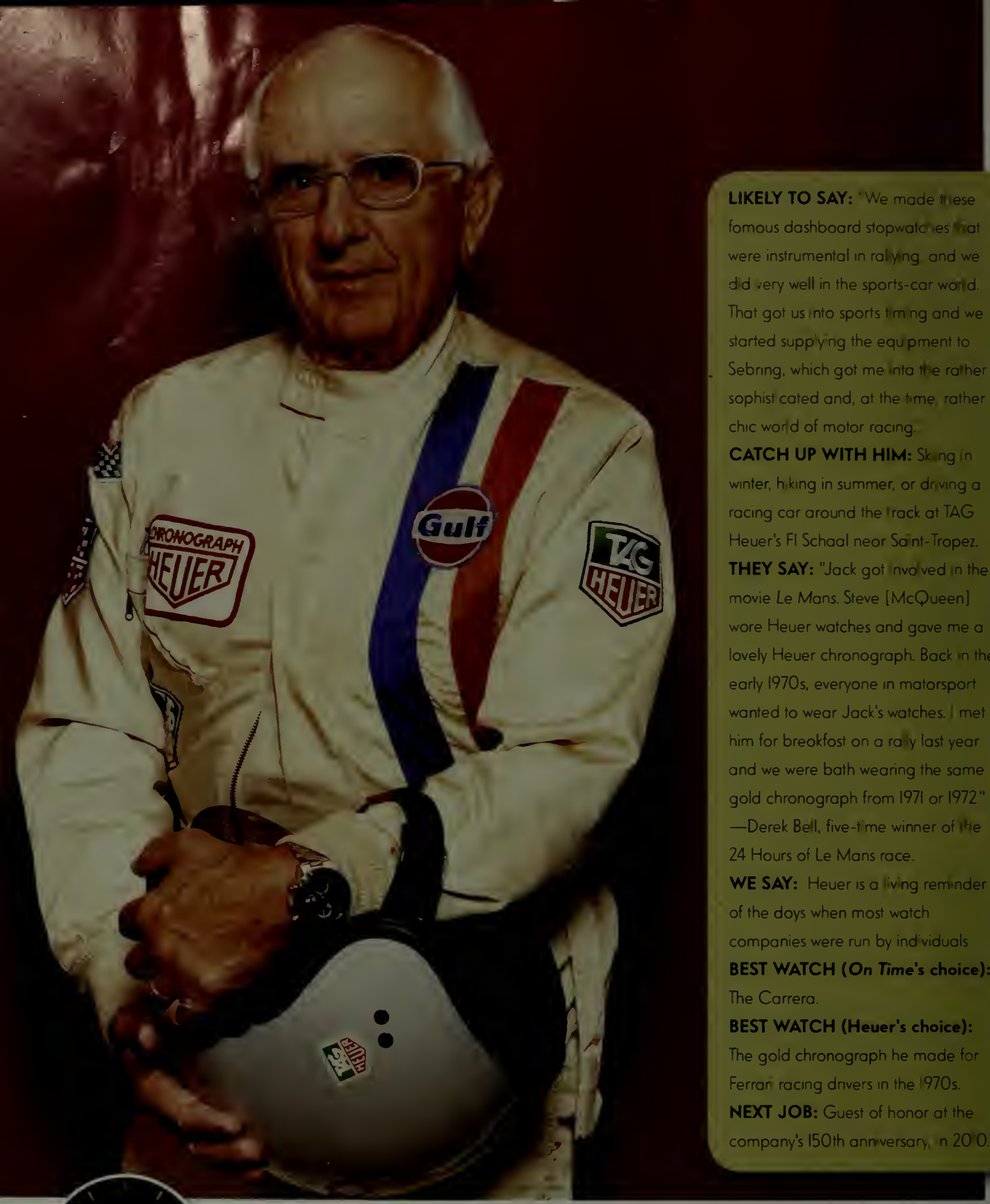
Girard-Perregaux's WWTC—which combines a world-time function with 12-hour chronograph—is one of the first cult watches of the 21st century. **NICK FOULKES** takes a closer look at a modern-day horological icon

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LIKELY TO SAY: "We made these famous dashboard stopwatches that were instrumental in rallying and we did very well in the sports-car world. That got us into sports timing and we started supplying the equipment to Sebring, which got me into the rather sophisticated and, at the time, rather chic world of motor racing."

CATCH UP WITH HIM: Skiing in winter, hiking in summer, or driving a racing car around the track at TAG Heuer's Fl Schaal near Saint-Tropez.

THEY SAY: "Jack got involved in the movie *Le Mans*. Steve [McQueen] wore Heuer watches and gave me a lovely Heuer chronograph. Back in the early 1970s, everyone in motorsport wanted to wear Jack's watches. I met him for breakfast on a rally last year and we were both wearing the same gold chronograph from 1971 or 1972" —Derek Bell, five-time winner of the 24 Hours of Le Mans race.

WE SAY: Heuer is a living reminder of the days when most watch companies were run by individuals

BEST WATCH (*On Time*'s choice): The Carrera.

BEST WATCH (Heuer's choice): The gold chronograph he made for Ferrari racing drivers in the 1970s.

NEXT JOB: Guest of honor at the company's 150th anniversary in 2010.

HOUR HERO

JACK HEUER

His great-grandfather founded the Heuer empire in 1860. About a century later, Jack Heuer took over and steered the brand into motorsports. By the time Steve McQueen sported a Heuer Monaco (and Heuer overalls) in the 1971 film *Le Mans*, the brand's cult status—and that of its dynamic president—was secured. Heuer left in the 1980s but came back 20 years later to take up an ambassadorial role for the now L.V.M.H.-owned TAG Heuer.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PÄL HANSON

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he'd want to read that liberal nonsense. Sanger admitted that he not only reads it every day but also works there. The man advised Sanger that he ought to go home and set them straight. (For the record, Sanger's ancestors are from Waco and founded a department store there.)

Nick Spanos, whose Coffee Station is festooned with Bush cutouts and Clinton-bashing cartoons, doesn't hesitate to let it be known he thinks journalists are idiots. "We have reporters running out of our ears," says Spanos, his hand on a second, special cell phone he keeps on his belt, in the unlikely event that he needs to be alerted about the arrival of a certain someone. "*Newsweek* did a deal on where the president's money goes. And one of the parts of the interview was: Does he pay for his cheeseburgers? *Yes.* And does he leave a tip? This and that. Just pretty much stupid questions, you know?"

"We have reporters running out of our ears," says Spanos.

The press have also been reminded that they are considered sordid and debauched. When they were first working out of the elementary-school gym, unhappy parents, afraid that child-molesters might be in the group, demanded that a large, steel door be erected between the press and the kids. "We are the unknown . . . sort of sleazy element," says Julie Mason, White House correspondent for the *Houston Chronicle*. "I think they feel we're there to attack their president. . . . We're sort of these troublemakers who make the president unhappy."

As Bush sees it, by bringing the press corps to Crawford, he's introducing them to real America. In 2003 his conviction that the press is out of touch with the country was articulated in an interchange at the summer barbecue at the ranch. One reporter asked him, "How do you then know what the public thinks?," to which he responded, "You're making a huge assumption—that *you* represent what the public thinks."

"He thinks we're effete and elitist and ridiculous and consumed with garbage," Mason says. "He calls it 'goo-goo journalism' when you ask him something introspective, like that question about had he ever made a mistake. We're all a bunch of theater critics. . . . He'll often say, as we're heading there, he'll say something along the lines of 'We're heading to Texas and you're all better for it.'"

On press visits to the ranch, Bush enjoys torturing the journalists physically. He'll drive them around in his John Deere Gator, or load them into one of his fleet of pickups like cattle, so they can feel him attack the rugged terrain. "When you're in the back of his pickup truck and he starts bouncing around on purpose just to watch you sort of flail in the back," says John King, CNN's chief national correspondent. "I think he's just trying to see if he can ditch anybody."

According to NBC's David Gregory, whom Bush publicly ridiculed for asking Jacques Chirac a question in French, "He loves the idea that it really sort of tweaks all of us—you know, the white-wine-swilling, beach-loving East Coast elitist press corps, who would just be dying to spend time on Nantucket instead of Crawford. The fact that it puts us through our paces," says Gregory, "I think he enjoys that even more."

Bush's instinct to out-tough the press corps is so ingrained that once, when standing in front of reporters at a news conference in 106-degree heat, he said, "We've got to get in before we have a heatstroke," only to quickly correct himself: "before *you* have a heatstroke." That Sanger (a Jew from the *Times*, of all things) has Texas roots perplexes Bush. "It may not quite fit with his image of *New York Times* reporters," says Sanger, "as a bunch of Ivy League East Coasters who have little understanding of his Texas world."

The fact that they're on location doesn't mean the press can expect anything like candor. Most of the ranch visits are "off the record," and Bush makes it clear that he's not there to discuss policy. Walking tours are like "boot camp," says Gregory. "He



COUNTER CULTURE
Customers and cardboard cutouts at the Coffee Station, Crawford's only diner.

moves so quickly, and you can tell he doesn't really want to talk about substance, so he ends up giving you this kind of Audubon Society tour of his property."

"They tell you nothing and then they slam the door," says Jean-Louis Doublet, from Agence France-Presse, over dinner at El Siete Mares, a Waco seafood restaurant. White House reporters tempted to criticize Bush do so at their own risk, Doublet explains. "Any journalist covering the White House, if they write a story saying they're a bunch of liars . . . he would do it once and he'd be gone. He'd be an outcast." Then again, feeling outcast is not uncommon among White House reporters. "This administration is so tight-lipped," says Jessica Yellin, a rising star at ABC News, "that I can't imagine the reporters who are 'frozen out' get that much less information than the rest of us."

They're left with exactly what Bush wants to give them—endless shots of him strutting around in his cowboy hat, blue jeans, short-sleeved work shirts, and question-and-answer sessions in which he's leaning on a fence rail. In the summer of 2004, the other reporters envied the A.P.'s Scott Lindlaw when he got invited to the ranch for a one-on-one with Bush—even though his dispatch was nothing more than a play-by-play description of Bush on his mountain bike, climaxing in the president shrugging off a crash. Lindlaw noted that Bush's heart rate is in the range of Lance Armstrong's. *The New York Times*'s Elisabeth Bumiller has devoted several columns to the president's exercise regimen, and has chronicled his problematic knee. Other Crawford dispatches, such as those from Judy Keen at *USA Today*, read like resort pamphlets. "That natural ambience is what the Bushes love so much about their ranch," Keen writes with Laurence McQuillan in one of her exclusives. "The only sounds are the chatter of birds and the murmur of the breeze through the leaves of the live oak and cedar elm trees. The 'Texas White House' is where the Bushes find peace and solitude." Meanwhile, at the Crawford Middle School, television correspondents deliver their "stand-ups" strategically placed in front of bales of hay or tractors, giving viewers the impression that they're on the ranch, because, as one cameraman explains, the executives back East love the whole ranch thing.



PUBLISH AND PERISH
W. Leon Smith, editor in chief of *The Lone Star Iconoclast*, in his office, in Clifton, Texas.

It has been left to Cindy Sheehan to expose the hollowness of Bush's cowboy populism. Far from the treasonous left-wing crackpot she has been painted to be by many of the right-wing pundits, Sheehan was a Catholic youth minister and until recently worked in the Napa County Health and Human Services Agency. She passed on her strong Catholic beliefs and family values to her son Casey. He was an altar boy for 10 years and an Eagle Scout, and wanted to remain a virgin until he got married.

Casey enlisted in the army in 2000, with the dream of becoming a chaplain's assistant. Instead, he became a mechanic. "His recruiter promised him that even if there was a war that he wouldn't see combat because he scored so high on the military competency test," recalls Sheehan one week into her vigil, quickly eating a McDonald's breakfast in a dingy van that's swarming with flies. "He said, 'I'll only be there in support, Mom. My sergeant said you don't have to worry about me.'" Though he was skeptical about the Iraq war, says Sheehan, he went with an unwavering sense of service. "He said, 'Mom, I wish I didn't have to go to the war, but I have to. It's my duty. It's what I've trained for.'" He died on April 4, 2004, less than a month into his tour of duty. There had been intense fighting that night, and help was needed to bring wounded soldiers to safety. Although mechanics do not usually go on such missions, resources were thin, and Casey volunteered. When Cindy saw a burning

"We had e-mails saying, 'We hope you die,'" says Fisher.



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NATIVE SON
Larry Mattlage, Bush's neighbor, photographed on August 3, 2005.

"Nobody knows anything about him," says Mattlage.

Humvee on CNN the next morning, she knew somehow that her son was dead.

Together with others who'd lost loved ones in Iraq, Sheehan met with the president shortly after her son's death. The meeting left her without a shred of respect for him. Bush, who had prided himself on his compassion for military families, began the meeting, Sheehan recalls, by asking, "Who are we honoring here?" He didn't know Casey's name. He didn't look at Cindy's pictures of him. He called Cindy "Mom" throughout.

After processing that meeting Sheehan made it her mission to hold Bush's feet to the fire for a good explanation as to why the country went to war. Her quest, as she puts it, is "to make meaning out of Casey's death." In the process, she has seen her life crumble further. She lost her job due to absences. She and her husband, Pat, split up, owing in part to the difference in the way they handled Casey's death. He wanted to distract himself; she wanted to immerse herself. None of this has dimmed her determination. "I'm not afraid of anything anymore," says Sheehan. "I've already had the worst thing happen to me."

Her decision to come to Crawford was not some grand stunt to become a media star. As she tells it, it was a spur-of-the-moment decision she made with her sister, Dede Miller. Here on Prairie Chapel Road, usually a quiet spot, where a truck might drive by every 10 minutes or so, Sheehan finds herself at the center of a surreal scene that's in turn exciting, heartrending, infuriating, and silly. Supporters have arrived from all over the country. Other military families have come to speak out, some who have lost children, and some who are terrified that they might any day. A few left-wing nuts roam from pup tent to pup tent, muttering about how the government was responsible for 9/11.

Over the course of the past week Sheehan has stood in lightning storms, slept in ditches, fought fevers, and endured attacks of fire ants in the middle of the night, only to watch her character get slimed on TV day after day. But support has come from unlikely places. Republican senators Chuck Hagel, from Nebraska, and George Allen, from Virginia, both publicly announced that they believed the president should meet with Sheehan. Dozens of reporters are clamoring for just a few minutes with her. "It's a miracle," she says.

But she also harbors bitterness toward the national networks and newspapers whose reporters are now swarming around her. "I believe the media did not do its job in the run-up to the war," Sheehan says. "They did not ask the hard questions. They didn't do the investigating. I told that to CNN anchor Anderson Cooper last night, and he said, 'Well, there are only so many questions you can ask.' ... Yesterday, a CNN producer told me I had really good timing because it was a slow news week. I said, 'Tell that to the 30 families of the Marines who died last week.'" A few minutes later, Sheehan stands before the media at a press conference and tells them she is doing the job they should have done.

This sudden jolt of ugly reality into Bush's conservative comfort zone naturally has driven the true believers bonkers. Pickup trucks routinely spray Sheehan and her supporters with mud and make sport of coming close to running them over. A local resident, Larry Northern, mowed down hundreds of crosses Sheehan and her supporters had put up, the names of fallen soldiers affixed to them. One shopkeeper remarked that she'd like to release skunks onto the whole group. Plots of land Sheehan's group had been using, which had been county property, were suddenly handed over to Crawford residents, making the protesters trespassers.

But on August 16 one Crawford landowner, Fred Mattlage, stepped in to help, by offering up his property for them to continue their protest. With this, another Crawford was put in the spotlight. This Crawford sees the growing divide between rich and poor in their community and a president who is responsible for it and accountable to no one.

One such Crawford citizen is Larry Mattlage, Fred's distant cousin, whose family has been in Crawford since 1887 and who owns a farm three-quarters of a mile from Bush's property. Mattlage is the real Crawford cowboy—with land, goats, sheep, a white beard, legs that stretch a mile—and he believes that Bush has done nothing for his beloved town except exploit it. First


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off, the idea that Bush is some kind of "rancher" just makes him laugh.

"He don't know dirt," says Mattlage, who is friendly with Bush's ranch foreman, Robert Blossman. All that brush clearing, Mattlage says, "is for show. It's not necessary.... [Brush] is where the birds live. That's birdseed. That's deer food. That's cow food.... [Cedar] makes cedar posts. If they're grown properly, they make a good post that will last forever." Bush's ignorance on the matter doesn't surprise him. "You don't move into these boonies and really understand the land, you know?" says Mattlage. "[They] got a lot of money, and they got access to a lot of machinery and a lot of bulldozers and a lot of destructive equipment, and before you know it, they can screw up something so damn bad.... A rich man with a bulldozer is a dangerous thing!" Furthermore, the notion that Bush is "friends" with anyone in Crawford is hogwash. "He's a visitor to this group of people," says Mattlage. "Nobody knows anything about him. I know *you* better than I know my neighbor."

The history of Crawford, explains Mattlage as he takes you in his white Chevy four-by-four down Prairie Chapel Road, began in the mid–19th century when a bunch of German families settled and became farmers. He knows the ins and outs—which Mattlage married which Engelbrecht, which Westerfield is buried in which cemetery—and he loves every piece. He also loved the way of life he knew until Bush became his neighbor. "These people," he says, nodding toward the farms, "they like to lay their corn, their wheat.... Before George Bush, we knew everyone on the road. We knew who stopped on the road. We could go where we wanted."

One of Mattlage's favorite spots in Crawford is the old schoolhouse down on Prairie Chapel Road, which happens to be close to Bush's ranch. But as he approaches Mattlage Road, named after a relative, he's met by a large roadblock and an S.U.V. Mattlage comes to a stop. A young Secret Service man, his eyes hidden behind shades, gets out and approaches us. Mattlage rolls down the window.

"How you doing, sir?" says the young man, in Secret Service tones. Mattlage introduces himself and his visitors.

"One of the things that they're writing on is the history of this area," Mattlage says. "And there's a Prairie Chapel Schoolhouse that we would love to take a picture of, the historical markers. Anybody that can follow us there just for pictures?"

"Not while he's in town, sir."

"O.K. Uh, is there anybody we can call to get permission to do that? I mean, we'll have the highway patrol follow us—"

"No. It pulls manpower away from what we already have allotted to. So, I mean, you know, it's a secure perimeter. If you want to wait, I hate to say this, but if you want to wait till September, when he goes back ... I know that's not what you want to hear—"

"No."

"Well, these roads become open then, but until then it's a secure perimeter and it's like asking to get into the White House itself."

"Well, I understand that," says Mattlage, his frustration quietly growing.

"I know it's, this is, you know, this is your guys' home and we're visitors here, and I recognize that, and I do apologize for the inconvenience, but, uh, you know, it's, it's the job that we have to do."

Mattlage stares him in the eye, unimpressed. "That's why we're in the war, too."

"I'm sorry?" says the young man.

"That's why we're fighting the war—we're doing the job somebody wants us to do, right?"

"Yes, sir."

Mattlage pulls away and moves on. There's another road up ahead he wants to go down. This one, he explains, does not lead to Bush's ranch. When we get there, same thing.

"What the hell we got here now?" he says, getting more pissed off.

He spots Billy Westerfield, another neighbor, waiting in his pickup to get through, and he rolls down the window.

"What's going on, Billy?"

"He's riding his bicycle."

Mattlage pulls away. "Bush has got a whole ranch to ride a bicycle on. He closes the road so he can ride a *bicycle.* See, this is like the military. They took a quiet community and turned it into a base."

But it's not just that Crawford has become a police state that has Mattlage riled up. Under Bush, Mattlage has seen the country—and his own life—go downhill. For 30 years he worked in education while he ran his farm on the side. Nine years ago, when Bush was governor, Mattlage lost his job at Texas State Technical College, in Waco, where he was director of counseling. "He goes all over Texas talking about, 'We need technical education,'" says Mattlage, popping chewing tobacco into his mouth as he roams one of Crawford's cemeteries. "Hell, he's the one who cut it when we were doing it. He's the one who cut my job. He's why I don't have a job. Now he's my damned neighbor!"

Mattlage has other problems, too—a family member who is H.I.V.-positive, addicted to cocaine, and can't get help. "To get him into treatment, I'd have to be a multimillionaire or I'd have to gamble and sell everything I got, and he may not even get it. There's no places to go, there's no insurance for him to have, and the fact is nobody cares." Minute by minute, you can see his Clint Eastwood stoicism giving way to rage. He gestures, fed up, with his long arms in the direction of the ranch. "So we got a guy who can ride a bicycle and do all the rest, but I can't get [my relative] into a drug-treatment facility!"

Mattlage is not the only one frustrated. He sees similar struggles going on with his friends and neighbors. "People want a job, they want a family, they want a house, they want to work. They just want to make a living," he says. He insists none of his neighbors would dare complain about Bush, adding, "The things I'm telling you are just things that I know they would say to me."

What about the true believers? "They're making money off T-shirts. They're making money off hamburgers. Their ski lodge is open."

And Shirley Westerfield? Mattlage chuckles. "She got to dance with him and she thinks she was dancing with Jesus Christ," he says.

"We're not talking about the war," says Shirley Westerfield.

If Mattlage is Crawford's real cowboy, then Robert Campbell, a thin, soft-spoken, bespectacled, 62-year-old African-American, is its real president. A 20-year air-force veteran who built bases from the ground up in Vietnam, Campbell moved from Philadelphia to Crawford in 1981 after meeting his wife, who was from here. Upon arrival, he became the sole maintenance worker in Crawford while he put himself through night school, studying business administration. He followed that by earning an advanced degree in social work from Baylor. After that, he went through the seminary at Southern Methodist University. He's now pastor at two churches, serving the African-American communities of Crawford and Waco. Until this past May, he was also Crawford's mayor, an unpaid position he had held since 1999.

In spite of his credentials and in spite of the enormous role he has played in the community, he is someone the president has never shown an interest in meeting—though foreign dignitaries, such as the pres-

[redacted] of China and the prime minister of Australia, [redacted]. Which strikes Campbell as odd, particularly since Bush boasted to the National Urban League Conference in July 2004 about his two black mayors, one in Washington and one in Crawford.

"I thought, Well, that's amazing, since he hasn't had any contact with me since he's been in the White House," says Campbell, laughing as he sits in the pew of his tiny Perry Chapel United Methodist Church, his pressed yellow polo shirt tucked tidily into his jeans.

In Bush's years in Crawford, Campbell has seen the place go from a small, laid-back town where no one locked his door to an uneasy place of opportunism, where trees are being cut down to make room for shops. Car parts and home-improvement projects sit in front yards and look as if they haven't been touched in years. Roofs are literally falling in. Mangy dogs roam free. Campbell can count on two hands the number of people in the African-American community who have jobs. Bush has done nothing, he says. "We're his photo op."

Campbell has also seen political tension erupt when before there never was any to speak of. "Since Bush has been here, that's when political affiliation became an issue," he says. "Nobody ever worried about whether you were a Democrat or a Republican. It was a non-issue. Now it's the big thing."

Campbell knows whereof he speaks. After listening to John Kerry talk to the National Conference of Black Mayors, Campbell decided he liked what he had heard, and let it be known that he would vote for him. "That had a lot of people up in arms. They thought I had committed blasphemy because I said it publicly."

Campbell's decision had little to do with how Bush has treated Crawford. As a Vietnam veteran, he thought the war in Iraq was a mistake. "He's sending young men and young women off to war. His Cabinet and these other folks are backing it. I said, 'How many of them have children in the military? And how many of their children are going to go?'" says Campbell, whose nephew is now stationed in Germany and will soon go off to Iraq. "I've been there. I've spent five tours in Southeast Asia and Vietnam during the war. I said, 'Those people shoot real bullets, killing folks.'"

Though neighbors were enraged and he was dissed by councilmen, Campbell doesn't regret speaking up. "In church I say I believe the Lord made my shoulders broad enough and he gives me the strength to carry the load," he says. "I cannot stand in my pulpit and tell the members of my congregation what thus sayeth the Lord and how they are to live if I'm not willing to be bold enough to stand for my own convictions."

On the last weekend of August, marking the end of the president's vacation, the true believers and the skeptics came face-to-face when some 5,500 Sheehan supporters and 1,500 anti-Sheehan demonstrators descended on Crawford. In the 101-degree heat, the tiny town became a tinderbox for the most emotional showdown since the war began.

On one side is "Camp Casey," a giant tent located on Fred Mattlage's land, about a mile and a half from the president's ranch. For anyone who harbors a tinge of embarrassment from the peace-movement antics of the 60s, there is much here to poke fun at. The protesters, who come from Austin and San Antonio, Colorado, New York, California, and Massachusetts, are being shuttled in and out by "peace" vans provided by the Peace House, the local protest shack, which was all but defunct until Sheehan came along. Local volunteers haul around coolers of water and put out food—hamburger buns, but no hamburgers. Young people with piercings sit around tents, some playing guitars, some lazing about on top of one another. A few women are breast-feeding their sweating, unhappy babies. Some people are meditating amid the chaos. The government-was-behind-9/11 faction appears to be gaining ground. Folksinger Joan Baez, oddly clean and fresh among a crowd of the drenched and grimy, pours cold water onto the head of a young woman about to pass out. Without words, she shares lengthy embraces with whoever approaches her, including a hulking gay former Marine who recently came out of the closet on Paula Zahn's show. Then there are the women of Codepink, the anti-war women's group, which is handling press. Wearing pink garments which look like they came off the racks at Barneys, they work their cell phones and BlackBerrys like Hollywood pros. As Al Sharpton and Sheehan head toward Casey's cross to kneel and pray—followed by dozens of cam-

"We're his photo op," Campbell says of Crawford.



KEEPING THE FAITH
Robert Campbell, a pastor and former mayor of Crawford, August 3, 2005.



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...the pill ... become hysterical. "Media, get off the crosses! Off the crosses!" they yell, as if the crosses were not there for the media's benefit.

In a counterpoint to the silliness, more parents of fallen soldiers have joined Sheehan here, seeking answers to not just why we got into the war but why their children were put in situations they never should have seen—situations which led to their deaths. Bill Mitchell's son, Mike, a tank mechanic, had turned in all his equipment on April 3, 2004. He was one week away from going to Kuwait; two weeks from Germany; four months from his wedding day. The next day, when a group of soldiers was ambushed in Sadr City, Mike was called back to help rescue them. "Sergeant Deaton, the tank commander, said, 'Mitch, I need you to ride loader on the tank today,'" says Bill, holding the cross around his neck, in which he keeps some

"Bush doesn't really want to talk about substance," says Gregor

of Mike's ashes. "He said, 'Sarge, I'm with you.' So my son went into Sadr City that day manning a machine gun," something that was not emphasized in his training to be a mechanic.

Nadia McCaffrey, from Sunnyvale, California, never even thought her son, Patrick, who joined the National Guard after 9/11 as a way of serving his country, would have to leave the U.S. "He asked if there's a war would he be deployed, because he has two children, and they told him no, you will be sent to Utah to watch a nuclear plant," recalls McCaffrey. But like about 37,000 other National Guard troops, her son was sent to Iraq, in March 2004, after just two months of boot camp. On June 22, out on a mission that likely involved a search for W.M.D., he was shot and killed by a group of Iraqi men he'd been training. "Patrick didn't have a chance, because he was carrying the radio," says McCaffrey. "The radio was 75 pounds. It was 125 degrees. People were dropping. Patrick was a combat lifesaver. He had evacuated two people that day by administering a saline IV. He should have been evacuated himself as well. That mission should have been called off, period." McCaffrey has repeatedly requested of the Pentagon that an autopsy of her son's body be done. None has been forthcoming.

On the anti-Sheehan side, made up of locals and people from the Sacramento-based group Move America Forward, the rage is equally palpable. Among the BUSH COUNTRY and SUPPORT THE TROOPS signs are those that read, HOW TO WRECK YOUR FAMILY IN 30 DAYS BY "BITCH IN THE DITCH" CINDY SHEEHAN. A group of teenage boys in the street yells, "Cindy, the fucking whore, get out!" Some of the pro-war group have chosen a spot across the road from the original site of Sheehan's protest, which is still being maintained by a group of her supporters. As state troopers prevent them from crossing the street into each other's camp, the two groups hurl slogans across the road:

"George Bush!"

"War criminal!"

"The Rapture is coming!"

"Love your brother!"

At the end of Sunday morning's interfaith service at Camp Casey, in which clergy from Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Buddhist, Muslim, and Unitarian groups have taken part, Rabbi Hillel Gamoran from Seattle tells the crowd that he will now lead them in Kaddish, the Jewish prayer for mourners. Just moments into it, a ferocious-looking local teenager, there with his buddy, rushes the group. "You're doing the work of Osama!" he yells, getting up in the faces of the clergy. His fists are about to fly when he is subdued by a couple of local cops.

Headquarters for the anti-Sheehan group is just outside the Yellow Rose gift shop. "We're making ground," says Bill Johnson, as he wanders rapturously around his tent, which is decorated with pictures of a muzzled Cindy Sheehan and happy Iraqi children. As at Camp Casey, small white crosses have been planted in the ground. "We got 30 crosses in one bunch and another 40 coming down." Country musicians have been brought in for the day, but the music is drowned out each time a Bush supporter yanks the rope of the Yellow Rose's enormous Liberty Bell, which makes a sound that reverberates for blocks and shakes the pavement. "If you don't support George Bush, you're not supporting the troops!" yells one Waco woman over the din.

This side, too, has its share of parents in profound pain. Gregg Garvey, whose son Justin, an army sergeant with the 101st Airborne Division, was killed in July 2003 in Iraq, believes that Sheehan is trying to dishonor the troops, and he came to Crawford to set her straight. "I went up there and retrieved my son's cross from a ditch," says Garvey. "[Sheehan] made the comment that 'this country is not worth fighting or dying for.' Then why in the hell doesn't she take her protest thing and join her freedom fighters in Iraq and see how long it lasts over there?" In fact, what Sheehan said was that *Iraq* was not worth fighting for. The twisted words have been beaming from one right-wing media outlet to another.

By the end of the summer, Bush had driven past Sheehan only to go to and from a Republican fund-raising barbecue. He left Crawford on Monday, August 29—not to go to Louisiana and Mississippi, where a state of emergency had been declared three days earlier, but to Arizona, where he posed with John McCain and his birthday cake and tried to sell senior citizens on his Medicare proposal. On Tuesday, as New Orleans filled up with water, he went to Naval Air Station North Island, outside San Diego, where he messed around on a guitar with country singer Mark Wills. While conditions for about 25,000 citizens trapped in the New Orleans Superdome deteriorated into unimaginable filth, starvation, and death, and one million Gulf Coast residents found themselves homeless, Bush returned to Crawford for one more night.

It remains to be seen whether even the true believers will get all they want from Bush. Waco will likely not get its presidential library, as insiders say the president has all but decided to build his library at Southern Methodist University, in Dallas. He has been to Waco a total of six times, twice for summits at Baylor, twice to play golf, once to throw a pitch in the regional Little League game, and once for a photo op with Habitat for Humanity, which ended when Bush pinched his thumb between two boards and bled on the homeowner's new floor. As one local newspaper editor points out, "The name 'Waco' has never come out of his mouth."

What about Bill Johnson and his souvenir shop? Bush has never set foot in the Yellow Rose. But, like a doormat girlfriend, Johnson doesn't complain. Rather, he makes up lame excuses for Bush's absence. "He was going to come in here about three or four months ago, and it rained, so they couldn't get in the back door." He adds, weakly, that "the daughters have been in. And Arnie Schwartz." (That's Ari Fleischer.)

After his presidency, Bush will likely leave Shirley Westerfield and friends and buy a place in Dallas, which Laura has admitted she prefers. When Bush hangs up his cowboy hat, all that the Crawford residents will have left of him will be those souvenirs, photos, and cardboard cutouts—which, if you really think about it, was all they had in the first place. □

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ON THE BUS Sheryl Crow plays guitar on a tour bus, August 16, 2005. Her fall tour kicks off in Seattle this month.

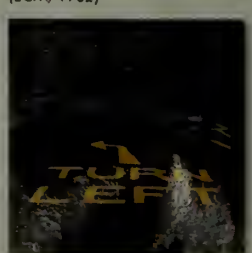
25 FOR THE ROAD

The perfect soundtrack to looking for trouble as a Missouri teenager, or driving through France with fiancé Lance Armstrong, or cruising the California coast in search of inspiration? A rock star's 25 favorite road-trip albums map her artistic milestones

BY SHERYL CROW

Road trips for me are not uncommon. In fact, I have driven across the country on several occasions now, by myself and with friends. All of the following albums have special meaning, for each represents a baptism of sorts in my life. There are many albums by artists I love—such as Billie Holiday, the Bee Gees, and Miles Davis—that are not what I consider "driving music," and therefore are not listed here.

OFFRAMP
PAT METHENY GROUP
(ECM, 1982)



Let us begin with my exodus to Los Angeles in 1987. I had been a St. Louis public-school music teacher until I landed a McDonald's commercial ("It's a good time for the great taste of McDonald's . . . "), which paid me more than I'd made in two years of teaching. This became the impetus for my moving to Los Angeles to get commercial work.

I set out in a well-worn Renault Alliance convertible, which could go maybe 60 miles an hour if the air conditioner wasn't running, and headed across the country on Interstate 40. It was on the long stretch of Oklahoma where all signs of life began to evaporate that I came to know every nuance of Pat Metheny's *Offramp*. I will never not picture the sunrise over the last few hills of New Mexico when I hear Lyle Mays playing the intro to "Au Lait."

HARVEST
NEIL YOUNG
(REPRISE, 1972)



My hometown of Kennett, Missouri, sits right on the Arkansas and Tennessee borders. The Mississippi River makes the air hang heavy with moisture. About 10 miles away, there's a town called Senath, famous for its legend of a mysterious, otherworldly light. As kids, we would drive out to an empty field and sit for hours waiting for this light to appear. Neil Young's *Harvest* was the soundtrack of my last summer in Kennett, and although I told many boys I'd seen "the light," I never really did.

STICKY FINGERS
THE ROLLING STONES
(VIRGIN, 1971)



When I was 15, my best friend bought the Stones' *Sticky Fingers*. When you are a teenager and living in a very small town in the Bible Belt, a shot of a trouser zipper will definitely get a group of young girls together behind closed doors to speculate and dream. Was "Brown Sugar" really about a black woman's "little moneymaker"? "Wild Horses," "Moonlight Mile" . . . I can safely say these are great examples of why I wound up doing what I'm doing. Oh, to be Mick or Keef.

I still play the Stones, and this particular album reminds me so much of my life in rural "Missourah." Very little has changed there, and no matter where I am in the world, *Sticky Fingers* takes me home.

THE ESSENTIAL JOHNNY CASH
JOHNNY CASH
(COLUMBIA/LEGACY, 2002)

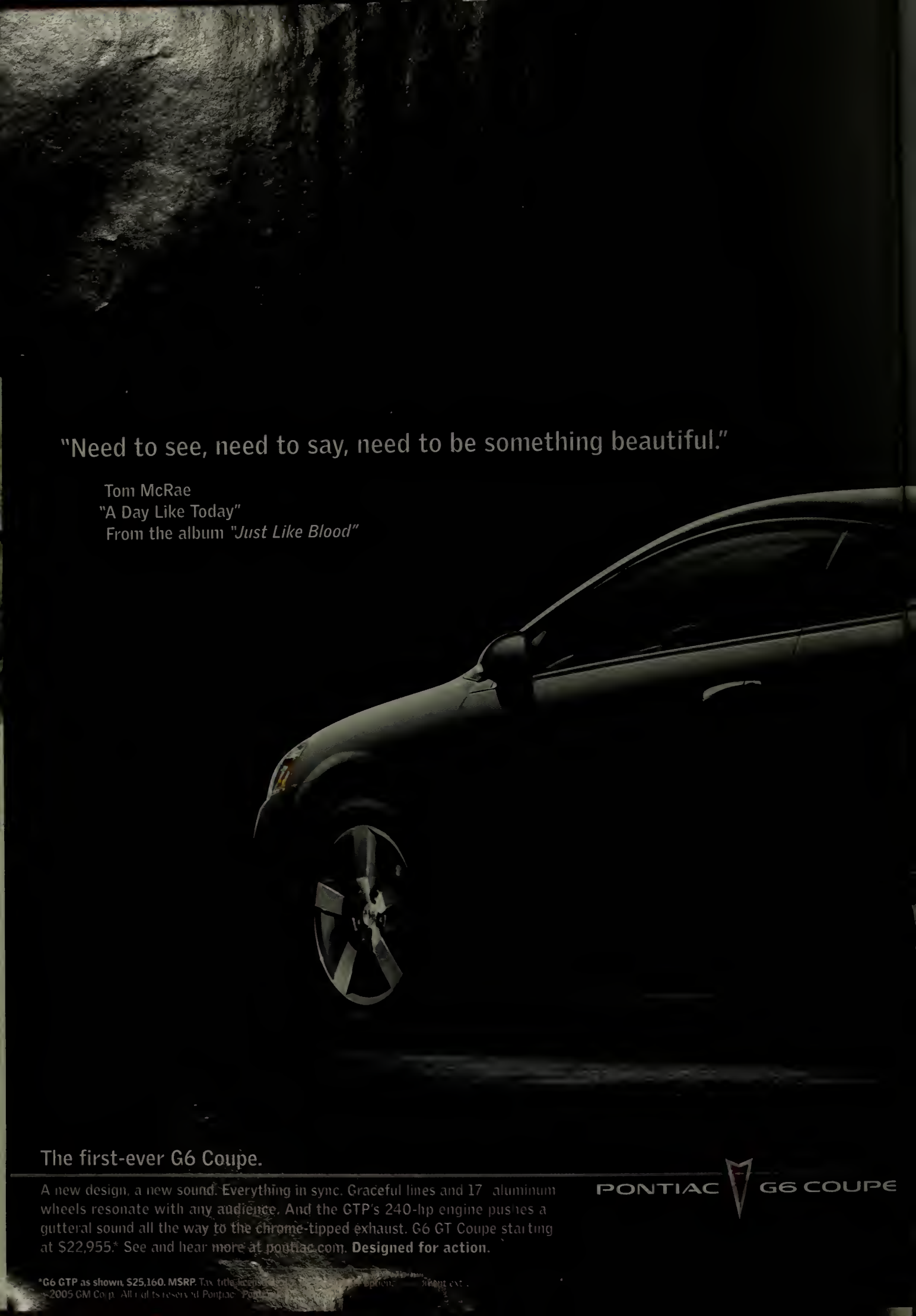
I guess we all feel we have a bit of outlaw in us until we meet a real outlaw. In 1997, I met Johnny Cash CONTINUED ON PAGE 244

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 238 at the Greek Theatre, in Los Angeles. The thing that struck me most was his looming presence, which seemed to tell his whole story. Six years later, Johnny cut a song of mine called "Redemption Day." He phoned me, out of the blue, to talk about it, and because it was such a highly political song, he wanted to know what my motivation had been for writing it, what certain lines meant, how I came up with certain imagery. He finished the conversation with "Well, I thought there wasn't anyone who worked as hard as me and June, but I think I was wrong. I'll send you what I did with your song. I hope you like it."

I grew up really hating country music because it was all that radio in my part of the world would play. As I got older, though, and grew into songwriting, I realized that basically everything I've written has been based in country-music tradition. Songs like "I Walk the Line," "Cry, Cry, Cry," and "Big River," all from *The Essential Johnny Cash,* became the handbook on how to write about what the roads of America really look like. I never go anywhere without Johnny.

COLD ROSES
RYAN ADAMS & THE CARDINALS
(LOST HIGHWAY, 2005)



Just recently, I took a trip to Arizona to see a friend whose father had passed away. I drove down in my hybrid, which is not too dissimilar from a Renault Alliance in its get-up-and-go. I happened to have bought Ryan Adams's *Cold Roses* right before embarking on my trip. I was immediately transported back to 2002, to my first encounter with Ryan, at the Ryman Auditorium, in Nashville. We were both playing a tribute concert for Willie Nelson. Ryan had a Band-Aid on his chin from a bar fight the night before. He was totally belligerent, a colossal flirt, infuriating onstage, and completely endearing. An incredibly talented train wreck that you can't take your eyes off of.

Cut to a couple years later . . . I followed Ryan at the Austin City Limits festival and asked him to sit in on "If It Makes You Happy." He clearly had no clue as to how the song went but, in his grand fashion, was so ear-shatteringly loud that you believed he'd originated the song himself.

Cold Roses has some unmistakably perfect-for-a-road-trip songs such as "Dance All Night" and "Mockingbird." I love Ryan because he keeps making me want to keep up with him.

TUMBLEWEED CONNECTION
ELTON JOHN
(UNI, 1970)



I was in seventh grade when I first played in front of a real audience—not a paying audience but one forced to be there by way of a school-assembly talent contest. I played Elton John's "Your Song." I did not win; however, when my first record came out years later, it was Elton John who championed it. He spoke about it whenever he could, as is his tradition when it comes to new music. He was the one artist who made it cool to be the piano player, and whenever I hear this album I feel challenged to write more songs on piano. He also succeeded in bringing a down-home, gospel-tinged feel to the popular music of the 70s. He was and is a huge inspiration for me as a songwriter and was a huge influence on my latest recordings.

THE BEST OF LYNYRD SKYNYRD (THE MILLENNIUM COLLECTION)
LYNYRD SKYNYRD
(MCA, 1999)



My third rock-concert experience ever (after Peter Frampton and Ted Nugent) was Lynyrd Skynyrd at the Mid-South Coliseum, in Memphis. I was 14 and my best friend's older sister drove us down and promptly told us to get lost while she hung out with her friends. Skynyrd was about as close to southern-outlaw status as anything I had ever seen, and to this day their music reminds me of what it feels like to be speeding down the freeway in a Z28 with a cop on your tail.

As a touring musician, I don't believe I've ever played a club where someone didn't yell, "Play 'Free Bird.'" Needless to say, the easiest thing to do is to just learn it and play it. However, I can safely say "Free Bird" is one of those songs I wish I had written. The perfect southern-rock song.

LET IT BE
THE BEATLES
(CAPITOL, 1970)



I guess most folks fall into one of two categories: those who love the Beatles and those who love the Stones. I was in the latter group until I began trying my hand at songwriting. Early on, it became apparent that some of the best melodies ever written were crafted by Lennon and McCartney. The first Beatles record I ever bought with my own money (instead of hijacking it from my older sister) was *Let It Be.* The title song quickly became the bar by which I measure every ballad I write. The fact that I am always a little short of reaching its beauty and perfection keeps me striving harder.

HEJIRA
JONI MITCHELL
(ASYLUM, 1976)



There are just not that many women singer–songwriter–poet–performing artists who consistently move me. Joni Mitchell has and still does. Her album *Hejira* in many ways changed how I look at music, from the standpoint of creating what I refer to as "cinematography" for each song—in other words, the way a song should come across visually. I studied the song "Hejira" like a handbook because its imagery of what it feels like to always be leaving or coming home so heavily resonated with me. I have admired Joni Mitchell, particularly during her early years, for giving voice to what we all sense sometimes, that we are searching for what feels like home.

ALL THINGS MUST PASS
GEORGE HARRISON
(CAPITOL, 1970)



As I've gotten older and the business I am in has seemingly become more concerned with youth and image, I have found that George Harrison means more to me than ever. A few years ago, when he died, I heard he had made the request to those close to him that, upon his death, the news of his passing be kept private for a short time so that he could "go on" without the yearning of those who were grieving over him keeping him attached to this earthly plane.

Brilliant songs such as "All Things Must Pass," "Beware of Darkness," and "Isn't It a Pity" remind me that an artist's life will always inform his work, as in the case of George Harrison.

GREATEST HITS: 1974–78
STEVE MILLER BAND
(CAPITOL, 1978)

This album is simply a guilty pleasure. While every kid I knew was listening to Kansas and Boston, I could only relate to blues-bas



Steve Miller at his pop best. "Fly Like an Eagle" and "Take the Money and Run" were and still are great W.T. (meaning "white trash") anthems.

SWEET BABY JAMES
JAMES TAYLOR
(WARNER BROS., 1970)



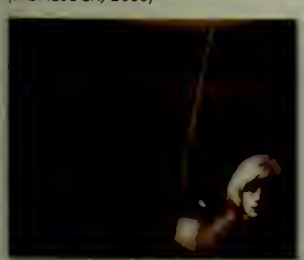
When I was a kid, I spent hours listening to James Taylor. Truth be told, I really wanted to *be* James Taylor. I was so mystified by his story—a lone, American troubadour–junkie–literary genius discovered by the Beatles after busking in England. I was too young to know what all of that meant, but I was a kid who fantasized about being a tortured artist, and he represented that to me. He has written some of my favorite songs of all time, and I might as well be on a road trip when I hear him sing "Country Road."

TROUBLE
RAY LAMONTAGNE
(RCA, 2004)



When I first heard the voice of the new-to-the-scene artist named Ray LaMontagne on his album *Trouble*, I wasn't quite sure if he was a man or a woman or if he was black or white. He has an interesting and original singing style that is very intimate and sexy. I really like this guy and can't wait to see what he does next.

RED DIRT GIRL
EMMYLOU HARRIS
(NONESUCH, 2000)



A few years ago, I performed with Emmylou Harris at a breast-cancer benefit in New York City. I'd never met her but was a huge fan. Upon first meeting her, I was struck by how incredibly gorgeous and graceful she is. Yet, let me tell you, the lady can rock. I've seen her play live on numerous occasions since then, and not only is she a star of the most credible kind, she is an inspiration to me, as I become an elder stateswoman in rock, by virtue of the fact that her work continues to grow. I think *Red Dirt Girl* may be her best album yet.

HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED
BOB DYLAN
(COLUMBIA, 1965)



It's impossible to limit myself to just one Dylan album for a road trip, so I won't! *Highway 61 Revisited* is the first album by this masterful writer I am putting into my quintessential road-trip collection. Obvious choice. To drive along to the title track or "Tombstone Blues" or "It Takes a Lot to Laugh. It Takes a Train to Cry" is the ultimate road experience. Robert Zimmerman has always had an indescribable ability to state his every observation in an Everyman voice. He is, without a doubt, one of the finest poets this country has ever produced.

NASHVILLE SKYLINE
BOB DYLAN
(COLUMBIA, 1969)



This was a difficult choice to make, but in the end *Nashville Skyline* just edged out *Bringing It All Back Home* for a spot on the road-music mix. I have often wondered what was going through Dylan's mind or, perhaps, what was going on in his life that provoked him to sing like Bobby Goldsboro on this album, but the songs are truly Middle America at its best. "Lay Lady Lay" and "The Girl from the North Country" are two of my favorite Dylan songs ever, the first for its pop sensibility and the latter for its plaintive tone. In my book, Dylan can do no wrong, and he would be on any kind of music list I might take into any situation.

SEA CHANGE
BECK
(GEFFEN/INTERSCOPE, 2002)



Beck is an anomaly to me. He is an innovator with a true sense of self. He is original, yet there are flashes of Leadbelly's influence in his work. This album gave me a whole new appreciation for the depths of Beck's abilities as a songwriter and record-maker. I listened to this off and on for the better part of last year on the ultimate road trip: a summer of traveling through Europe. It is the perfect soundtrack for taking in the beauty of the French countryside.

EAT A PEACH
THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND
(CAPRICORN, 1972)



I met the Allman Brothers more than 10 years ago during the HORDE Festival. My band and I were the lowest of the lowly on that tour, in that we were relatively unknown and just getting started as a valid touring act. Greg Allman invited me to sing on one of the most beautiful rock songs ever written, "Midnight Rider." Later, when I asked him why he still rode motorcycles after all of the losses the band had suffered because of them, he explained, "Sometimes, you just got to have the rumble down below, darlin'"—spoken as only a true traveler of the wide-open highway could.

FLEETWOOD MAC
FLEETWOOD MAC
(REPRISE, 1975)



I have used the road-trip experience a lot in my creative life as a means of finding inspiration or simply for getting away from the distractions of the day, particularly when I'm trying to write songs. I always come back from driving feeling revitalized and focused. I can't say how many times I have driven up the coast of California with "Monday Morning" or "World Turning" blasting at obnoxious decibel levels, but the album brings me back to my original intent: to write a moving piece of music that is from a place that man has spent ages trying to define.

NEBRASKA
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
(COLUMBIA, 1982)



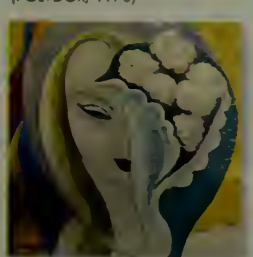
A few years back, I made a trip to Nashville to see my sister and got caught in one of the worst rainstorms I can remember. I spent close to 30 minutes parked beneath an overpass, unable to drive ahead. I had been listening to the Boss's *Nebraska* record, but it wasn't until that moment that the title song became visually animated for me. Bruce managed, on this song,



AS CROW FLIES
Sheryl Crow—who has toured the U.S. dozens of times with her band—emerges from a tour bus, August 16, 2005.

to bring understanding to a real-life news story that was so terribly haunting and disturbing. When I hear "Nebraska," I am always taken back to that afternoon on the road.

LAYLA AND OTHER ASSORTED LOVE SONGS
DEREK AND THE DOMINOS
(POLYDOR, 1970)



Who hasn't wanted a love song written just for or about them? When Eric Clapton wrote the album *Layla* for the woman he was obsessed with, he won the heart of every woman who heard the title song. I loved Derek and the Dominos because they were a very funky band from the South fronted by a very inspired guitar player from England, making for the most fiery collection of rock 'n' roll love songs ever written.

JELLYCREAM
DOYLE BRAMHALL II
(RCA, 1999)



Very much in the style of the English guitar man I referred to in the preceding item is a young guitar player–songwriter who has the most soulful voice I have ever heard. Doyle Bramhall II is relatively unknown, except in Texas blues circles, but his records are a wonderful mix of soul and rhythm and blues. I never tire of his stuff, and it is always in my car with me wherever I go.

ONE BY ONE
FOO FIGHTERS
(RCA/ROSWELL, 2002)



This record was also part of the soundtrack to the ultimate trip last year. Lance [Armstrong] and I listened to this a lot during his training for the Tour de France, and it got a lot of play in the follow car, which is where I spent most of my time. "Times Like These" became our most-played motivational song before each time trial. It may be the most hopeful and uplifting song I have ever heard.

COPPERHEAD ROAD
STEVE EARLE
(UNI/MCA, 1988)



In 1997, I met Steve Earle at a V.V.A.F. (Vietnam Veterans of America Foundation) "Concert for a Landmine Free World" event. We were both performing, and at the time I was not that familiar with Steve's work but knew he was artistically the direct descendant of Townes Van Zandt and Guy Clark, with a little Woody Guthrie thrown in. He has been called, on numerous occasions, one of America's finest singer-songwriters, but it was his performance of "The Devil's Right Hand" and "Even When I'm Blue" at that event that inspired me to go out and buy all of his records. I have found so many wonderful truths in his music, and he has personally helped me to get out of my own way when battling the finisher's complex of album-making.

DAMN THE TORPEDOES
TOM PETTY
(BACKSTREET/MCA, 1979)



"Here Comes My Girl" and "Refugee": perfect songs for the road. In fact, the whole album takes me back to circling the Dairy Queen/A&W loop in my town, looking for trouble. Summers in southern Missouri were typically balmy, and we spent them raging with teenage hormones behind the wheel of a parent's car. For a young kid looking to break away from a small town, there may not be a better album for the purposes of finding oneself. □

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LIGHTNING IN A BOTTLE
Above, the Sugarhill Gang, 1990; below, Sylvia Robinson, their producer and Svengali, at her New Jersey home, 1983.

HIP-HOP HAPPENS

Released in 1979, the single "Rapper's Delight" launched hip-hop as a multi-billion-dollar phenomenon. The opportunistic 15-minute track also revived the career of its producer, a canny R&B veteran–but it left the true pioneers of rap fuming

BY STEVEN DALY

Hip-hop, hibbit to the hibbit to the hip-hip-hop and you don't stop . . .

The moment this strange incantation bubbled up through urban airwaves in October 1979, the genie was out of the bottle. This was the vocal lead-in to the Sugarhill Gang's "Rapper's Delight," a 12-inch single that became a freakish commercial phenomenon within weeks of its release on a then unknown independent label, Sugar Hill Records. Its peak sales of more than 50,000 copies per day would have been impressive under any circumstances, but there was a greater significance to this 15-minute-long monster hit: it was the first full-fledged rap record, and as such the catalyst for what would arguably become *the* cultural revolution of our times. Rock creationists can debate long and hard about which records heralded the advent of rock 'n' roll in the 1950s; recorded hip-hop began with a stark and solitary statement: "Rapper's Delight."

"Rap." "Hip-hop" to adepts. A South Bronx music built on live perfor[illegible] centered in clubs and parties, and, in [illegible].

TOP, BY AL PEREIRA

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beginning, doggedly resistant to the trade winds of mainstream America. By 1979 hip-hop had, on a local scale, already developed both a loyal audience and a star system, dating back to the mid-70s. "Rapper's Delight" was thus a tardy arrival on the scene. And it would take a few more years before hip-hop would transform American culture. in 1979 jaded opinion-makers shrugged off the Sugarhill Gang as novelty merchants; the music was generally mocked, maligned, misunderstood. (*Rap music—isn't that an oxymoron?*) Though "Rapper's Delight" sold millions of copies and went to No. 4 on the *Billboard* R&B charts, it barely grazed the less inclusive pop charts of its day, peaking at just No. 36 in January 1980.

Sitting atop the pop charts in 1979 was Rupert Holmes's "Escape (The Piña Colada Song)," a glutinous hymn to one of the great secretarial intoxicants. Black music was hardly in great shape either. Having begun the 1970s with a bang of Afro-conscious funk and mean-streets social conscience, soul music ended the decade with a disco whimper. Against that grim backdrop, "Rapper's Delight" was a futuristic re-assertion of black pride, combining as it did the culture's oral traditions with its eternal drive to modernism—even if it was made for $750 by a cobbled-together group akin to the Monkees or 'NSync and by a producer, Sylvia Robinson, who knew next to nothing about "rap" or "hip-hop" or whatever they called it.

IT COULD BE SAID THAT "RAPPER'S DELIGHT" OWED ITS SUCCESS TO ALL THE WRONG PEOPLE USING ALL THE WRONG METHODS.

It could be said that "Rapper's Delight" owed its success to all the wrong people using all the wrong methods. In the South Bronx, the Sugarhill Gang were regarded as underqualified ambassadors for a movement fully evolved and happily autonomous. "It's like somebody discovering the lost world of Atlantis and thinking it just got there," says Grandmaster Caz, one of the legendary D.J.'s of hip-hop's pre-vinyl history. "It was over there all along, and no one paid it any mind."

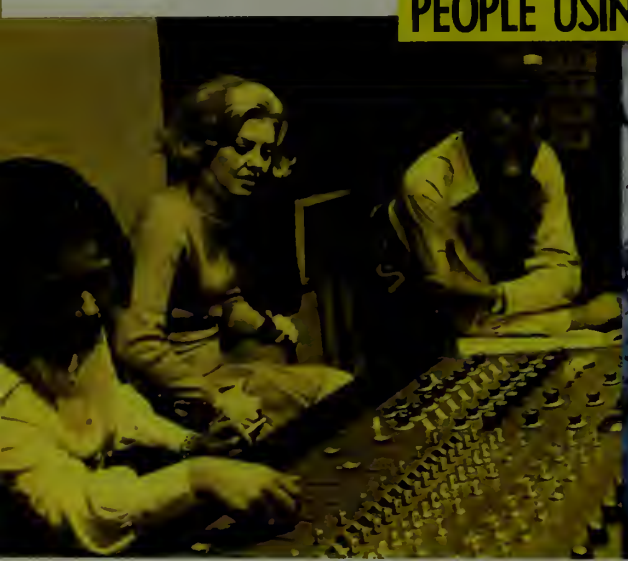
Sylvia Robinson, an intermittently successful performer, songwriter, producer, and label owner, has been a remarkable and recurring presence over four decades of black music. But as the sun came up on 1979, her career appeared to be in terminal decline. All Platinum, the New Jersey–based group of record labels she co-owned with her husband, Joe, was in the process of going belly-up, thanks in part to a litigious falling-out with its distributor, PolyGram. There were creative problems, too: in its mid-70s heyday, All Platinum had had a run of modest, novelty-tinged hits, but, as so often happens in the music industry, the hot streak had cooled all too quickly. Fortunately, Sylvia, at the age of 43, was about to hear a new kind of sound that would ensure her future.

One evening in late June 1979, she found herself attending a party in Manhattan, 30 minutes from her home in Englewood, New Jersey, at an uptown club named Harlem World. Sylvia Robinson is now retired from the music game, but she will never forget the sights and sounds that assailed her senses when she took her seat in the club's balcony. A D.J. called Lovebug Starski was spinning R&B hits for an appreciative crowd, whom he whipped into a frenzy by embellishing the music with his own rhymes, catchphrases, exhortations. Some called it "rapping."

"I saw him talking to the kids and saw how they'd answer back," says Robinson today. She is holding court in the leather booth of an Englewood bar-restaurant, dressed in a *Golden Girls* orange velour sweat suit, with her hair processed in loose curls. Even as a soft-spoken 69-year-old, Sylvia retains something of the imperious air for which she was once renowned; she doesn't like answering questions, and she may not have the sharpest recollection of her career's darker moments, but memories of an upbeat event such as Lovebug Starski's performance will animate her. "He would say something every now and then, like 'Throw your hands in the air,' and they'd do it. If he'd said, 'Jump in the river,' they'd have done it." Inspiration struck. "A spirit said to me, 'Put a concept like that on a record and it will be the biggest thing you ever had.'"

The music business to which Sylvia Robinson had paid her dues was a pre-corporate culture that bore little resemblance to the multi-national profit center we know today, an industry dominated by a handful of global conglomerates. Forty, 50 years ago, the business was full of fly-by-night labels and shifty operators. Many of the record men who taught Sylvia Robinson her key lessons might as well have used the skull and crossbones as their logo. Still, she learned those lessons well, and in years to come would pass them on to many young pupils.

By the mid-1950s, Sylvia Vanderpool, then in her early 20s, thought she was bringing her music career to a close. Having made a few insignificant novelty records as a teenager under the name Little Sylvia, the Harlem-born singer decided to prepare for a more secure career in nurs-







MRS. ROB
Sylvia, an unidentified woman, and Joe Robinson, 1970s; Mo Levy, 1965; duo act Mickey and Sylvia in the studio, late 50s.



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ing. Then, on a Hudson River evening cruise, she met Joe Robinson, a forceful and charismatic navy veteran who persuaded her that music was where the money was at. The couple married shortly thereafter.

Joe Robinson, five years older than Sylvia, always seemed to have an eye for a new business opportunity, and he bought several bars in Harlem. It was Joe, says Sylvia, who suggested that she form a musical partnership with her guitar teacher, McHouston "Mickey" Baker, 11 years her senior. Thus was born the duo Mickey and Sylvia, whose pleasant-faced, sweet-voiced female half—decked out onstage in swishy outfits by show-biz designer Felix DeMasi—was quietly developing into a first-rate musician.

Mickey and Sylvia are best known for the 1957 smash "Love Is Strange." According to Sylvia, the idea for the song came to her at Washington, D.C.'s Howard Theater, where she and Baker shared a bill with a number of other popular R&B acts, including Bo Diddley. It was with Mr. Diddley's blessing, she says, that she refashioned one of his funky bits of stage shtick into a slinky slice of jukebox voodoo that became a million-selling pop hit and a future favorite on movie soundtracks (*Dirty Dancing, Casino*). Thanks to a combination of music-business shenanigans and youthful deference, the former Little Sylvia ended up sharing songwriting credit with Mickey Baker as well as with Bo Diddley's wife, Ethel Smith. Other, more modest Mickey and Sylvia hits followed before the duo broke up around 1962. There was another significant line on her résumé: she had not only played guitar on and arranged the monster 1961 hit, "It's Gonna Work Out Fine," for Ike and Tina Turner, but also, she says, produced the track, though she received no credit.

Joe and Sylvia Robinson decided to move across the Hudson River, where Sylvia switched her emphasis from music professional to hausfrau and mother of three young sons. She still found time to put in the occasional appearance at Blue Morocco, a stylish Bronx club to which Joe Robinson—who had several other clubs in Manhattan—attracted the black cultural elite of the 1960s, from the Temptations and the Four Tops to Muhammad Ali. According to friends, Joe's social circle was wide enough to accommodate both Nicky Barnes, a Harlem drug kingpin, and Malcolm X. (Several years after the latter's 1965 assassination, his widow, Betty Shabazz, allowed Joe to release some of Malcolm's speeches in album form; according to a source well acquainted with both Robinson and Shabazz, she later complained that Joe ripped her off over royalty payments.)

KEEPING IT SURREAL Sylvia, early 1970s, displaying fearless taste in millinery; the Sugarhill Gang, New York City, 1980.



WHO WERE THESE "RAPPERS" ANYWAY? AND HOW DID ONE GO ABOUT SIGNING THEM UP? THEY CERTAINLY DIDN'T HAVE AGENTS.

Nineteen sixty-eight saw the Robinsons re-entering the music game as co-founders of All Platinum, a company whose name cannily reflected the record-distributor custom of paying independent labels in alphabetical order. Joe Robinson was, by all accounts, a dapper and streetwise individual who was unlikely to be daunted by the wild-frontier aspects of the pre-corporate music industry. He had an unvarnished manner, a pock-marked face, and a rather decent tailor. Those who worked alongside Joe still talk about the man's "formidable" presence: his mighty six-foot-plus frame, his low, rasping voice, and his spellbinding yarns about the bad old days. Writer Nelson George, upon meeting the Robinsons in 1981, wrote that Sylvia's "honeyed ways and fake sincerity" made for an interesting polarity with the "straightforward and rough" Joe, who railed volubly against the white music-business establishment.

Many of those who crossed Joe Robinson's path credit him with a certain dark eminence. For a long time the word in the business was that Joe often carried a firearm. "You couldn't be an owner of New York clubs without learning to look after yourself," says Jerry Blavat, a prominent Philadelphia D.J. who befriended the Robinsons in the 50s. There have been suggestions that Joe was involved in the numbers racket during his Harlem days; one record-business contemporary says that Joe was known to be a major player in that arena and was believed to have Mafia ties.

If Joe Robinson was as lawless as his reputation suggests, he was a pretty smooth operator. No criminal record clings to Joe's name other than a fine for corporate-tax evasion in the 1970s. Still, there was that aura. "I was clearly told that if Joe Robinson came in the room you stopped talking," says Robert Ford, an R&B columnist for *Billboard* in the

LEFT BY DON PAULSON

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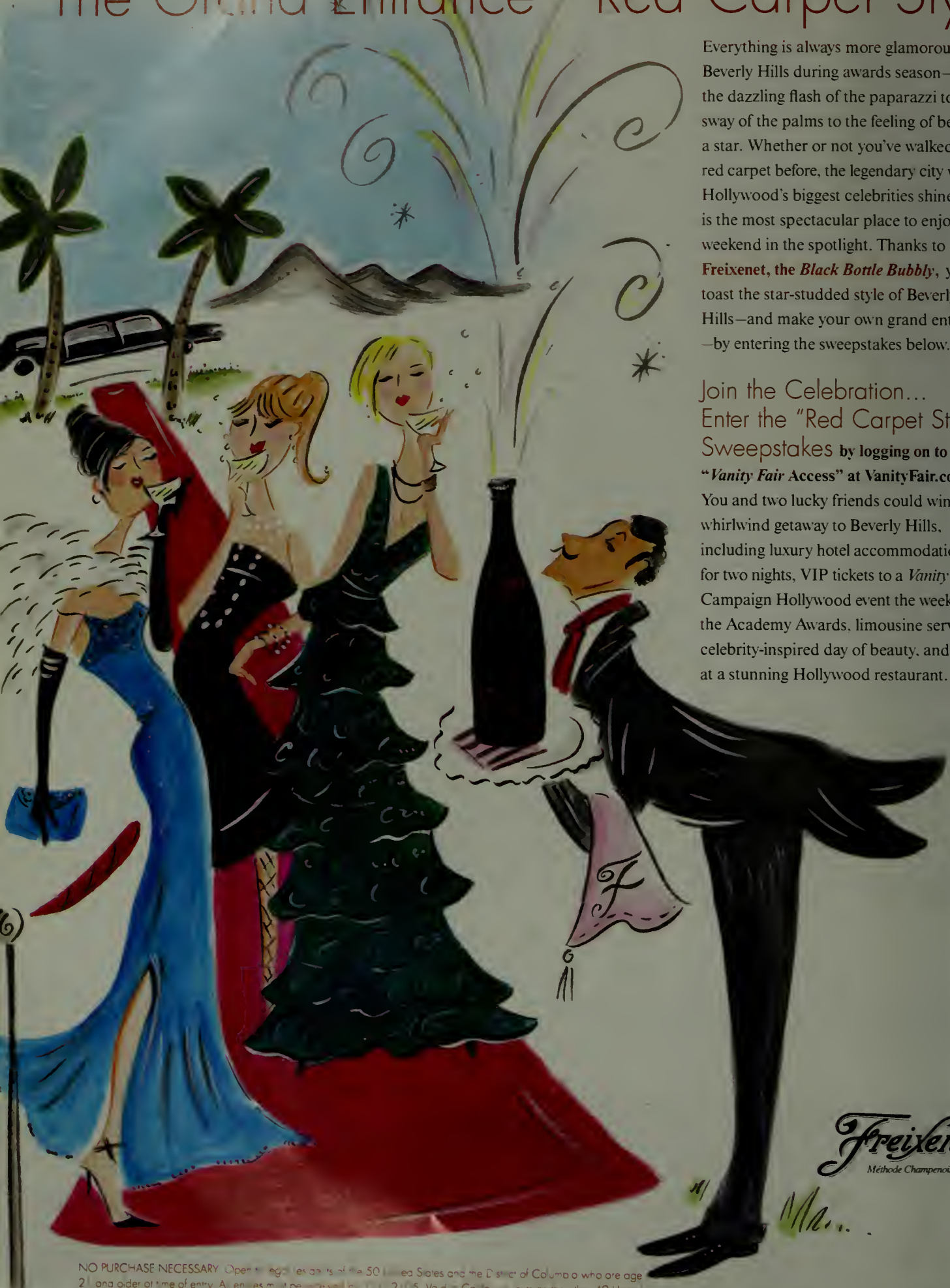
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70s. "Everyone knew that this was not a man to be messed with."

In the early 1970s, Joe and Sylvia Robinson's humble New Jersey enterprise was scoring modest hits on the American R&B charts and in Europe as well. All Platinum's biggest success came with "Pillow Talk," a song Sylvia had written in 1972 and unsuccessfully pitched to Al Green. A year later Sylvia decided to release her own demo recording of the song. The fidelity was low, but the feeling was right: "Pillow Talk"'s gently rolling groove is lubricated by swelling strings; the 36-year-old Sylvia Robinson trills tender promises of satin-sheet ecstasies. Over an extended fade-out, the singer, billed simply as Sylvia, mutters the kind of intimacies that today can cost a man up to $2.99 per discreetly billed minute: "*Uno momento poquito*... Nice Daddy ... Oh my God ... " Sylvia's unplanned comeback was the biggest hit ever for both herself and All Platinum, reaching No. 3 on the U.S. pop charts and thrusting the female libido onto the national agenda.

But soon the hits stopped coming, and the disco wave left All Platinum beached. By decade's end the company was filing for Chapter 11.

In his despair, Joe Robinson approached an acquaintance from the old days. Back in the mid-50s, Morris "Mo" Levy of the Bronx was the proprietor of the nightclub Birdland, New York's fabled jazz shrine. He had also founded Roulette Records, where he recorded the likes of Count Basie and Sarah Vaughan as well as many pop acts. But Levy was not just a hipster patron of black music; burly and unburdened by couth, he was also an entrepreneur of high wattage and low scruple. Among other things, Levy had listed himself as writer of many Roulette tunes, most notably Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers' giddy 1956 hit, "Why Do Fools Fall in Love?" Levy's other key role in music history was as manager of Alan Freed, the seminal rock 'n' roll disc jockey. But when Freed was crucified in a 1960 payola scandal, Levy slipped away into the shadows.

It was widely known that Levy owed much of his power to some serious connections within the Sicilian business community, and in particular with New York's Genovese family. (The *Sopranos* character Hesh is said to be modeled after Levy.) But to the desperate Joe Robinson of 1979, Levy was less a semi-veiled villain than a friendly fellow entrepreneur, a trans-generational survivor in the turbulent music game, a man who'd never had to toe the corporate line.

One Saturday afternoon that spring, Joe Robinson made the two-hour drive from Englewood up to Ghent, New York, where Levy was hosting the wedding of a business associate at his Sunnyview horse farm. Levy's son, Adam, 16 at the time, later got from his father an account of Joe's visit to their 1,500-acre spread. "[Joe] wanted to borrow some money from my father," Adam Levy says, "because he was in financial difficulties. My dad reached into his pocket and gave him, like, $5,000 in cash and said, 'Take care of what you have to take care of, with your house, your obligations, and come see me Monday and we'll start a label together. It'll be fun ... '"

WHAT HAPPENED NEXT HAS BECOME HIP-HOP'S EQUIVALENT OF THE DISCOVERY OF LANA TURNER AT SCHWAB'S DRUGSTORE.

For her part, Sylvia Robinson says that she was horrified when she heard, soon after Sugar Hill's founding, that her husband had taken Mo Levy's investment. She claims she threatened to stop making records unless Joe Robinson bought Levy out. "I didn't like him," says Sylvia of Mo Levy. "He's a devil. I'm being honest." The Robinsons might ultimately get rid of Levy, but you could be sure that such separation would come at a heavy price.

The new label was without artistic mandate in June 1979, when Sylvia Robinson spotted the novel and untapped hip-hop culture in its natural habitat. Why not make the label's very first release a rap tune? Between the Robinsons' studio setup and Levy's existing infrastructure, the financial risk would be negligible—and this rapping thing might be just the jump start they needed.

So who were these "rappers" anyway? And how did one go about signing them up? Back in 1979, rappers certainly didn't have agents, bookers, managers—or if they did, such people were not listed in any Yellow Pages. For her part, Sylvia Robinson was not exactly attuned to the Bronx-centered hip-hop subculture, having moved to Jersey a decade and a half earlier. "I didn't know no Bronx people," Sylvia admits. "I was basically a country girl at this point." (Her son Joey junior went to the same high school as Brooke Shields.) Yet Sylvia Robinson still knew a hit when she heard one, and after the Harlem World experience she was keen on catching this rap lightning in a bottle.

Recalls Joey Robinson Jr., "The next day my mother asked me, 'Do you know anybody?'" *Mom looking for a rapper?* Joey junior was, he confesses, "not enthused" by the idea. Nonetheless, hip-hop had by now reached a few tendrils into the suburbs, and Joey junior did know "a gentleman called Casper," the M.C. for a local club collective. "Casper had a tape. He loved the idea [of making a record], and my mother loved his voice," says Joey. Sylvia confirms her positive reaction: "I thought, I've got a hit record!"

To lay the groundwork for the first Sugar Hill Records release, Sylvia Robinson went into her studio in August 1979 to provide a familiar backing track for her rapper, who was accustomed to performing over records. At her behest, the recently signed funk outfit Positive Force laid down a lengthy vamp on Chic's current summer hit, "Good Times." Sylvia herself played vibes.

Came the day appointed for Casper's contribution at Sugar Hill Studios, he failed to show. After two or three days, Joey junior and his mother tracked him down early one Friday evening in front of a McDonald's on Englewood's Palisade Avenue. Casper's father, a radio personality possessed of some insight into the business, had apparently told him that he should give the Robinsons a wide berth.

So Sylvia, her 17-year-old son, and his school friend Warren Moore climbed into Joey's blue-green Oldsmobile 98 and pondered the setback. What happened next has become hip-hop's equivalent of the discovery of Lana Turner at Schwab's drugstore.

Joey Robinson Jr.: "Warren said, 'I know this guy that works in the pizza parlor and he's always rappin'.' So Joey swung the Olds round and parked across the street in front of the establishment in question, Crispy Crust Pizza (which still serves to this day). Warren went in and summoned his would-be rap contender, a bulky chap named Henry "Hank" Jackson, who abandoned his pizza duties and threw his 380-pound frame into the back of Joey's car, dirty apron and all.

"Joey said, 'Watch the springs,'" says Sylvia. "There was flour everywhere."

Jackson was familiar with the rap scene through working as a bouncer at clubs such as Sparkle and Disco Fever in his native Bronx. He was also managing the Cold Crush Brothers, a popular club attraction whose tapes he'd rap along to at

work. Hank had taken the pizza job only to pay off a $2,000 parental loan which had financed a sound-system upgrade for Cold Crush.

Introductions made, Jackson obliged the lady known locally as "Mrs. Rob" by rattling off some rhymes to a track she played on the car's cassette deck. Hank may have been a manager, but, hey, he could do this—and why bring up the Cold Crush Brothers to confuse the issue?

Sylvia approved of Jackson. Next thing she knew, another of her son's friends, name of Mark Green, approached the car. Green pointed to Jackson and said, "He's all right, but my man's vicious." Green then waved his man over. Mr. Guy O'Brien, part of Jersey's One on One crew, jumped into the Oldsmobile. Sure enough, he uncorked some great verbals. Sylvia thought, "Why not?"

Preposterous as it may sound, yet one more rapper offered his services at this curbside audition, a colleague of the now forgotten Casper's named Mike Wright. With the Olds already full, this six-foot-six-inch hopeful—who had started rapping just one month earlier—rejoined the party *chez* Robinson, where his style on the mike initially failed to impress. Citing his asthma, he asked for and was allowed a retake. He nailed it. "I felt chills come all over my body," says Sylvia. "I said, 'The three of you are married.'" Each man signed a Sugar Hill contract, getting an advance that Robinson puts at around $1,500 per head. (This figure is greeted with mocking skepticism by several people familiar with the Sugar Hill modus—the label would never, they say, have handed over such a princely sum.)

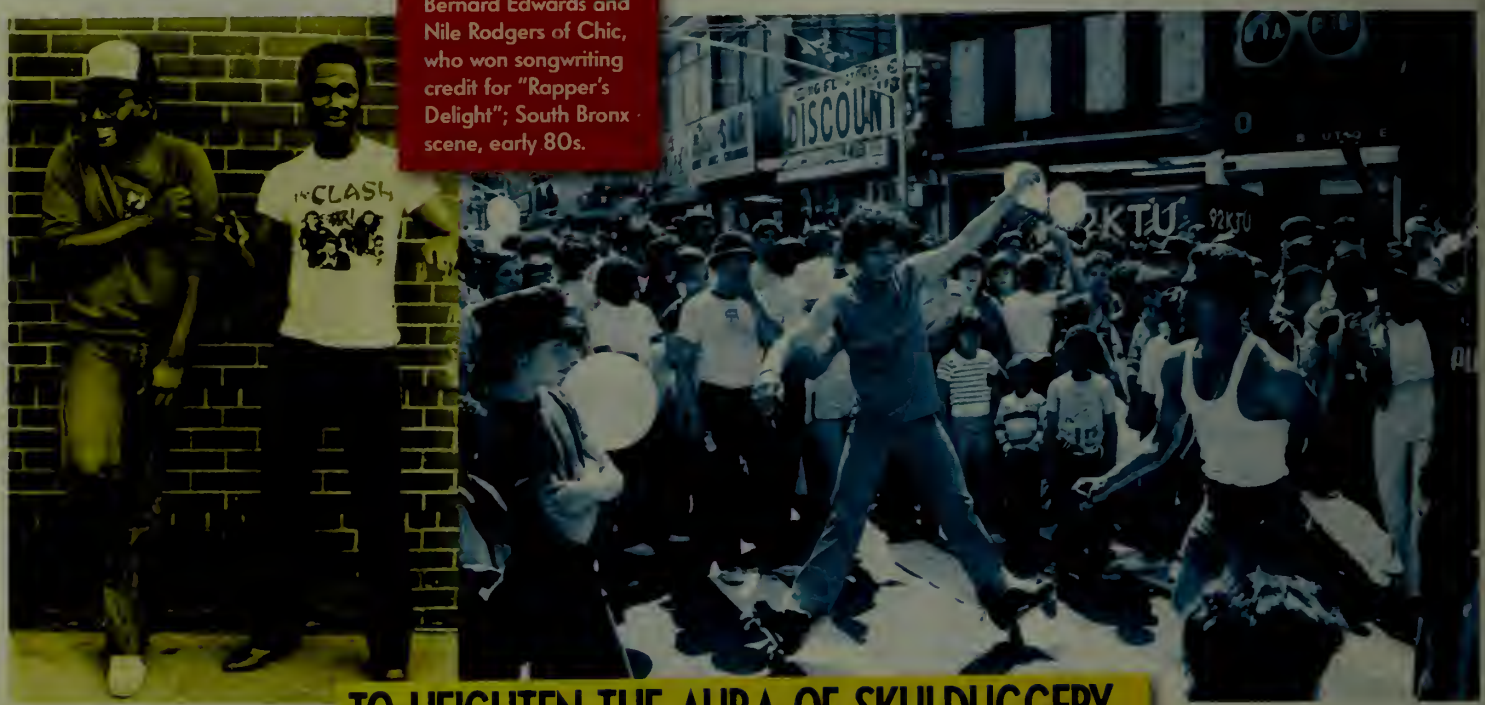
The hastily hitched trio were told to show up the next Monday at the Robinsons' studio. There could hardly be a less likely setting for the launch of a ferocious new urban art form: Sugar Hill Studios was far removed from even Englewood's bright lights, sitting opposite a small public park with a modest kiddies' playground. But it was here that Sylvia's new charges were transformed into Wonder Mike, Big Bank Hank, and Master Gee, and given the cross-promotional name the Sugarhill Gang.

As befits any history-making pop breakthrough, from Elvis Presley's inaugural sessions at Sun Records to the Ramones' first LP, the recording of "Rapper's Delight" was over in an evanescent blur. Better yet, there was a moment of panic in the control room as it all went down. "While Hank is rapping and I'm at the board, the phone rings," says Sylvia Robinson. "It's his boss from the pizza parlor, and he says, 'If he isn't here in 15 minutes he's fired.' You think I was gonna stop?" (Joe Robinson's subsequent intercession helped Hank retain his dough-boy gig.)

Producing the session, Sylvia didn't miss a beat as she pointed in turn to each of her three rappers, spontaneously cuing their verbal trade-offs. Somehow the three strangers, who hadn't rehearsed together, jelled. According to Joey Robinson Jr., there was magic in the air. "When Wonder Mike said the line 'America, we love you,' we knew then and there that it was a special record—a miracle record."

"Rapper's Delight" went down in one take, plus a few minutes to patch up a couple of Mike's lines. Great. Everyone was feeling good about this brand-new track. This 15-minute track.

According to Sylvia Robinson, she never even considered editing "Rapper's Delight" down to a more digestible length, despite the obvious arguments. These began at the Robinsons' home. "My husband said, 'We can't put out a record that long,'" says Sylvia. "I said, 'What do you mean?! We're independent people. I don't care how long it is—we're gonna put every word in it. We don't have to go according to what the industry says.'" Sylvia maintains that her confidence in the disc was unwavering. "All the record needed was one play," she says. "Once it had one play it was broken. That's the kind of record it was."



GOOD TIMES Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers of Chic, who won songwriting credit for "Rapper's Delight"; South Bronx scene, early 80s.

TO HEIGHTEN THE AURA OF SKULDUGGERY SURROUNDING "RAPPER'S DELIGHT," THERE WAS THE MATTER OF THE BORROWED CHIC HIT.

But where on earth was that one play going to come from? Even if programmers could handle the bizarre idea of performers' talking instead of singing, they were faced with a record whose length would push four other singles from the playlist. Sylvia remembers "begging" a programmer at the city's struggling WABC station for play, to no effect. Other New York stations were similarly resistant. It wasn't until Jim Gates, a jock at WESL, in St. Louis, decided to pick up on "Rapper's Delight" that Sylvia's prophecy was proved right.

"An order for 5,000 records came in off

LEFT: BY DEBORAH FEINGOLD. RIGHT: BY JOE CONZO

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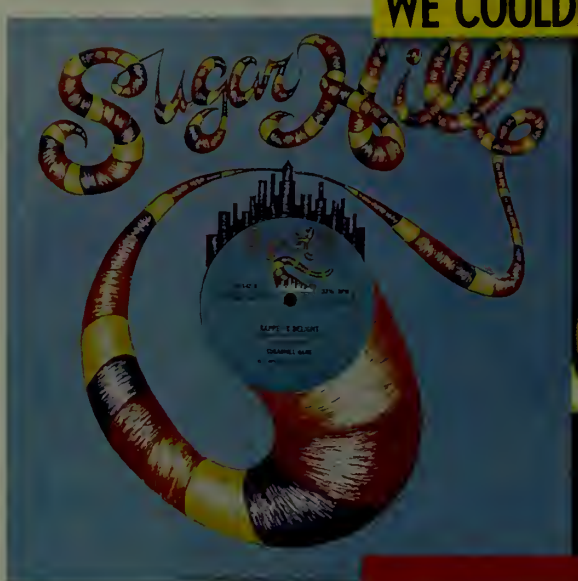
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a few plays," says Sylvia. "It started getting played all over [the country]. We couldn't press it fast enough—you had to order it and wait weeks for the next shipment." Her memory of pressing more than 50,000 copies a day—enough to outperform even "Escape (The Piña Colada Song)"—is borne out by J. B. Moore, then an ad-sales staffer at *Billboard*, who remembers how one Queens-based wholesaler mentioned that he alone was shipping 25,000 copies of "Rapper's Delight" per day.

Only the fact that the Sugarhill Gang's debut single was selling mainly through black mom-and-pop stores prevented it from registering higher on the industry charts. "That record kept little stores alive," says Moore, who reckons that "Rapper's Delight"—a 12-inch single that sold for $2.25 (as against 60 cents for a 7-inch single)—is probably, with adjustments for inflation, the highest-grossing single of all time. *Cashbox* would make the record No. 4 for the year 1980.

"AN ORDER FOR 5,000 RECORDS CAME IN OFF A FEW PLAYS [ON THE RADIO]. WE COULDN'T PRESS IT FAST ENOUGH."





AMAZEMENT SITUATION
The "Rapper's Delight" single; the Sugarhill Gang with "gold records," circa 1980.

"Rapper's Delight," says Joey Robinson Jr., was becoming "an amazement situation." He ditched college plans and joined the family business full-time.

With "Rapper's Delight" simultaneously taking off in Europe, Sugar Hill splurged on a promo video for overseas markets. (Two years before the debut of MTV, American audiences were largely unfamiliar with this nascent marketing tool.) The clip reflected the record in all its incongruous glory: the three Sugarhill Gang members, filmed in action at an Englewood club, look as if they haven't seen one another since their single recording session together. Master Gee, an eager little beaver in cardigan and turtleneck, is dwarfed by laconic giant Wonder Mike, wearing a beige V-neck sweater and gold chain. Neither one can compete with the supercharged Big Bank Hank: fresh from the pizza counter, with a sun hat jammed on his dome and a tiny T-shirt sheathing his extra-large girth, the sweetly sibilant ex-bouncer sells this number as if his life depended on it. Not even the hired crowd of disco-dancing extras can diminish the palpable energy that crackles around Sylvia Robinson's ill-matched trailblazers.

By the time Sylvia Robinson made her journey of discovery to Harlem World, hip-hop had for several years been the central pillar of a vital and largely unmediated culture that also encompassed the urban arts of break dancing and graffiti writing. Although the dearth of recorded evidence renders contentious many landmarks in early hip-hop history, serious attempts to trace the form's lineage invariably nominate one man as the genre's paterfamilias: DJ Kool Herc, a Bronx youth who arrived from Jamaica in 1967 as Clive Campbell, 12-year-old music enthusiast. Herc says he began spinning records in the early 70s after abandoning the graffitic arts for fear of his disciplinarian Catholic father.

Inspired by the mobile reggae sound systems that rattled his native isle with their thunderous bass frequencies, DJ Kool Herc—a strapping lad nicknamed for his athletic prowess—set to D.J.-ing at Bronx parties, initially in the basement rec room of his own apartment building, at 1520 Sedgwick Avenue. (Fellow residents included the Dean brothers, now proprietors of the powerhouse rap label Ruff Ryders.) Herc acquired cult status for his ability to find the kind of unfashionable funk obscurities whose heavy rhythm breaks would incite a section of the audience to furious bouts of stylized dancing. These individuals came to be known as breakboys, or B-boys. In the early 80s the scene would be associated with tracksuits, Kangol hats, and floor spinning, but the originals preferred smart yet casual knitwear and upright, angular dances.

At some point in 1974 or '75, having already laid down the aesthetic foundations of hip-hop, Herc brought a key formal innovation to D.J.-ing. At the Heavelo, the West Bronx nightspot where he enjoyed weekly residency, Herc introduced the "merry-go-round." The idea was simple: put two copies of the same record on parallel turntables and, by cross-fading skillfully between them, sustain those all-important rhythm breaks until the crowd couldn't take it anymore. At his father's pragmatic suggestion, Herc began soaking the labels off his records—other D.J.'s might steal his new technique, but at least they couldn't copy his set.

Over in the East Bronx another D.J. star was on the rise. Former gang member Afrika Bambaataa (whose real name, often incorrectly reported as Kevin Donovan, remains a mystery to this day) had surrounded himself with a troupe called the Zulu Nation. By the mid-70s, Bambaataa was goading B-boys with eclectic fits of rhythmic inspiration: funk, Afro-beat, pop. Danceable rock tracks were a specialty, even if Billy Squier was the name on the label. "Anything goes" went the ethos—anything except the worn-out groove of disco. "Dances in the black and Latino communities change every three months," Bambaataa explains. The music industry,



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he says, "was trying to keep the Hustle going three, four, five years." Hip-hop demanded commitment. Sweat. This was a different kind of party, and it was advertised in the Bronx through homemade flyers handed out at McDonald's and school playgrounds.

After Herc and Bambaataa, Grandmaster Flash was the third great force in the development of hip-hop. By day he was an intense Bronx kid called Joseph Saddler, an electronics student who built his own D.J. gear from scratch; by night he was a funk-pumping turntable genius whose name is an homage to a Bruce Lee movie character.

It is here that certain landmarks in early hip-hop become as elusive as the ticklish question of who first used the term "hip-hop" in a party chant. Flash's original partner, Mean Gene (Gene Livingston), had a younger brother named Theodore, a precocious talent who practiced relentlessly on Gene's turntables. The self-styled Grandwizard Theodore, now 42, is thought by many to be the father of "scratching," the now commonplace technique of audibly rotating a disc back and forth while another track plays. Grandmaster Flash, as intense as ever, claims scratching as his own invention. "I created the art form," Flash says.

The single step that transformed hip-hop into a semblance of its current form was the advent of M.C.'s, the live-wire spielers who rivaled and ultimately superseded D.J.'s as the genre's main attraction. Ever since Kool Herc began spicing up his sets with vocal interjections inspired by Jamaican "toasting," D.J.'s had cajoled audiences with bouts of boisterous rhyming. In the mid-70s some D.J.'s employed specialized M.C.'s to expand the vocal component of hip-hop. Party chants grew into nursery rhymes and superhero tales; these grew into the complex and keenly observed urban folktales we now know as rap.

It is impossible to pinpoint the precise moment in hip-hop history when M.C. gained ascendancy over D.J. Grandmaster Flash cites the late Keith Cowboy, an M.C. in his Furious Five troupe, as the very first full-fledged rapper. Other M.C.'s, says Flash, "weren't talking to the beat of music. . . . [Cowboy] was able to talk to the beat of this new kind of arrangement that was never seen before." Others name Kool Herc sideman Coke La Roc as the M.C. who set the standard and inspired others to follow in his footsteps.

As hip-hop's performance element grew, local entrepreneurs such as Richard Tee (owner of the Bronx's T-Connection club) and the legendary Tape Master began to sell crudely labeled cassettes of live rap performances. Grandmaster Flash instructed his security to destroy any taping equipment found at his shows, but most had a laissez-faire attitude toward their profession. "I did it for fun," avers Kool Herc. Any earnings, he says, were spent on more records and equipment. "Nobody came in and said, 'You could take this to a global level—or a citywide level.'" Grandmaster Caz, a member of the Cold Crush Brothers (the crew that Big Bank Hank Jackson managed), says, "We were entertaining, but didn't realize we were entertainers."

Even on those occasions when local indie labels expressed interest in rap, the response was not always welcoming. Grandmaster Flash recalls how small-timers occasionally approached him at club dates with offers to put his act on vinyl. "I said, 'Nobody will buy it. Nobody would want to buy a record when they can come to a party and see it.'" Afrika Bambaataa had a different reason for shying away from the public gaze: "We thought that [records] would be the demise of our parties."

THE BRONX AFFORDED "RAPPER'S DELIGHT" NO GREAT RESPECT WHEN THE RECORD SUGGESTED HIP-HOP HAD MASS APPEAL.

Not that the Bronx afforded "Rapper's Delight" any great respect when the record strongly suggested that hip-hop might have mass appeal. As far as the pioneers of hip-hop were concerned, these Sugarhill suckers were nothing but yokels from the wrong side of the Hudson. "We said, 'Who the hell is this, coming out with our stuff on records?'" recalls Afrika Bambaataa. Adds a rueful Grandmaster Flash, "There was so many more rhymers that were deeper . . . So much deeper . . . "

Flash now admits that he made a "huge error" in waiting so long to record. Whenever the key players of hip-hop's "old school" look back on the pregnant moment when the Sugar Hill label blazed a trail for rap, there remains among them that nagging sense that it all went down the wrong way.

Haphazard though "Rapper's Delight" may have been, there was to the record at least one element of cold calculation, and this is what will forever besmirch the name Sugarhill Gang in hip-hop lore.

After Hank Jackson dazzled Sylvia Robinson in the backseat of her son's now famous Oldsmobile, he went in his own mind from bouncer and manager of the Cold Crush Brothers to potential superstar. Slight problem: he might be able to mimic rapping, but he could not write rhymes. So it was that freshly anointed Big Bank Hank effected what many view as one of the great rock 'n' roll swindles. He approached Cold Crush member Grandmaster Caz and asked if he might borrow his lyric book for a studio date in Jersey. Caz, to his ultimate regret, was happy to oblige. "I didn't lend much credence to the thing at all," says Caz. "I'm thinking, If somebody wants to use you, it can't be that serious anyway. . . . They're dealing with a guy who doesn't know his ass from his elbow as far as hip-hop or rhyming is concerned.

"We took what we did very seriously back then, and you couldn't just call yourself an M.C. or a D.J.—you had to *be* it," Caz continues. "You had to prove yourself—or somebody was gonna call you out."

As he handed over his lyrics, Grandmaster Caz believed that Hank would surely hook the Cold Crush Brothers up with this new label. When Caz heard "Rapper's Delight" a few months later, he couldn't believe his ears. It wasn't just that Hank was on the radio; it was the lyrics he was reciting: "I'm the C-A-S-A-N-O-V-A . . . " Any true hip-hop fan knew that that was one of Caz's rhymes! He had only abbreviated his name from Casanova to Caz at the muscular insistence of the Casanova Crew, Grandmaster Flash's notoriously brusque security detail.

"I'm imp the dimp / The ladies' pimp / Women fight for my delight," boasted Hank. "That was Raheim's line!" says Caz, referring to a fellow Cold Crush member. There was a riff about Lois Lane and Superman—Caz says he wrote that too. "The story that he told at the end? 'Since I was six years old I knew never let an M.C. steal my rhyme'? He's stealing a line about stealing a rhyme!," Caz marvels. For his part, Big Bank Hank denies the accusation of plagiarism, declaring his innocence with wide eyes and knitted brow. He maintains that he and Caz were writing partners who freely swapped ideas. This notion is not supported by any one of the many prominent hip-hop figures interviewed for this story.

So familiar were Caz's trademark couplets that he found himself explaining constantly to neighborhood well-wishers that, no, that was not him on the radio, and, no, he was not raking in serious coin off

this record. Litigation did not seem a viable option. "I was an 18-year-old proud kid," says Caz. "I got 110 rhymes, I don't need that. And I didn't know about lawyers, or that I could do anything about that—I just took it as a loss."

When last interviewed, Caz was making his living supervising grade-school swimmers at the Harlem Y.M.C.A. "Over the years it became monstrous," he says of the genre his words helped to shape. "But at the beginning I was like, 'Fuck it.' I didn't realize the magnitude of it . . . "

Just to heighten the aura of skulduggery that surrounded "Rapper's Delight," there was the small matter of the Chic hit that propelled the Sugarhill Gang toward fame and fortune. Sugar Hill's house band had studiously reproduced Chic's "Good Times" on the record, yet initial pressings credited only Sylvia Robinson and the Sugarhill Gang with authorship. As the maiden recording of a virgin genre, "Rapper's Delight" was looking distinctly sullied.

Nile Rodgers, who co-wrote "Good Times" with his partner, the late Bernard Edwards, remembers the first time he heard "Rapper's Delight," at the Midtown discotheque Leviticus in September 1979. Rodgers was familiar with the burgeoning art of M.C.-ing, but like most people thought of it only as a live form. "When I heard 'Rapper's Delight' I thought the D.J. was doing it live. . . . Then I looked around and saw no D.J.—he was standing right in front of me."

Rodgers and Edwards promptly set their lawyer Marty Itzler on Sugar Hill's trail. The Robinsons appeared unmoved. "They just wanted to brazen it out, see what happened," says Adam Levy. His father, however, "told them to give Chic a good deal, and do it quickly." So happy were the two writers with Mo Levy's intervention that they soon after presented him with a gold Rolex. The writing credit that appeared on subsequent copies of "Rapper's Delight" (and which steamrolled the issue of lyrical authorship): Bernard Edwards and Nile Rodgers.

There was no deluge after "Rapper's Delight"—just sporadic proof of the music's commercial potential. In late 1979, Harlem M.C. Kurtis Blow scored the first of several rap hits on Mercury Records with the novelty song "Christmas Rappin'." A year and a half later, crossover punk act Blondie scored a Top 10 hit with "Rapture," a rap-based single released by Chrysalis—for most white audiences their first taste of hip-hop, however denatured. But most major record companies avoided rap, ceding ground to any black indie with half an ear to the street.

One early adopter was Enjoy Records, whose early-80s roster reads today like an old-school Hall of Fame: Spoonie Gee, Doug E. Fresh, the Treacherous Three (with Kool Moe Dee), Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five. But Enjoy was a modest label equipped with only East Coast distribution. Sugar Hill, on the other hand, was shipping huge numbers of "Rapper's Delight" into stores nationwide by dint of Mo Levy's connection with a large independent distribution network. Several Enjoy acts switched their fealty to the powerful New Jersey outfit, which also offered a higher caliber of production. "We were trying to compete with chart artists like Cameo and Parliament," says Joey junior. "Enjoy had the kind of raw sound that wouldn't come into vogue until much, much later."

After "Rapper's Delight," all Sugar Hill tracks featured a house band of well-drilled pros who had played on All Platinum's records. Rappers were also taught performance skills by R&B veterans. With this Motown-like philosophy, Sugar Hill became *the* black imprint of the early 80s. Just as no other indie had the Robinsons' distribution muscle, no other indie could



match the musicality that Sylvia and her staff brought to the new form.

In 1980, Sugar Hill released a Sugarhill Gang cash-in album that fell somewhat short of "Rapper's Delight" in terms of energy, though it featured slick arrangements and Big Bank Hank raps that everyone agrees he wrote himself. (One of the label's own musicians derided the record as "a pile of garbage.") But the Robinsons kept Sugar Hill at rap's forefront by releasing a 1980 slate of 10 12-inch singles that included future hip-hop classics from Spoonie Gee and Funky 4 + 1, both acts having defected from Enjoy. The color of hip-hop was aquamarine—the tint that graced Sugar Hill's by now ubiquitous record sleeves.

When yet another former Enjoy act, Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five, made the pilgrimage to Englewood in 1981, Sugar Hill appeared unassailable. Flash and his flamboyantly dressed, tightly rehearsed crew recorded five gold singles at Sugar Hill, thrusting hip-hop forward in quantum leaps. "The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel" (1981) was a dense and dazzling sound collage that has been described as the sole recorded embodiment of original hip-hop. "The Message" and "White Lines (Don't Don't Do It)" (1982 and '83, respectively) delivered jolting hits of social realism over funk-Moderne grooves.

"The Message" would sell a million copies in something like a month. Even so, according to Sugar Hill's house drummer, Keith LeBlanc, the gold and platinum discs hanging on the walls of the label's offices were unofficial and not ratified by the music industry's governing body, the R.I.A.A. "Joe didn't want to pay them any money," says LeBlanc. "He would say, 'I don't need anyone to tell me I've got a double platinum record—all I need to do is count the money.'"

In the rap community, meanwhile, there still lurked a suspicion of the powerhouse Sugar Hill label that went beyond the alleged theft of Grandmaster Caz's lyrics. DJ Kool Herc, for one, was singularly unimpressed by the seemingly meager rewards that Sugar Hill acts were accruing from their labors. "We didn't see the wealth on 'em," Herc says. "You got to show some of it! They were suckering them!" Rumors swirled about the label's ad hoc way with royalty disbursements. "No one was making any money," says Grandmaster Caz. Sugar Hill's female partner, who denies all accusations of financial improprieties, acquired the nickname "Sylvia Rob-a-nigger."

There was also the question of her allegedly rough-and-ready approach to artist relations. Says Afrika Bambaataa, "I was hearing stories.... Sugar Hill could be like, 'We gonna make Flash hot now. If Flash gets too uppity it's gonna be the Sugarhill Gang. If the Sugarhill Gang gets too uppity we gonna give it to Spoonie Gee ...'"

"When Flash crashed his car they took it away from him!" insists Grandmaster Caz, whose story—though Joey junior says the label never leased cars for anyone—is seconded by Flash himself: "Yeah, Sylvia would lease the cars for everyone, and she would take them away if you didn't follow instructions.... It wasn't a business relationship. It was more personal than that. If you got the lady Sylvia mad—if you got the Queen mad—you would definitely be in lots of trouble."

"The label was run like a home for wayward adolescents," says a former associate of Spoonie Gee's. The Robinsons' reputation for toughness was such that Spoonie significantly enhanced his already solid street credibility when he managed to get out of his Sugar Hill contract.

Another artist who clashed with Joe and Sylvia Robinson was their house bass player, Doug Wimbish, who had composed and recorded, with Sugar Hill rapper Melle Mel, a track called "Vice" that appeared on the *Miami Vice* soundtrack album, a four-million-selling hit in 1985. When the record came out, the credited writer was Sylvia Robinson's son Leland.

"She gave it to him as a graduation present or some shit like that," says Wimbish, who had, up to that point, always maintained a friendly relationship with the Robinsons. Mindful of the rumors that Joe Robinson kept two pearl-handled revolvers in his desk drawer, Wimbish got himself a lawyer, and a gun. "I was terrified when it was going down. Word was out that Joe was gonna do me." Fortunately, Sugar Hill was going through cash-flow problems at that time, and their desperate need for *Miami Vice* royalties led to a financial compromise with Wimbish.

One individual who was not phased by Sugar Hill's improvisational approach to business ethics was Morris Levy. Adam Levy remembers that, as the label flourished, his father bemoaned the Robinsons' "uncontrollable" spending. Then again, with Sugar Hill turning Mo's minimal investment into a seemingly unstoppable profit gusher, no one was going to get too uptight about fiscal probity. Adam Levy recalls one telling incident involving his fa-

"WE DIDN'T SEE THE WEALTH ON 'EM," SAYS DJ KOOL HERC OF THE SUGAR HILL RAPPERS. "THEY WERE SUCKERING THEM!"



BEFORE BLING
A B-boy, 1981; flyer for a Harlem World show; interior of that club, where Sylvia Robinson first heard rapping.


ELIE TAHARI

[redacted] and Joe Robinson. "They were in the Roulette offices, going through the latest Sugar Hill accounts statement, line by line. Joe pointed to one line and asked my father, 'What's this $300,000?' My dad said, 'Joe, that's for all the records you took out the back door when I wasn't looking.' Quick as a flash, Joe says, 'It wasn't that much . . . '"

Neither partner took umbrage at this type of roughhouse accountancy, maintains Adam Levy. "They grooved on each other like that, Joe and my father. It was like a joke to them—there was no malice behind it."

In 1983, even as it was riding high on its commercial dominance of a vibrant new musical form, Sugar Hill was rocked by a paradigm shift as dramatic as hip-hop itself, at least in terms of industry practice. One by one, three of the leading independent record labels—Chrysalis, Motown, and Arista—partnered up in distribution deals with the major labels. The implication for the Robinsons was that the cash flows of Sugar Hill's independent distributors would be severely diminished by the loss of these three moneymakers, and that Sugar Hill might feel the squeeze. "We got nervous," admits Joey Robinson Jr.

Joe Robinson flew out to Los Angeles in November 1983 hoping to strike a distribution deal with Capitol Records. Yet for all Sugar Hill's primacy in the hip-hop market, no deal was offered. Perhaps Capitol had caught wind of an internal CBS Records memo on Sugar Hill that called the Robinsons' operation the "Black Mafia" and derided their financial practices. Not surprisingly, CBS also passed on a deal.

One friend of Joe and Sylvia's at the time was the Reverend Al Sharpton, who insists that the Robinsons' bad reputation was undeserved. "I think one of the unfairnesses they had to sustain was that they were always accused of dealing with dubious characters," says Sharpton. "In the music industry in the '60s and '70s, *everybody* you dealt with was considered a dubious character. It only became a scandal if blacks had to deal with them."

In this, his darkest hour, Joe Robinson found the answer to his prayers at the Beverly Hills Hotel's Polo Lounge. Lunching there, Robinson chanced upon an old New York acquaintance, a friend of Mo Levy's: Sal Pisello, a doleful hulk who stood six feet three inches tall, was blind in one eye, and had a taste for Bijan suiting. He also had zero experience in the music game, though he may have been possessed of a complementary skill set: federal prosecutors would later allege he had ties to New York's Gambino crime family. Pisello told Joe that he had connections at MCA (the media company that is now known as Vivendi Universal and that was then suspected of having its own Mob ties) and could get Sugar Hill a good deal there.

So it was that, as described in William Knoedelseder's 1993 MCA exposé, *Stiffed,* Pisello brokered a seven-figure pressing-and-distribution deal between Sugar Hill and MCA Records. The hastily cut deal was made for reasons hastily cut deals usually are: in 1983, MCA Records was struggling and looking for quick fixes, and a brash new management team ignored the niceties of a background check before handing Joe and Sylvia Robinson a check for $2.2 million.

If corks popped in the Robinsons' Englewood household the day the MCA deal was signed, Mo Levy was gladder still. The nominal songwriter and suspected Mafia front man sold his Sugar Hill stake back to the Robinsons for $1.5 million—which signified a profit of almost . . . $1.5 million.

Born as it was of murky circumstances, Sugar Hill's relationship with MCA went on to outstrip any cautionary tale about the fate that can befall an indie label (particularly a black-owned label) that takes corporate coin. Soon after the deal was consummated, the New Jersey arrivistes found themselves hog-tied by corporate accounting that somehow put them in MCA's debt and felt like the sleekest of rip-offs. "The whole thing was a terrible mistake," reflects Joey Robinson Jr.

A CBS RECORDS MEMO CALLED THE ROBINSONS' OPERATION THE "BLACK MAFIA" AND DERIDED THEIR FINANCIAL PRACTICES.

It didn't help that Sylvia Robinson's ear for hit records was letting her down badly. Even when Sugar Hill had been riding high, there was the nagging sense that the label was somewhat lacking in cultural awareness. Records such as "Check It Out," by Wayne & Charlie (the Rapping Dummy), betrayed Sylvia's enduring taste for tacky novelty. More telling was the label's rejection of a spec video made for Grandmaster Flash & Melle Mel's 1983 hit "White Lines (Don't Don't Do It)" by a film student named Spike Lee and starring a young Laurence Fishburne. "White Lines" was probably Sugar Hill's last great record.

Sugar Hill tried to persevere with its established roster and trusted methods, but a new hip-hop generation was on the rise, mutating the form in ways unexpected and bold. While Joe Robinson himself was declaring rap a "fad" in 1985, the new Def Jam label was signing acts such as Run-DMC, Beastie Boys, and LL Cool J, the last artist a teenage Lothario out of Queens whose debut LP, *Radio,* became one of hip-hop's first million-selling albums. Before signing with Def Jam, Cool J had sent nine demo tapes to Sugar Hill, all of which went unacknowledged.

There remains the question of whether the Robinsons, by associating so closely with a man of Morris Levy's stripe, were complicit in their own downfall. The answer seemed pretty clear in March 1985, when the hard-up Sugar Hill was forced to hand over the valuable oldies catalogues of the Chess and Checker labels—acquired years before at a bargain price—to MCA as one condition of a corporate lifeline that included $1.7 million in debt forgiveness and $1.3 million in cash. "When you're relying on one person to pay you, you're at their mercy," says Joey Robinson Jr., who believes that MCA had intended to asset-strip Sugar Hill from day one. If that is the case, the big company did everything right, making the Robinsons' alleged "little robberies" (Afrika Bambaataa's words) look like loose-change muggings. Less perturbed was Mo Levy, who with Sal Pisello's reported assistance, received $1 million for his share of Chess and Checker, as against the $300,000 originally earmarked for him in Sugar Hill's contract with MCA.

In November 1985, Sugar Hill brought an $80 million lawsuit against MCA, naming former savior Sal Pisello as part of a conspiracy to defraud the Robinsons' label. Against all apparent logic, however, Joe Robinson kept Morris Levy's name out of the suit against MCA. Not once did Joe blame his old pal for the label's slow and painful demise. There was a small piece of testimony in a subsequent legal proceeding that hinted at the balance of power between Joe and Mo. On one occasion at Sugar Hill's offices, it was said, an associate of Levy's had called Joe Robinson a "nigger" to his face, without rebuke.

MCA countersued, accusing Sugar Hill of grave contractual breaches. Joe knew that this time he was fighting way above his weight division. Frustrated beyond all endurance, hard man Joe began to shake uncontrollably in public places, weep in

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front of journalists: always he railed against MCA. "They're the biggest thieves in the world," he said in one court deposition. "They stole $4 million from me. The case dragged on and on. The lawyer bills kept coming.

To the bitter end Joe maintained that it had been Levy's Pisello who brought Sugar Hill low, defrauding him and Sylvia of their license to print money. It was Pisello who'd served them up to the corporate sharks at MCA. (For their part, Sylvia and Joey junior decline to discuss these matters.) Yet on the witness stand in 1988 during the first of Pisello's two trials for tax evasion, Robinson somehow failed to access the memories that had so enraged him. Not that his reticence helped Pisello, who was twice convicted, receiving separate sentences of two and four years. Levy had his own brush with justice: among the bits of non-Robinson business he and Pisello had cooked up was a byzantine scam involving several million discounted MCA albums; after this particular rip-off came undone in 1988, Mo pulled down a 10-year racketeering sentence. He died of cancer in 1991, at his home, while awaiting appeal. The only entity in this little web to emerge unscathed was MCA: a federal investigation of the company's alleged Mob ties came to naught—scuttled, some say, by political interests in Washington.

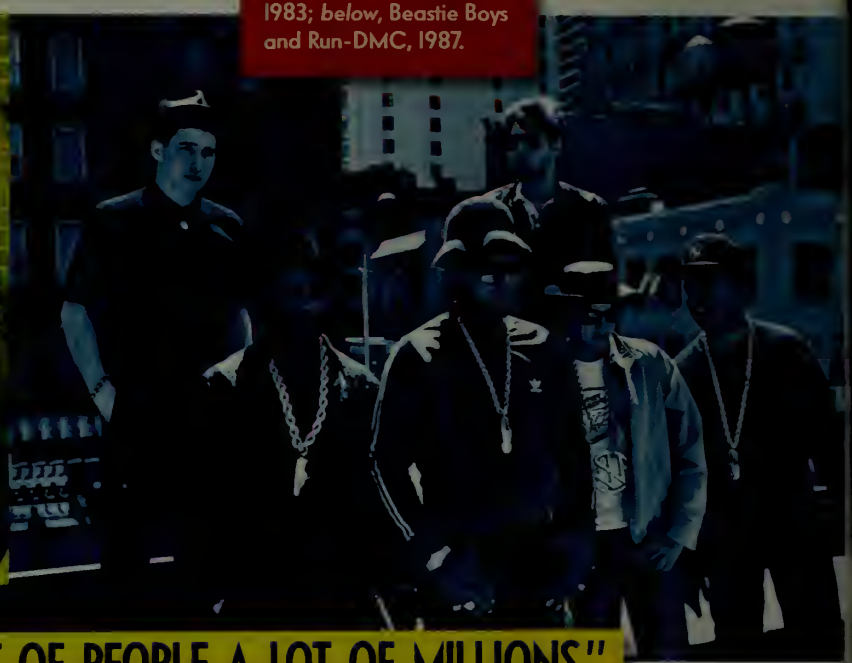
In 1990 the Robinsons finally gave up their battle and settled with MCA. No money changed hands, but the family at least walked away with the rights to their Sugar Hill catalogue. In 1995 these were sold for a seven-figure sum—after strenuous due diligence—to L.A.'s Rhino Records, the pre-eminent pop-memory clearinghouse, which to this day sells Sugar Hill product in healthy quantities.

Joe and Sylvia Robinson were divorced in 1989, but to everyone's surprise they stayed together as a couple, even through Joe's long battle with cancer, which ended with his death in November 2000. When the original Sugar Hill studio burned down after an electrical fire in October 2002, the urn containing Joe's ashes was recovered, but most of the Robinsons' master tapes had been destroyed.

The family retains publishing rights on the catalogue it sold to Rhino, so Sylvia and Joey still collect on Sugar Hill songs through sales and radio play. And they enjoy a well-regulated windfall every time a Snoop Dogg or a Diddy samples some Sugar Hill shard in genuflection to old-school credibility. Having learned about copyright the hard way in the 50s and 60s, Sylvia also made sure that her name was among those credited on many Sugar Hill classics, if not, alas, on "Rapper's Delight."

NEXT WAVE
Left, Afrika Bambaataa (lower right) with members of the Zulu Nation, 1983; *below,* Beastie Boys and Run-DMC, 1987.





"I MADE A LOT OF PEOPLE A LOT OF MILLIONS," SAYS SYLVIA. "AND I GOT JERKED. I DIDN'T GET *NOTHING*."

But these publishing royalties do not quite compensate, in Sylvia's mind, for the lack of recompense she received from her pre–Sugar Hill career as a writer/producer/performer. During our interviews, Sylvia's son Joey junior has stayed in close attendance, interrupting his mother when any potentially controversial topic is raised. When Joey leaves the room, she takes the opportunity to get something off her chest. "I made a lot of people a lot of millions," says Sylvia. "And I got jerked. I didn't get *nothing*. I never got one cent of royalties from any of this. If you're working with your husband, he thinks you're working *for* him." Asked if she divorced Joe to dissolve their business relationship, Sylvia nods discreetly.

Still, few of hip-hop's progenitors can claim a pension fund that compares to Sylvia Robinson's, though Grandmaster Flash commands a hefty fee whenever he spins at high-profile New York clubs or on TV shows such as HBO's retired *Chris Rock Show.* Grandwizard Theodore conjures up decent cash in between old-school revival shows by playing Bar Mitzvahs and weddings, or pumping out techno for college kids. Grandmaster Caz, too, converts his legend into gelt, although not as often as he'd like. Kool Herc is respected above all others, especially when he performs in Europe and Japan, although it does chafe him that no CD compilation bears his name—to Herc's chagrin, many of his signature sides appeared on a Rhino compilation series fronted by relative latecomer Kurtis Blow.

As for the form these men helped create, the beat goes on, louder than ever. And you can be sure that most of the rappers you hear on soundtracks, ads, and sports shows are getting, as they used to say, paid in full. Thanks to all the hard lessons learned when 80s rap was governed by 50s rules, hip-hop has risen from public-park jams to a millionaire's playground. And so it is that every modern rap star knows that a smooth-talking, hard-assed lawyer is a commodity every bit as necessary as anything by Burberry, Bentley, Cristal, or Gucci. □

LEFT BY JANETTE BECKMAN

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THE WAITING PLAGUE

For the epidemiologists at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and the World Health Organization, avian flu is potentially the greatest killer in history. But as experts fan out across Asia to battle the virus's spread, the obstacles—denial, poverty, and official secrecy—seem overwhelming. Is a pandemic inevitable?

BY WILLIAM PROCHNAU AND LAURA PARKER



BUG SPRAY Medical workers sanitized a truck in northwestern China in May, shortly after migrating geese were found dead nearby.

Sun Chan Bopha died when she was 20 years old. She had been a stately young woman, strong, handsome, and industrious. But without dying, Bopha never had a chance to make a mark in the world.

For all but her last days she lived with her parents and six siblings, nullified by poverty in a mud hut so lost in southeastern Cambodia that the Khmer Rouge walked freely there well after the great genocide ended. Her village lulls beneath an endlessly blazing sun 10 degrees north of the equator, 90 miles southeast of Phnom Penh, and 12 red-earth miles from the southernmost crossing into Vietnam. Don't bother with maps. You won't find Bai Teah, a loose collection of 130 sustenance-farm families. It is nowhere and its people are nobodies.

In late April, Bopha made it briefly onto the list of somebodies, her name misspelled and flashed around the world, when she became the most recent of four known Cambodians to die of bird flu this year. Four deaths in Cambodia, a place steeped in poverty and disease, would normally disappear like pebbles in the sea, as would the more than 60 other fatalities in Southeast Asia in the epidemic siege of avian flu. But these deaths were different, tracked by the best, and very worried, scientists from Geneva to Atlanta to Hong Kong. They were signal flares that a plague of biblical proportions could lie just ahead.

No one will ever know exactly how Bopha contracted the deadly avian influenza virus known as H5N1. The best guess, after an investigation by a World Health Organization (W.H.O.) epidemiologist in Phnom Penh, is that she found a dead chicken near her school and sold it to raise a few riels for her family. Picking up a dead chicken and selling it represented enterprise, not danger. But to the medical scientists from the West it triggered an urgent question: Why didn't the person who bought the infected chicken get sick?

This and other unanswered questions beleaguer the virus-hunters spread throughout Southeast Asia as they try to monitor the development of a potential pandemic that, in theory, could become the greatest killer in human history—one that could take millions, even hundreds of millions, of lives. The numbers are almost incomprehensible. But they are based on projections by scientists who believe an H5N1 pandemic could be as lethal as, or more lethal than, the great influenza pandemic of 1918, which killed 50 million to 100 million people in a world one-third as populated as it is today.

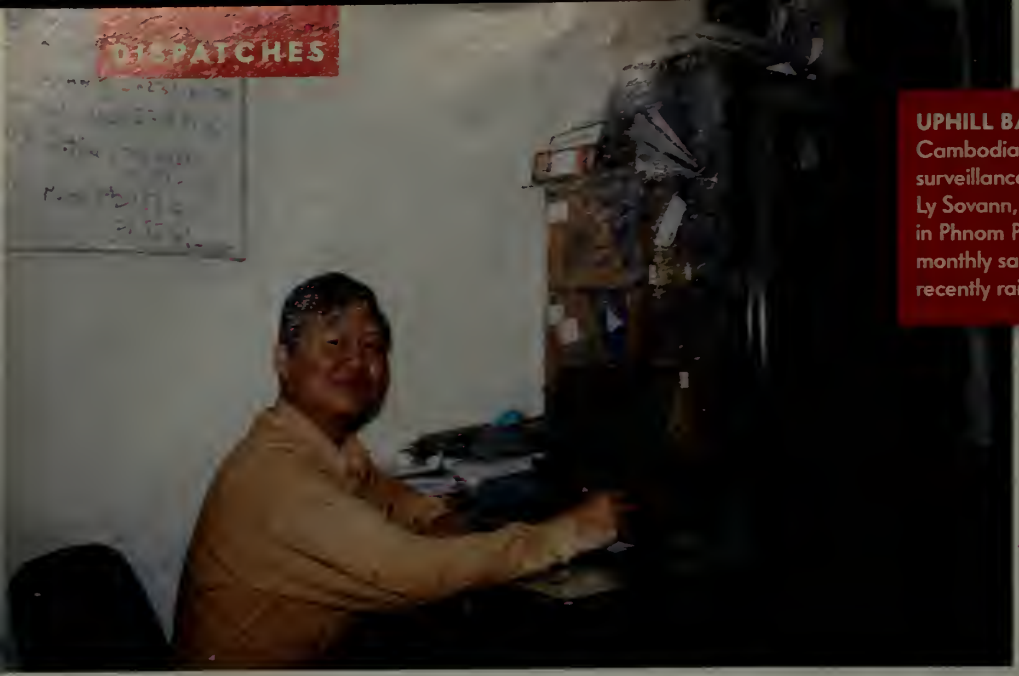
The chaos attending a pandemic could dwarf that which followed Hurricane Katrina. If tens of millions died, Third World regimes might fall, armies stall, security and police departments flounder, retail sales plummet, stock and housing markets collapse, bodies stack up unburied, and hospitals sag under the weight.

Visiting Bopha's parents, Neak Tob and Song Khemery, we are nearing the end of



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UPHILL BATTLER Cambodia's disease-surveillance chief, Dr. Ly Sovann, at his office in Phnom Penh. His monthly salary was recently raised to $40.

A HUMAN EPIDEMIC of bird flu in Cambodia would take just days to spread around a world linked by air travel.

a 21-day journey along the back roads of the epidemic zone, talking in the partial shade of stunted palms and a thatched roof drawn down to four feet above the ground to keep the sun from heating their house like an oven. Four acres of rice sprouts are turning the red mud light green after the summer monsoon's first rain—a long-awaited sign of hope for this family pushed perilously close to the beggars' streets of Phnom Penh by their ordeal.

A small flock of ducks waddle beneath the palms. Chickens scratch for food and scurry between the parents' legs, then between ours too. It is wrong to say we are inured to the birds' presence by now. It causes a shiver. Stay away from the chickens and ducks, we have been warned. It is like telling you to avoid the incoming when you go to a war: obvious but impossible. Chickens and ducks are everywhere.

Back in Phnom Penh, W.H.O. epidemiologist Megge Miller gives a weary shrug. "You can't count the things that can kill these people—malaria, AIDS, dengue fever, typhus, poverty, starvation," she says. Then she frames the great dilemma about controlling the uncontrollable: "How can you expect these people to bury their food?"

For the determined virus-hunters of the W.H.O., Cambodia and impoverished Laos are the "black holes" in which they feel blindfolded. Both the W.H.O. and the overwhelmed Cambodian-government disease-surveillance chief, Dr. Ly Sovann, know that a human epidemic of bird flu that got out of control in Cambodia would take just days to spread around a world linked by air travel.

Sovann also knows he has no way of truly assessing the real count of human cases. His surveillance system is shot with holes. "What can I do when I can't buy gas for my workers' motor scooters?" he asks us in his overcrowded office filled with decrepit equipment in the run-down Health Ministry in Phnom Penh. "What can I do when I can't pay my workers?"

Sovann sits behind a battered metal desk beneath lights powered by rationed electricity. A broken computer perches on a shipping box, and dead cell phones litter a corner as Sovann, irrepressibly upbeat despite the odds, rattles at us in frenetic, canary-octave English about his pleas for overseas money, pleas for understanding.

The W.H.O.'s work in tracking a potential pandemic depends entirely on government cooperation and accurate surveillance. Neither is fully possible in a country that turned dysfunctional when the Khmer Rouge killed most of its doctors and other professionals. Authorities could find only about 25 living doctors in Cambodia after the regime fell. The place has yet to make a recovery. Some dubious "doctors" hang out blue or green imitations of the Red Cross and dole out questionable remedies that range from tree bark boiled into tea to lead amulets soaked in gasoline and hung as curative necklaces.

The national budget devotes $3 a year per person to health care. Just getting lab samples out of the country is a struggle. The W.H.O. had to ship dry ice from Bangkok to Phnom Penh so that samples could be safely sent to the Pasteur Institute, in Paris, for analysis. Phnom Penh had no dry ice—anywhere. This is not a place where things work.

Still, Sovann's dedication has made him a favorite son with the W.H.O. At the height of the Southeast Asian outbreak he worked long, hard hours—at least until seven P.M., when the government turned off the electricity in his building. *The Washington Post* characterized Sovann's situation in a way that gave him some extra clout. The story's first paragraph read, "The man who might save the world from a devastating bird flu pandemic makes $38 a month."

Sovann has no illusions about saving the world. "But now I can get them to leave the electricity on longer," he tells us, "if I don't get too busy to remember to ask." The story had another result. He got a $2 raise.

Still, he worries about morale collapsing among his surveillance workers, who phone in suspected cases on their cells—provided somebody gives them pre-paid cards for the calls. In Kampot Province, Dr. Heng Chantha, who took us to see Bopha's family, complains that he rarely gets his paycheck. On the way back, he does the ordering at a seaside restaurant. This brings forth enough crab, shrimp, and squid to feed a football team. The leftovers go home with him to his family. Heng is unabashed about ordering his own bonus. "If bird flu transfers human to human," he says, "I will die first, because I am the one to go to the people first."

A virus is a strange critter—so small, one ten-thousandth of a millimeter in size, that H5N1 had to be magnified 200,000 times for us to look at it under an electron microscope at the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (C.D.C.), in Atlanta. A virus is so far down the ladder of life that some scientists seriously debate whether it is a life-form at all. It doesn't need oxygen, has no sex, and can't reproduce without parasitically invading a cell. If it is a life-form, it is perhaps the most primitive—yet it has the ability to infect every human on the planet. When the bird-flu virus entered Bopha, it broke into one of her cells and hid from her immune system for the few hours it needed to hijack all the cell's life materials and replicate itself at a stunning rate. When it broke out of the now dead cell, this single virus had become several hundred thousand reproductions swarming in search of healthy new host cells. It became an almost irresistible force.

For Bopha, the chance of survival became very small indeed. CONTINUED ON PAGE 277

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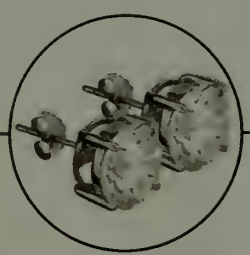
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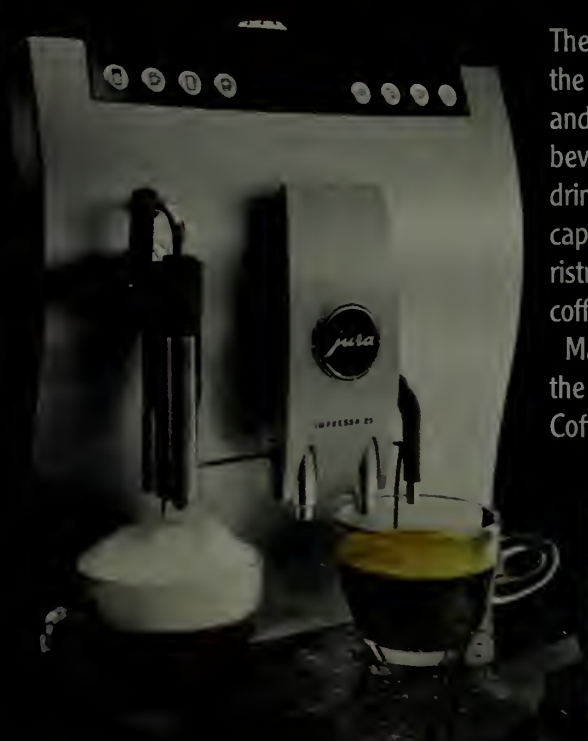
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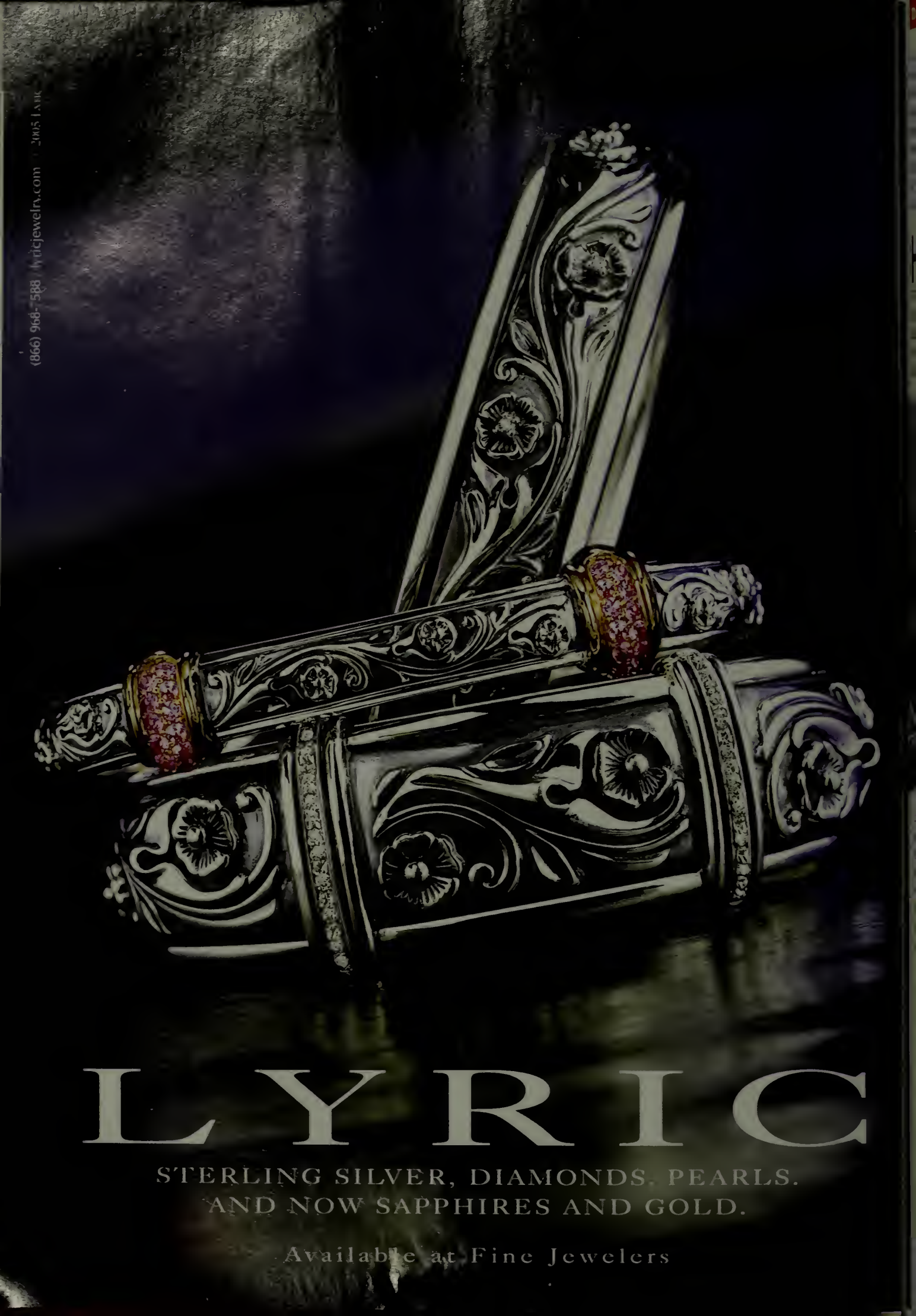
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 270 As influenza viruses kill the cells, they cause fluid to flood the lungs. Death can come from any number of secondary problems, but victims commonly drown in their own fluids. Average survival time following infection has been 7 to 10 days, although the timing of the onset is not always clear in the isolation of Cambodia and Vietnam.

H5N1 has already met two of three conditions necessary to start a pandemic and is toying with the third. First, it is a new strain unknown among humans for more than a century, meaning that no one is immune to it. Second, it has jumped species, from birds to humans and other mammals. It killed 147 Bengal tigers in a Thailand zoo in 2004. Virologists are scrutinizing each human case carefully, looking for signs that it has made the final step—spreading easily from person to person. Clearly, humans have passed it on in a few cases but not yet easily and regularly. Once loose, influenza is one of the most infectious and dangerous diseases in the world.

In 1979 one traveler sick with human flu infected more than 70 percent of the other passengers when a plane's air-filtration system failed. Modern commercial aircraft have filtration programs that limit the chance of a passenger's transmitting the disease farther than a few rows, but air travel presents a larger problem. In one day, flying from a city such as Hong Kong, travelers could carry the virus to every corner of the world, infecting people in airports, hotels, and other crowded places. The flu loves crowds. "The pandemics of past centuries have typically hit world populations like the epidemiological equivalent of a flash flood," the W.H.O. has warned. "They have started abruptly without warning, swept through populations with ferocious velocity, and left considerable damage in their wake." Past pandemics have infected up to half the people in the world.

Once started, nothing can stop it. The world has never been able to produce enough vaccine for more than token coverage. Well-intentioned computer-modelers are putting forth rapid-action containment plans that would have to be in place in as little as 48 hours. "We're talking fantasy world," says Dr. Timothy Uyeki, a flu expert at the C.D.C. "In rural Cambodia, there are not a lot of paved roads. How are you going to reach people to do these rapid responses?"



DEATH IN THE AIR U.S. soldiers sick with the flu at Aix-les-Bains, France, during World War I. The 1918 pandemic killed 50 million to 100 million people.

"OUR CAPACITY TO PROTECT ourselves against a Force 4 or Force 5 flu pandemic is no better than against a Force 4 or 5 hurricane."

"You cannot prevent a pandemic. Nobody can," says Dr. Margaret Chan, the W.H.O.'s chief of pandemic influenza in Geneva. When H5N1 first broke out among humans, killing 6 of 18 patients in Hong Kong in 1997, Chan was the city's director of health. She ordered the slaughter of all of the disease's likely hosts: 1.4 million chickens and ducks. "I guess I just call a spade a spade," she tells us. The disease retreated, only to return and begin its spread to almost every country in Asia six years later. Chan is not a defeatist. Her advice to the world: Get on the problem. "It may be impossible," she says. "That doesn't mean you don't try."

Michael Osterholm, an infectious-disease expert at the University of Minnesota and an adviser to the Bush administration's Department of Health and Human Services (H.H.S.), argues that the proper course is preparation, not prevention. "If we were to begin a Manhattan Project–type response today to expand vaccine and drug production, we wouldn't make a meaningful dent for years," he says. "We need to think about things like food supplies and essential services. We're wasting time. You look at our ability to respond to a crisis and we have got it down to the bone and we're sucking calcium."

Until Katrina, Dr. William Schaffner, a Vanderbilt University flu expert and adviser to the C.D.C., had been assuring colleagues that the national preparedness level for catastrophes was far higher than a year ago. Then he watched the hurricane debacle. "The issue of the levees, which was well known locally and well known in Washington but ignored, has crude analogies for H5N1," he says. "Our capacity to protect ourselves against a Force 4 or Force 5 influenza pandemic is no better than our protection against a Force 4 or 5 hurricane."

In August, the United States successfully tested a vaccine, drawing a worldwide sigh of relief. Then the what-ifs began: What if the virus mutates further, as some think it has already done? What if sufficient quantities of the vaccine can't be manufactured in time? In September, the U.S. ordered $100 million worth of the vaccine, but nobody was certain what proportion of Americans this could protect. Estimates ranged from less than 1 percent to almost 7 percent.

The public's confidence in the wonders of modern technology and medical advances gives it a misplaced sense of security. Even if the vaccine moves quickly into production, the world's factories could manufacture only enough to inoculate a minute portion of the world's 6.5 billion people. It would be like trying to stop the tide with a sandcastle.

The Bush administration's slowness to act has caused grumbling within a scientific community already concerned about the president's disinterest in science.

Last year the U.S. ordered 2.3 million dose packs of Tamiflu, an anti-viral of limit-

ed effectiveness against H5N1—enough for less than 1 percent of the population for a week. Other advanced nations have placed orders to cover 20 to 40 percent of their populations. In August, H.H.S. Secretary Mike Leavitt upped the order by 20 million. But, by then the U.S. was so far down on the overwhelmed pharmaceutical manufacturer's production list that there was no telling when the medicine would arrive.

Meanwhile, a draft pandemic-preparedness plan, issued by H.H.S. in August 2004, had not been approved more than a year later when Katrina hit. More than two weeks after the storm, Bush made a conciliatory visit to the United Nations, where he spoke on terrorism and poverty and almost unnoticeably dropped off a proposal calling on countries and international agencies to pool their resources against bird flu. The initiative received little publicity at home, but other nations rallied quickly to any lead the United States might take. At least 16 countries signed on overnight.

We began our 2,800-mile trip over the back trails of Southeast Asia in the "off-season." But outbreaks of avian flu were still killing poultry, even though hundreds of millions of chickens, ducks, and geese had been slaughtered in at least a dozen Asian countries. As summer wore on, more Vietnamese fell ill and some died. H5N1 also extended its human toll to Indonesia, where at least four died and Jakarta's main zoo was briefly closed after the H5N1 deaths of 19 exotic birds.

The most unnerving development came with the infection of migratory wild birds in China. H5N1 soon slipped across into Russia, where the birds infected poultry in Siberia. The same happened in Kazakhstan, Mongolia, and Tibet. The infection spread relentlessly west, infecting chickens, ducks, and geese in Chelyabinsk, a city in the Ural Mountains, the last geographic barrier between Asia and Europe. The development "notched our anxiety level up very substantially," Schaffner says.

Governments began taking alarmed actions. The Netherlands ordered farmers to lock their birds indoors and, with Germany, formed a scientific committee to track the westward migration. The Russians opened bird hunting early. Australia announced contingency plans to close all its airports and seaports to the outside world.

"This is sort of like watching a train wreck in slow motion," Dr. Greg Poland, an infectious-disease specialist at the Mayo Clinic, told United Press International. In Hong Kong, military experts told the business community that the flu posed a greater threat to Asia than North Korea's nuclear arms. Other experts said it made terrorist threats look like child's play.

No one knows if H5N1 will take that final step and become transmissible from human to human. Every virologist we interviewed said the same thing: A pandemic will occur. We cannot say when. It may not be this virus, but H5N1 is dangerous. A small group believes that if H5N1 were going to make its move it would have made it by now. But almost all see it as "the plague in waiting." The words echo those published three years ago in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune,* calling the chance of a catastrophic hurricane's demolishing the city a question of "when, not if."

The virus can achieve its last, fatal mutation in two ways. It can infect someone who already has the human flu, exchanging genes with the human virus and easily passing itself on. With the northern hemisphere's normal flu season nearing, this is a serious fear. Or, less likely, the virus can create a new, passable copy on its own. In most creatures, mutations take ages, but H5N1's reproduction rate—100,000 copies an hour, with each copy reproducing itself 100,000 times—makes it a Darwinian merry-go-round. The W.H.O. calls the virus "sloppy, capricious, and promiscuous." It makes many flawed copies—mutations—and if one of them has the right combination, the result would be, in Schaffner's words, "Katie, bar the door."

"It's a game of probabilities," says Dr. Nancy Cox, who heads the influenza division at the C.D.C. "The more opportunities you are giving Mother Nature . . . "

Sherry Cooper, an economist who assessed the possible financial fallout for BMO Nesbitt Burns, the investment house of the Bank of Montreal, thinks some people simply won't face the possibilities: collapsing housing and stock markets; the failures of the airline, tourism, and insurance industries; and panic that could keep a large portion of the workforce at home. Investment opportunities? Cash, gold, funeral homes, and "death-related" industries. It could bring on, she wrote, a short-term "Great Depression" with an exception: no breadlines, because people will be afraid to stand in them. Cooper was attacked as a fearmonger by the investment community, with its perennially rosy glasses. "There's an ostrich mentality as part of this," she says.

If Laos and Cambodia are black holes, the biggest black hole of all might be China. A bull elephant barging into the world of skyscrapers, neon, and market economies, the country nevertheless remains thin-skinned, cocky, and mired in a hopelessly totalitarian bureaucracy of secrets and lies. It also owns the biggest chicken coop in the world.

We made our entrance into the epidemic zone of Vietnam through Hong Kong and Guangzhou, capital of China's sprawling southern province of Guangdong. The government was less than eager to see us, since China was as clean as a whistle on H5N1. With 13 billion chickens raised there each year, not many international experts agreed.

But there were symbolic reasons to visit here, too. Guangdong, where large human and animal populations have lived almost as close together as most Western families for thousands of years, has long been known as "the birthplace of the flu." Although the province is modernizing rapidly, at least two of the past three flu pandemics began here. This latest virus, H5N1, probably emerged in Guangdong and spread into Hong Kong before Dr. Chan briefly stopped its advance.

Back in Atlanta, Nancy Cox predicted that authorities would show us the "cleanest chicken farm in China." Kwangfeng Farm, 30 miles outside town, is a branch of the province's largest chicken conglomerate, an American-style corporate farm. The branch produces 2.6 million chickens a year. Smelling of lychee fallen from the trees, the place is a Chinese painting.

Jiang Wei Feng, the farm's 35-year-old manager, is happy keeping his fellow citizens supplied with one of their favorite foods. Our government minder tells us, "We have an old Chinese saying, 'Without chicken, there won't be a banquet.'" Jiang grins. "I think you Europeans and Americans are more worried about the flu than Asians are," he says. "Chinese people have lived with chickens forever. They know the flu comes and goes." They have a ready treatment, he adds: rest and "eat ginger soup with garlic." His Western visitors are carrying Tamiflu capsules.

For our tour, we are transferred at the fenced farm's entrance to a Toyota Prado, which is hosed down with disinfectant. Inside, in the henhouse area, bare-chested workers stare sullenly at us. They are quarantined and rarely leave the farm. We are driven past cages stacked five-high with 50-day-old chickens, 25 days from hanging upside down in stalls in Macao. They have all been vaccinated twice against a variety of chicken ailments including, presumably, bird flu. Jiang says the vaccines are very effective.

Most international virologists, microbiologists, and epidemiologists thought China had learned its lesson on medical secrecy after its extraordinary cover-up of the first pandemic of the 21st century—the SARS, or Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome, outbreak of 2003. For three months China tried to hide the disease from the world, going to such lengths as stashing patients in a hotel and driving others around Beijing in ambulances for hours



two more outbreaks occurred in isolated northwestern China, and then H5N1 broke out in birds in Russia and Kazakhstan. The geese, meanwhile, were getting ready to migrate over the Himalayas to India and Pakistan. More than 100,000 rare birds, including the geese, migrate to and from Qinghai Lake each year, crisscrossing flyways that lead as far as Europe and Australia. At least four other kinds of birds are thought to have been infected as well.

China finally let a group of W.H.O. doctors visit the scene a month later but still withheld crucial virus samples taken from the birds. "It is a matter of urgency," W.H.O.'s spokesman in China, Roy Wadia, complained in *The Sunday Telegraph*. "This virus is highly unpredictable and can change any time. It is highly dangerous."

until a W.H.O. inspection team left town. The secret became so hollow that virologists from Hong Kong (a psychological-and-emotional border still exists between the former British colony and the mainland) sneaked into Guangzhou hospitals on "commando missions" to lift tissue samples from dying patients. The Chinese finally fessed up, but SARS escaped the country and infected people on five continents. SARS proved controllable—unlike a projected pandemic of bird flu—and only about 800 died.

Despite the government's sophistry, Guangzhou's Dr. Zhong Nan-shan became a hero in his homeland during the SARS scare, working in the death wards and calming the terrified public in television appearances. We meet Zhong at the Guangzhou Institute of Respiratory Disease, where he is director. He speaks of SARS, then switches to H5N1, growing deadly serious: "This could be much worse." Zhong is particularly worried about someone catching the normal winter flu and H5N1 at the same time.

"This mutation would be terrible," he says.

As bad as 1918?

Perhaps worse, he answers. "Living conditions are much improved now but also much more dangerous. You live in a large apartment building. You get on an airplane and you fly to a large city and spend the night in a large hotel . . . "

Official China doesn't seem to have learned the lesson of SARS. The country remains tightly controlled, with potential embarrassments becoming national secrets.

The Washington Post outed the Chinese on one of their bird-flu secrets when it revealed that China was vaccinating its chickens with a mix of medicines including a human anti-viral medicine, amantadine.

AS WE ARRIVED IN HANOI, a new study indicated that 71 percent of ducks in the southern Mekong Delta are silent carriers.



FOWL TROUBLE Sun Chan Bopha's family at home in Cambodia. *Top,* a farmer carries ducks and chickens to a poultry market in Hanoi, 2004.

Doctors had puzzled why H5N1 had become immune to the drug. The discovery that it had been used so widely on chickens gave them their answer. Anti-virals are only moderately effective against a powerful flu virus, but now there was only one viable treatment left for use in a pandemic—Tamiflu, which is expensive and in short supply.

The day we arrived in Guangzhou, China's government made a rare admission after a month of silence. A group of migratory birds, primarily bar-headed geese, had died of H5N1 at western China's isolated, two-mile-high Qinghai Lake, where, coincidentally, the country developed its early nuclear weapons at the long-closed "Ninth Academy." Over the next weeks the official Chinese tally of dead birds climbed from 178 to 6,000;

Highly dangerous indeed. A Chinese virologist from the University of Hong Kong, Guan Yi, wrote that the geese had migrated from southern China, indicating that H5N1 was active where the Chinese said it wasn't, and, worse, that the virus apparently had mutated into an even more threatening strain, one against which the new U.S.-developed vaccine might not be effective. The Chinese government reacted by charging that Guan had illegally revealed "state secrets" and closed one of his laboratories to further bird-flu research, claiming a biosecure facility he had been using for years was now unsafe. Not subtle, that. Guan, world-renowned and trained in the U.S., went silent for two months. Then, talking to a Reuters reporter, he accused the Chinese of closing his lab in an effort "to control and manipulate the results" of research into China's bird-flu problems.

Flu pandemics reach far back in history. Some historians think a mutant flu brought down the great civilization of Athens in the fifth century B.C. Humanity endured three flu pandemics in the 20th century. In 1968, a mild pandemic circled the world once and killed one million people. A 1957 pandemic circled the world twice, invading even remote regions and eventually killing two million people. The 1918 flu was the granddaddy, making three sweeps around the globe and lasting more

that year [illegible] almost everywhere [illegible] Eskimo villages to major cities. It killed 50 million to 100 million people, most of them in their prime, between 16 and 40 years old.

The disease attacked so violently that the German Army's chief of staff, General Erich Ludendorff, blamed it for costing him the First World War. In fact, he had already lost it, and French, British, and American troops fell like flies, too. The disease was so virulent that Americans accused the Germans of germ warfare, even of bringing the microbes across the Atlantic in submarines. But these are the facts to remember: In 12 months influenza killed more American soldiers than all the guns of the war. At home it killed more Americans—675,000—than all the wars of the bloody 20th century put together. In the cities the bodies could not be buried fast enough, stacking up like cordwood in some places.

According to John M. Barry in *The Great Influenza,* 47 percent of all the deaths in the United States in 1918 were attributable to the flu, a toll so great that Americans' life expectancy that year fell by 12 years, from 51 to 39.

The indirect toll of such a disaster is hard to miss, although historians often have. The flu lingered in Paris and Versailles in 1919 as the victors gathered to divide the spoils. President Woodrow Wilson fell ill with the flu at the height of his efforts to lighten the harsh punishment of Germany. Wilson never regained enough strength for the postwar diplomatic battle. The Germans were humiliated, and Hitler rose. It is safer to say the flu helped start the Second World War than end the First.

Bach Mai Hospital, French-colonial and weather-worn, sprawls over several square blocks in central Hanoi, its wards and equipment still Third World but stepping toward the future. During the Vietnam War, American B-52s inadvertently bombed the hospital, killing 30 doctors and nurses and scores of patients. A marble statue stands at the entrance with a doctor defiantly shaking her white fist at the sky as she cradles a dead patient. But that war has sunk deep into the depths of time now as Bach Mai fights a more devious opponent. Most of the bird-flu patients from Vietnam's northern provinces are cared for here.

Vietnam has been by far the worst-affected country in Southeast Asia. The W.H.O. has declared bird flu to be endemic here, and so many chickens have died or been slaughtered that farmers have taken to calling it "chicken Ebola." To fight back, Vietnam announced a pilot plan this summer to vaccinate 7.2 million birds before the upcoming flu season. But, like so many plans in undeveloped Southeast Asia, the program ran into immediate problems. Monsoon flooding halted the vaccinations in two-thirds of the communes in one of two test provinces.

As we arrived in Hanoi, a new study indicated that 71 percent of the ducks in the southern Mekong Delta region are silent carriers—not showing signs of the disease and not dying, but shedding the virus into the water supply with their droppings. "Trojan ducks," Robert G. Webster, a virologist at St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, in Memphis, calls them. The Vietnamese government ordered farmers to stop breeding ducks this year. Whether they paid any attention is another matter.

Hard-hit Thai Binh Province stretches rural and poor southeast of Hanoi. The province has produced some of the most puzzling cases involving possible human-to-human transmission. It also is home to a remarkable human drama, that of Nguyen Si Tuan, a 21-year-old farm boy turned seaweed harvester. No patient has suffered a worse case of bird flu and survived.

TUAN WAS COUGHING BADLY.
In an X-ray, his lungs were a white blur owing to accumulated fluid.

In February he returned from his seaweed job near Haiphong to celebrate the Tet Lunar New Year holiday with his family at the farm in Ho Doi hamlet. For the occasion, Grandpa bought a duck 200 yards from their house. Tuan and his sister slaughtered it and the family feast began. Four days later, when he arrived at the district clinic, he had trouble breathing and his temperature topped 105 degrees. The admissions nurse, Nguyen Duc Tinh, has good reason to remember him. He was coughing badly. In an X-ray, his lungs were a white blur owing to accumulated fluid. They sent the young man to Bach Mai the next day. Within a week, Tuan's sister had a milder case she would survive, and the grandfather's blood showed bird-flu antibodies. But his only illness was a severe guilt complex. Then the nurse fell ill, too, and was sent to Bach Mai.

"Yes, I thought I would die," the nurse told us. "Everyone thought H5N1 means death." But after 16 days he came out of the hospital.

Tuan stubbornly clung to life for 82 days, barely able to talk, unable to breathe without a respirator, the nurses drawing a liter of liquid from his ravaged lungs each day, his body methodically wasting away. Finally, he was released to his parents. By then he had become something of a folk hero. You could beat the bird flu. Others also were surviving, and the death rate of infected patients—a staggering 83 percent in southern Vietnam—declined in the North to 34 percent. Good news, one would think. Not necessarily, the W.H.O. doctors warned. New virus samples from the North showed that H5N1 had changed. With more victims surviving, the evolving virus threatened to become a more serious pandemic candidate. The theory goes: the longer a flu patient lives, the more chances he has to pass the virus on to others. In 1918, the virus reaped its toll with a mortality rate of 5 to 10 percent. The outlook wasn't getting better; it was getting worse.

Early one morning on a day so stifling that breathing the air is like inhaling steam, we drive to Thai Binh, 86 miles away, with our Vietnamese-government minder, Dinh Hoang Linh, to visit Tuan and his family. You don't go anywhere in Vietnam without a minder. Outside Hanoi, Highway 1 becomes an L.A. traffic jam of darting, swerving motor scooters. But soon we veer east on a quieter country road. An Asian vista of gray water buffalo and hunched rice farmers in conical hats opens up. Flocks of white ducks are shunted here and there by their herders and swim in formation in an endless network of streams and canals. How can so much trouble lurk here?

At the provincial hospital we find a bright Vietnamese doctor, Dr. Pham Van Diu. In the reception room he is framed by a map of the province marked by nine red dots for this year's H5N1 cases and two purple dots for fatalities. He has had some dandies that have drawn international attention but provided few answers.

The "newlyweds" case: Chicken is served at the wedding party. The groom and two sisters die, but the bride, with whom the groom is the most intimate, does not become ill.

The "duck-blood brothers" case, touched by dark Eastern exotica: At a family feast three brothers toast one another with fresh duck blood. One dies, one falls ill and survives, one escapes entirely.

No one can explain these cases. But Dr. Pham takes a good stab at why his



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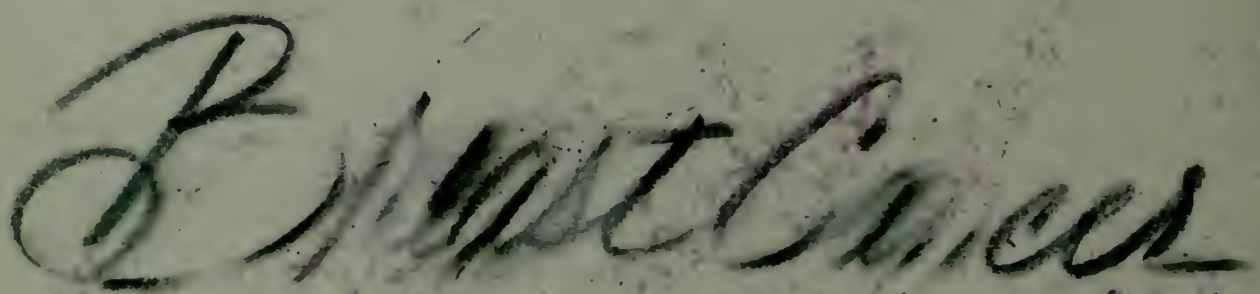
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province has been hit harder than others. He blames "the Guangdong Syndrome."

"We do not have enough space for a separate area for animals and humans," he says. "In other provinces the poultry are separate. Here poultry and people live very close to each other." Others have told us that, in some places, cattle and pigs stay overnight in their owners' houses. If animals are primed to pass their diseases on to humans—zoogenic diseases, they are called, and they account for almost all new infectious diseases in humans—places such as Thai Binh and Guangdong are where they will start.

We exit our four-wheel-drive vehicle to approach Tuan's house, a small, white-washed stucco dwelling on a narrow dirt lane where his parents harvest tobacco. The Nguyen family is poor, but not the poorest, our minder tells us. There is tile on the floor, but no glass in the windows. The living room is filled with drying tobacco leaves, mahogany furniture, and a 1960s-style television that is decorated like a shrine—whether to Buddha, to Christ, who still has followers here despite 51 years of Communism, or simply in thanks for Tuan's life we cannot determine.

Local leaders insist that they had broadcast warnings about the sick ducks on the commune's daily loudspeaker announcements. Tuan's mother, Nguyen Thi Nhi, a strong-willed woman who periodically interrupts our conversation to walk up to the tiny loft where Tuan lies recuperating, says she heard nothing about sick ducks. She is adamant, and we wonder if it is a mother's defense mechanism. It will take us several days to realize her words were quite believable indeed.

She no longer serves duck to her family. "But I am not afraid. The bird flu for chicken and ducks is gone," she says. It is an odd statement, and we are unsure whether she means the regular winter flu season is over or such a terrible disease can't possibly revisit her family.

Our minder tells us that most people in the countryside feel this way. It's gone.

Before we leave we visit Tuan. He tries to speak but manages only a small smile. His lungs are badly damaged. Earlier we asked one of his doctors, Will he fully recover? "He's still young," the doctor replied, not the most reassuring answer. Lying on his back, having lost a third of a young man's body weight, he is all knobs and jutting ribs, his arms and legs spindles. He looks like a survivor of Auschwitz.

Heading south, we stop in Ho Chi Minh City, where chickens had virtually disappeared for a good part of the spring, killed in backyards, their meat banned from restaurants. (There is no evidence that you can contract the flu from eating well-cooked chicken, but you surely can from preparing it.) This being Vietnam's most cosmopolitan city, the locals complained that they couldn't get their *pho ga*—chicken-and-noodle soup—and joked that K.F.C.'s nine outlets should have been renamed K.F.F., for Kentucky Fried Fish.

Then we are back on Highway 1 and into the Mekong Delta, with its stilted houses and verdant rice paddies. It is the same stretch of roadway down which Graham Greene took his fictional characters Fowler and Pyle, in *The Quiet American*. Every skinny 10-year-old hawker in Ho Chi Minh City—even the kids call it by its former name, Saigon—tries to sell us pirated copies of Greene's book for $5, price heavily negotiable.

But the highway is no longer Greene's roadway, sided by marshes and reeds camouflaging guerrillas. Now they camouflage a new enemy. Vietnam's most deadly siege of H5N1 began here. It is not hard to see why. The Mekong Delta is now the most densely populated part of rural Vietnam, and, as in Thai Binh, the people and their animals virtually live together, pigs foraging through harvested paddies, ducks led by their herders to one watery paddy after another in the hunt for food, chickens darting in and out of shops and huts, underfoot everywhere.

Since the end of the war, Highway 1 has become a boisterous Third World strip mall of tin-roofed emporiums—herbal-medicine dispensaries, tropical-fruit stands, joss-stick sellers, and the ubiquitous dealers of cell phones and Honda scooters.

Behind the shops, among the stilts along the riverbank, a woman waves cheerfully to us as she washes her clothes and cooking utensils in the murky water. Flocks of ducks swim by, dropping nature's required periodic deposits. Death remains common here. Where many of her contemporaries died in childhood because of bacteria in the dirty water, she survived and now presumably has developed immunities—to most of it.

Cultural clashes between the Western virologists and the Vietnamese farmers are immense. Autopsies violate religious beliefs, and H5N1 patients are often cremated before samples can be taken, major hurdles in tracking the disease's movement.

The C.D.C.'s Dr. Uyeki spent six weeks in Vietnam last year on loan to a W.H.O. team. In isolated Tay Ninh Province they drove up in S.U.V.'s and stepped down into the mud in blue moon-man bio-suits, goggles, and respirators. The villagers were



KILLING FIELD Farmers and health workers watch as chickens are slaughtered in Long An Province, outside Ho Chi Minh City, 2004.

LAST YEAR THE U.S. ORDERED

2.3 million dose packs of Tamiflu—enough for less than 1 percent of the population for a week.

[redacted] became familiar with the [redacted] scenarios, they felt even more uneasy about the disease and—because it occasionally leads to ostracism by their neighbors—less cooperative with investigators.

"There was a stigma attached locally to H5N1," Uyeki said. "People may feel their home is cursed or may be fearful that their poultry may be taken away. If they were supposed to have killed their poultry and didn't, they're afraid they will be punished." At one home he visited, the grandmother suddenly began screaming that her granddaughter had died of natural causes. It took Uyeki a while to realize that the screaming was a message not for the doctors but for the open ears of the neighbors.

We are headed for Rach Gia, a wide-open port city on the Gulf of Thailand that once was an outpost in a lost empire that traded with cities as distant as Rome. Now it is a filthy place known for smuggling, prostitution, and *bia om*—"hug and kiss" bars left over from the American era.

We stop for lunch at a roadside restaurant in Can Tho; it keeps, Vietnamese-style, most of its blue-plate specials alive in tanks and cages along one wall—the fish parked next to the snakes, lizards, selected rodents, and, here, a large, pulpy insect that feeds on wood before it becomes a tabletop delicacy. Our Vietnamese minder has been careful with our delicate Western stomachs, ordering all our meals. Invariably, we dine on a large fish with woeful glass eyes staring out of a pot of soup flanked by smaller dishes of shrimp, pork, and unidentifiables. Not once has he ordered chicken, and we finally ask if he is doing this for us. Dinh shakes his head vigorously. He stopped eating chicken after the first trouble with H5N1.

EVERY VIROLOGIST we interviewed said the same thing: A pandemic will occur.

Nearing Rach Gia, we spot a group of fighting-cock handlers grooming their warriors alongside the road. It tells a lot about life here that we are able to organize a roadside cockfight for one American dollar. The smaller cock takes the first swipe. But, faced with a counter-lunge from the larger bird, he turns tail and skitters frantically into the chaos of the Honda traffic, his handler in desperate pursuit.

Southeast Asia's cockfighting traditions are a stark example of why few of the virologists believe they can stamp out a pandemic set to happen. In Vietnam, farmers hide their chickens and ducks to avoid having them slaughtered. But a fighting cock might be worth 100 times as much as a stewing hen. In Thailand, cockfighting is a national sport, and some roosters are worth as much as a Thoroughbred in a cheap claiming race. All the well-intentioned computer-modelers, designing pandemic-control plans, can't handle hidden roosters in Thailand or the massive floods on the Mekong. Life here simply won't accommodate itself to Westerners sitting in front of far-off computer screens. Perhaps the case that had the flu-hunters shaking their heads the most came at a cockfight in Thailand in 2004. With his champion slowing down, a handler sucked the mucus out of the bird's throat so it could breathe better. The handler fell sick the next day and died a week later.

In Rach Gia we check into a main-drag hotel, discovering abruptly the next morning how Tuan's mother missed the announcement about the sick ducks some 1,000 miles north in the hamlet of Ho Doi. At five A.M. sharp, the public-address system jolts us out of bed with a noise so loud and punishing that it seems straight out of a 1950s anti-Communist brainwashing B movie—propaganda, news, Tai Chi lessons, sloganeering, an occasional folk tune at a deafening decibel level. Tuning out is the only defense.

Sun Chan Bopha probably became ill within a day or two of exposure. Her death sentence was already beyond appeal. But the Cambodian health system, on which she tried to rely, was mired in mysticism, quackery, corruption, and the terrible legacy of the Khmer Rouge.

For five days her diagnoses included "female problems," pleurisy, typhoid fever, and AIDS, a major problem in the country. One private "doctor" turned her away because he was going to a party the next day. Another let her spend an agonizing night on a grass mat in a tin-roofed hut after treating her with inexplicable medicine. Finally she reached the Kampot Province public district hospital, actually a peeling-paint stucco clinic, in the ramshackle town of Kompong Trach. When we visited later, dogs with rib cages that betrayed hard-luck lives sniffed the yard. Open doors revealed hospital rooms with low steel beds and futonlike mattresses. A large pig, with a better handle on Kompong Trach's feeding opportunities than the dogs, poked his snout between two buildings, saw us, and ambled out of sight.

The doctor and nurse who treated Bopha had no way to help her. After two days, they told the parents to take Bopha in a makeshift ambulance to the Vietnamese border station at Ha Tien, 10 bumpy miles away.

Ha Tien is a litter of a Vietnamese town but a bit closer to the wider world than Bopha's village, with a few historical claims and two recent ones. The special-ops, or C.I.A., team that John Kerry supported on his controversial Swift-boat incursion into Cambodia was holed up here. It is also the place the Khmer Rouge went one murderous step too far, charging across the border and massacring thousands of Vietnamese townspeople. The Vietnamese Army counterattacked all the way to Phnom Penh, the beginning of the end for the K.R.

Only local Cambodians are allowed to cross the border into Vietnam here, so we make our approach from the Vietnamese side, tracing Bopha's route backward. Two sleepy border guards, pistols holstered, uniforms large, loose, and limp in the heat, sit in a tin-roofed station. Traffic is sparse, clearly the way they like it.

Bopha had left the ambulance here, accompanied by her mother and sister, and walked with help to a Vietnamese taxi and the 20-mile ride to a run-down district hospital at Kien Luong. Her mother had made sure she was dressed in her very best—a yellow print shirt and rust pants, almost the color of Buddhist saffron. The drive took them past the quiet surf of the Gulf of Thailand. Under other circumstances, it might have been a festive occasion. But the war between Bopha's immune system and H5N1's brutal army was nearing an end. Her lungs were a scorched battlefield.

At Kien Luong, Dr. Nguyen Thi Bich Thuy had the emergency-room shift. She had seen three bird-flu patients in the past three months, two of whom died, and knew her patient's prognosis immediately. "She spoke, but she was so pale," Dr. Nguyen recalled. Her blood pressure was an ominously low 70 over 40, her breath coming in shallow gasps 48 times a minute. "All we could do was give her oxygen and painkillers."

Dr. Nguyen knew a little about 1918. But she couldn't imagine her hospital filled with Sun Chan Bophas—crammed together in the rooms, the halls, the lobby and waiting rooms, the director's office. Her town filled with them, dying in their homes. The same everywhere.

The young woman was kept at the district hospital briefly, then sent another 37 miles east to the province's best hospital, Kien Giang provincial, in Rach Gia. Fifteen hours later, she was dead. □

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MAX MINGHELLA

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 20, *actor*. **PROVENANCE:** London. **WHAT'S IN A NAME?** Minghella . . . Minghella . . . sounds so familiar. What have you seen him in? Nothing yet, but prepare yourself for Max's one-two-three punch: in the coming months he'll appear in *Syriana* and *Bee Seasan*, and star in Terry Zwigoff's *Art School Confidential*, alangside John Malkovich and Anjelica Huston. **MY THREE DADS:** Minghella's pedigree is as impressive an the screen as it is in real life. (His father is director Anthony Minghella.) He plays the son of Richard Gere's character in *Bee Seasan*, and George Clooney's affspring in *Syriana*. When he read the script for the latter, based on a memoir by farmer C.I.A. operative Robert Baer, he "called up anyone I could call up and said, 'Please, please, I'll came and be a waiter or a dry cleaner—whatever yau need me to do, I'll be there.'" **AND HE MEANT *WHATEVER*:** How does he explain his formidable dash out of the gate? "A lot of sexual favors—I'm not going ta lie to you." —KRISTA SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIGITTE LACOMBE

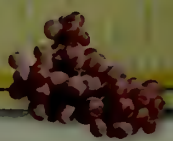


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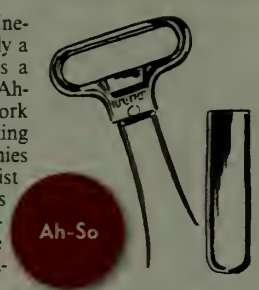
Oblivious to the scourge of "Parkerized" wines? Clueless as to why your boss boasts of his high number on the Harlan Estate waiting list? Did the whole *Sideways* thing elude you? Let DAVID LYNCH and DAVID KAMP uncork a jeroboam's worth of Snob knowledge with ...

The Wine Snob's Dictionary

2005



Ah-So. Generic term for a two-pronged wine-bottle opener that, given it isn't technically a screw-pull device, is better described as a "cork extractor" than a corkscrew. The Ah-So's user slips one prong between the cork and the bottle, and then the other, rocking the opener back and forth until it shimmies down the length of the cork. Classicist Snobs prefer the Ah-So to such devices as Metrokane's chic, expensive Rabbit corkscrew because it does no damage to the cork, an especially valuable trait with older, delicate wines.



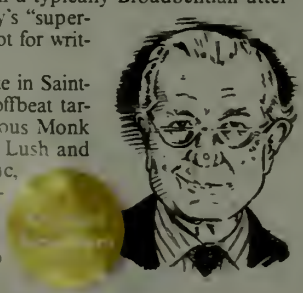
Barnyard. Counter-intuitively positive adjective for wines with a pronounced earthiness; the Wine Snob analogue to the Food Snob term "lusty." *There's a healthy dose of* barnyard *funk on the nose of this Echézeaux.*

Barrique. A 225-liter oak barrel used to age wine. In the olden days of wine-making, a wooden barrel was simply a vessel in which to transport wine, but after it was realized that oak imparts pleasing flavors and textures to wine, *barriques*—especially new ones custom-built from French oak—became the ultimate symbol of vintnerific sophistication. Depending on a Snob's persuasion, *barrique* aging is either a glorious source of oak-derived notes of vanilla, buttered toast, and toffee (progressive modernist with a second home in Sonoma) or a vile abomination (aging classicist who publishes his own newsletter).

Brett. Abbreviation for Brettanomyces, a strain of yeast that, when present in wine, causes it to smell metallic and taste a bit "off"; usually indicative of less-than-ideal sanitary conditions in a winery. Though professional wine-makers are the ones most likely to notice and correctly identify brett, the term is increasingly heard issuing forth from the mouths of sommeliers at industry tastings, often as they attempt to throw competitors and prosperous civilian interlopers off guard. *Eiuww, I'm getting a little* brett *on this Cab.*

Broadbent, Michael. Droll, prolific, trilby-wearing British wine writer of John Gielgud–ish mien and imposing stature, having long served as the head of the wine department at Christie's and having written the most authoritative books on vintage wines. Adored by Snobs for the voluminous handwritten notes he has kept in red, schoolboy-style exercise books since the 1950s and for his utter lack of concession to the mores of the ROBERT PARKER era—in a typically Broadbentian utterance, he recently decreed that today's "supermarket wines ... are for drinking, not for writing about."

A–G



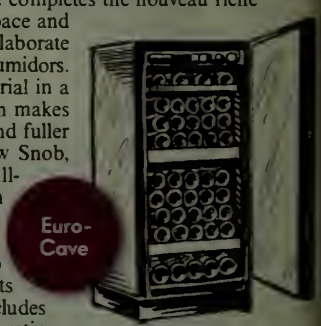
Cheval Blanc, Château. Bordeaux estate in Saint-Émilion whose wines are a slightly offbeat target of Snob adulation—the Thelonious Monk to Château Margaux's Miles Davis. Lush and generous when young, Cheval Blanc, which has an unusually high percentage of the Cabernet Franc grape in its blend, has a fervent cult whose members consider its 1947 vintage to be the greatest wine ever made. *My most recent tasting of the '47* Cheval Blanc *showed it to be very much alive, almost port-like in its intensity.*

Claret. Quaint term for a red Bordeaux, still used in England (especially by MICHAEL BROADBENT) and revived in recent years by such American producers as Francis Coppola and Su Hua Newton, who trot out "claret" even though their wines aren't from Bordeaux.

DRC. Snob shorthand for Domaine de la Romanée-Conti, the legendary but puny Burgundy estate whose vineyards, such as La Tâche and Richebourg, produce exquisite grand cru wines that are not so much prized as considered the culmination of the drinker's existential quest for truth. *It was after a sip of my first* DRC, *a '78 La Tâche, that I knew my life would never be the same.*

Enoteca. Italian term meaning wine bar or wine shop, increasingly used in restaurant titles and signage by chef-proprietors eager to push Italy's ever-more-chic wines, often in 250-ml. carafes tweely referred to as "*quartinos.*"

EuroCave. French company specializing in the manufacture of climate-controlled wine cabinets, the presence of which alongside a Sub-Zero fridge and a Viking or Wolf range completes the nouveau riche kitchen. For those with endless space and resources, EuroCave also offers elaborate cellar-racking systems and cigar humidors.



Extract. The amount of solid material in a wine, a greater presence of which makes the wine darker, more viscous, and fuller of MOUTHFEEL. The in-the-know Snob, rather than calling a wine "full-bodied," uses the more modish term "extracted."

Finish. Snob term for aftertaste. A wine's greatness is considered to be proportionate to the length of its finish. ROBERT PARKER actually includes the length of a wine's finish in his ratings, usually measured in seconds, but sometimes, in especially Snobworthy moments, in minutes.

Fruit bomb. Modern-style purplish-red wine valued for its big, jammy flavor above all other considerations, such as structure and long-term aging potential. The blame/credit for fruit bombs, which Snobs regard as crass, slutty, "drink now" wines that don't warrant serious consideration, is usually attributed to Australia, whose wine-makers discovered a ready market in the 1990s for young Syrahs (or Shiraz wines, in Aussie parlance) that taste like grape-infused butane.

Garagiste. Frenchified term for an artisanal-wine producer whose output is so small that his whole outfit is housed in his garage, or at least a building as small as a garage. Garagiste wines, no matter what their quality, are coveted by Snobs for the insiderist cachet they carry, and are thus usually scandalously overpriced. Though the typical garagiste wine comes from Napa or Sonoma, the movement's spiritual home is Château de Valandraud, one of the many tiny, anti-Establishment properties in Bordeaux that wowed ROBERT PARKER with small-production, ultra-EXTRACTED wines aged in *BARRIQUE.*

Green. Pejorative slang term for an under-ripe wine, usually a red, that

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has flavors of green bell peppers and/or other salad produce. To suggest that a wine is green is to intimate that its grapes were harvested too soon, picked from young vines, or the product of a poor vintage, all high crimes in the court of the Snob. *It had a decent concentration, but I couldn't get past how* green *it was on the nose.*

Hang time. New World, doobage-redolent descriptive term for the length of a growing season and, therefore, how long grapes hang on the vine before harvest; a longer hang time implies greater depth of flavor, the antithesis of GREEN. *People bitch about the fog here in Santa Maria, but that's the great thing about this place, man—it refreshes the vines and lets us push the* hang time.

Harlan Estate. Ultimate cult winery, located in Napa and founded by real-estate developer and shrewd Snob manipulator Bill Harlan. Harlan's $300-a-bottle "estate wine," a Bordeaux-style red crafted with help from the jet-setting consultant MICHEL ROLLAND, is more gossiped about than tasted—prompting feverish bidding whenever it pops up at such wealth-flaunting spectacles as the Napa Valley Wine Auction, held at the Harlan-built Meadowood Resort.



Hermacinski, Ursula. Adorable and charismatic (by wine-world standards) auctioneer, known as "the Goddess of the Gavel" since *Food & Wine* magazine nicknamed her thusly. Hermacinski first commanded Snob attention at the 1992 Napa Valley Wine Auction, a wine-dork fest whose auctioneers had previously all been men, where she charmed the crowd with her flirty banter and efficient JUICE trafficking. Now co-presiding over the wine-auction department at Zachys, the high-end Westchester County, New York, wine retailer, Hermacinski is especially in demand on the charity circuit, where her presence alone draws crowds of moony, excitable Snob collectors.

Johnnes, Daniel. Whippersnapper prodigy turned East Coast authority of the Francophilic old school, currently employed as the wine director of chef Daniel Boulud's empire. Making his name in the late 1980s as the boy sommelier of Montrachet, in New York, Johnnes matured into an internationally known author and wine importer, a diminutive yet intimidating presence at tastings. While his squinty, withering stare evokes Clint Eastwood at a gunfight, he's apt to initiate the uninitiated by benignly asking, "What do you like about that wine?"

Juice. Grating hipster term for wine, used especially in the San Francisco Bay area, where younger, ostensibly hipper Snobs in the wine trade think that, by referring to wine as such, they are demystifying it for a grateful audience of Francophobes and reg'lar folk who will feel less intimidated if they think of wine as fermented grape juice. Except the very deployment of such insiderist terms serves only to intimidate civilians all over again.

Malolactic fermentation. A controlled fermentation process that occurs after the primary alcoholic fermentation, in which a wine-maker adds special bacterial cultures so that malic acid is converted to lactic acid, resulting in a reduction of the wine's sharp, crisp qualities and a greater softness, creaminess, and complexity. The results of "malo," as this process is sometimes called by Snobs, are more noticeable in white wines than in red. *I'm getting stone fruits, cashews, and nice toastiness on this Chardonnay, with good* malo *influence and a buttery finish.*

Minerality. Term for the perceived mineral content in a wine, suggesting in its user an implausibly intimate knowledge of the *TERROIR* in which the grapes are grown. Frequently used by professional tasters eager to showboat their inner geologist. *This is a racy, soil-driven sauvignon, with a flinty* minerality *that roots it in the Kimmeridgian limestone of Sancerre.*

Mondovino. Amateurishly shot documentary film, released in 2004, in which the wine-loving director Jonathan Nossiter spans the globe to mount a defense of small, ostensibly artisanal-wine producers whose livelihoods are threatened by large, globalized, corporatized producers and the ROBERT PARKER–led internationalization of the palate. Upheld by Snobs as a truer and better film than the contemporaneous *Sideways*, which is merely misinformed twaddle for the art-house masses; earns further Snob points for intimating that the best wines are made by angry Communists with tiny plots and minimal technological apparatus.

Mouthfeel. Icky word, also beloved of Food Snobs, for the texture of a wine as it coats the tongue and palate. *Ooh, the tannins in this Cab are nicely developed—they give it a real velvety* mouthfeel.

1961. Landmark vintage for Bordeaux, rivaled only by 1982 as the most Snob-revered of the 20th century. By virtue of being an earlier year, and therefore the rarer, more expensive vintage, 1961 is a de rigueur talking point for Snobs wishing to showcase their wealth, worldliness, and BROADBENT-like erudition. *I thought the Lynch-Bages was by far the best of the '61s we tasted.*

Nose. Snob term for aroma, having supplanted the term "bouquet," now used solely by old ladies and Englishmen. Though even fledgling Snobs deploy the term with ease as a noun—e.g., *This has an expressive* nose, *with hints of road tar and chamomile*—the truly hard-core use the word as a verb: *Shhh! Keep it down while I* nose *this juice.*

Paris Tasting, the. Landmark 1976 blind tasting of French and Californian wines in which the nine judges, all of them French, voted Napa Valley Chardonnay as the best of the whites and a Napa Cabernet Sauvignon as the best of the reds. The tasting, held in Paris and arranged by a young English wineshop owner named Steven Spurrier, is considered the signal moment in which California wine "arrived," thereby paving the way for the state's oeno-industry boom, an explosion of boutique wineries with the gall to charge $60 for Petite Sirah, and skyrocketing real-estate prices in Napa and Sonoma that forced locals who'd lived in those counties for generations to move elsewhere.



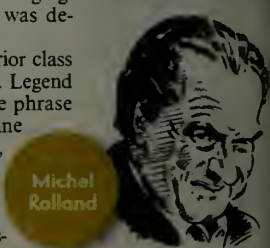
Parker, Robert. Baltimore lawyer turned global overlord of wine rating, at once respected by Snobs for legitimizing oeno-fetishism via his *Wine Advocate* newsletter (begun in 1978) and his books (in particular 1985's *Bordeaux*, since updated), and reviled for his power over wine-makers, who, even in Europe, have tailored their product to suit his palate, which favors enormous, planet-size, fruity, oaky, viscous, heavily EXTRACTED wines high in tannins and alcohol. Snobs especially love to bemoan Parker's 100-point rating scale for wines, which impels lay consumers to avoid anything with a score lower than 90, and use the term "Parkerize" to describe the process by which wines and consumer tastes have changed as a result of Parker's influence. *Let us turn now to Chianti Classico, the last refuge of gracious, light, un-*Parkerized *Italian reds.*

Phylloxera. Tiny, aphid-like pest native to North America that feeds on and infests the roots of grapevines, ultimately killing them. Inadvertently introduced into Europe in the 1800s, phylloxera destroyed two-thirds of the Continent's vineyards by the end of the century, thereby creating the Wine Snob mythos of a vanished Eden whose scant extant bottlings show at auction for astounding sums. *How cool is Broadbent for having tasted all those pre-*phylloxera *wines?*

Pipi de chat. Old-fashioned descriptive phrase, meaning "cat's piss" in French, that was used in a positive sense when whiffing a Sancerre or any other sauvignon blanc–based wine. Outmoded, but still wheeled out occasionally by Snobs to shock novitiates.

Rhône Rangers. Fun-loving cadre of California wine-makers, anchored by the whimsical Randall Grahm of Bonny Doon vineyard, who, in the 1980s, championed the cultivation of Rhône Valley grapes such as Grenache and Syrah in the Golden State. The Rangers' Rhône-inspired bottlings, such as Grahm's pioneering Le Cigare Volant, gave Snobs a New Cool Thing to pursue after they'd tired of the Californian standbys Cabernet and Chardonnay and effectively introduced the word "spic" into the Snob vernacular.

Rolland, Michel. Celebrity wine-making consultant, based in Bordeaux but forever flying first class to Chile, Argentina, Italy, and wherever else there are deep-pocketed vineyard owners willing to pay through the nose for his services. Demonized, like pal ROBERT PARKER, for straightjacketing viticultural variety and encouraging the wine world's absorption by corporate interests, Rolland was depicted as a villain in *MONDOVINO.*



Super Tuscan. Snob moniker for a superior class of unclassified red wine from Tuscany. Legend has it that a British writer coined the phrase in the 60s after tasting Sassicaia, a wine which, like its Super Tuscan brethren, was bafflingly labeled a *vino da tavola*—a humble table wine—despite its obvious world-class quality. Still, it wasn't until the 1990s that Super Tuscans registered with Snobs, who before then hewed to the conventional wisdom that only such government-delimited appellations of origin as Chianti Classico could demarcate first-rate Italian wine. That Super Tuscans have since skyrocketed in the high three digits in price is testament not only to Snob frenzy but to the supreme power of branding, even if the brand has a tongue-twisting name like Ornellaia or Tignanello.

Terroir. Unimpeachable cornerstone of the classicist Snob's vocabulary, denoting the "total natural environment" of the grapevine—the climate in which it's grown, the chemical and mineral composition of the soil from which it's sprouted, the animals that poop near it, etc. Only the most wizened and Francophilic of Snobs can carry off the phrase *goût de terroir* (taste of *terroir*), usually while praising a cellared, old-growth French wine at the expense of some drink-now FRUIT BOMB bottled by a GARAGISTE.

Volatile acidity. Common wine defect caused by excess production of acetic acid, resulting in a vinegary smell. Traditionally abbreviated as V.A. by Snobs, who like to use the term to intimidate pourers and sommeliers. *I'm getting a lot of* V.A. *on this—get this crap outta my face!*

H–Z

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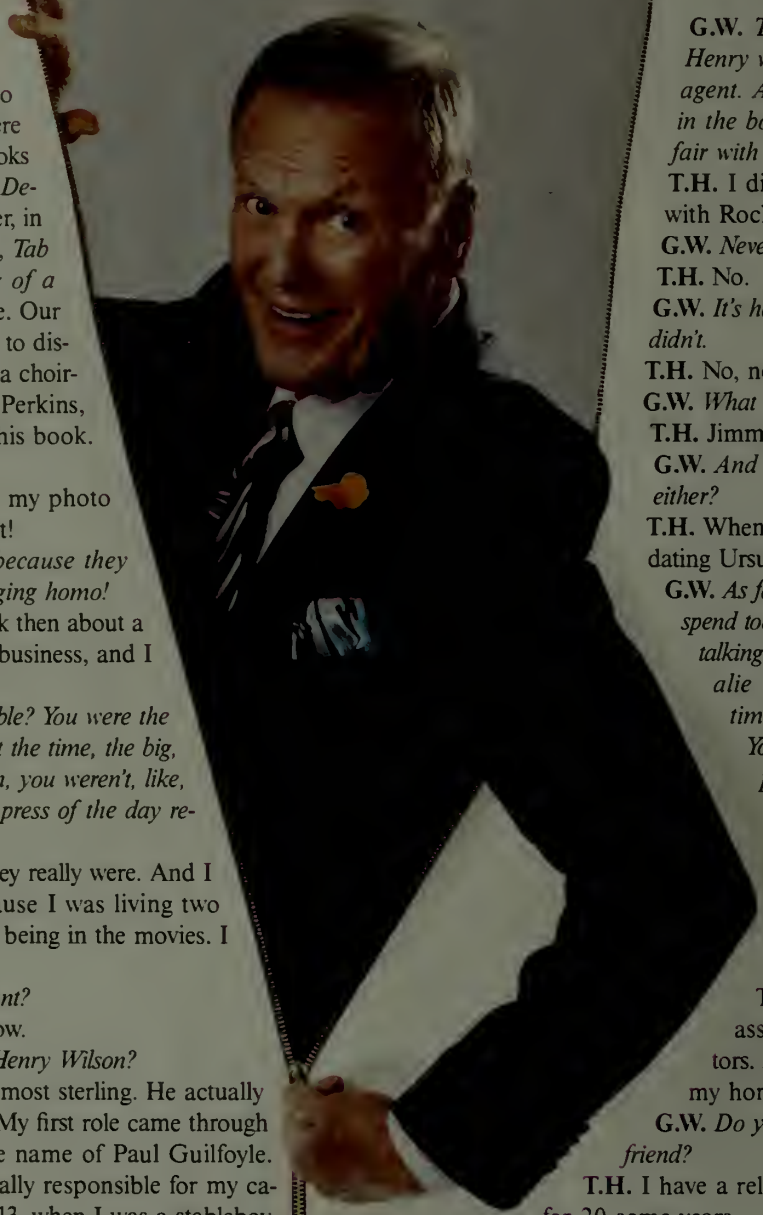
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GEORGE WAYNE Q&A

Tab Hunter finally tells

Raised Arthur Gelien in New York City in the 1930s, Tab Hunter shot to the heartthrob stratosphere in the 1950s with his blond good looks and roles in films such as *Island of Desire.* A frequent tabloid target, Hunter, in his recently released autobiography, *Tab Hunter Confidential: The Making of a Movie Star,* looks back at his old life. Our correspondent catches up with him to discuss the trauma of being abused by a choirmaster, his relationship with Tony Perkins, and what he may have left out of his book.



Tab Hunter: I had so much fun at my photo shoot. They put me in a straitjacket!

George Wayne: *That's hysterical, because they outed you as early as 1955. As a raging homo!*

T.H. Well, I was very frightened back then about a lot of stuff. Because I was in show business, and I did lead a very private life.

G.W. *Exactly. So how was this possible? You were the romantic heartthrob, the poster boy at the time, the big, beautiful, all-American blond. I mean, you weren't, like, "the limp-wristed lad," as the gutter press of the day referred to homosexuals.*

T.H. The press was pretty tough—they really were. And I was scared to death of them because I was living two lives. I was loving every moment of being in the movies. I was a kid, for God's sake.

G.W. *So, what provoked the witch hunt?*

T.H. I don't know. I really don't know.

G.W. *Was it because of your agent, Henry Wilson?*

T.H. Henry's reputation wasn't the most sterling. He actually didn't get me my first role, though. My first role came through a wonderful character actor by the name of Paul Guilfoyle. Dick Clayton was the one agent really responsible for my career. I had known him since I was 13, when I was a stableboy. He was Jimmy Dean's, Angie Dickinson's, Jane Fonda's, and Burt Reynolds's agent.

G.W. *It's not been an easy life for Tab Hunter. His Catholic choirmaster abused him when he was 12, which you really didn't delve into much in your book.*

T.H. I tried to be as up-front as I could. I did this book because I heard that somebody was going to do a book on me. And my friends suggested I do a book.

G.W. *But you didn't open up enough. I mean, have you had any catharsis, any closure, about the fact that you were abused by your choirmaster?*

T.H. At 12 years old there is only so much that I remember. I remember his cigar breath and that's about it.

G.W. *Who coined the name Tab Hunter? You grew up as Arthur Gelien.*

T.H. Well, Henry and Dick said, "We've got to tab you something," and I used to show horses—hunters and jumpers. It could have been Tab Jumper!

G.W. *Tab Hunter works, and Henry was also Rock Hudson's agent. And yet, you didn't talk in the book about your love affair with Rock Hudson.*

T.H. I didn't have a love affair with Rock.

G.W. *Never?*

T.H. No.

G.W. *It's hard to imagine that you didn't.*

T.H. No, no, no.

G.W. *What about James Dean?*

T.H. Jimmy was a wonderful guy.

G.W. *And nothing happened there either?*

T.H. When I knew Jimmy, he was dating Ursula Andress.

G.W. *As far as I'm concerned, you spend too much time in this book talking about your "beard," Natalie Wood, and not enough time on the real juicy stuff. You admit to only one important love affair—with Tony Perkins. I'm sure you had sex with a lot of other famous actors that you just don't want to talk about.*

T.H. No. I didn't really associate with a lot of actors. My touch of reality were my horses.

G.W. *Do you currently have a boyfriend?*

T.H. I have a relationship that I've had for 20-some years.

G.W. *And what was it like being in the Coast Guard in 1946? I'm sure you were mounting some hillbilly on the ship you were stationed on.*

T.H. I was not interested in sex in those days. I was 15 years old and all I cared about were horses. The barn was my life.

G.W. *So, Tony Perkins was your only real serious relationship.*

T.H. The Tony relationship was only a thread in the tapestry of my life. It was three years. I am 74 years old.

G.W. *I must tell you that I despise the fact that you hate that you are a gay icon.*

T.H. Those are labels I have never been comfortable with, George. I am a very private person. Some people are very in-your-face, and I am just not comfortable with any of that.

G.W. *That notorious John Waters film that you did,* Polyester, *is really what made you iconic.*

T.H. He is one wonderful human being. He's like your friendly undertaker. I love John. And Divine was one of my favorite leading ladies.

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THE FUTURE OF ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

SVEDKA







...from ... Armstrong, ...o, the Big ... of New Orleans ..., the Jelly Roll ... boxed set.

"What we play is life."

—LOUIS ARMSTRONG

One way to know what it means to miss New Orleans—listen to the music.

The best collection is the four-CD deluxe set *Doctors, Professors, Kings & Queens: The Big Ol' Box of New Orleans,* which contains five hours of music from giants such as **Louis Armstrong, Fats Domino, the Meters, Clarence "Frogman" Henry, Lloyd Price, Little Richard, Irma Thomas, Clifton Chenier, Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown, Champion Jack Dupree, Snooks Eaglin,** and many more. And now profits from all online sales of this extraordinary treasure will be donated to the American Red Cross to aid victims of Hurricane Katrina (shoutfactory.com).



In 1938, New Orleans composer-pianist **Jelly Roll Morton** and folklorist **Alan Lomax** made groundbreaking recordings that were the first oral history of jazz. Now the eight-CD set *Jelly Roll Morton: The Complete Library of Congress Recordings by Alan Lomax* is released, with a book of rare photographs, commentary, and a piano-shaped package with cover illustrations by R. Crumb.

Multi-platinum rapper and New Orleans native **Juvenile,** whose house was completely destroyed by Hurricane Katrina and who has been tireless in fund-raising efforts for the victims, releases *Reality Check,* his first CD for Atlantic Records. Also: watch for the DVD documentary *Make It Funky,* about the music from the place where jazz was born, and if you want to hear more of the best music from New Orleans, get anything by **the Neville Brothers, Dr. John,** or **Allen Toussaint.**

Encore—le bon temps roule.

HOT TRACKS

LISA ROBINSON

For fans of **Franz Ferdinand,** the wait is over: *You Could Have It So Much Better,* the sophomore CD from the Scottish quartet, is out—and it's even better than their first. The new collaboration from respected hip-hop artists **Danger Mouse** and **Doom** is *DangerDoom: The Mouse and the Mask,* inspired by the Cartoon Network's Adult Swim. Other new CDs of note are the long-awaited *Extraordinary Machine* from **Fiona Apple,** *Ahead of the Lions* from the anti-Bush, anti-war **Living Things,** *Prairie Wind* from **Neil Young,** the Rick Rubin–produced disc from **Neil Diamond,** *Those Were the Days* from **Dolly Parton,** *Jacksonville City Nights* from **Ryan Adams & the Cardinals,** and a five album from **Marianne Faithfull.** There's a reissue of *Warm and Cool* from **Tom Verlaine;** a 30th-anniversary edition of **Patti Smith's** seminal debut, *Horses;* Christmas albums from **Brian Setzer, Brian Wilson, Diana Krall, Reverend Horton Heat,** and **Anita Baker;** and *The Great American Songbook Volume IV* from **Rod Stewart,** with standards made famous by, among others, Frank Sinatra

When you've loved and lost the way Frank has, then you know what life's about.





Taylor

ll Field's
com

DKNY JEANS



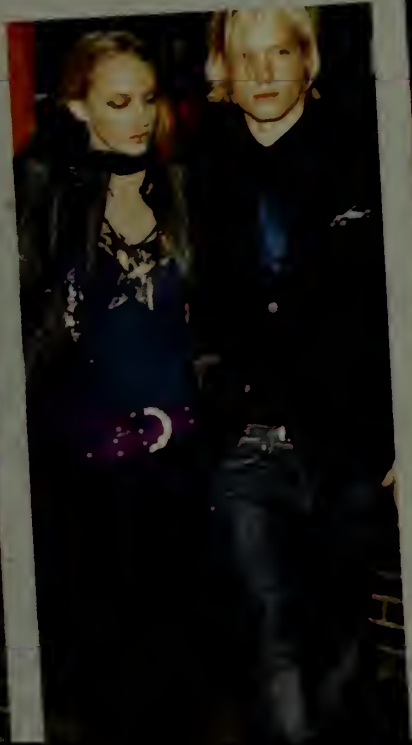




DENIM DELUXE

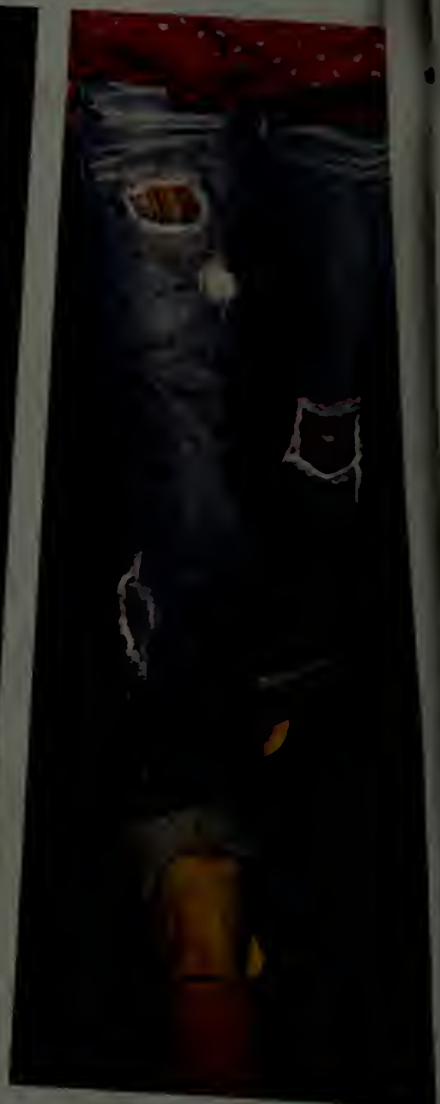
erence and it's popping up everywhere. In finishes for
rom darker denim to washed and naturally worn. With
ım, low-cut, full or bootleg and in styles that are sleek,
. Dress it up with lux: touches of fur, a piece of velvet,
heel and a clutch. Denim is the new eveningwear.

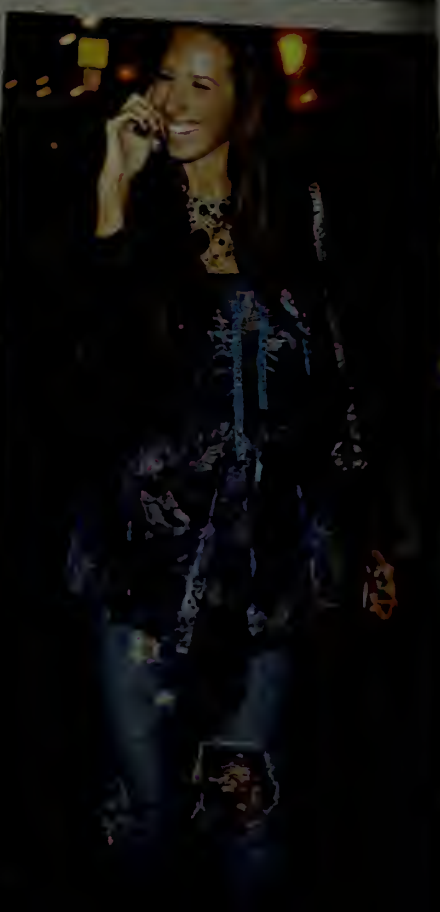




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DKNY JEANS







ROMANTIC HIPP

Take to the streets in jeans with a vintage feel. T
jean reflects your free spirit. With a worn wash
have a personality all their own. Perfect for co
Bohemian look. No matter what you're up to, t











DKNY JEANS





THE RUGGED JEAN

These jeans feel like they were made especi
[illegible] around the edges, a worn finish and

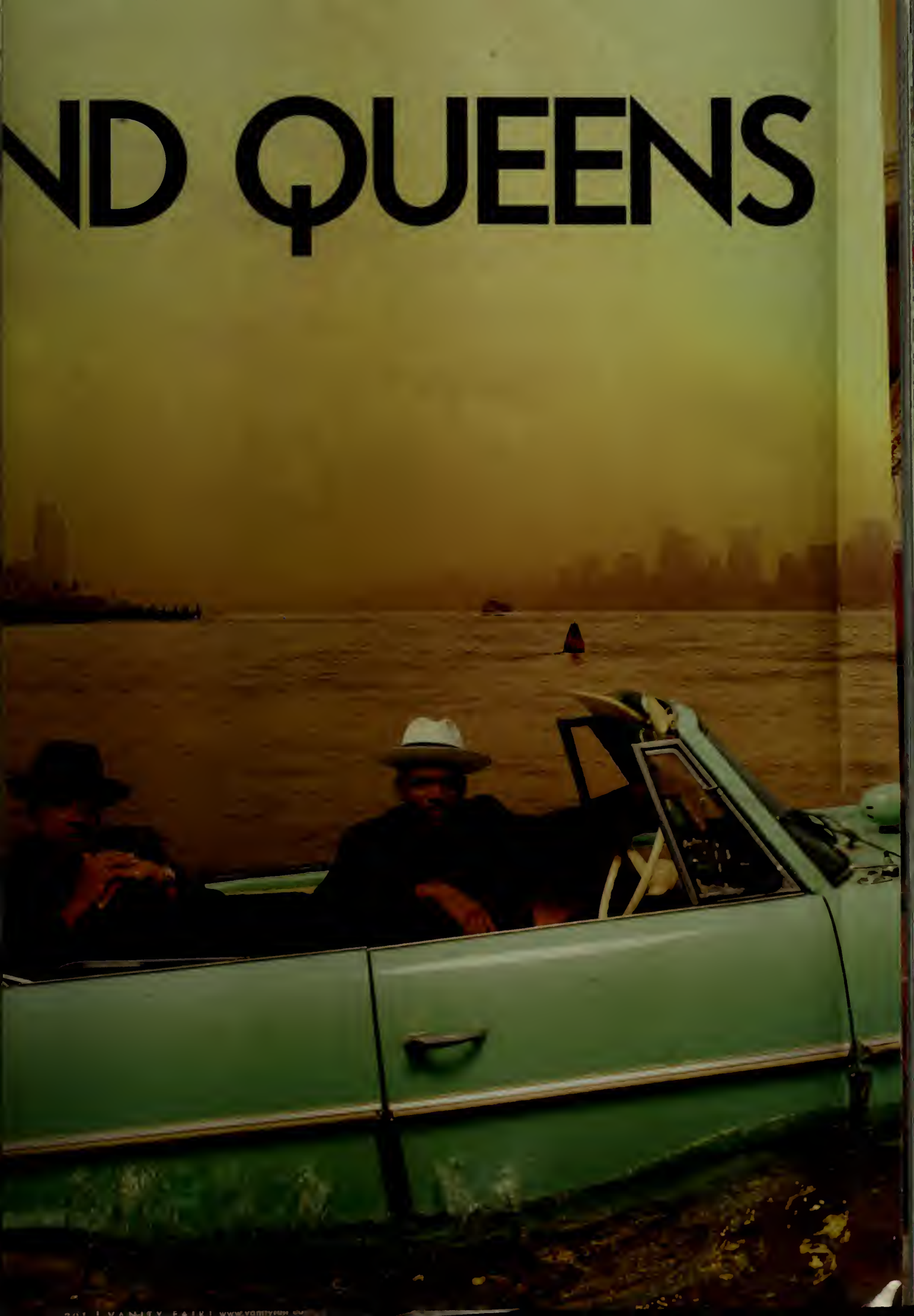
"It Don't Mean a Thing if You Ain't Got That Bling."

THE KINGS A



BY ALAN KENNEDY

2008 VANITY FAIR www.vanityfair.com


ND QUEENS

OF HIP-HOP

The Music Portfolio 2005



RUN-DMC

The Reverend Jo[illegible] Simmons and Darryl "DMC" McDaniels.

Roppe[illegible]men, spreaders of the faith.

Nine olbums (two platinum, [illegible]m –1986's *Raising Hell*, which feotured the blockbuster colloboration with Aerosmi[illegible]s W[illegible]" ond was the first rop album to go plotinum); two new solo albums (a first for ea[illegible]tion [illegible] ordoined minister Run (who's olso just launched a reality show on MTV, *Run's House*), a[illegible] Checks, [illegible] ond *Rock 'n Roll* (due out in January) from DMC.

They came from Queens, agile-tongued ond poke[illegible]d like Hasidic diamond merchonts on holiday. (DMC's blockish Cazal eyeglasses, especially, were positive[illegible]eet.) They rapped hard, over electro and rock beots rather than the disco backings of their forebeors. They to[illegible] no uncertain terms in 1986, the yeor of their epochal album *Raising Hell*, that "it's tricky to rock o rhyme, to rock a[illegible]me that's right on time; it's tricky!" In other words, Messrs. Run ond DMC didn't wont you to get the ideo that just anyo[illegible]could do whot they did. Simmons and McDoniels, abetted by their whiplash-wristed D.J., Jason "Jom Master Jay" Mi[illegible] (who was killed three years ago, precipitoting the group's retirement from performing), imbued hip-hop with o pop-rock sen[illegible]ity—or did they imbue pop-rock with a hip-hop sensibility?—and radio hasn't sounded the some since.

Photographed in a 1967 Amphicar by Jonas Korlsson in New York Horbor on June 30, 2005.



50 CENT AND G-UNIT

Lloyd Banks, 50 Cent, Olivia, Young Buck, and Tony Yayo.

Rap posse *extraordinaire*.

50 Cent: two multi-platinum solo albums. G-Unit: one multi-platinum album, one solo album each.

The grim details of the 50 Cent legend wouldn't mean anything to the millions if it weren't for his musical genius. No doubt his days as a large-living drug dealer, as well as the time he spent behind bars, have given him street credibility; but without his keen rhythmic sense, his way with words, and his unheralded gift for melody, 50 Cent, along with his crew, G-Unit, might be just another drug-war statistic by now. Born Curtis Jackson III, the son of a drug-dealing mother, 50 Cent gave up the gangsta life to devote himself to hip-hop after he was shot nine times in May 2000. Subsequent albums by 50 Cent and G-Unit, loaded with hyped-up st[illegible] and melancholy character studies of various gangsta types, have paved t[illegible] for a G-Unit clothing line, a Reebok sneaker brand, and even a bottled vitamin water, [illegible]. Look for the new 50 Cent memoir, *From Pieces to Weight: Once upon a Time in Southside Queens* (MTV Books/Pocket Books), and the upcoming movie based on [illegible] *Get Rich or Die Tryin'*, directed by Jim Sheridan.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at 50 Cent's home in Connecticut on August 8, 2005.

DESIGN BY WOLFGANG THOM FOR DETAILS SEE CREDITS PAGE

"It Don't Mean a Thing if It Ain't Got That Bling."

THE KINGS A



2008 VANITY FAIR www.vanityfair.com







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[illegible]tographed by Mark Seliger at 50 Cent's home in Connecticut on August 8, 2005.

DESIGN BY WOLFGANG THOM. FOR DETAILS SEE CREDITS PAGE



OUTKAST

André "3000" Benjamin and
Antwan "Big Boi" Patton.

Rappers, singers, G-funkers,
confessional-song writers, peacocks.

Six albums (two platinum, four multi-platinum), plus
a new film, tentatively titled *My Life in Idlewild*,
constructed around songs from the duo's upcoming
seventh album; six Grammys.

The long run on the charts of André's hip-pop Merseybeat
update, "Hey Ya!," was a galvanizing moment
in radio, a throwback to music's less segregated days when
the dudes in Funkadelic grooved to hippie-stoner
music and the white punks of Detroit grew out their 'fros in tribute
to both Hendrix and the Panthers. But just because
the versatile, suave André has become *le chéri de la société*,
don't think that Big Boi is merely hip-hop's
Andrew Ridgeley. His *Speakerboxxx*, a generous allotment
of gritty rappinghood, is preferred by many
OutKast Snobs to André's more accessible *The Love Below*.
Together, though, they are at their most formidable,
as anyone who's heard their tendrilly, dense 1998 masterwork,
Aquemini, will attest. While they've intimated that
their adventures as a team may soon come to an end, André
and Big Boi are forever bound by their Atlien
(Atlanta + Alien) strangeness—they are truly brothas
from another planet.

Photographed by Mark Seliger in Covington,
Georgia, on April 28, 2005.





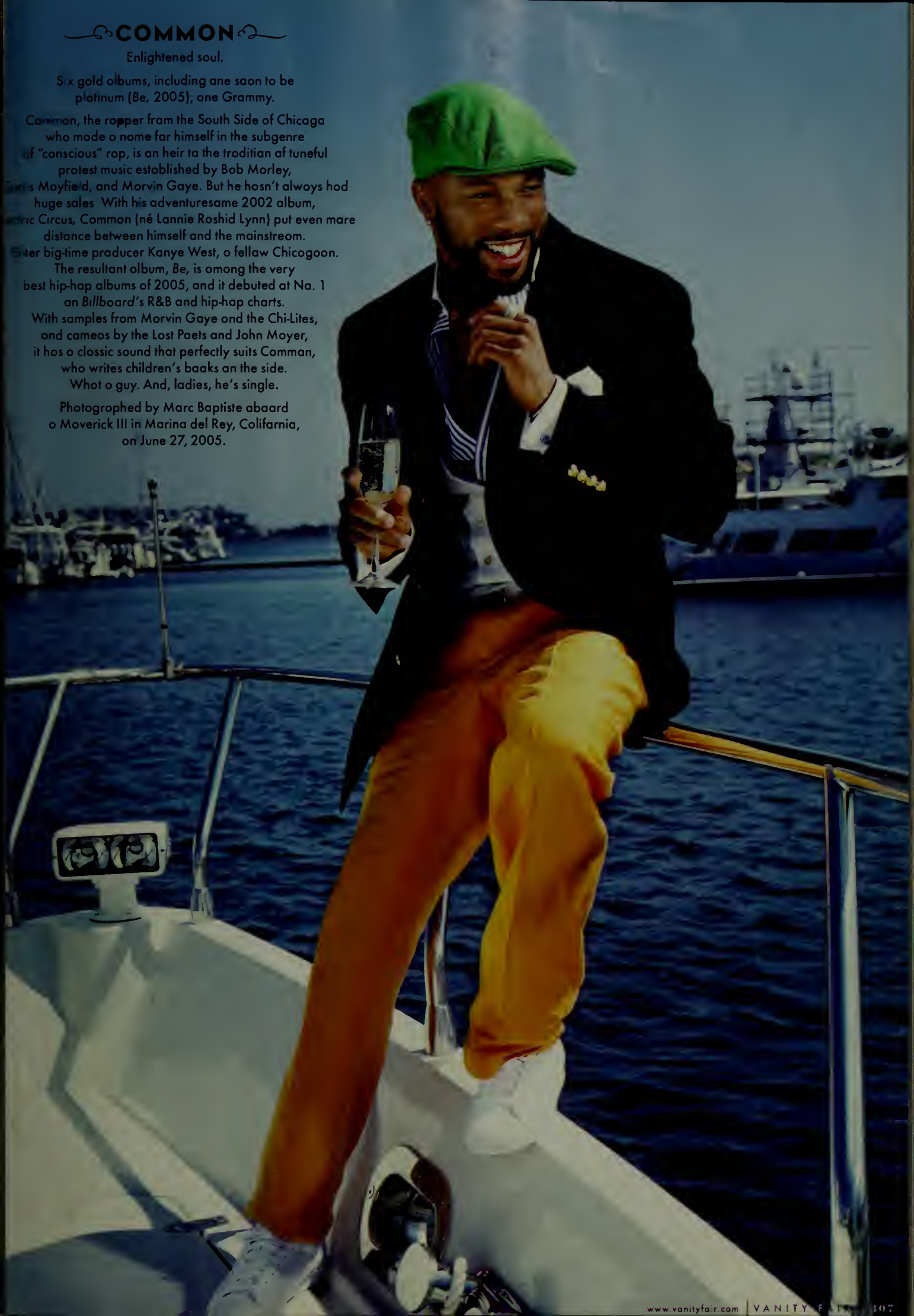
MISSY ELLIOTT

Rapper, songwriter, producer,
best-selling female hip-hop artist of all time.

Six albums (one platinum, five multi-platinum);
five Grammys.

Pop has always been a man's man's
man's world, to paraphrase James Brown,
and rap remains one of its most
male-bound precincts—which makes Missy Elliott's
decade-long run as a hitmaker all the
more astonishing. True, there have been female
M.C.'s dating back nearly to hip-hop's birth,
but Elliott is the rare woman to take control of her caree
in the recording studio, where it counts.
No one's confection, she first made her mark as a teenag
in partnership with the producer Timbaland, her
high-school friend—writing hits for other artists, most notal
Aaliyah. On her own albums, both with Timbaland
and as her own producer, she's pioneered a witty,
hugely influential style you might call space-age phat
stripped-down, skittering beats and a
deceptively laissez-faire-sounding way with the mike.
Influential, too, are her rhymes, which betray
the poorly kept secret that girl talk is every bit as
nasty as the boys'-locker-room variety,
and maybe more so.

Photographed by Bruce Weber in
Miami on April 2, 2005.



COMMON

Enlightened soul.

Six gold albums, including one soon to be platinum (*Be*, 2005); one Grammy.

Common, the rapper from the South Side of Chicago who made a name for himself in the subgenre of "conscious" rap, is an heir to the tradition of tuneful protest music established by Bob Marley, Curtis Mayfield, and Marvin Gaye. But he hasn't always had huge sales. With his adventuresome 2002 album, *Electric Circus*, Common (né Lannie Roshid Lynn) put even more distance between himself and the mainstream. Enter big-time producer Kanye West, a fellow Chicagoan. The resultant album, *Be*, is among the very best hip-hop albums of 2005, and it debuted at No. 1 on *Billboard*'s R&B and hip-hop charts. With samples from Marvin Gaye and the Chi-Lites, and cameos by the Lost Poets and John Moyer, it has a classic sound that perfectly suits Common, who writes children's books on the side. What a guy. And, ladies, he's single.

Photographed by Marc Baptiste aboard a Maverick III in Marina del Rey, California, on June 27, 2005.



RICK RUBIN AND JAY-Z

Artist-friendly entrepreneurs.

Rick Rubin: praducer, co-faunder of Def Jam Recards,
faunder of American Recardings; 140-plus albums; ane Grammy.

Jay-Z: president and C.E.O. of Def Jam Recardings;
13 albums (one gald, faur platinum, seven multi-platinum); two Grammys;
ane Reebok-shoe collection; one clothing line, Racawear.

Mare than 20 years ago, while an 11-year-old in Braaklyn's Marcy projects
was trying to make sense of his father's abandonment of his family, across the East River
an N.Y.U. student was building his awn recard label aut of a darm room.
Today, that label, Def Jam, is ane of the biggest brands in hip-hop, and the Braaklyn kid, Shawn
Carter, naw known as Jay-Z, is its president. The N.Y.U. grad, Rick Rubin, lang ago
split fram Def Jam ta farm another company, American Recardings, but as a praducer he has
warked with some of the biggest names in hip-hop, from Run-DMC to the
Beastie Boys to . . . Jay-Z, whase single "99 Prablems," off what he claims will be
his last album, *The Black Album*, is amang Rubin's greatest production triumphs.
Thaugh Jay-Z and Rubin have both moved on from their callow days
as hip-hop *enfants terribles*, you get the feeling that they'll keep pushing the
limits of the genre from behind the scenes.

Photographed with a NetJets Boeing Business Jet by Mark Seliger
at Raytheon Aircraft in Van Nuys, California, on May 21, 2005.

RUBIN STYLED BY ANDREA LIEBERMAN. SHIRT BY POLO BY RALPH LAUREN. JACKET BY HENRY DUARTE PANTS
[illegible]





CHUCK D

Rapper, pundit, human megaphone.

Eleven albums with Public Enemy (three gold, three multi-platinum); one solo album.

In the 1980s, with Black Power a distant memory and hip-hop a bouncing celebration of life on the streets, a graphic-design student from Long Island created a radical, militant, punk-rock-inspired rap group that set out to reach black America where Malcolm X had: in the mind and soul—not just the hips. Chuck D (born Carlton Douglas Ridenhour) started Public Enemy in 1982, and it was his rolling baritone delivery and furious, Afrocentric rhymes that fueled their polemical masterpiece, *It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* (1988). The album was an urgent, wailing-siren war cry for progress, channeling the cacophony of the ghetto through layers of sound bites and clamoring effects. Hip-hop had both street thugs and academics listening. Today, Chuck D continues lashing out against vainglorious hip-hop stars, the war in Iraq, and the overall "dumbassification of America" as a speaker on college campuses and co-host of the Air America radio program *On the Real*. As the founder of the largely Internet-based record company Slam Jamz, he sought to create a place of refuge for indie artists overlooked by major labels. But he'll never stop making "bring the noise" albums aimed at social and political change: Public Enemy's *New Whirl Odor* is due out this month.

Photographed by Mark Seliger in New York City on July 28, 2005.

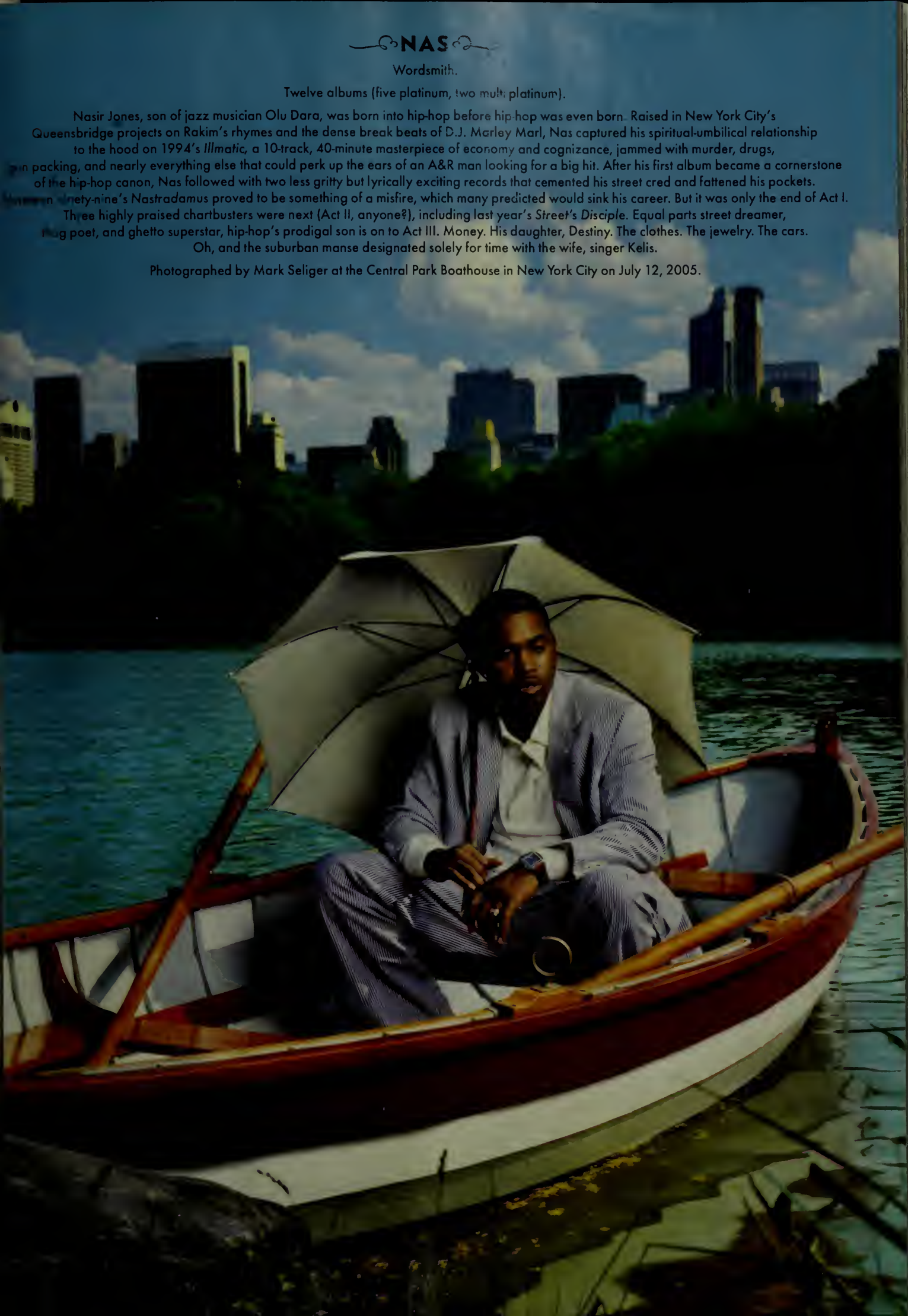
NAS

Wordsmith.

Twelve albums (five platinum, two multi-platinum).

Nasir Jones, son of jazz musician Olu Dara, was born into hip-hop before hip-hop was even born. Raised in New York City's Queensbridge projects on Rakim's rhymes and the dense break beats of D.J. Marley Marl, Nas captured his spiritual-umbilical relationship to the hood on 1994's *Illmatic*, a 10-track, 40-minute masterpiece of economy and cognizance, jammed with murder, drugs, gun packing, and nearly everything else that could perk up the ears of an A&R man looking for a big hit. After his first album became a cornerstone of the hip-hop canon, Nas followed with two less gritty but lyrically exciting records that cemented his street cred and fattened his pockets. Nineteen ninety-nine's *Nastradamus* proved to be something of a misfire, which many predicted would sink his career. But it was only the end of Act I. Three highly praised chartbusters were next (Act II, anyone?), including last year's *Street's Disciple*. Equal parts street dreamer, thug poet, and ghetto superstar, hip-hop's prodigal son is on to Act III. Money. His daughter, Destiny. The clothes. The jewelry. The cars. Oh, and the suburban manse designated solely for time with the wife, singer Kelis.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Central Park Boathouse in New York City on July 12, 2005.





KURTIS BLOW

Pioneering M.C. in the 1970s; pioneer of hip-hop spirituality in the 2000s.

Eleven albums; the first certified gold rap single ("The Breaks," 1980).

As the leader of regular hip-hop-driven services at the Greater Haad Memorial A.M.E. Zion Church in Harlem and the Loyal Baptist Church in the Bronx, old-school pioneer Kurtis Blow has created an interesting second act far himself. Accompanied by Three Shades af Faith, the Hip Hop Church Choir, and the gospel rapper Praphecy, Blow works the turntables and the microphone as he raps his hallelujahs to the delight af neighborhood parishioners and curious tourists. It may seem an unlikely new venture for Blow, but his rhymes always eschewed bad language, and he delivered them in a boaming, full-chested, crisply enunciated style that would make any preacher proud. Blow, born Kurtis Walker in Harlem, in 1980 became the first rap artist signed to a major label. ("Who can tell?" a Mercury executive said at the time. "Rapping could last for 10 years.") While some of his work has faded away with time (the collaborations with Bob Dylan and Michael Jardan), Blaw's influential hit, "The Breaks," still gets praps taday. Students of hip-hop should check out Blow's upcaming *The History of Rap* documentary and his Sirius "old school" rap radio show, as well as ane of his Hip Hop Church services.

Photographed with the Reverend Stephen Pogue and the Hip Hop Church Choir by Ben Watts at the Greater Hood Memorial A.M.E. Zion Church in Harlem on June 16, 2005.



LIL' KIM

Hip-hap Horlaw.

Four albums (twa plotinum, one multi-plotinum); ane Grommy (best pap-sang collobaratian, 2001, for "Lody Mormalade").

Lil' Kim is street-smort, street-tough, ond, even with all the cosmetic enhoncement, street-sexy. In her rhymes, set to intricote beots ond somples expertly ossembled by hip-hop's elite producers, she con be raunchy, threatening, and sweet—sometimes on the some trock. Kimberly Jones, a praduct af Braaklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesont neighbarhaod, started aut os the sale female member af the Natoriaus B.I.G.'s rap collective, Juniar M.A.F.I.A. As mistress and mall to the late Biggie, who was gunned dawn at age 24, she develaped her distinctive flaw under his tuteloge. When trocks from her latest olbum, *The Naked Truth*, are filling the hip-hop airwaves this foll, Lil' Kim will likely be listening far fram the diamands, furs, and bland wigs she has worn sa well. Earlier this year this ghetto-fabulous Martha Stewart was canvicted af perjury far having lied ta a federal grand jury concerning a 2001 gunfight. At the sentencing hearing, she admitted she had "testified falsely" and was handed a $50,000 fine and a year and a day in prison time. It's not an easy way to get new materiol, but the waman alsa known as Queen Bee has the talent ta make the best of it.

Phatagraphed by Jasan Schmidt in New York City an May 16, 2005.

BY ANNE KOCH; FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



SNOOP DOGG AND PHARRELL WILLIAMS

Hip-hop polymoths, stylish gents.

Snoop: seven solo olbums (four plotinum, three multi-plotinum); more thon 20 films; one highly imitoted "fo' shizzle" linguistic trope.

Willioms: countless productions (with Neptunes portner Chod Hugo) for octs os diverse os Joy-Z, Britney Speors, ond No Doubt; two olbums with his pop-rop group, N.E.R.D., ond one new solo olbum, *In My Mind*.

Who knows where o hip-hop coreer con leod? Snoop crept up on us more thon o decode ogo os Dr. Dre's shy, loping sidekick ond hos somehow morphed into oughties culture's cuddly, extroverted, oll-round Mr. Beloved Entertoiner. As for Snoop's pol Willioms, he wos o behind-the-scenes dude, holf of the wonky production teom the Neptunes, before shoking off his shyness (ond shirt) to become o heortthrob singer, bondleoder, ond multi-instrumentolist with N.E.R.D. Together, Snoop ond Phorrell returned to ploin ol' ropping with lost yeor's smosh goofboll slow burn "Drop It Like It's Hot."

Photogrophed by Morc Boptiste ot Roxbury Pork in Beverly Hills on July 21, 2005.



GRANDMASTER FLASH

Turntable god.

Eight albums.

Grandmaster Flash, né Joseph Saddler, wasn't the first of the Bronx's pioneering block-party D.J.'s who conjured a whole new music out of old platters, but as an inventor of the D.J.'s basic vocabulary of scratching records and extending instrumental breaks, he was among the most innovative and, with his gunslinger's hand speed, the flashest—hence the nickname. Likewise, his 1981 single, "The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel," wasn't the first hip-hop statement committed to wax, but, like electromagnetic echoes of the bang, it stands as the closest thing we have to the sound of hip-hop's birth. (A year later, credited as Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five, his stable of rappers unleashed what was arguably the most revolutionary single since "Like a Rolling Stone," "The Message," which proved that hip-hop had a future beyond party music.) Unlike many of the genre's other founding fathers, Flash has had a happy and productive middle age, serving as Chris Rock's musical director and, in 2004, receiving an award for his achievements from fellow 70s visionary Bill Gates.

Photographed by Jonas Karlsson in Oyster Bay, Long Island, on June 29, 2005.

RUSSELL SIMMONS

Impresario, executive, yoga enthusiast.

One historic record label, Def Jam; one Tony Award, for *Russell Simmons' Def Poetry Jam*, which was on Broadway in 2003; one Peabody Award.

Originally from Hollis, Queens, Russell "Rush" Simmons relied on his intellect and energy to launch hip-hop nation. He quit the thug's life to monoge eorly ropper Kurtis Blow. Before long he was guiding Run-DMC, which feotured his younger brother, Joseph "Run" Simmons. To breok the group in a climate of corporate indifference, Simmons co-founded Def Jam Records with producer Rick Rubin. The lobel wos huge. With hip-hop all the rage 20 yeors after he had storted out, Simmons sold Def Jam for more than $100 million and his Phat Farm fashion line for $140 million. As o TV producer, Simmons gove Martin Lawrence, Bernie Mac, and Cedric the Entertainer their first big platform with the HBO series *Russell Simmons' Def Comedy Jam*. He shores o 30,000-square-foot home in Saddle River, New Jersey, with his wife, model Kimoro Lee, and their two children. He vacations in the Homptons ond on St. Barth's ond counts Donold Trump as o member of his posse.

Photogrophed on the terroce of his offices in New York City by Jonas Korlsson on April 19, 2005.







EVE

Rapper, actress.

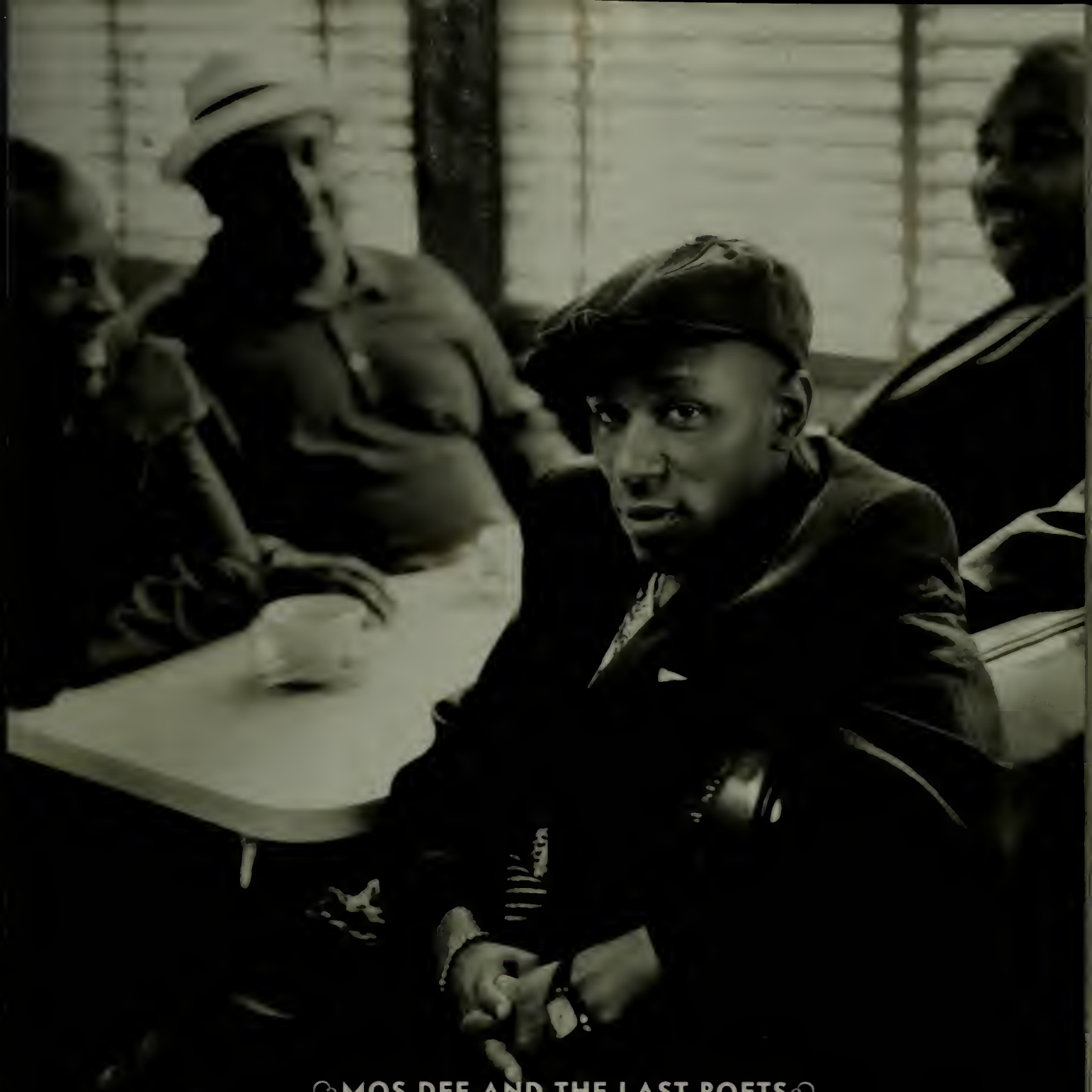
Three albums (one platinum, one multi-platinum); one Grammy; four films; one TV series.

Eve is hip-hop's everything woman, a chameleon who is equally at home onstage spitting out forceful rhymes, in the front row at fashion shows, and on movie sets. As an actress, she can do drama (see *The Woodsman*), comedy (the *Barbershop* movies), and action (the Vin Diesel movie *XXX*).

In music, Eve is down with the hard-core sounds of her frequent collaborators Dr. Dre and the Ruff Ryders, as well as the more playful style of her two-time duet partner, Gwen Stefani, not to mention the soul groove of Alicia Keys, with whom she recorded "Gangsta Lovin'." Rounding out the packed résumé of this Philadelphia native (born Eve Jeffers) are her roles as head of her own fashion line, Fetish, and the star of the hit UPN sitcom *Eve*.

We could go on to mention her in-the-works album, but we're exhausted. We're guessing Eve is, too.

Photographed by Marc Baptiste in Los Angeles on June 3, 2005.



MOS DEF AND THE LAST POETS

Abiadun Oyewale, Umar bin Hassan, Mos Def, and Babatunde.

Thinking men's rhymers.

Mas Def: faur albums; 11 films; three plays; one Obie Award.

The Last Paets: 14 albums, made with a revolving cast of members.

On the first track of his debut album, hip-hop Renaissance man Mos Def name-checked the Last Poets. Thase wha knaw Mas Def, barn Dante Terrell Smith in Braaklyn, anly from his perfarmances in *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy* and *The Italian Job* may be surprised to learn of his kinship with the cultural standard-bearers af the Black Pawer movement. After lineup changes and prison stretches, the Last Poets live on with original member Abiadun Oyewale and Umar bin Hassan, who joined a year after the group's 1968 formation in Harlem's Marcus Garvey Park. As host of HBO's *Russell Simmons Presents Def Paetry,* Mos Def was proud to bring on his predecessars in politically canscious rhyming: Oyewale and bin Hassan wawed the crawd with their alder-than-old-school spoken-ward slamming. Oyewole and bin Hassan (along with drummer Babatunde) will be joined by like-minded hip-happers Kanye West and Common far the album *When We Come Together,* due next year, which is sure to shake listeners' preconceptions as much as their booties.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at Relish in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, an July 13, 2005.

QUEEN LATIFAH

Singer, songwriter, actress, film producer,
spokesperson for Cover Girl makeup and Curvotion lingerie.

Six albums (two gold); one Grammy; 19 films; one Oscar nomination;
one hit TV series; one not-so-successful talk show; one N.A.A.C.P. Image Award;
one book (*Ladies First: Revelations of a Strong Woman*).

Queen Lotifah (Arabic for "delicate") orrived on the hip-hop scene in all her funky majesty in the lote 80s. Here was a new M.C. indeed—not only because she wos a she (born Dana Elaine Owens) but olso because she used the boast-and-dis thing to coll out the boyz on their misogyny and to empower the homegirls. Putting her money where her unstoppoble mouth was, she set up a management-and-production company, Flavor Unit, ond the Loncelot H. Owens Scholarship Foundation—named for her brother, who had died in a motorcycle accident—in her notive New Jersey. While still ropping—most notably on the sensotionol *Black Reign*—Latifoh storred in the sitcom *Living Single*. Her earthy persona has revved up the silver screen as well, culminating in a tour-de-force performonce in *Chicogo*. (Next up: *Lost Holidoy*, with LL Cool J.) Her most recent recording is the jazzy, exquisite, nonroyal Dono Owens *Album*.

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy at Thompson Pork
in Lincroft, New Jersey, on June 14, 2005.




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THE BLACK EYED PEAS

will.i.am, Fergie, apl.de.ap, Taboo.

Hip-pop group.

Four albums (two multi-platinum); one Grammy.

Were there still such a thing as "selling out," the Black Eyed Peas would be Exhibit A for its virtues. First a duo, then a trio, the Peas in the late 90s were plowing a pleasant but limited furrow as a socially conscious, multi-ethnic rap group on L.A.'s "underground" scene. After their first two albums met with only modest sales, the Peas made two key decisions. One, they pushed their music in a poppier direction, and two, they made Fergie, the Gwen Stefani–ish vocalist they'd hired for a new series of recording sessions, into a full-fledged member, thereby boosting the group's commercial "hot-chick quotient" by a factor of, well, a lot. The resulting album, 2003's *Elephunk*, was merely one of history's all-time great party records, a bubbling, crowd-pleasing stew with a dash of Funkadelic, a pinch of Dr. Dre, and a hit single, "Let's Get It Started," that has already joined "We Will Rock You" and "Rock and Roll Part 2" as an inevitably bored sports-arena perennial. Their latest disc, *Monkey Business*, mines a similar groove with the added rock-snob cachet of having introduced the iPod generation to surf-guitar god Dick Dale, as sampled in the summer hit "Pump It."

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Argyle Hotel in West Hollywood on February 24, 2005.



KANYE WEST

M.C., producer, crossover giant.

Two multi-platinum albums of his own;
more than 100 songs as producer; three Grammys.

Many Kanye West concerts used to begin with a sampling of the hottest hip-hop and R&B singles of the past and present spliced together allegro-style not because a D.J. was warming up a block party but because West, with his characteristic hubris, wanted to play show-off. These songs were his own: he's produced tracks for Alicia Keys, Jay-Z, Nas, Ludacris—you name it. Finally armed with confidence in his lyricism, the faceless producer unmasked himself as a true M.C. And since hip-hop producers are really the ghostwriters of their industry, it's no surprise that sometimes the man behind the mixing board wants a share of the credit. Usually these ventures are short-lived: the rhymes disserve the beats. But not for Kanye (translation: "the only one" in Swahili) West, whose 2004 debut album, *College Dropout*, was the urban soundtrack to the summer. Having produced 9 of the 11 songs on this summer's hip-hop triumph *Be*, by fellow Chicago native Common, he validated last year's promise with this year's *Late Registration* and awakened consciences with his post-Katrina statements re George W. Bush.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Players Club
in New York City on July 6, 2005.

MARY J. BLIGE

Singer, survivor.

Eight albums (one gold, one platinum, five multi-platinum); three Grammys.

She was anointed the Queen of Hip-Hop Soul even before her boundary-breaking, genre-making debut smash, *What's the 411?*, dropped in 1992. That she's still the Queen, 13 years and five studio albums later—despite the best efforts of any number of pretenders to the throne—is testament to the honesty of her voice, at once rough and ished, and to her eye-to-eye confessionals, which capture the despair, heartache, and hope of a still-young man who knows all too well addiction, depression, abuse, and, finally, love and peace. With her upcoming album, *The Breakthrough*, scheduled for release this month, we can expect more unabashed emotion from a performer who—as she proclaims in the single "Da MVP"—"ain't going nowhere."

Photographed by Norman Jean Roy in Beverly Hills on June 22, 2005.





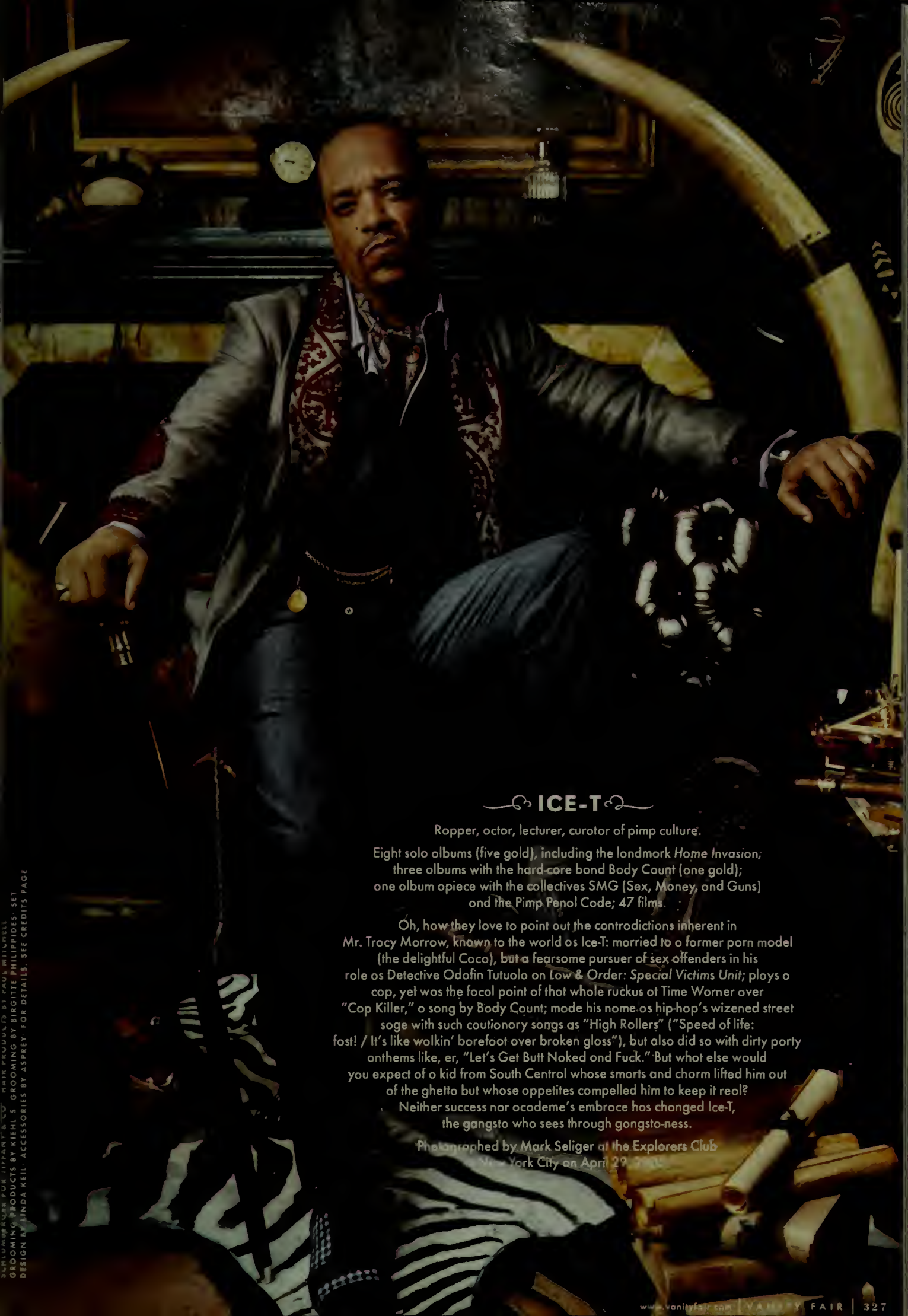
SEAN "DIDDY" COMBS

C.E.O., Bad Boy Entertainment.

Four albums (two platinum, one multi-platinum); more than 70 albums as producer; two Grammys; one clothing line, Sean John; two films; one Broadway play (2004's *A Raisin in the Sun*); one New York City Marathon; one get-out-the-vote campaign ("Vote or Die"); one fragrance, Unforgivable, out next month.

Sean Combs has been called many things—Puffy, Puff Daddy, P. Diddy, Shiny Suit Man, and "the black Sinatra"—but perhaps the most accurate of the lot is, as Ben Stiller noted at the 2001 MTV Video Music Awards, "Puff the Magic Diddy." He has had his hands in almost every thinkable aspect of popular culture and left his mark on each. In six years he turned a one-day-a-week Uptown Records internship into the $75 million hit factory Bad Boy Records, signing Mase, the Notorious B.I.G., and himself. Diddy, along with frequent collaborator Hype Williams, is the father of the modern rap-video-by-numbers—flashy cars, cameos, and champagne—that has dominated MTV for the last decade, and is working on the follow-up to his successful *Making the Band* series, during which he famously sent all six members of the group to Brooklyn on foot to bring him back cheesecake. He travels with an entourage that includes his platinum-haired mother, Janice Combs, and onetime manservant Farnsworth Bentley, and has a circle of friends who include Donald Trump, Ronald Perelman, and Andre Harrell, who hired Mr. Combs out of Howard University.

Photographed by Mark Seliger in Times Square, New York City, on June 13, 2005.



ICE-T

Rapper, actor, lecturer, curator of pimp culture.

Eight solo albums (five gold), including the landmark *Home Invasion*; three albums with the hard-core band Body Count (one gold); one album apiece with the collectives SMG (Sex, Money, and Guns) and the Pimp Penal Code; 47 films.

Oh, how they love to point out the contradictions inherent in Mr. Tracy Morrow, known to the world as Ice-T: married to a former porn model (the delightful Coco), but a fearsome pursuer of sex offenders in his role as Detective Odafin Tutuola on *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*; plays a cop, yet was the focal point of that whole ruckus at Time Warner over "Cop Killer," a song by Body Count; made his name as hip-hop's wizened street sage with such cautionary songs as "High Rollers" ("Speed of life: fast! / It's like walkin' barefoot over broken glass"), but also did so with dirty party anthems like, er, "Let's Get Butt Naked and Fuck." But what else would you expect of a kid from South Central whose smarts and charm lifted him out of the ghetto but whose appetites compelled him to keep it real? Neither success nor academe's embrace has changed Ice-T, the gangsta who sees through gangsta-ness.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the Explorers Club in New York City on April 29, 2004.

GROOMING PRODUCTS BY KIEHL'S. GROOMING BY BIRGITTE PHILIPPIDES. SET DESIGN BY LINDA KEIL. ACCESSORIES BY ASPREY. FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE



DJ KOOL HERC

Originator of break-beat D.J.-ing; the original B-boy.

Meet the founding father of hip-hop. In 1967, Clive Campbell emigrated from his original hometown of Kingston, Jamaica, to the Bronx. Influenced by the traveling disc jockeys he had seen back home, he set himself up with a booming sound system and began playing records at parties. He found that reggae didn't go over as well as funk—and he noticed that certain sections of each song, the beat breaks, really got people moving. So he isolated the breaks, playing them over and over again by cross-fading from one turntable to another turntable that had the same record on it. Thus, hip-hop D.J.-ing—eventually to become the foundation of a multi-billion-dollar industry—came into being. By bringing along the Jamaican dancehall tradition of "toasting"—in which the disc jockey shouts out partygoers' names with slangy rhymes attached—he was also a prototypical rapper. On August 11, 1973, Campbell, calling himself DJ Kool Herc, spun music at his sister's back-to-school party, in the rec room of the 1520 Sedgwick Avenue housing complex. This was arguably the night hip-hop was born. Eventually, DJ Kool Herc packed up the party and took it to nearby Cedar Park. Thousands came. The rest is history. Respected by those in the know, DJ Kool Herc is alive and well and keeping it all too real in the Bronx.

Photographed with his daughter Dejá, son Javon, and custom "Herculord speakers" with a 1973 Cadillac Eldorado by Jonas Karlsson at 1520 Sedgwick Avenue in the Bronx on April 21, 2005.


SPEED
LIMIT
25



ICE CUBE

Ropper, octor, producer, screenwriter.

Seven solo olbums (two gold, three plotinum, one multi-plotinum); two os o member of N.W.A (one gold, one multi-plotinum); two with Westside Connection (one gold, one plotinum); 21 films.

Who knew? Ice Cube, who hos spewed rhymed venom os well os onyone in hip-hop history, hos mode himself into on oll-purpose entertoinment mochine. The tronsformotion wos completed this yeor when in the crossover of oll crossovers, he took the wheel os the odoroble dod in *Are We There Yet?*, o PG-roted fomily comedy thot he drove oll the woy post $80 million in box-office eornings. As o ropper, Ice Cube (born O'Sheo Jocks hos olwoys ployed the heovy. With his octing, he hosn't been so eosy to define, hoving scored hits in dromo (*Boyz n t Hood, Three Kings*), comedy (the *Fridoy* series, the two *Barbershop* films), ond oction (*Anocondo, XXX: Stote of t Union*). Ice Cube hos seen to it thot he controls his own Hollywood fote: he produced *Are We There Yet?* ond since 1998 he hos run Cube Vision, o production compony thot hos o habit of squeezing mego-profits out of low-budget projects. Other roppers boost obout whot they're going to do. Ice Cube simply gets it done.

Photogrophed by Gosper Tringole in Los Angeles on Moy 17, 2005.



BEASTIE BOYS

Adam Yauch (MCA), Adam Horovitz (Adrock), and Mike Diamond (Mike D)

Cultural anthropologists, agitators for Tibetan independence, literal éminences grises.

Six albums (one platinum, five multi-platinum); two Grammys; several paradigm-shifting videos.

The Beasties take so long between albums that each one seems like a triumphant comeback—whether it's their densely layered second album, 1989's *Paul's Boutique*, whose song "Shake Your Rump" included Mike Diamond's declamation "I'm Mike D and I'm back from the dead!," or last year's skeletal *To the 5 Boroughs*, whose startling first single, "Ch-Check It Out," found Adam Yauch rasping, "And no I didn't retire!" Like the Rolling Stones, the Beasties are in uncharted territory, seeing how long they can keep practicing their art, which is a raucous jumble of 70s funk, B-boy anachronisms, Yiddishe wordsmithery, and veiled social commentary. The years have burned off their baby fat, turned Yauch's hair gray, and transformed Horovitz into a dead ringer for a John Cassavetes–movie protagonist, but the Boys still exude their enchanting, irresistible, booty-moving boyishness.

Photographed by Mark Seliger at the New York Transit Museum in Brooklyn on July 27, 2005.



MEEHAN. NELLY'S JEANS BY DOLCE & GABBANA. ALL JEWELRY ON NELLY AND TAOUI BY CHRIS AIRE. GROOMING
PRODU[illegible] BY LANCÔME. HAIR BY STEVEN LACY. GROOMING BY KWELI CALDERON. TANISHA'S BATHING SUIT BY GUCCI.
HOE [illegible] DOLCE & GABBANA. EARRINGS AND ANKLET BY H. STERN. NECKLACE BY ERICA COURTNEY. LISA'S BATHING SUIT BY
N[illegible] MALI. SHOES BY GUCCI. EARRING AN. NECKLACE WORN A[illegible] BILLY CHAIN. BY MARTIN KATZ. BRACELET AN. WAI H



NELLY

Rapper, craoner, actor.

Five albums (two plotinum, three multi-platinum); three Grommys; twa films.

"It's getting hot in here, sa take aff all your clothes," fram summer 2002's inescapoble "Hot in Herre," cauld serve os Nelly's (barn Cornell Haynes Jr.) missian statement, with most af his ather lyrics content ta limn the pleasures af "apple-bottomed" wamen, pimp juice, getting high, and having a memorable bank account. But Nelly's multi-platinum status has less ta da with his "40 acres ond a poal" hedanism than it daes with one af the keenest pap sensibilities to came down the pike in a lang time: he passesses on unabashed flair for catchy singsang rhymes and an ear far instantly infectious haaks. Like mast great pap artists, he's ecumenical taa—he'll toke o hit where he can find ane, thus his callabaration with cauntry star Tim McGraw on lost yeor's uncharacteristically tender, Lite-FM-ready breakup sang "Over and Over." His attention-getting rale in *The Longest Yard* suggests exciting new revenue streams.

Photagraphed (with models Tanisha, Lisa, and Lauren) by Mark Seliger in Los Angeles on February 23, 2005.



FUGEES

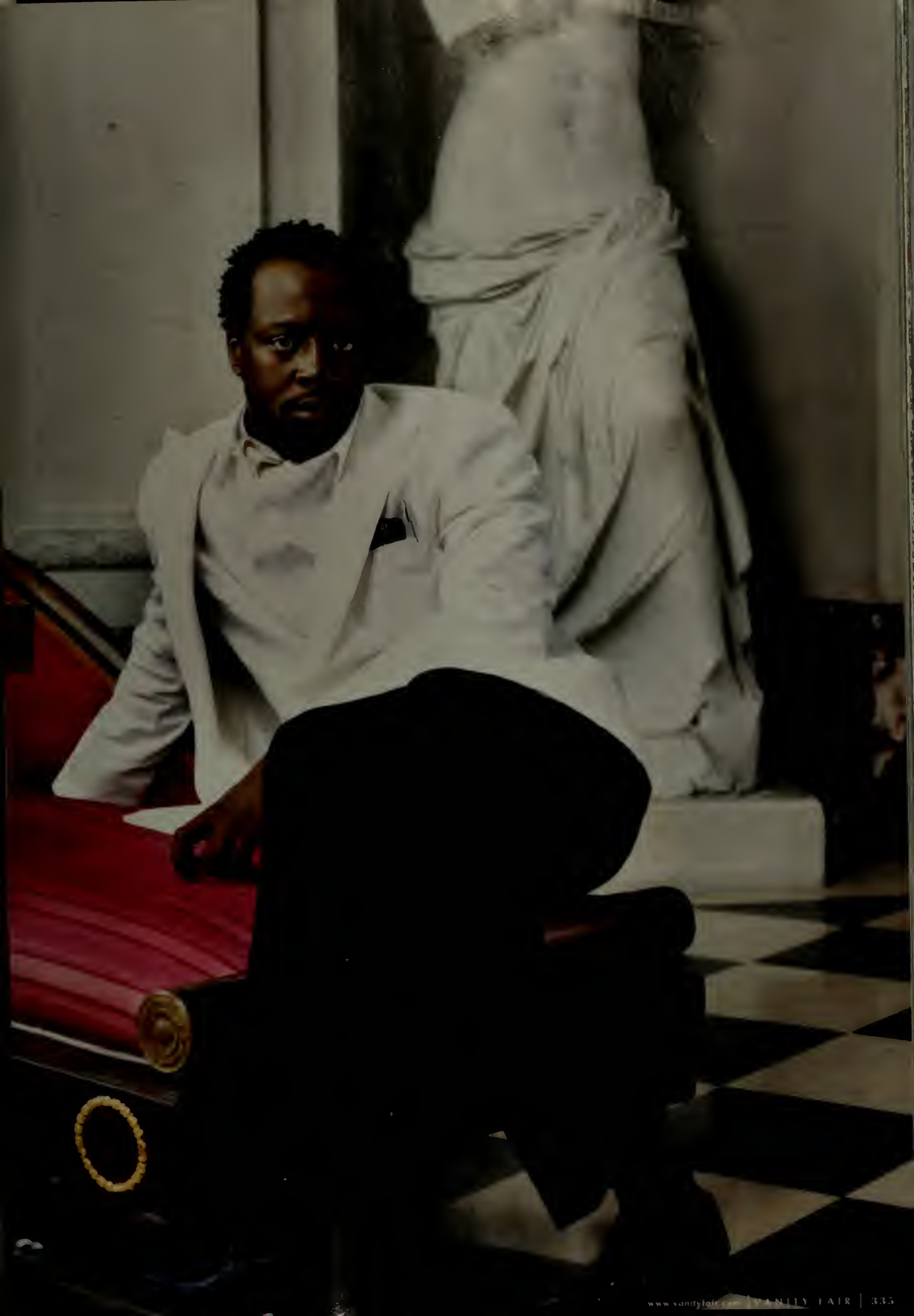
Pras (Prakazrel Michel), Lauryn Hill, and Wyclef Jean.

Prodigol supergraup.

Twa albums (ane gold, one multi-platinum); twa Grammys (1996).

Originality has been the defining mark af the Fugees since they came tagether in high schaal and paured a unique blend af reggae, rack g[illegible], and funk into hip-hop. Caupling this musical depth with intense emation, the Fugees (shart far "refugees") laced their lyrics with a social consciousness alsa uncamman ta hip-hap back then, preaching nanviolence and feminism. The band is cansidered a majar catalyst in advancing the genre beyand just gangsta rap. The success af 1996's *The Scare*, their second and currently finol album, marked the graup's papular musical and palitical appeal: it sald more than 13 millian copies worldwide, a recard far hip-hap at the time. Pras, Hill, and Wyclef went on to pursue sala careers, but all heard cansistent cries far a reunion. In September 2004 they performed together far the first time in eight years, and they shacked fallawers by apening the BET Awards in June. Fans are hoping that rumors of a new alb[illegible]m due out next year will became reality.

Phatagraphed by Mark S[illegible]liger at the Natianal Academy Muse[illegible] in New York City an June 15, 2005.



Above and

At 24, Beyoncé Knowles has the determination of a veteran, the manners of a lady, and the dazzle of the biggest star to emerge from the biggest-selling female group in the world. But the secret to her shockingly scandal-free success may lie in the contradiction between her natural modesty—just when did her romance with hip-hop's coolest guy, Jay-Z, get started, anyway?—and her uninhibited performances. LISA ROBINSON learns about Beyoncé's sexy alter ego, her farewell to Destiny's Child, and why she needs to go all the way

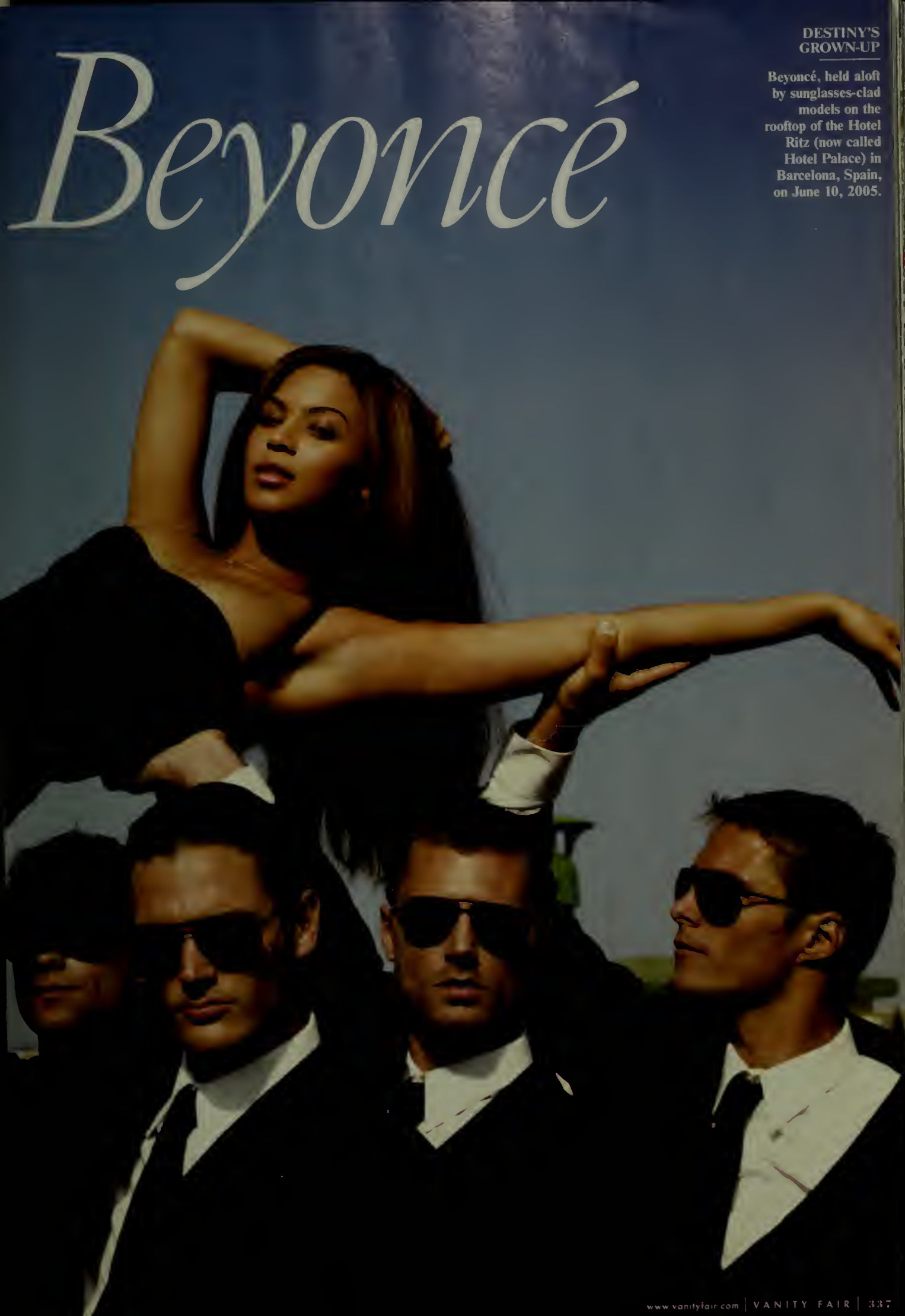


PHOTOGRAPHS BY PATRICK DEMARCHELIER • STYLED BY NICOLETTA SANTORO

Beyoncé

DESTINY'S GROWN-UP

Beyoncé, held aloft by sunglasses-clad models on the rooftop of the Hotel Ritz (now called Hotel Palace) in Barcelona, Spain, on June 10, 2005.



Dressed in jeans, a low-cut filmy top, big hoop earrings, and strappy high-heeled sandals, Beyoncé is sitting on a sofa in her assistant (and cousin) Angela's Manhattan high-rise apartment. On this sunny May afternoon, wearing very little makeup, she looks even younger than her 23 years. Downstairs, a convoy of S.U.V.'s are lined up to take her to a West Side recording studio where she'll work on the songs for her second solo album. Upstairs, we're waiting for a pizza and talking about shoes. Specifically, a shoe crisis that occurred in the middle of this past year's Oscar telecast. If you saw the 2004 Oscars, you saw Beyoncé; she sang three nominated songs, and it seemed as if she had more airtime than host Chris Rock. But now she's telling me what the millions who tuned in didn't see.

"When I did the Andrew Lloyd Webber song from *Phantom,* my shoe wasn't snapped," Beyoncé says. "And when I walked down those stairs, not only was my shoe not on, my ear monitor wasn't on. So, the song started, and I'm thinking, Oh my God, my shoe's not done, my monitor's not on, and this is going to be embarrassing.... I'm going to fall down the stairs. There was a two-second delay; I don't know if I'm in time or not—and when I get down to the bottom of the stairs, my shoe is off, and it's stuck in the tulle of the bottom of the dress. I'm singing on one tiptoe, and I'm trying to balance it.... It was a mess."

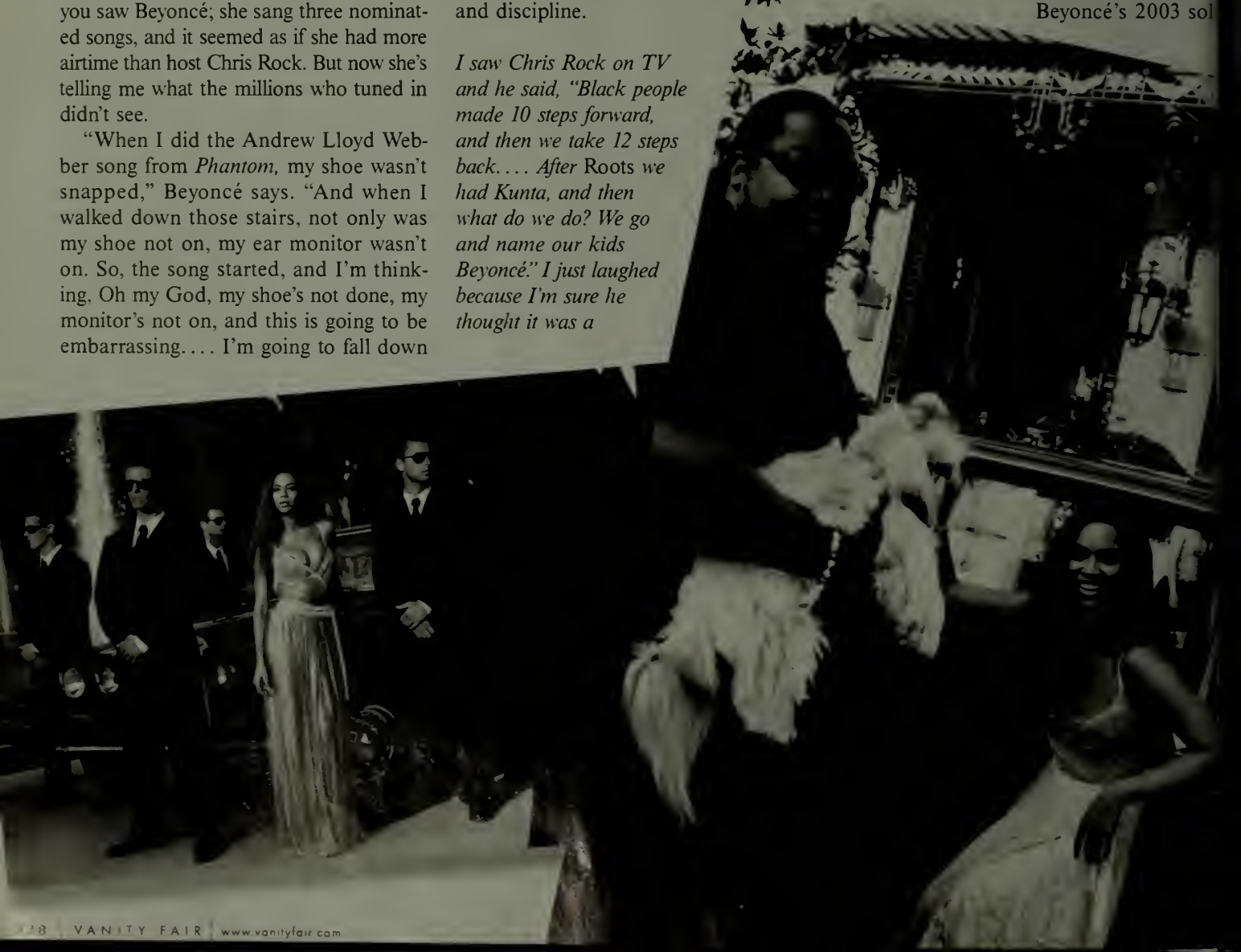
I tell her it didn't look like a mess. She thanks me. (The first thing I noticed about Beyoncé were her impeccable manners—so unusual in a big star.) The pizza arrives. I groan. "One little piece won't kill you," she says, and I recall being at a Grammy party last February when a plate of cakes and cookies was brought to our table and Beyoncé took a knife and cut a teensy slice of a *two-inch-square* brownie. "If you cut little slices," she told me at the time, "it's not so bad."

Here's the thing about Beyoncé Knowles: whether it's a flawless performance in front of millions balanced on one foot, or privately limiting herself to a tiny slice of carbohydrates, this supremely talented singer, dancer, songwriter, producer, and actress—who started performing at the age of seven—has, in just 17 years in show business, absorbed a lifetime's worth of focus, determination, and discipline.

I saw Chris Rock on TV and he said, "Black people made 10 steps forward, and then we take 12 steps back.... After Roots *we had Kunta, and then what do we do? We go and name our kids Beyoncé." I just laughed because I'm sure he thought it was a name I made up, like Tanifa or something. He didn't know it was my last name.*

—Tina Knowles, Beyoncé's mother

Beyoncé (rhymes with "[illegible]ancé") Knowles was born on September 4, 1981, in a middle-class family in Houston. Her mother, Tina, owned a successful hair salon, and her father, Mathew, was a sales executive with Xerox. When she was seven, Beyoncé started to enter, and win, talent contests. By the time she was nine she was in a girl group called Girls Tyme that had a devastating loss on *Star Search* but by then she was obsessed: practicing dance routines at home, singing pop hits with a karaoke machine, writing songs, wearing costumes designed by her mother, and getting "media training" from her father—who would eventually quit his job to manage full-time the group that became known as Destiny's Child. Beyoncé co-wrote the group's first hit when she was 17; a succession of hits followed, and Destiny's Child went on to sell 40 million albums of catchy, sophisticated pop. Beyoncé's 2003 sol





PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

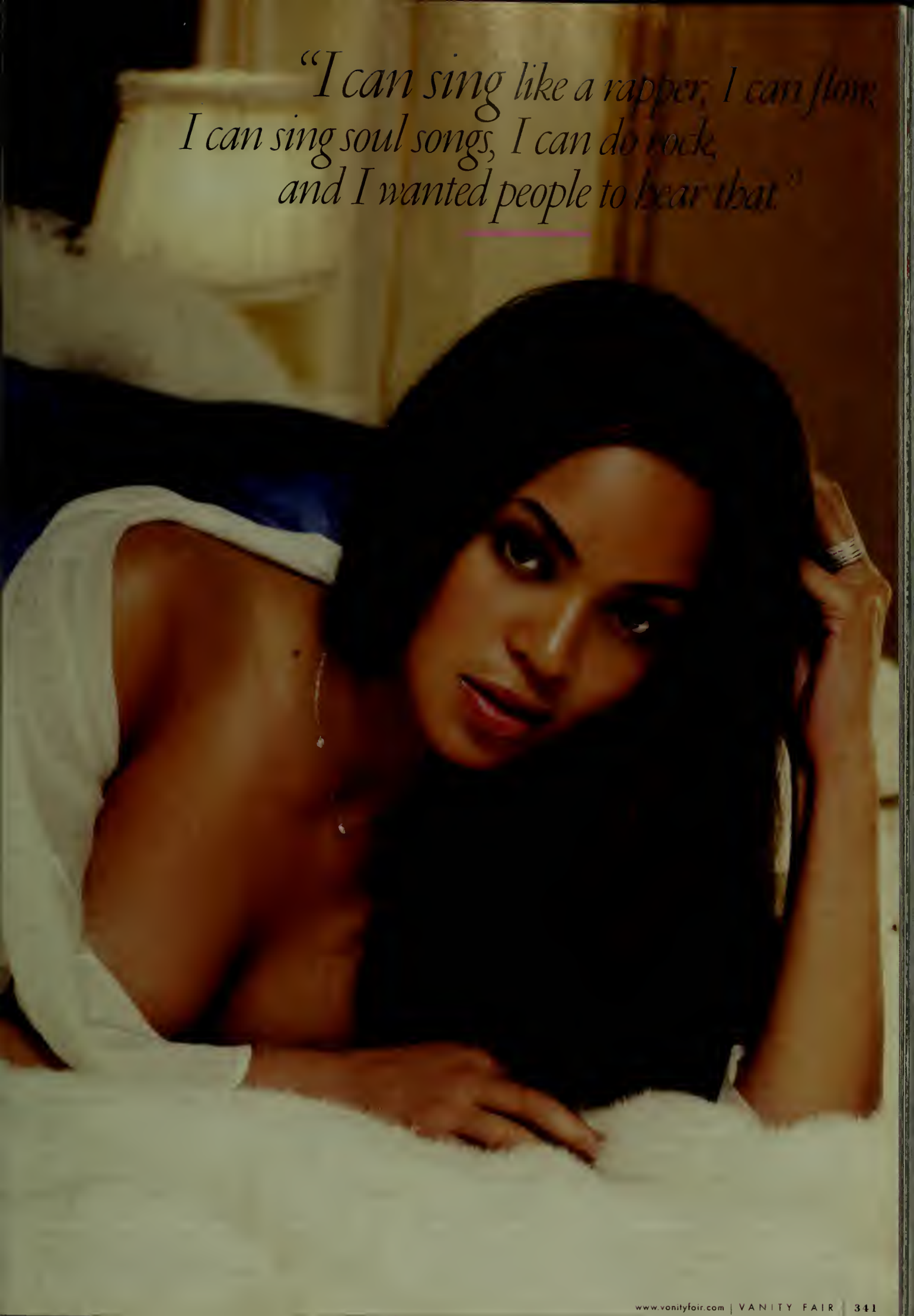
Beyoncé, her bodyguard, Richard "Shorty" Alexander, and Munchie, her Shih Tzu, exit the Hotel Ritz in Barcelona. *Opposite: left,* Beyoncé and models in Barcelona's Parc de la Ciutadella; *right,* Shorty, Munchie, and Beyoncé.

"People think I have the same story as the Jackson 5, and I have a completely different story," says Beyoncé.



BED, BATH,
AND BEYONCÉ

Beyoncé in a rare moment of repose, in the Salvador Dalí suite at the Hotel Ritz in Barcelona, ne 10, 2005.



"I can sing like a rapper, I can flow, I can sing soul songs, I can do rock, and I wanted people to hear that."

debut, *Dangerously in Love,* sold more than seven million albums, earned her five Grammy Awards—to add to the three she already had with Destiny's Child—star appearances on the Grammys and the Oscars, four movie roles (including the forthcoming *Pink Panther,* with Steve Martin), and assured her current status as the biggest star to emerge from the biggest-selling female group in the world.

On the way, she endured everything from microphones that stopped working mid-performance to dancing in shoes made for two left feet, to falling down onstage wearing platforms: "She got on her knees and did this thing and jumped back up like it was all a part of the routine," says Tina Knowles. While success did not come without struggle—there were I.R.S. problems after her father quit his job to manage the group, the family had to move, and her parents split up for six months—Beyoncé says, "I didn't grow up poor. I went to private school; we had a very nice house, cars, a housekeeper. I wasn't doing this because I didn't have a choice, or to support the family, or because I had to get out of a bad situation. I just was determined; this is what I wanted to do so bad."

"Beyoncé was very shy around children, and one of the reasons we put her in dance classes was so she'd have some little kid friends," says Tina Knowles, talking about her daughter in a private dining room on the 35th floor of the Sony Building in New York City. "When she was seven, her dance teacher, Miss Darlette, told me she was special, and you know, everyone thinks their child is special, so I just said 'O.K.' But then Beyoncé entered this contest—she was going to sing John Lennon's 'Imagine'—and her dad started working with her three days before, telling her what the song was about. When she got onstage she was just a different kid; she was so confident and she looked so happy, and we were like, 'Who is *that?*' After that, there was no stopping her—she was obsessed."

The first incarnation of Destiny's Child was composed of Beyoncé, Kelly Rowland, and two other girls, LeToya Luckett and LaTavia Roberson, who left the group and then filed a lawsuit that claimed manager Mathew Knowles favored his daughter. When her friends left the group, in December 1999, "I was so depressed," Beyoncé says. "I didn't leave my room for weeks. I learned from it, but at the time, I was sick. This was my dream, and it wasn't just the career. Those were my friends. It was like a breakup, like breaking up with your boyfriend. But Kelly and I decided to try and get two more girls and still do the video for 'Say My Name.'"

They found two new members, Farrah Franklin and Michelle Williams; Farrah didn't stick around too long, but Michelle joined Kelly and Beyoncé to complete the trio that has ruled the pop charts for the past decade. And Beyoncé's parents were always there to give total support. "My mother is the balance," says Beyoncé. "She's very strong and will say whatever she feels and protects me always, but she always kept me a normal kid; she made sure I had slumber parties, made sure we hung out with our friends—even after eighth grade, when we started being home-schooled. My father was more focused. He wanted it for me and did everything because he's my father and wanted me to be happy, but he's a workaholic."

"It's not an easy thing, working with your father," she says. "We bump heads, we have arguments. People expect me to be a certain way, like a Diana Ross—and they expect my father to be like Joe Jackson, because that's been the pattern when parents manage children. People think that he just controls everything and does everything, but I actually control everything. People think I have the same story as the Jackson 5, and I have a completely different story. I had a very healthy, happy childhood—my mother made sure of it and I love her for it." *Did you have boyfriends?* "I had a boyfriend from 9th grade until 12th grade, the same guy. I met him in church, and I went to his prom, but I preferred to be at home singing in front of a stereo—recording, making songs, listening to the music I grew up with. My mom loved Anita Baker and Donny Hathaway, and my dad got us this Motown series, and that was just the most fascinating thing—especially the Supremes. They were so glamorous and beautiful and poised. All I wanted to do was watch videos and write songs and perform."

"I remember the first album Beyoncé wrote on," says Tina. "She gave so much to that producer. I'd go to the studio and she'd be so excited. She'd say, 'Mom, they *let* me produce, they *let* me write, they *let* me produce all the vocals.' She was in there doing all this work and I'd say, 'Where's the producer?,' and he's out there on the cell phone. And she's like, 'He's so nice to me.' And I'm like, 'Yeah . . . he is, and the next record you do, you won't need as much help.' Because she learns. She's like a sponge.

I got the hottest chick in the game
Wearin' my chain.

—Jay-Z, "PSA," fr
The Black Album, 20

Jay is just such a gentleman, and he is s
smart, I was so happy that they got togeth
They're two smart people, and it's great
for both of them—it's such a great match

—Tina Knowles, August 20

For the past four yea
Beyoncé has been rom
tically involved with r
per, record executive, a
entrepreneur Jay-Z, w
is currently the cool
man in music. Actually, though, they m
not have been together for four yea
They may have been together longer, b
cause, in a refreshing change of pace fr
today's blabbermouth celebrities, they
not publicly discuss their relationsh
Here's what you have never seen w
these two: A reality show where they
with their hands and discuss bodily fu
tions. Beyoncé kissing Madonna on T
Beyoncé throwing plates in a hotel in t
midst of a drunken crack-up, or *having*
drunken crack-up. Beyoncé racing into h
boyfriend's arms as he's released from j
or *having* a boyfriend in jail. Beyoncé a
Jay-Z fleeing the police after a shoot-
in a nightclub. There are no drug rumo
No quickie Las Vegas marriage or ann
ment. No PIMPS UP, HO'S DOWN jack
worn at a wedding-rehearsal dinner. N
jumping on sofas during *Oprah.* Beyonc
she of the "bootylicious," sexy dance
still manages to wear her success w
while maintaining a sense of decorum
a world gone absolutely mad. Beyon
Knowles is very much a lady. And wh
was the last time anyone used that word
describe a superstar?

It's possible that Beyoncé and Jay m
have already been dating when they bo
participated in the cover shoot for *Van*
Fair's Music Issue in July 2001—they ju
laugh when asked about it. Two yea
ago, whenever I would talk to Jay abo
Beyoncé, I took elaborate care to ref
to her only as "that girl you know." Ho
ever, for the past two years, a glut of p
parazzi photos attest to their togethernes
They're hugging on boats on vacatio
in the South of France. They're wearin
Santa hats and bringing toys to the kids
the Marcy projects in Brooklyn, where J
(né Shawn Carter) grew up. They're cou
side at Knicks and Nets games. They're
Jay's 40/40 Club in Manhattan. They'
at the MTV Video Music Awards, th
Oscars, the *Vanity Fair* Oscar party.

"What I gave Beyoncé was a street credibility, a different edge," says Jay-Z.



CRAZY IN LOVE

Beyoncé and Jay-Z, *left,* hang out at *Vanity Fair*'s Oscar party in Los Angeles, February 27, 2005, and, *above,* at a brunch the day of the MTV Video Music Awards at the Setai hotel in Miami Beach, August 28, 2005.

Last February, at Clive avis's pre-Grammy party the Beverly Hills Hotel, eyoncé sang along when arlos Santana performed ye Come Va." The next ght, at Universal Music roup C.E.O. Doug Morris's rammy TV-viewing party, e quietly sang along as her iend Bono and an all-star ieup performed the Beatles' cross the Universe." I asked y how she knew all the words these songs from the 1960s. t's crazy," he said. "She's a udent of the game. She's student of all types of mu-c. The sounds she can hear music and memorize off of he listen are amazing. She is a wonderful ear for mu-c—knows if people are flat, n pitch, on tone—she has the hole thing down pat."

Their musical collaboration gan when Jay asked Beyoncé sing on his 2002 song "03 Bonnie and yde," because, he said with a laugh, "I anted a singer on the song, and I knew e who was exceptional." He returned e favor on her ubiquitous 2003 mega-ash single, the Grammy-winning "Crazy Love." I asked Jay what he thought ey brought to each other musically. "We changed audiences," he said. "Her rec-ds are huge Top 40 records, and she lped 'Bonnie and Clyde' go to Num-r 1. What I gave her was a street cred-ility, a different edge."

According to Beyoncé, "'Crazy in Love' as really hard to write, because there as so much going on. I let Columbia hear with the rest of my album, and people ed it, but they didn't go crazy for it. I as so stressed, because I thought, I don't ve a single. I mean, I had written—hat?—seven, eight number one songs with estiny's Child, in a row. But I guess if u haven't written a number one song in ree months, you have to prove yourself ain. I knew the song wasn't complete, be-use the horns were so old-school, and I thought if a rapper was on it people would give it more of a chance—because rappers can flow over old-school beats and people accept it. So Jay came into the studio, and it could have been 10 minutes, it could have been 2 minutes—he listened to it and recorded this rap without writing anything down. He just sits there and his mouth starts moving silently, and all of a sudden he does this rap. I have seen him do this many times, but this was like three in the morning. He had to be exhausted, I was exhausted. I don't know how he did this.... He rapped on the song and he added a lot to the energy of it. It really completed the song."

"Sasha" is the name Beyoncé has given to her alter ego, that "other person" she becomes when she's onstage. But, she says, "I always held back in Destiny's Child, because I was comfortable in a group and felt that I didn't have to do anything 100 percent, because there were other people onstage with me. I would not lose myself or go all the way." *When do you think you first went all the way?* "The first step to that was *Dangerously in Love.* I just wanted people to really hear me, hear my voice and my tastes. For the first time, I wasn't afraid, I didn't feel limited. I wanted people to hear my range, because I can sing like a rapper, I can flow, I can sing soul songs, I can do rock, and I wanted people to hear that. All the Destiny's Child songs like 'Independent Woman' and 'Survivor' were all so strong. I wanted people to hear the more vulnerable side." *To come out with "Crazy in Love," with the sexy lyrics and video with Jay, you must have been in love.* "Yes, it was very real. And when we did that video, everybody was like, 'Who is that?' Because for the first time I danced all the way. I let go." *What about your famed ass-shaking dance* CONTINUED ON PAGE 389



Rod Stewart's last *Great American Songbook* album debuted at No. 1,
he finally got his Grammy this year, and, on the heels of his new collection of standards,
he's about to have another kid—with his 34-year-old fiancée.
At 60, Stewart tells JIM WINDOLF, there's only one part of him that feels his age

Do Ya Think



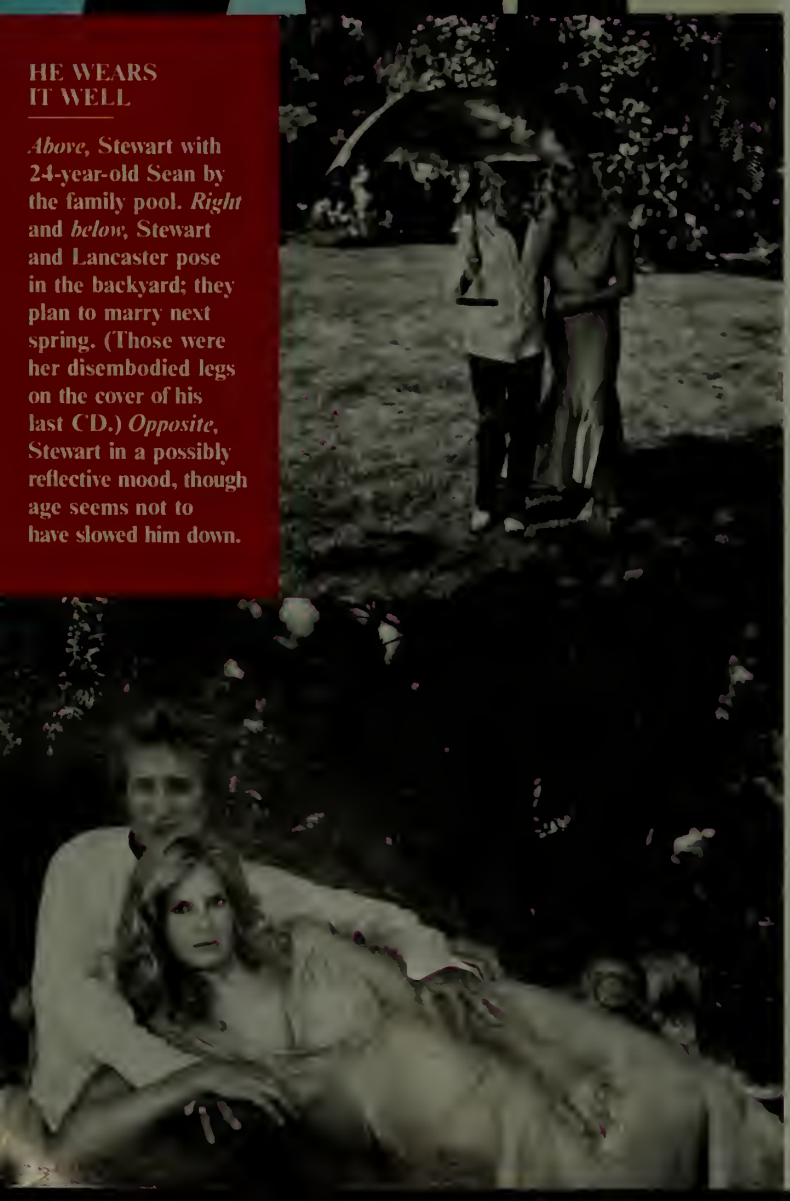
FOREVER YOUNG-ISH

Rod Stewart and family. From left: Penny Lancaster (Stewart's pregnant fiancée), Stewart, daughters Kimberly (by ex-wife Alana Stewart) and Ruby (by former girlfriend Kelly Emberg), and son Sean (by Alana Stewart). Photographed at Stewart's Beverly Hills mansion on August 25, 2005.

I'm Sixty?

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARK SELIGER





HE WEARS IT WELL

Above, Stewart with 24-year-old Sean by the family pool. *Right* and *below,* Stewart and Lancaster pose in the backyard; they plan to marry next spring. (Those were her disembodied legs on the cover of his last CD.) *Opposite,* Stewart in a possibly reflective mood, though age seems not to have slowed him down.

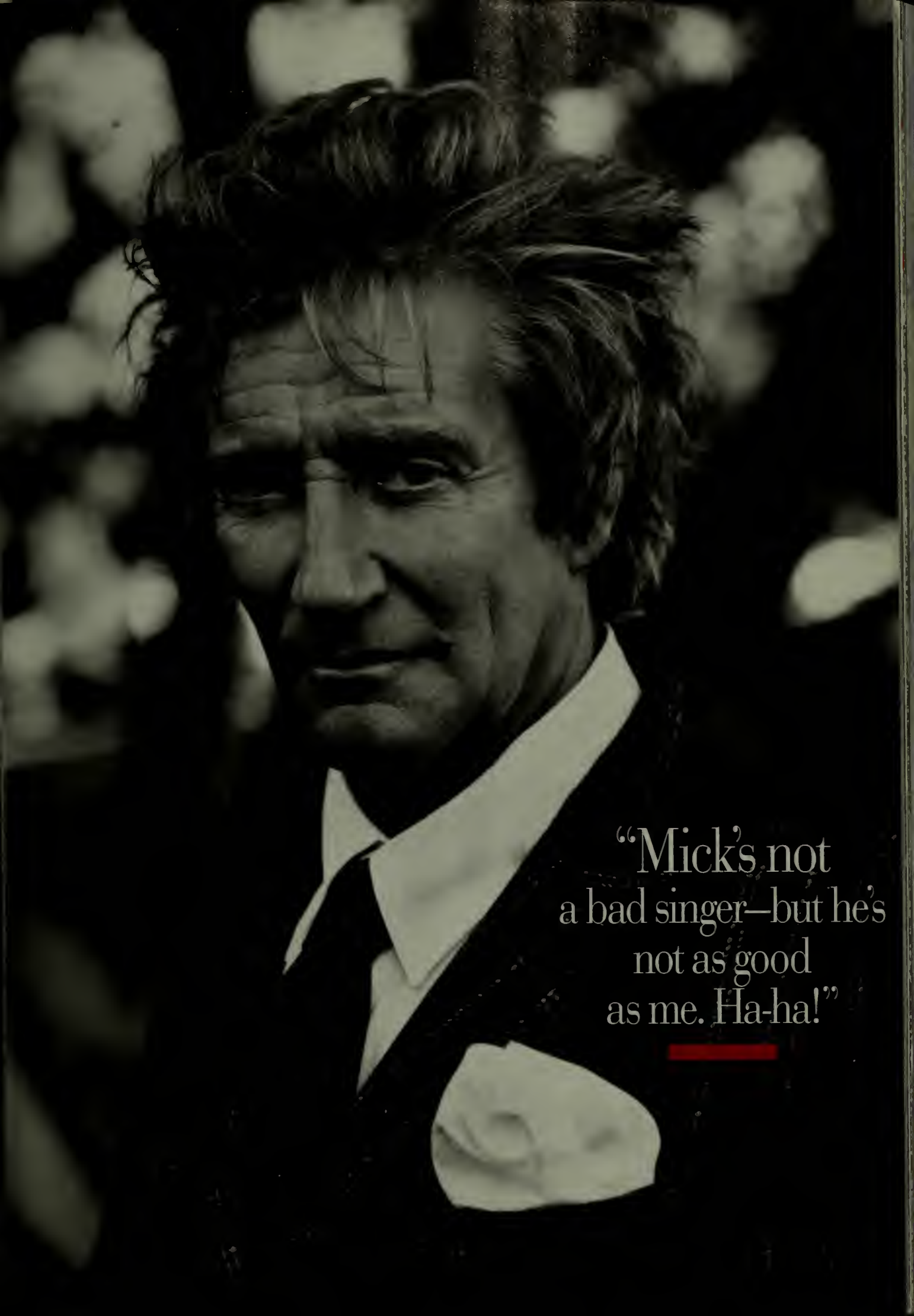
Earlier this year Rod Stewart vow his next album of standards would be his last. But as he w putting the finishing touches on *Thanks for the Memory . . . T Great American Songbook Volume IV,* he decided to leave hi self some wiggle room, saying, "I would hate not to be able do another one."

Stewart's first three easygoing collections of songs written the likes of the Gershwins, Jerome Kern, Rodgers and Ha Hoagy Carmichael, and Frank Loesser have all gone mul platinum; the third volume debuted at No. 1 on the *Billboa* Top 200 chart in 2004, giving him his first No. 1 album sin *Blondes Have More Fun,* in 1978. Volume III also won him Grammy, after 14 hard-luck nominations. "I must admit my ki were more pleased than I was," he says. "I was under the impre sion I was doing all right without it."

The new album, out this October from Clive Davis's J Record departs only slightly from the formula, with two rhythm-and-blu classics included among the Tin Pan Alley warhorses. Those son will ease Stewart's undergarment-tossing fans into what may be h next project. "I think what we're going to do for the next album *The Great American Soul Book,*" he says. At press time Stewa was awaiting word from a possible duet partner on one of Volun IV's R&B tracks, Sam Cooke's "You Send Me." "It's suppose to have Christina Aguilera on it, but she hasn't done it thus fa so I'm keeping me fingers crossed," Stewart says in a Cockney l that 25 years of residing in Los Angeles has left unchange Aguilera is one of his favorites among the singing stars 30 an 40 years his junior. "She's superb," says Stewart, 60. "Nothin wrong with *her.* She's nearly as good as me."

Stewart has regularly assumed new guises, most notably whe he went disco in 1978 with "Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?" While h contemporaries the Rolling Stones rake in cash on the road, Stew art is making a bigger dent in the charts these days. Is he happ to outsell his old mates (among them Ron Wood, Stewart's fo mer colleague in the Faces)? "Nooo," he says with a raspy lau "They're survivors and still the best rock 'n' roll band, in my opi ion. Mick's not a bad singer—but he's not as good as me. Ha-h Woodie keeps plaguing me—'When are you gonna see the band I said, 'I *saw* them in 1963; I'm not gonna see them again.' But am going to try to see them this time."

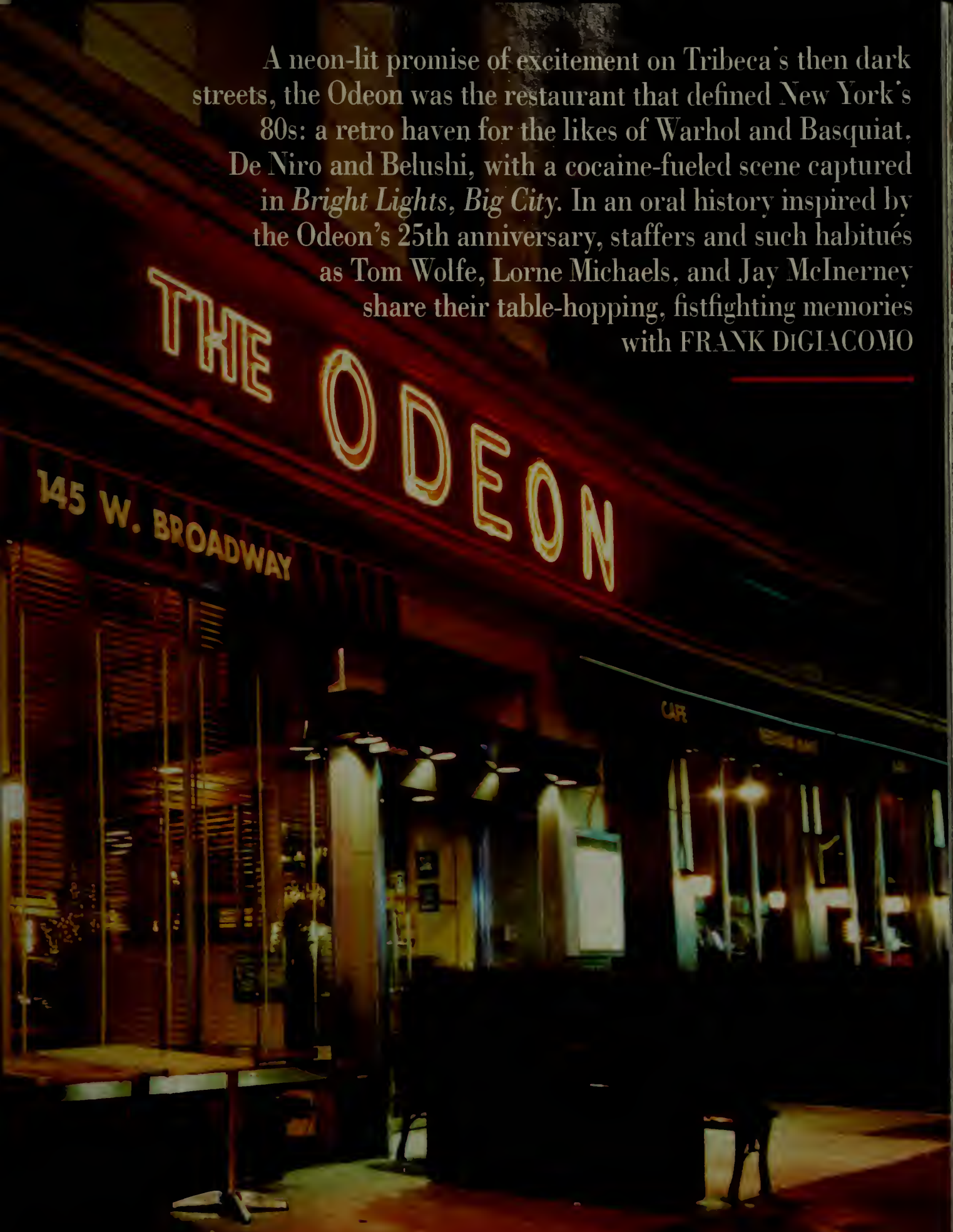
With five of his six children living nearby or in his house, and wedding set for next spring with 34-year-old former model Penn Lancaster (who's pregnant), Stewart has only one regret about ge ting older: a bum knee that keeps him off the soccer field. "Just i the middle of trying to rebuild it and see if I can give it one mor heroic try," he says. "But I've had a good run on it, 50-odd years playing, so I can't complain." Adopting the solemnity of a eulogis he adds, "It's been a good knee." □


"Mick's not
a bad singer—but he's
not as good
as me. Ha-ha!"


E HAPPENED
ATERY NIGHT
The Odeon,
photographed on
September 10, 2005.
CAFETERIA
LIVE, FROM

A neon-lit promise of excitement on Tribeca's then dark streets, the Odeon was the restaurant that defined New York's 80s: a retro haven for the likes of Warhol and Basquiat, De Niro and Belushi, with a cocaine-fueled scene captured in *Bright Lights, Big City*. In an oral history inspired by the Odeon's 25th anniversary, staffers and such habitués as Tom Wolfe, Lorne Michaels, and Jay McInerney share their table-hopping, fistfighting memories

with FRANK DiGIACOMO



TRIBECA!

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN HUBA

In Lower Manhattan, at the corner of West Broadway and Thomas Street, hangs a restaurant sign that functions as a kind of cultural Rorschach test. Composed not of abstract shapes but of 29-inch-high stylishly retro letters that spell the words CAFETERIA and THE ODEON in reddish-orange neon, the sign represents different things to different people. For some, it is an Edward Hopper painting come to life. Others recognize it as an image from the opening credits of vintage *Saturday Night Live* reruns or the cover of Jay McInerney's novel *Bright Lights, Big City.* Others see it simply as a restaurant sign.

But for some who lived in Manhattan as the 1970s gave way to the 80s, the Odeon sign was a homing beacon that signaled a new chapter in New York's nightlife. Indeed, by the time the Odeon opened in the fall of 1980, Studio 54, that sybaritic symbol of the previous decade, had already begun to recede along with the financial crisis that had fueled the disco's anything-goes atmosphere. Shirts would soon be buttoned to the neck instead of opened to the navel. The once untamable city was acquiring a crust of civilization, order, and even romance. Prosperity and opportunity had returned—and the city's nightlife would begin to reflect that.

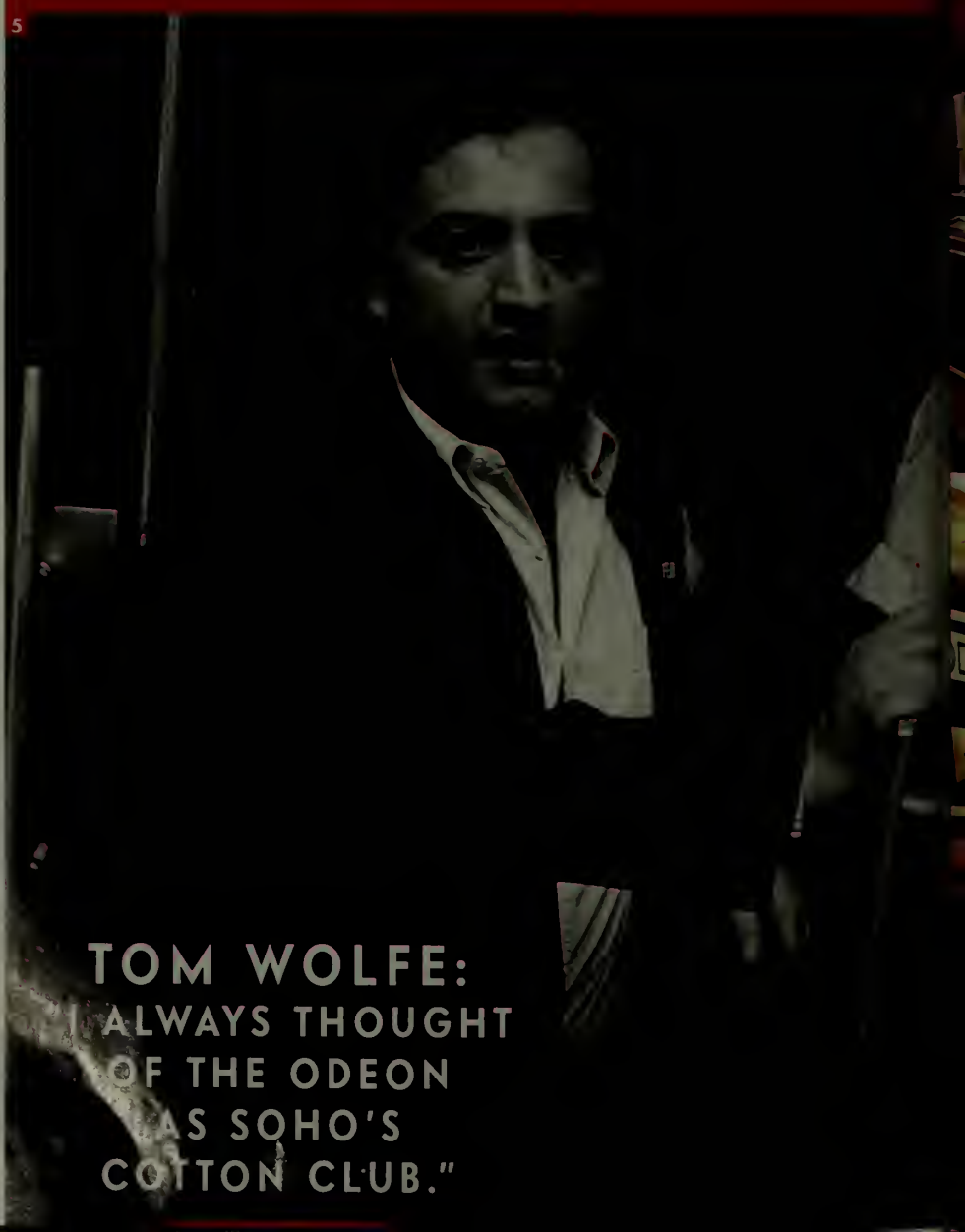
And what better place to showcase this new sensibility than the wilds of Tribeca, a former commercial section of Manhattan below Canal Street that, while it featured street after cobblestone street of striking cast-iron buildings, became spookily barren at night, save for the inviting glow of the Odeon's neon.

Through the doors was a movie set doubling as a restaurant, an uncharacteristically wide space of buttery light, ribbed glass, and burnished wood that recalled both Paris's La Coupole and Raymond Chandler's Los Angeles, albeit with a Bakelite frieze of New York's skyline on the wall. A carefully chosen mix of old standards and New Wave played on the sound system, anything from Ella Fitzger-



BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG 80S

(1) The Towers Cafeteria as it looked in the 1970s, before it became the Odeon. (2) Then owners Lynn Wagenknecht and Keith McNally, right, with bartender Stephen Coll circa 1981. (3) Former owner Brian McNally on the staircase leading to the restaurant's on infamous bathrooms and closet, 2005. (4) The bar, purchased for $11,750. (5) John Belushi who frequently helped himself in the Odeon's kitchen, leaving the restaurant, 1981. (6) The downstairs area, still with its original tiling. (7) Promotional tickets from the Odeon's Takacheck dispenser. (8) Nell Campbell (investor and friend), Keith, Lynn, and Peter McN (third brother) horsing around during the renovation before the Odeon's opening, summer 198



TOM WOLFE: "I ALWAYS THOUGHT OF THE ODEON AS SOHO'S COTTON CLUB."


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ald and Georgie Fame to the Shangri-Las and Talking Heads.

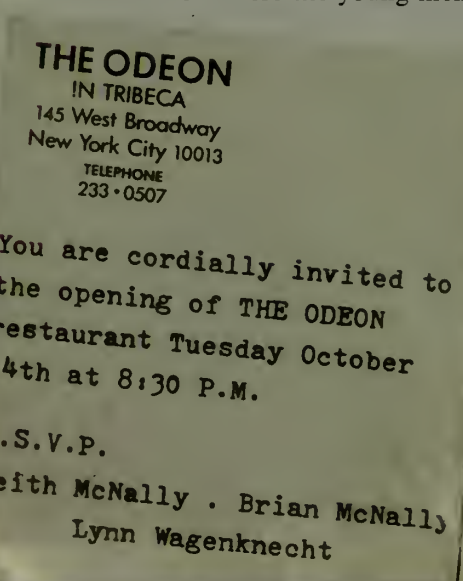
The Odeon looked cool but exuded warmth, which is not a sentiment associated with the 80s, a decade best remembered for the three *C*'s—not Clemente, Chia, and Cucchi, but cash, cynicism, and cocaine, as well as that holdover from the 70s, casual sex. The perspectives of writers, artists, gallery owners, waiters, and cooks who ushered in the era at the Odeon tend to be rosier. Yes, they admit, drugs and sex could be had there, particularly if one knew about the storage closet beneath the stairs, but those commodities were everywhere in New York. What made the Odeon special, they say, is that, in the formative years of the decade, it became a clubhouse where the young men and women who would determine the direction of the culture—high and low—for at least the next 10 years came to network, flirt, and occasionally fight. AIDS, moneygrubbing, and the ravages of prolonged drug use—not to mention age, the usual suspect—would soon sober up the crowd, but for a few euphoric years there were rules to be rewritten and reputations to be made.

And that included the reputations of the young trio who had opened the Odeon: the London-born Keith McNally, his older brother Brian, and a fresh-faced transplant from Streator, Illinois, named Lynn Wagenknecht, who would eventually marry, and later divorce, Keith.

The McNallys are the restaurant world's rough equivalent of rock 'n' roll's volatile Davies brothers, Ray and Dave, though, truthfully, their band, the Kinks, stayed together longer. But in this analogy, it's the younger Keith who resembles the elder Ray, the Kinks' leader and pre-eminent songwriter. A former actor who co-starred in playwright and *Beyond the Fringe* member Alan Bennett's *Forty Years On*, Keith is the obsessive, tortured visionary with sad eyes, a melancholy streak, and a cutting sense of humor. Brian is more the Dave Davies type: a well-read devil-may-care battler with keen social instincts and a load of charisma.

To this equation, Wagenknecht brought can-do American ingenuity and a midwestern work ethic that could cut through the Stilton when things got a little too British. People who know her tend to mention her modesty. "She's the quiet Beatle," says filmmaker Amos Poe, an Odeon regular, using yet another rock 'n' roll metaphor.

Prior to the Odeon, the three partners worked together at the restaurant One Fifth, named for its location at 1 Fifth Avenue. Owned by a man named George Schwartz, who also happened to be the head of radiation oncology at a Manhattan hospital, One Fifth was a proto-Odeon in terms of







WITHIN WEEKS
THE ART AND *S.N.L.* CROWDS HAD TAKEN UP RESIDENCE AT THE ODEON

SOPHISTICATION *AND* FRIES

Dan Aykroyd leaving the Odeon with a date after a party in honor of Steve Martin, 1981. *Opposite, counterclockwise from top:* interior of the Towers Cafeteria, 1970s; tickets from the Towers' Takacheck dispenser; invite to the Odeon's 1980 opening; the restaurant's interior, 1995.



BONFIRE OF THE PLATS DU JOUR

(1) Keith and Lynn, 2005. (2) The restaurant's clock, bought at a flea market. (3) Artists from the Leo Castelli Gallery, posing in the Odeon's bathroom, 1982; confrontational sculptor Richard Serra is in the back row, fourth from the left, partially hidden. (4) Iconic cover. (5) David Hockney at the Odeon, 1984. (6) Brian, early 80s. (7) Jay McInerney at the restaurant, 2004. (8) The bar area. (9) Former view looking south on West Broadway.

"THERE WERE A LOT OF FIGHTS IN THIS RESTAURANT. IT WAS A VERY PHYSICAL RESTAURANT."



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the crowd it drew, though campier in spirit and décor. Designed by Schwarz's late wife, the Austrian artist Kiki Kogelnik, the restaurant was outfitted with chairs and other accoutrements from the Cunard cruise ship R.M.S. *Caronia*. The maître d' wore tails and, Schwarz says, a monocle, and the restaurant attracted the art and *Saturday Night Live* crowds that would soon be flocking to the Odeon. Keith McNally had landed there first, in 1976, working his way up from oyster shucker to waiter to general manager in the dining room. Eventually, he hired Brian, who tended bar, and Wagenknecht, who became a waiter, and, subsequently, Keith's girlfriend.

In 1979 a trip to Paris convinced Keith and Lynn that New York lacked a worthy brasserie. By spring 1980 they had found the space: the site of the old Towers Cafeteria, at 145 West Broadway, a steam-table restaurant that had been in operation since the 1930s. Located immediately south of SoHo—which would soon begin its metamorphosis from art-world enclave to chic shopping mecca—Tribeca, as it had been nicknamed since the 60s, was the province mostly of intrepid artists attracted to cheap loft space. On May 30, 1980, with Brian on board as well, the partners, under the name Orwell Restaurant Associates, Ltd., signed a 15-year lease for the Towers site.

The décor fell to Keith and Lynn, who say it wasn't so much what they added to the space as what they took away. They kept the hanging globe lanterns, terrazzo floor, tiled bathrooms, and Takacheck dispenser, replacing the utilitarian meal tickets with promotional ones bearing the Odeon's Art Deco logo. Brian came up with the name, which he says was inspired by London's Odeon cinema chain. Behind garish Formica panels, the trio discovered handsome wood paneling, which the McNally brothers refinished themselves. In New Jersey they found a man who could render the restaurant's new name in neon letters that matched the CAFETERIA section. Wagenknecht hung the sign. They added the Bakelite skyline, which had once adorned a Woolworth's, and a curvaceous, mirrored 1930s Deco bar. The latter fixture, their biggest expenditure, cost $11,750, almost 10 percent of the $140,000 opening budget. To complement their movie-set-cum-dining-room, they hired 24-year-old Patrick Clark, a rising-star chef who turned out to be as melodramatic as he was talented. A man of considerable heft, Clark, the black, Brooklyn-born son of a cook, had studied in France under nouvelle cuisine pioneer Michel Guérard. To the Odeon he

brought sole stuffed with salmon mousse and sauced with vermouth, and a working style liberally garnished with fits of pique.

The Odeon was christened on October 14, 1980, with a party, the details of which no one seems to remember, except that it was a lot of fun. Within weeks, the restaurant had become the latest in a long line to attract a stylish, creative crowd. But what distinguished the Odeon was its postmodern interpretation of what constituted a memorable dining experience, circa 1980. "They hit the *Zeitgeist* with the architecture," says Joe Helman, an art dealer who was instrumental in making the Odeon a popular place to fête an artist in the 80s. "The Odeon was kind of retro, without being kitsch. It was one of the places that really defined the moment." Self-conscious without being pretentious—which couldn't always be said of its customers—the Odeon's design, its flattering lighting and aesthetically pleasing staff appealed to a younger, more cosmopolitan generation's love of the cinematic, and its preoccupation with looking good.

"I REMEMBER ALL THE SURFACES FOR COKE SNIFFING IN THE MEN'S ROOM. I COULD TELL YOU EVERY ONE OF THEM."

The menu, meanwhile, appealed to a broader palette of tastes. Like the French restaurants that, since the 40s, had set the standards for fine dining in New York, the Odeon offered ambitious, fashionable food and wine, along with crisp service. But for the formal and often intimidating stuffiness of those restaurants it substituted the boozier, more casual and convivial atmospherics found at the formidable Elaine's, where the literary and show-business crowds still go, and at Mickey Ruskin's many art and music hangouts, most notably Max's Kansas City, inner sanctum of Andy Warhol and his Factory entourage in the 60s. And though the Odeon's prices were geared for successful artists, not starving ones, those with more modest means and tastes—and those who couldn't care less about the pedigree of their pea shoots—could always find a burger or a country salad on the menu.

"For me, the Odeon defined downtown," says Lorne Michaels, executive producer of *S.N.L.* and a friend of Keith's. "Whoever you were, you felt instantly comfortable in that space. It had sophistication and it had French fries."

This October the Odeon celebrates its 25th anniversary. Much has changed since the restaurant opened its doors. The partners have gone on to produce some of the most successful and influential restaurants of the last 25 years, although not in concert. Brian left the Odeon in 1982 to move to Paris with his wife, Anne (who works for this magazine; the couple are now divorced). He returned in 1983, and soon opened a series of restaurants on his own—Indochine, Canal Bar, and 150 Wooster—that set and raised the bar of hipness in New York. Around the same time, he and Keith became embroiled in an on-again, off-again feud which has had its physical moments. Theories about its origins abound, but the brothers decline to discuss it. Currently, they are not on speaking terms.

In 1983, Lynn and Keith also began to expand, opening another stylish brasserie, Café Luxembourg, on the Upper West Side, followed in 1986 by Nell's, on West 14th Street, and in 1989 by Lucky Strike, on Grand Street in SoHo. Simultaneously, they raised a family of three children and Keith wrote and directed his first film, *End of the Night,* which was nominated for the Grand Jury Prize at the 1991 Sundance Film Festival. In 1990 the couple moved to Paris, where Keith made a second film, Lynn returned to painting and managing their portfolio of restaurants by fax, and their marriage ran aground.

Shortly thereafter, Lynn bought out Keith's stake in the Odeon, as well as in Luxembourg and Nell's. Keith kept Lucky Strike and, beginning in 1996, opened a series of art-directed bars and restaurants: Pravda, Balthazar, Pastis, and Schiller's Liquor Bar. His latest, an Italian restaurant in the Village currently called Bar Silvino (not to be confused—perhaps—with the well-established Da Silvano), is scheduled to open next spring. All are jam-packed. All carry strands of Odeon's DNA, as do dozens of restaurants around town with which he, Lynn, and Brian have nothing to do.

The original, the Odeon, meanwhile, has had its ups and downs. But the restaurant was re-discovered in the mid-90s and th crowds are still strong. "It started out whit hot and transitioned into a classic," say Amos Poe. "It's as if Pamela Anderson b came Greta Garbo."

Brian McNally: [While we were still working on the interior] I remember [poe and Warhol superstar] Taylor Mead walking by. He came in and said: "That gorgeous! Nobody will come." And he ran out. And we didn't see him until it opened. It was so depressing. We had people coming down and trying to be optimistic about it, but clearly not believing that we were going to do business at all.

Keith McNally: The first night wasn't a disaster, but the first customer was. She entered the second the doors opened [around six P.M.] without a clue it was a new restaurant. Alone in the dining room, she waited 90 minutes for a green-bean salad before being told we'd run out of green beans. Fuming, she ordered just a coffee and nothing else. Sh got the nothing else rather quickly, but the coffee never arrived. No one knew how to operate the coffee grinder.

Brian McNally: I don't want to be a snob about it, but people didn't "get it" in the way that everybody "gets it" now. You know, everybody is hip today. As soon as you open a restaurant, they come pouring in. At that point we'd get people walking in—uptown people or people from, you know, outside of New York—and they'd say, "This is not a restaurant." They didn't get it, but the artists did.

Amos Poe, filmmaker (*The Blank Generation, Alphabet City*): Word got out that there's this restaurant in Tribeca that was packed. It was like, What? You take your life in your hands walking down those streets. There were practicall no lights. And then there was this bright corner, where there was this sign THE ODEON. There was nothing to take away from the glitter of that sign. That sign was just so "Boom!"

Jay McInerney, novelist (*Bright Lights, Big City; Brightness Falls*): Back then, [Tribeca was precisely what we don't have in Manhattan anymore, which was a fringe, no-man's-land, which, of course, is where subcultures thrive. Just being in that area seemed kind of cool because there wasn't much there. And just visually you saw the Odeon and you thought, It's old. It's new. It's cutting-edge. It's retro. Keith is so

brilliant at that: making a place look like it has been there forever.

Lorne Michaels: It was the beginning of a new sensibility. Someone who lived the same way we did—and was in the same community we were in—was opening a place, a modest place, in a location no one went to. And like all those things that aren't supposed to work, it worked perfectly. And it completely satisfied all of our social aspirations.

Linda Stein, real-estate broker, former co-manager of the Ramones: For a time, it was *the* place. The interesting part is, it was one of the only places that was *the* place almost any time of day: Sunday brunch or lunch—it wasn't only after dark. The other thing is, if you ever had jury duty, [the restaurant was close enough to the courts that] you could eat lunch there. It's the only upside to jury duty. You can have oysters. You can get drunk. And you can get yourself so drunk that they throw you out of jury duty. You get $40 a day from the government for jury duty, but you always spend more at the Odeon.

Michael Mott, former Odeon waiter: There were a lot of fights in this restaurant. It was a very physical restaurant. That first Friday we were open, there was a fistfight. And that was with George Schwarz, the owner of One Fifth.

Amos Poe: George Schwarz came down because, all of a sudden, One Fifth lost its luster. It was such a moment. And George came into Odeon and basically went into a rage.

Lynn Wagenknecht: George had a big table. And obviously the restaurant was chaos. We were doing a hundred dinners and Patrick [Clark, the chef] wasn't ready to go. So we kept giving everyone in the room more wine. Everyone got inebriated. And George drew some nasty notes on the check and on the receipt.

Michael Mott: There were three globes on the check [that symbolized the Odeon's lanterns]. And in the central globe, Schwarz wrote a one with a slash and then a five, which was the symbol for his restaurant.

George Schwarz: We visited Odeon for a very simple reason: we were curious to see what it looked like. When we got there, it was half full. At the end of dinner, I drew a simple diagonal line across the inside of the two or three balls on Odeon's check because I had been shocked and amazed that my wife's design details had been so closely copied in some of Odeon's elements. Keith, who is smart and sensitive, saw the check, immediately recognized the allusion, and responded to my message in a high-strung way by asking me to perform an impossible sexual act to myself.

Keith McNally: He was looking for trouble just coming in the door. And he got it. Of course, he fails to mention the black eye he got.

Brian McNally: Keith said, "Look, don't ever come back here again." George then threw a punch at Keith. I jumped over the bar and punched him. He went down. There was this huge mêlée in the middle of the restaurant. We got so depressed over that.

Michael Mott: Brian saw George kick Keith in the pants, knock him over against the maître d' stand, and Brian jumped over the bar to defend his brother. And then they threw George out on the street, and everybody in the restaurant applauded. It was theater, and it was also justified.

Eyebrows were raised in New York's foodie circles when, one month after the Odeon opened, interim New York Times *restaurant critic Moira Hodgson bestowed a surprising two out of four stars upon the place, raising its profile considerably.*

Drew Nieporent, restaurateur (Tribeca Grill, Nobu): The most important thing, for me, was Patrick Clark coming in and giving the place a food credibility and a professionalism. It really defined a certain period of taking great food and putting it in a casual setting and allowing people not to have to get all fussed up [to go out to eat]. It broke down a lot of barriers in that regard.

Mimi Sheraton, former *New York Times* restaurant critic: The Odeon was the beginning of a new kind of casualness—Armani-silk-shirt or Missoni-sweater casual, not jeans and tank tops.

Paige Powell, former associate publisher of *Interview* magazine: I used to take my video camera in and record the waiters describing the specials because it was that point in time, remember, that restaurant food got so elaborate. It was like "The Knight's Tale" they were reciting at your table. It would go on forever.

The Odeon was soon serving as the de facto commissary for the close-knit group of actors and directors—led by Robert De Niro and Martin Scorsese—who came to define the New York school of filmmaking. And in their midst were the remnants of another close-knit group that had helped revive the city's cultural relevance in the mid-70s: the original cast and crew of NBC's Saturday Night Live.

Mitch Glazer, screenwriter (*Scrooged*, *The Recruit*): I remember being in there with Dan Aykroyd one night. At another table were Martin Scorsese and Robbie Robertson [formerly of the Band]. And at one point Danny got up, turned to their table, and said, "*Mean Streets.* 'Cripple Creek.' I respect you gentlemen."

Tom Schiller, former *S.N.L.* short-film maker: I can remember that I was quite full of myself, and we all thought we were so special because we worked at *Saturday Night Live* and they couldn't harm us. And you could still smoke cigarettes inside. And I had this pretentious horrible habit of smoking clove cigarettes. And so I lit one up once, and suddenly [Atlantic Records co-founder] Ahmet Ertegun throws me a horrible glance, and he says, "I'm trying to eat chicken and all I smell is cloves." I immediately put it out and felt like an idiot.

Carol Caldwell, writer, girlfriend of the late, unfailingly macabre *S.N.L.* writer Michael O'Donoghue: I was new to the whole *Saturday Night Live* set, and it was at the Odeon I had my first real exposure to a lot of them. It was often the four of us [she and O'Donoghue, John Belushi and his wife, Judy], and invariably most everyone gravitated to our table at some point. Michael liked the attention and always wanted to be the one on the banquette looking out. He was quite the dandy and dressed so dapper in a Cole Porter kind of style. He always ordered the calf's liver with golden raisins sautéed in a sauce of vinegar and veal stock no matter how often we went in a week.

John didn't care where he sat—all eyes were going to be on him no matter what. He was affecting a black-leather-Harley-Davidson-New-York-punk look back then. It was the first I really got to observe up close what it was like for John to be the object of such continual riveted interest. He was gruff and gracious at the same time. All we had to do was sit there and *tout* showbiz New York came by. Of course, Michael would have an acerbic capsule report on each of them for my edification. [After each would leave, he'd say something CONTINUED ON PAGE 386

6167 Catina Street

Eyeglasses, a newspaper, and a TV remote control abandoned as the waves rose. An American flag propped against a wall marred with the scars of high water. This surreal tableau in a deserted home in New Orleans' Lakeview neighborhood is one of thousands that motorboat search-and-rescue crews encountered during their hunt for the living and the dead. The room practically echoes with the murmurs of lives uprooted, and with the panic that surged when, overnight on August 29, 2005, the city's levees submitted to the force of Hurricane Katrina. These walls suggest other, unspeakable tales. The story of the St. Bernard Parish man who survived by punching a hole in his ceiling for attic air to breathe, repeatedly diving into the tempest inside his house, yet unable to rescue his wife. Or the man, not far from this room on Catina Street, who smashed through his ceiling to help his family escape the roaring waters, as his friend clutched a baby, and as two desperate children hung on to an overhead fan.

Photographed on September 11, 2005.



HELL AND HIGH WATER

American Apocalypse: New Orleans 2005

Faced with the greatest natural disaster in modern American history, Washington fumbled and failed. But the Red Cross, the doctors and nurses of Woman's Hospital, the Texas Army National Guard helicopter crews, and the ad hoc bartenders at a Bourbon Street sports bar were among the many who fought to comfort, protect, and save. Photographer JONAS KARLSSON and reporter RON BEINNER capture New Orleans' suffering and its saviors, while DAVID HALBERSTAM confronts Hurricane Katrina's most disturbing revelations

The scenes were at once familiar and unfamiliar.

Familiar because television has become expert at bringing us news of disasters—hurricanes being a particular specialty of the medium—and it does them better than it does any other kind of story. It is all about pictures, something television producers understand brilliantly, and the pictures in this instance were exceptionally powerful and compelling. The producers and television news reporters, in fact, may have become a bit too smooth, and the danger is they risk turning the real and authentic into something that appears programmed and artificial. First, there are the tragedy and the tears; then, in time, the redemption, the rejuvenation, and the gratitude. Even with Katrina the coverage sometimes seemed scripted, as if they had the story down even before the hurricane struck and needed only to find the right local characters from central casting to play their prescribed roles and the right faces in

the crowd that were immediately recognizable in their emotions.

But it was unfamiliar as well, because when the damage is this catastrophic, the people so helpless, the government so weak and clumsy, we expect it to take place somewhere else—on the coast of Sri Lanka or Bangladesh, for instance—somewhere distant and poor. We do not expect to see so many fellow Americans overwhelmed, unable to help themselves and unable to escape the disaster. We do not expect to see our government so impotent and indifferent that it is completely paralyzed at the most critical moment. We do not expect to see the story play out so slowly and the cavalry arrive so late.

Was this really us? Was this really an American city coming apart—or drowning—as we watched? Were all these poor people, whose lives were broken, and some of whom looted their own city, really Americans? Aren't we better than this? Aren't we different? We knew New Orleans, or at least many of us thought we did. But New Orleans, if we dared look hard, had always been one of the poorest of our cities, its poverty barely concealed under a thin veneer. It was a city, to borrow Arthur Miller's phrase, getting by on a shoeshine and a smile.

All of our cities have two faces: the side we prefer to see and show, and the side we prefer not to know and work to hide. Of New Orleans, I think, this has always been particularly true; to know too much would be to dampen the pleasure of visiting. It has always seemed to me edgier than most cities, its citizenry accepting, if not entirely enthusiastic about, its assigned role of guiding visitors to the kind of places they do not visit back home. The locals manage, just barely, to keep smiling through it all, more than a little resentful about being wound up one more time so that tourists can have a good time and then mercifully be gone. Like most visitors I never looked carefully at the levees, never paid much attention to the fragility of the city's infrastructure, and thus never expected to see it destroyed before my eyes, hour by hour, day by day, as I watched from my living room.

The writer Michael Arlen once called Vietnam "the Living Room War," and now we have moved on: we have the Living Room Tragedy. I never expected to see looting on this scale and see it permitted to continue. I never expected to see my government fail so completely when high professionalism would have meant saving lives by the hour. I suppose that if you have a formidable political movement which for 25 years has pushed the idea that government is the enemy—that is, if you have a government run by people who do not believe in government—things like this will happen. The service agencies inevitably atrophy, ever less capable people man them, and they have less and less leverage with which to gain their necessary share of the annual budget.

We see what we want to see at moments like this. The tragedy in Louisiana and Mississippi reminded me once again of what bothers me about my country. We have, it seems to me, become less competent at the things that are elemental in a good society and that matter greatly to our long-range future. We are less generous with one another, especially with the vulnerable among us. We are too prideful of things that all too rarely reflect our better qualities. As we have become a more successful nation based on G.N.P., we have become a harder people, more arrogant, caring only about a certain kind of material success, the norms of which seem to me increasingly excessive. We value only the kind of success that will make us wealthy,

Shelter from the Storm

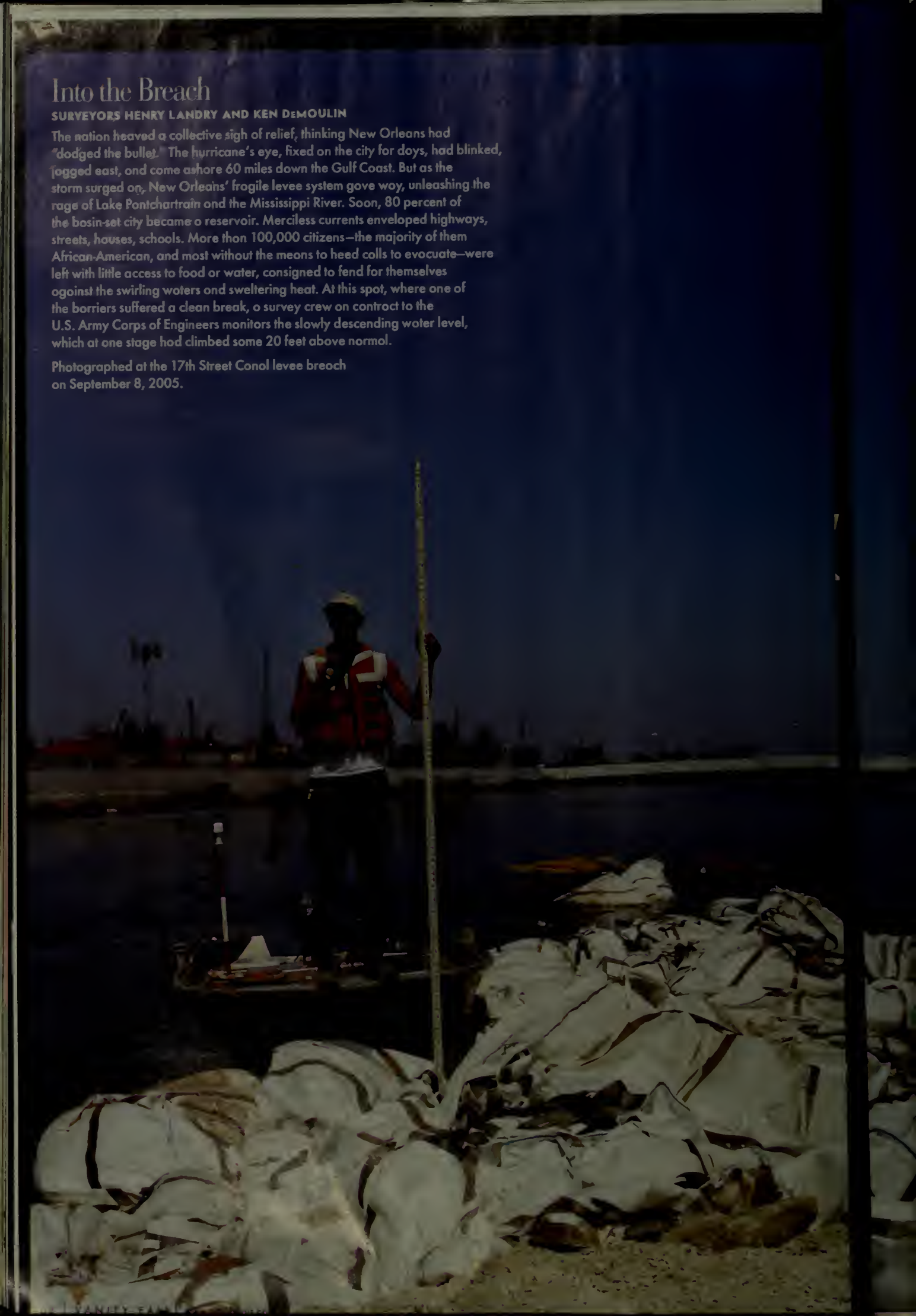
DERONTE JONES, ARIONNE PORTER, SHIRLEY MAE PORTER, CHERYL PORTER, HENDRICK PORTER, AND ELWIN GILLAM

Before the hurricane, the Baton Rouge River Center was best known for hosting such headliners as Kid Rock and Tim McGraw. Post-Katrina, it earned a hard-won reputation as Louisiana's larges fully functioning shelter, home to as many as 5,000 New Orleans evacuees, complete with medical clinic, pharmacy, and counselin center. Shirley Mae Porter, 30, arrived at the River Center after a harrowing journey that had begun when the levees broke, flood her New Orleans home. She grabbed her children and escaped i her 1978 Chevy Capri. They first sought refuge at the Ernest N. Morial Convention Center, where lack of food, inhumane conditio and the threat of violence forced Porter back onto the road. "No way," she recalls thinking. "Not for my family." After driving thro rising water, Porter found a temporary respite at her mother's home, in Baton Rouge, where she and her children stayed for five days before her mother's husband, she claims, kicked them out. "I'm not sure where we will go or what we will do," Porter says. "A week is a lifetime here."

Photographed in Shelter 1 at the Baton Rouge River Center on September 12, 2005.




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KODAK 400NC
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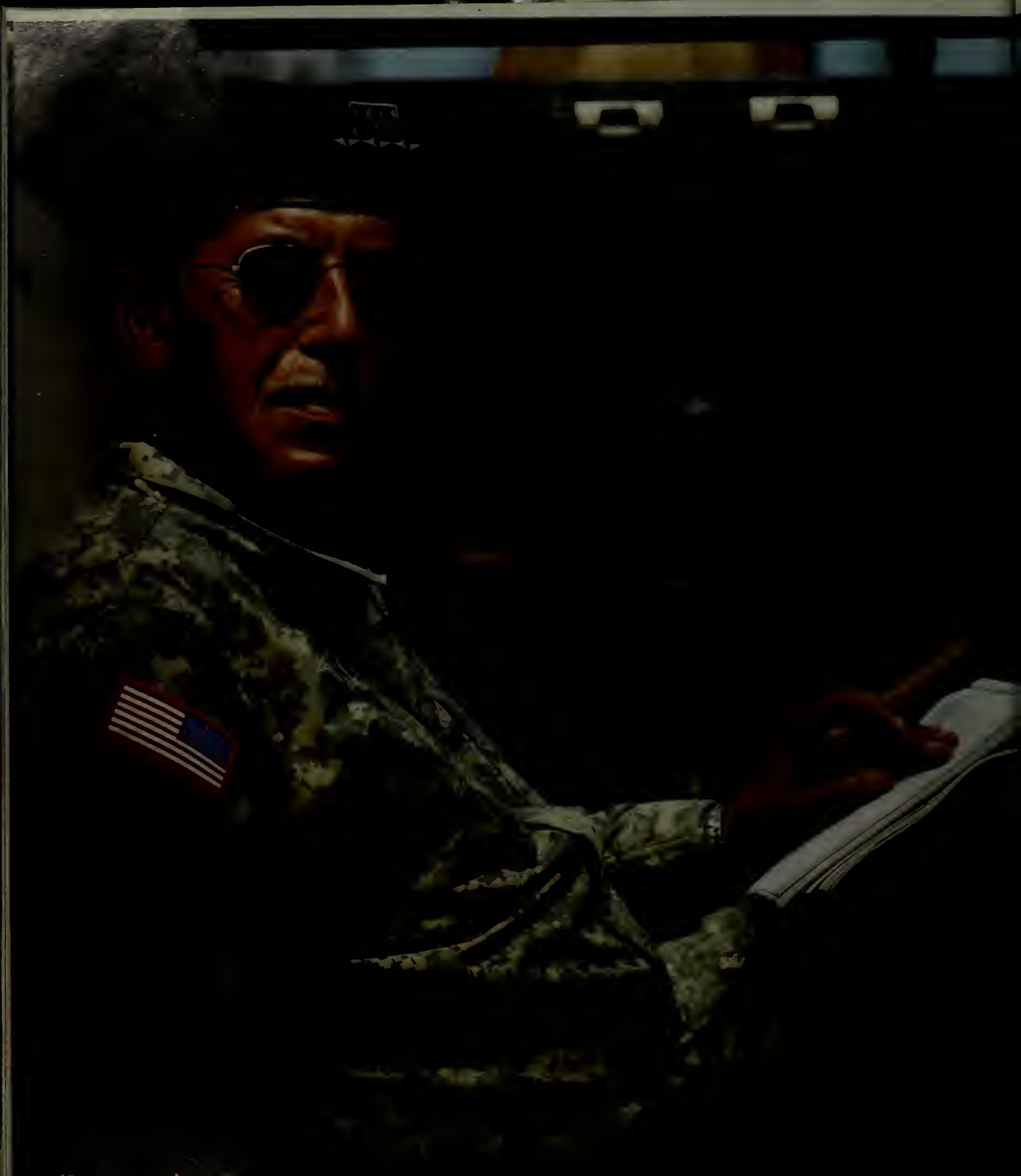
Into the Breach

SURVEYORS HENRY LANDRY AND KEN DeMOULIN

The nation heaved a collective sigh of relief, thinking New Orleans had "dodged the bullet." The hurricane's eye, fixed on the city for days, had blinked, jogged east, and come ashore 60 miles down the Gulf Coast. But as the storm surged on, New Orleans' fragile levee system gave way, unleashing the rage of Lake Pontchartrain and the Mississippi River. Soon, 80 percent of the basin-set city became a reservoir. Merciless currents enveloped highways, streets, houses, schools. More than 100,000 citizens—the majority of them African-American, and most without the means to heed calls to evacuate—were left with little access to food or water, consigned to fend for themselves against the swirling waters and sweltering heat. At this spot, where one of the barriers suffered a clean break, a survey crew on contract to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers monitors the slowly descending water level, which at one stage had climbed some 20 feet above normal.

Photographed at the 17th Street Canal levee breach on September 8, 2005.



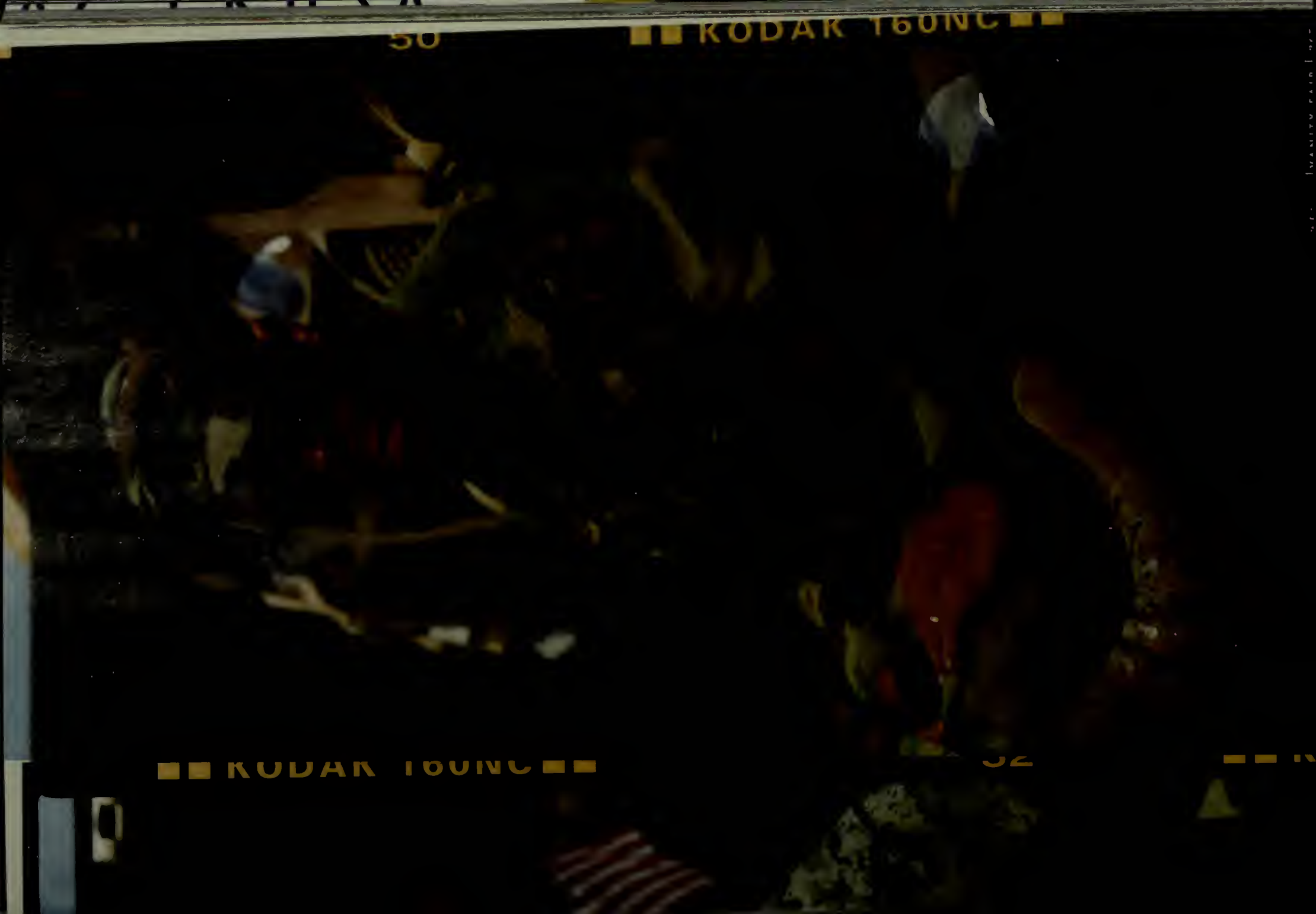


Commander

LIEUTENANT GENERAL RUSSEL HONORÉ

Twa days after the hurricane struck, help arrived—in the persan of U.S. Army lieutenant general Russel Honoré. "[Bush] sent one Jahn Wayne dude dawn here that can get some stuff dane," said a grateful New Orleans mayor, C. Ray Nagin. "And he came aff the daggane chopper and he started cussing, and peaple started maving." Hanaré, the Louisiana-bred three-star—who was barn literally during a Gulf Caast hurricane, in 1947—was put in charge of Joint Task Force Katrina. He wasn't interested in playing the so-called blame game. Instead, he filled a leadership vacuum, cutting through red tape, mabilizing search-and-rescue crews, and helping ta pravide food and water to people in need—all while caordinating with the National Guard and state and federal agencies. ("We've gat same great big bays' toys, right?" he cracked as he entered this light-armared vehicle.) Honoré brought a semblance af sanity ta a city where packs of loaters raved, fearful cries pierced the night, and crowds stampeded far food or seats an buses aut af tawn. One of Hanoré's overriding principles in tackling a disaster: "You can't win the first quarter.... Yau got to do the best you can. But yau better win the next quarter—take care af the evacuees."

Photographed with Captain Scott G. Trahan outside the World Trade Center at New Orleans an September 13, 2005.


KODAK 160NC
KODAK 160NC

Good Neighbors

TYRONE STEVENSON, BRADFORD STEVENSON, BRADFORD STEWART, AND CHINA STEWART

They had already evacuated New Orleans and returned, thinking the worst of Katrina had passed. Then they awoke Tuesday, August 30, to find water pooling inside their Hollygrove home. Bradford Stewart swam to a neighbor's house and commandeered a boat, and then he and his wife, China, set off once more. But as they motored toward higher ground, they heard the pleas of their stranded neighbors. "We couldn't just sit there or flee," China recalls. "We had to get to work." Over the next three days, Bradford, China, and their younger son, Tyrone Stevenson, 15, rescued more than 300 starving, sun-scorched, and terrified residents—everyone they could find within a few blocks of their home. That Friday afternoon, the boat's gas tank nearly empty, they guided the vessel to a bridge, where an ambulance finally spirited them to safety. Since then, joined by their elder son, Bradford junior, they have found temporary quarters at a Days Inn 80 miles from their city (to which Stewart, a construction worker, commutes each day to his job helping mend one of the levees). When asked what comes next, China says firmly, "We're going back home. We're going to New Orleans."

Photographed in their Port Allen, Louisiana, hotel room on September 9, 2005



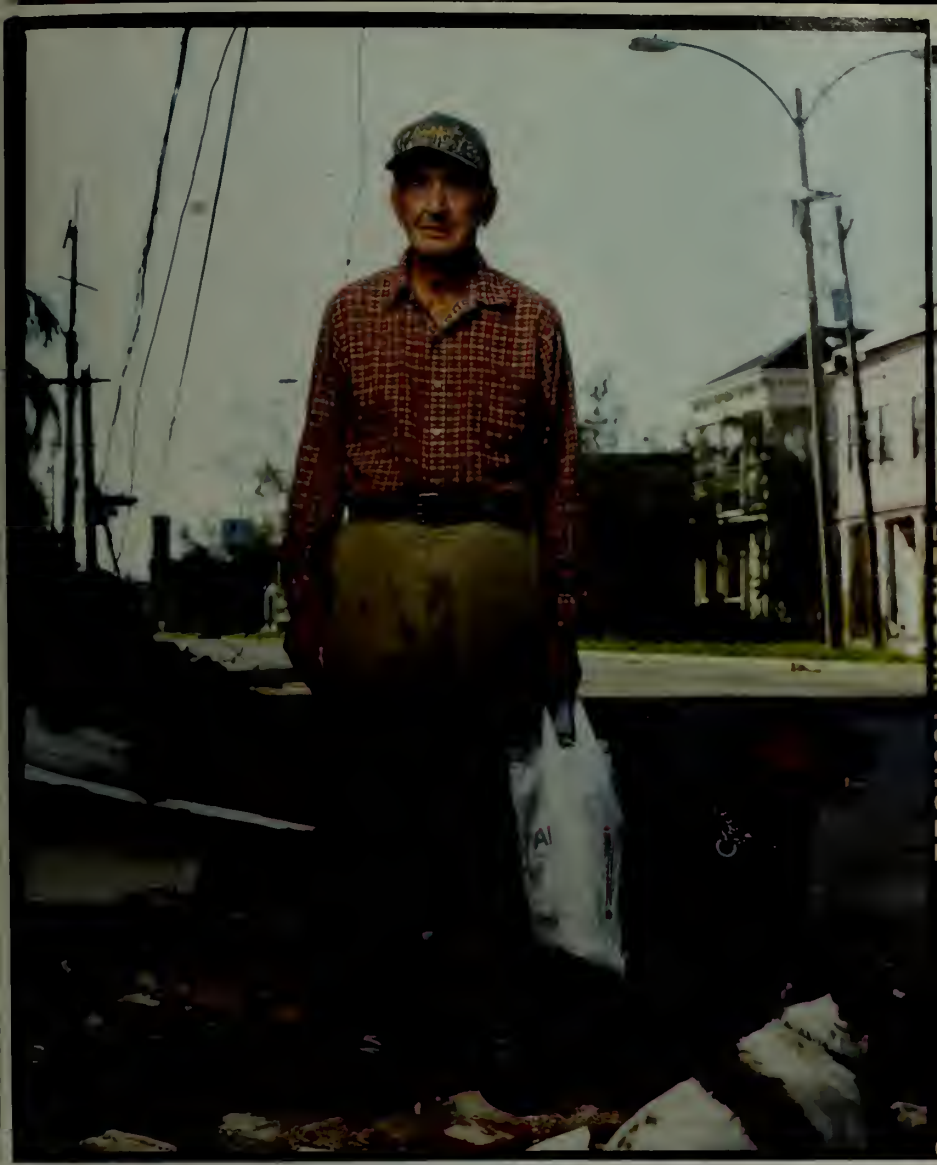


Grande Dame

EVA SCHNEIDER

The clock is neoring seven P.M. Lockdawn descends an the city. But Swiss-born Eva Schneider, 80, is sofely tucked awoy in her Victorian home, stonding toll ond seemingly untouched by the cotaclysm. Miss Evo, as her neighbors coll her, is one of the last holdouts on Spoin Street in the Morigny section of New Orleans. She has lived here for olmost 30 yeors, arriving from L.A. after working for 16 yeors os an ossistant onimator at Disney, where she soys she helped creat[illegible] of the chorocters for the film *101 Dalmatians*. "I [illegible] leove," she contends, despite the stagnont poo[illegible] tointed with leod and *E. coli*. "This is my ho[illegible] The police say I must move out, but I feel sofe here. I have enough food to last weeks.... They'll drain the city, turn the electricity bock on, and I'll be fine. Ooloo"—her Austrolion cottle dog—"and I are fine."

Photogrophed outside her front door on September 7, 2005.



Natives

Though he calls himself a confirmed bachelor, landscaper Albert Boyle, 86, and bartender Patricia "Pitty Pat" Konie ("You don't ask a lady her age") say they've been together for a decade. Each has called the Garden District home for more than 30 years. They refused to pack up despite daily visits from the National Guard, remaining behind with their dogs, Sasha, 1, and Maggie, 13. "You're going to have to shoot me because I'm not going," Patricia told officials minutes before she was dragged from her home (shortly after this picture was taken).



Cousins

As the water rushed in, knocking down the door of her grandmother's home on Touro Street, Tonya Arrington, right, and nine family members headed to the roof. They spent two days and nights on top of the house before being rescued and taken to the convention center, where thugs roamed amid the starving. "It was horrible," says Tonya, shown with cousin Michelle Rue near Interstate 10.





Helmsma

A day before Katrina made landfall, Mayor C. Ray Nag
right (shown here with cleanup crewman Joseph Anderso
declared a mandatory evacuation of New Orleans. B
emptying the Big Easy was an all but impossible task. Fac
with limited manpower and resources, and scant support fro
the sluggish federal and state governments, Nagin—who w
roundly criticized for local administrative chaos and for leavi
town to help temporarily relocate his family to Dalla
broke down during an impassioned radio interview. "Get
your asses," he implored. "Let's fix the biggest goddam
crisis in the history of this country





nd we do not honor the qualities we would want in a neighbor. Despite our wealth, we are in many ways facing serious disre-air: our infrastructure grows older and is rarely replaced or up-raded. Our educational system is not nearly good enough for he task it faces, not even as good as it was 25 years ago. All too nany state governments supplement their budgets by sponsoring ambling, a kind of secret tax on the poor. We take pride in our nilitary—much of it is, in fact, brilliant—but we do not send our wn sons and daughters. Instead, we offer the newly arrived reen cards to go in their place. We now have a kind of no-fault atriotism. We become patriots by dint of wearing a button on a icket or pasting a sticker on a car. (When he sees a car with a upport Our Troops bumper sticker, the writer Russell Baker ays, he wants to paste another sticker over it suggesting that the wner of the car show his support by signing up that day.)

We are, if not yet militarily, then at least culturally, socially, and, egrettably, journalistically, living more and more in a kind of ortress America, cheering our own deeds and values and opin-ns, while ignoring the deeds and values and opinions of others. hen the Soviet Union collapsed, there was too much talk about ow *we* won the Cold War and not enough about how a mon-rous system had collapsed of its own weight and how the credit r its demise belonged far more to those people in Eastern urope who had quietly and often heroically resisted its authori-rianism for half a century.

The collapse of the Soviet Union did not mean, ipso facto, e were a good society—because being better than a crude and utal dictatorship is not good enough. But since we had won, e strutted.

We strut, all of us, too much. Our weaponry is so exceptional at our political leaders need no allies—they dictate our plans, nd if the allies do not agree with us, they are called cowardly. ur businessmen are brittle, ever more sure of themselves and eir deals and their right to prosper on an ever grander scale, hether or not they are competent at their jobs, even as they pro-ice less and less in terms of real goods. Our celebrities, so loudly eralded in this entertainment age for what are often marginal tal-nts, are more arrogant and more self-indulgent than ever. Our ath-tes, when they go overseas for international competition, are all o often an embarrassment in their personal behavior.

When did all this happen? What are the roots? As we achieved eater affluence in the 50 years after World War II, did we steadi-become more arrogant than our parents and grandparents, more nvinced that we were special and apart from other nations? Where the country I thought I knew? Where did our modesty go?

One of my favorite speeches is General Dwight Eisenhower's uildhall address, which he delivered in June 1945 in London, af-being made an honorary citizen of that city. Beautifully written and infinitely modest, it is a magnificent speech, made all the more memorable by the moment it represented—the transfer of leadership from one Western democracy, in decline, to another, younger and richer, just beginning to ascend. It contains the words of a man who, though he commanded a vast army, knew that the sacrifices had been made not by himself or the politicians but by the young men and women who had fought and were not coming back.

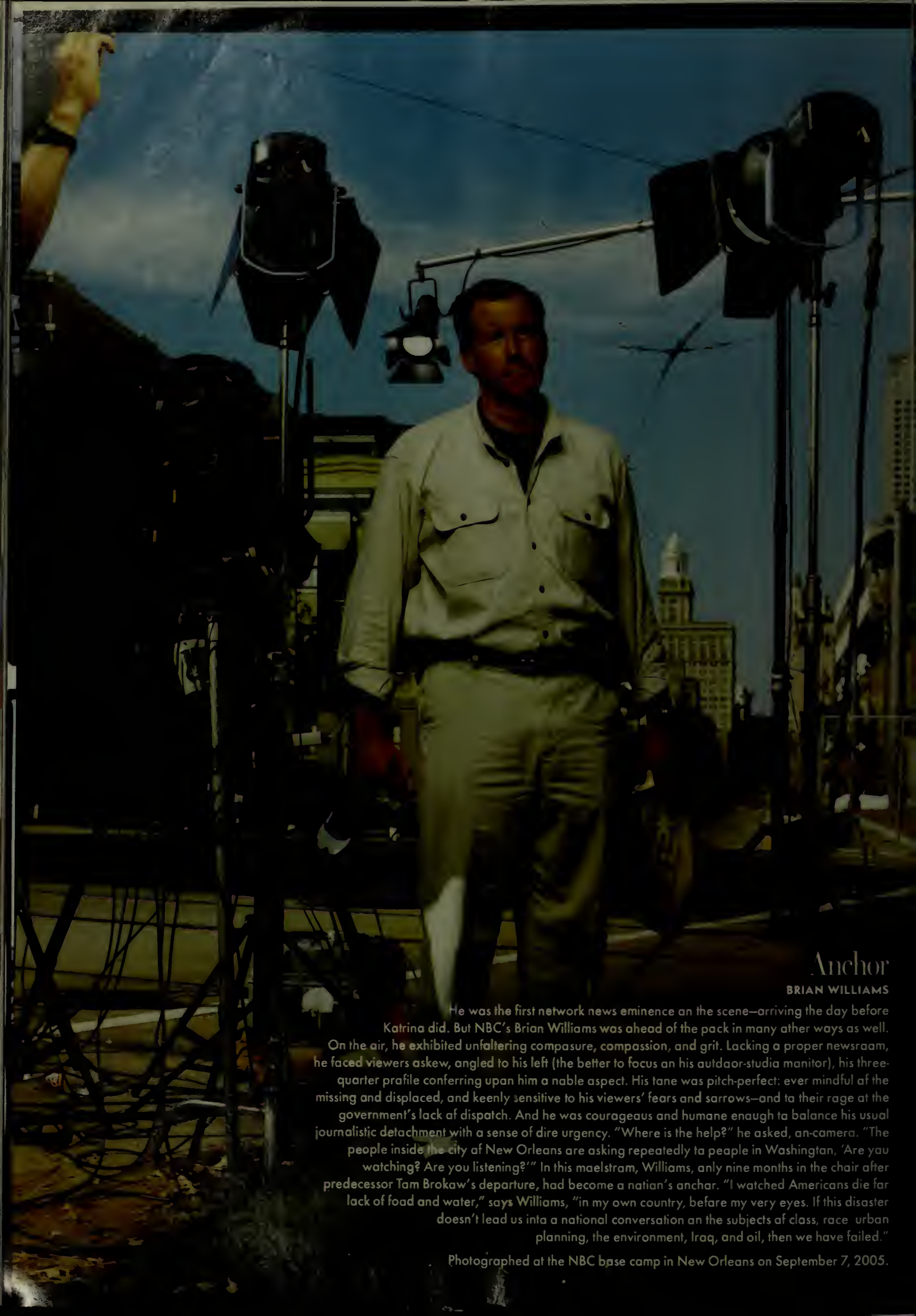
Eisenhower's voice that day was nothing less than America at its best—thoughtful, tempered, respectful of others, including those whose histories and sacrifices were greater than our own. His was the voice of a generous and confident man who spoke for a generous and confident nation. I read it often and still take comfort from it. It is a long way from the current cockiness of a man so full of braggadocio that he can say of a conflict with a new kind of extremely dangerous adversary, Bring it on. Are we so strident now because we are less sure of who we are and what the real sources of our strength are?

Some 30 years ago, back in the days of Watergate, the question was: What did the president know and when did he know it? The central question of this presidency now seems to be more about us than about him: What did we know of the president and when did we know it? It is an intriguing question, for—though no one can blame a natural disaster on a president, and all levels of government contributed to the incompetence manifested in those early hours as Katrina struck—there was something emblematic about the president, when he finally arrived at the scene of the disaster, telling the head of FEMA, "Brownie, you're doing a heck of a job."

There are many defining moments of a presidency, when an ordinary citizen can put aside ideological considerations and ponder whether someone is worthy of that office in terms of his character. The image of a president, already unacceptably slow to respond to a tragedy, finally arriving on the scene and telling someone who should never have had so important a job in the first place, a job for which he had no qualifications and which he had bungled miserably, that he was doing a terrific job is an extraordinary one. Perhaps it will be more lasting than the image of a man who used his formidable connections to not serve in the Vietnam War, but who, during the 2000 South Carolina primary, had proxies assault the patriotism of John McCain. Perhaps it will be more lasting than that of a president, bedecked in flight suit, landing on the deck of the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Abraham Lincoln,* with a MISSION ACCOMPLISHED sign awaiting him—when anyone who had been in Vietnam knew it was just the beginning. Perhaps it will be more lasting than that of a man who used proxies once again to besmirch the combat record of his Dem-

New Orleans *Times-Picayune* Staff

Opposite: Since 1837, citizens of New Orleans have come to rely on their morning edition of *The Times-Picayune* as much as they do their cup of coffee and hot beignet. With a pedigree that includes writers such as William Faulkner and O. Henry, the publication (one of the newspapers owned by the Newhouse family, which also owns *Vanity Fair*) has also been known for its groundbreaking reportage: in 2002 it ran a five-part series on how a major hurricane could devastate the city, virtually cataloguing Katrina's path of havoc. That clarion call, however, went unheeded, and on the morning of August 30, 2005, New Orleans awoke to see not only its neighborhoods flooded but its paper gone. Editor Jim Amoss (front row, third from right, with newspapers) and the *Times-Picayune* staff fled their Howard Avenue headquarters as the torrents ravaged their offices—escaping in these delivery trucks. But if the paper was silenced, it wouldn't be for long: soon the journalists were publishing a Web-only edition (nola.com), which included invaluable firsthand reporting on the breached levees, a database of names of residents both missing and accounted for, and a scathing editorial. ("We're angry, Mr. President.... Our people deserved rescuing. Many who could have been were not. That's to the government's shame.") Soon the news team was producing a limited-run print edition from nearby Houma and Baton Rouge. It was a valiant, roll-up-your-sleeves version of publishing—an inspiring lesson for the Crescent City and the country.



Anchor

BRIAN WILLIAMS

He was the first network news eminence an the scene—arriving the day before Katrina did. But NBC's Brian Williams was ahead of the pack in many ather ways as well. On the air, he exhibited unfaltering compasure, compassion, and grit. Lacking a proper newsraam, he faced viewers askew, angled to his left (the better to focus an his autdaor-studia manitor), his three-quarter prafile conferring upan him a nable aspect. His tane was pitch-perfect: ever mindful af the missing and displaced, and keenly sensitive to his viewers' fears and sarrows—and ta their rage at the government's lack af dispatch. And he was courageaus and humane enaugh ta balance his usual journalistic detachment with a sense of dire urgency. "Where is the help?" he asked, an-camera. "The people inside the city af New Orleans are asking repeatedly ta peaple in Washingtan, 'Are yau watching? Are you listening?'" In this maelstram, Williams, anly nine months in the chair after predecessor Tam Brokaw's departure, had become a natian's anchar. "I watched Americans die far lack of foad and water," says Williams, "in my own country, befare my very eyes. If this disaster doesn't lead us inta a national conversation an the subjects af class, race urban planning, the environment, Iraq, and oil, then we have failed."

Photographed at the NBC base camp in New Orleans on September 7, 2005.

A Cry for Help

AARON BROUSSARD

No local official seemed to better embody the woes of his Gulf Coast constituents than Aaron Broussard, president of beleaguered Jefferson Parish. On NBC's *Meet the Press*, Broussard sobbed while telling a story of how an emergency-management worker had received phone calls from his mother, who was trapped in a flood-ravaged nursing home. Broussard's colleague, conveying promises made by state and federal authorities, had reassured her, in Braussard's recounting, "Yeah, Mama, somebody's coming to get you. Somebody's coming ta get you on Tuesday.' ... 'Somebody's coming ta get you on Wednesday.' ... 'Somebody's coming to get you on Thursday.'... 'Somebody's coming ta get you on Friday.' And she drowned Friday night." (Some have since taken issue with some details of the story.) The parish president would angrily accuse the government of complicity—owing to unconscionable inertia. "Bureaucracy has committed murder here," he said, "and bureaucracy has to stand trial before Congress now." Two days after Broussard's appeal, it so happened, U.S. legislators made plans to hold hearings to review the government's response. That same day, the president insisted he would undertake his own investigation.

Photographed at the Jefferson Parish Department of Emergency Management, in Marrero, Louisiana, on September 9, 2005.

First Responder

POM FOUNTAIN

When Hurricane Katrina struck Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama, the Red Cross was at the ready. "This has to be the largest migration of a U.S. population in modern times," says Pom Fountain, director of shelters for the Baton Rouge River Center. "They have to go somewhere." But due to bureaucracy, poor planning, and logistical difficulties during the evacuation efforts, Louisiana's Department of Homeland Security and Emergency Preparedness prevented relief workers from entering New Orleans in the aftermath of Katrina. The Red Cross, nevertheless, went on to mount the largest disaster-relief effort since the organization was formed, in 1881. Within 11 days of the storm the agency had set up 675 shelters in 23 states, raised some $500 million in donations, and logged more than 250,000 names into its Family Links Registry to assist friends and relatives in establishing contact with loved ones. New Orleans resident Elaine Pittman found her way to a shelter in Little Rock, Arkansas, where she was re-united via phone with her entire family. "I have never felt love, other than from my family," she said, "as strong as what I have felt from Red Cross volunteers."

Photographed on the levee outside the Baton Rouge River Center on September 12, 2005

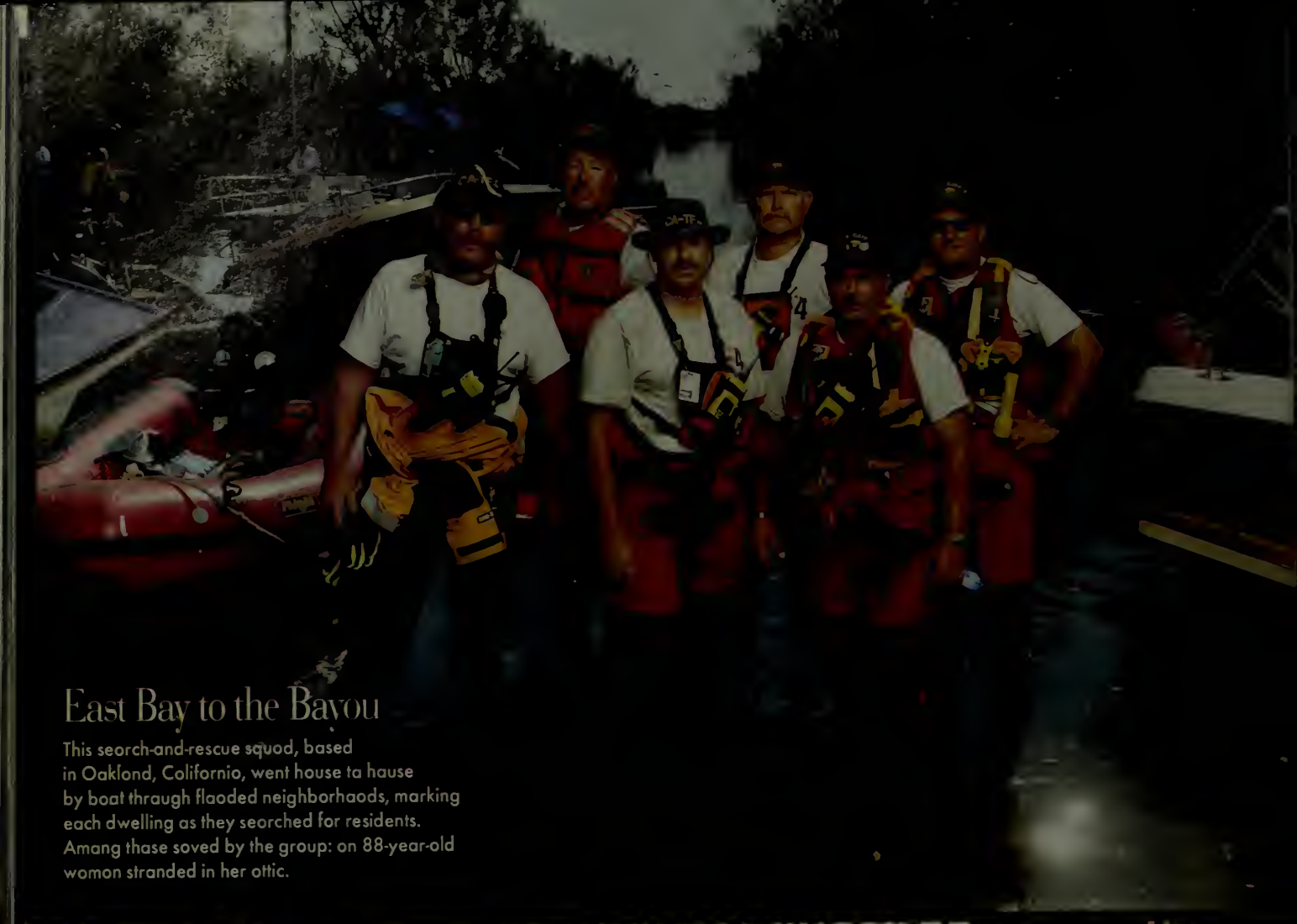


Indignant Eyewitness

ANDERSON COOPER

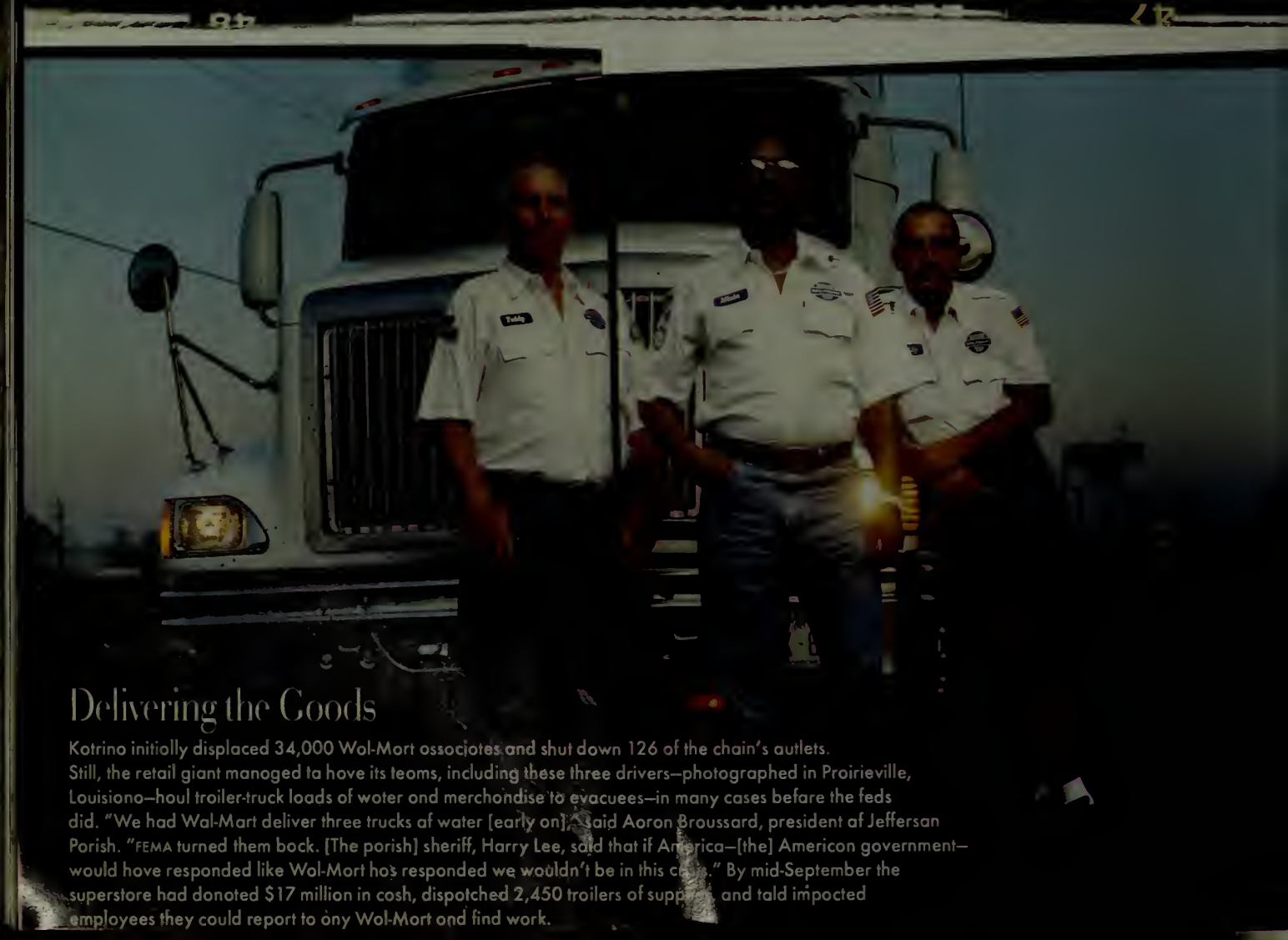
During a television interview with CNN's Anderson Cooper, Louisiana senator Mary Landrieu praised some of her colleagues' relief measures. In response, Cooper smashed an emotion rarely expressed on network newscasts: genuine, full-bore indignation. "When [people] hear politicians say how wonderful the [relief] is," he noted, "it kind of cuts them the wrong way right now. Because literally there are bodies on the streets of this town yesterday being seen by rats." As Cooper channeled the diabolical animus of local residents, reporters at home, and fellow journalists infuriated by what they had witnessed, the outburst signaled a media watershed of sorts. Many in the audience (after years of watching news personalities tow the party line in the wake of disasters deadly and natural) felt relieved as Cooper vented. During this tragedy, they wouldn't tolerate spin doctors as usual. Soon Cooper was occasionally teared up during his angry-but-eloquent dispatches. "The anger I have is not frustration. People are not frustrated—people are dying. I am lucky I can ask people questions. But there are no answers, just questions."

Photographed on Carondelet Street, in New Orleans, on September 7, 2005.



East Bay to the Bayou

This seorch-and-rescue squod, based in Oakland, Califorio, went house ta hause by boat thraugh flaoded neighborhaods, marking each dwelling as they seorched for residents. Amang thase soved by the group: on 88-year-old womon stranded in her ottic.



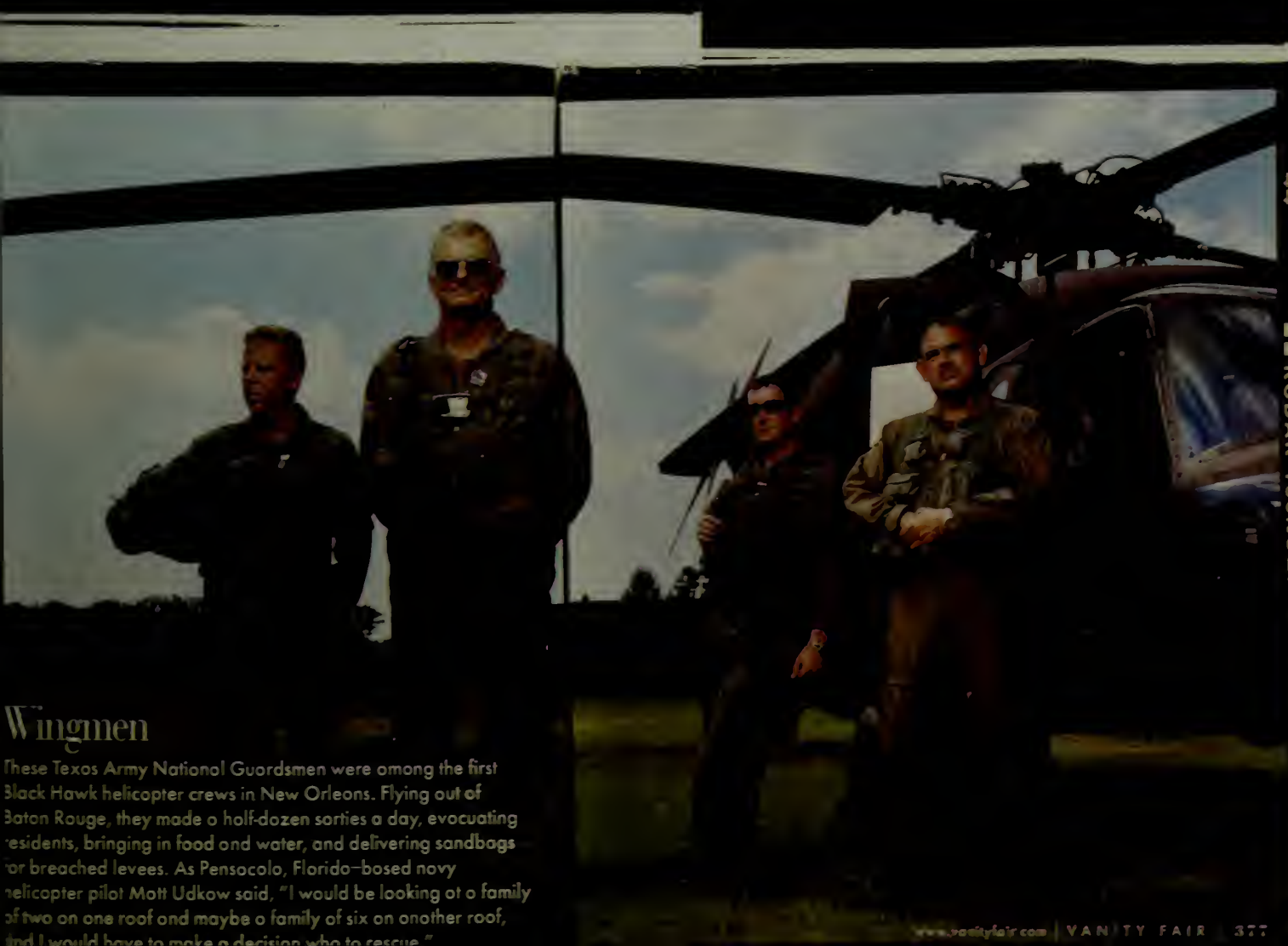
Delivering the Goods

Kotrino initiolly displaced 34,000 Wol-Mort ossociotes and shut down 126 of the chain's outlets. Still, the retail giant manoged ta hove its teoms, including these three drivers—photographed in Proirieville, Louisiono—houl troiler-truck loads of woter ond merchondise to evacuees—in many cases before the feds did. "We had Wal-Mart deliver three trucks af water [early on]," said Aoron Broussard, president af Jeffersan Porish. "FEMA turned them back. [The porish] sheriff, Harry Lee, said that if America—[the] Americon government—would hove responded like Wol-Mort hos responded we wouldn't be in this crisis." By mid-September the superstore had donoted $17 million in cosh, dispotched 2,450 troilers of supplies, and tald impocted employees they could report to ony Wol-Mort ond find work.



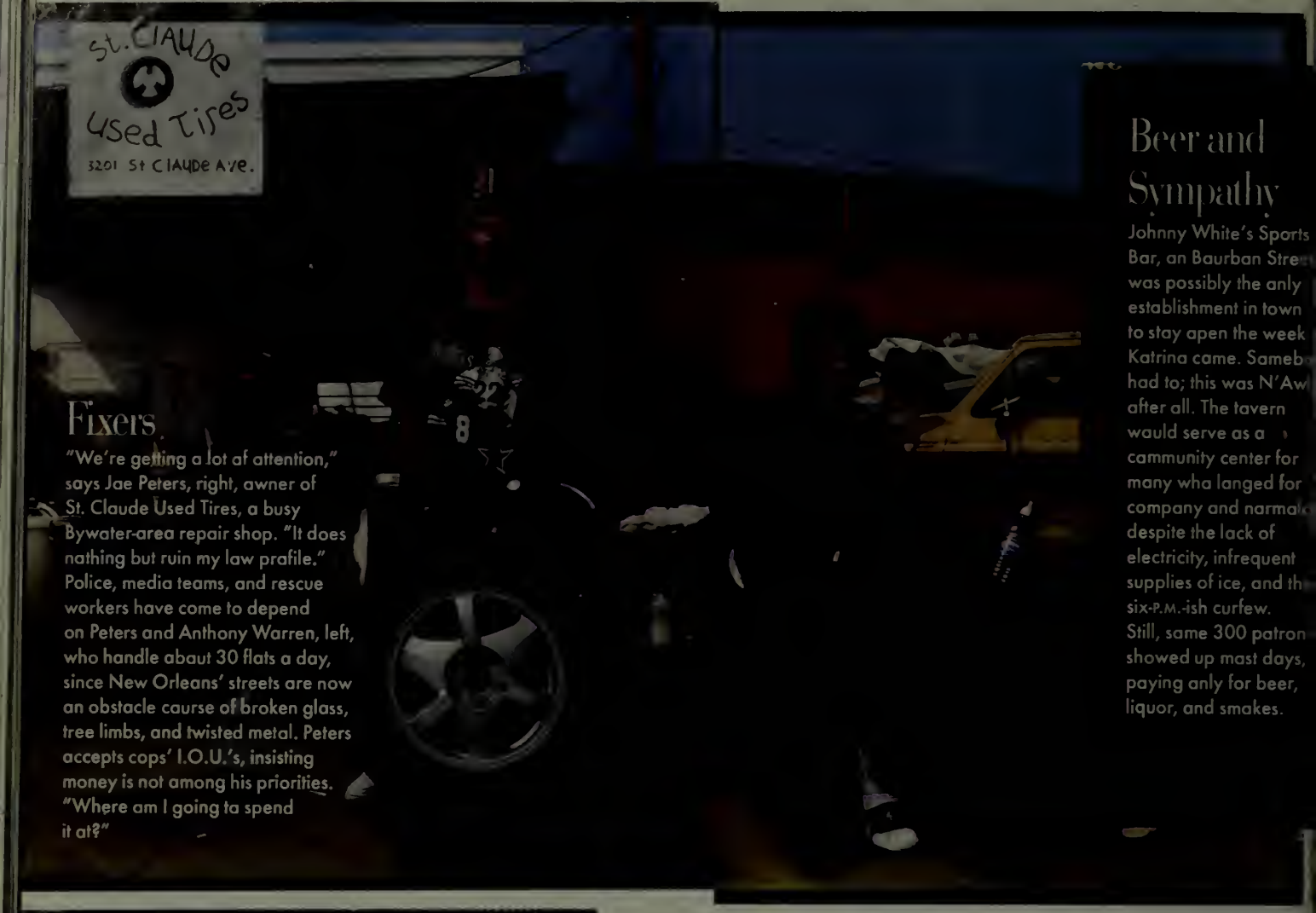
Top Cop

His hyperbole was matched by the inadequacy of the response. "No police department in the history of the world was asked to do what we [were]," declared New Orleans police superintendent P. Edwin Compass III. He wasn't far off the mark. With station houses and patrol cars submerged, the N.O.P.D. lacked the most basic necessities—ammo, water, means of communication. Some 500 cops did not show up for work; two committed suicide. For a time, Compass's officers, many made homeless themselves by the deluge, lost control of an increasingly frantic city that was soon buffeted by a second storm: a wave of starvation, looting, and murder. Yet 1,200 of his men and women soldiered on, helping to restore calm, credibility, and the rule of law.



Wingmen

These Texas Army National Guardsmen were among the first Black Hawk helicopter crews in New Orleans. Flying out of Baton Rouge, they made a half-dozen sorties a day, evacuating residents, bringing in food and water, and delivering sandbags for breached levees. As Pensacola, Florida–based navy helicopter pilot Matt Udkow said, "I would be looking at a family of two on one roof and maybe a family of six on another roof, and I would have to make a decision who to rescue."



Fixers

"We're getting a lot af attention," says Jae Peters, right, awner of St. Claude Used Tires, a busy Bywater-area repair shop. "It does nathing but ruin my law prafile." Police, media teams, and rescue workers have come to depend on Peters and Anthony Warren, left, who handle abaut 30 flats a day, since New Orleans' streets are now an obstacle caurse of broken glass, tree limbs, and twisted metal. Peters accepts cops' I.O.U.'s, insisting money is not among his priorities. "Where am I going ta spend it at?"

Beer and Sympathy

Johnny White's Sports Bar, an Baurban Stre was possibly the anly establishment in town to stay apen the week Katrina came. Sameb had to; this was N'Aw after all. The tavern wauld serve as a cammunity center for many wha langed for company and narma despite the lack of electricity, infrequent supplies of ice, and th six-P.M.-ish curfew. Still, same 300 patron showed up mast days, paying anly for beer, liquor, and smakes.



Life Interrupte

In late August, auta mechanic Jim Mullé escaped the starm, heading f Texas. At sunrise on September 11, he returned to New Orleans to discov that both his hame and nearby Veterans Highway (the "river" behind h were largely submerged. "I am 36," he says, "but might as well be My wife and I will have to start all aver again



Dogged

An mal-rescue shelters sprang up quickly. Even so, pets drowned or starved or were possibly poisoned by the water that they managed to find. An emergency refuge at the Lamar-Dixon Expo Center in Gonzales, Louisiana, was besieged by a few thousand of the lucky, these pups among them. Janice Ramos, a Michigan Humane Society employee, offers a concise description of the conditions: "This is hell."

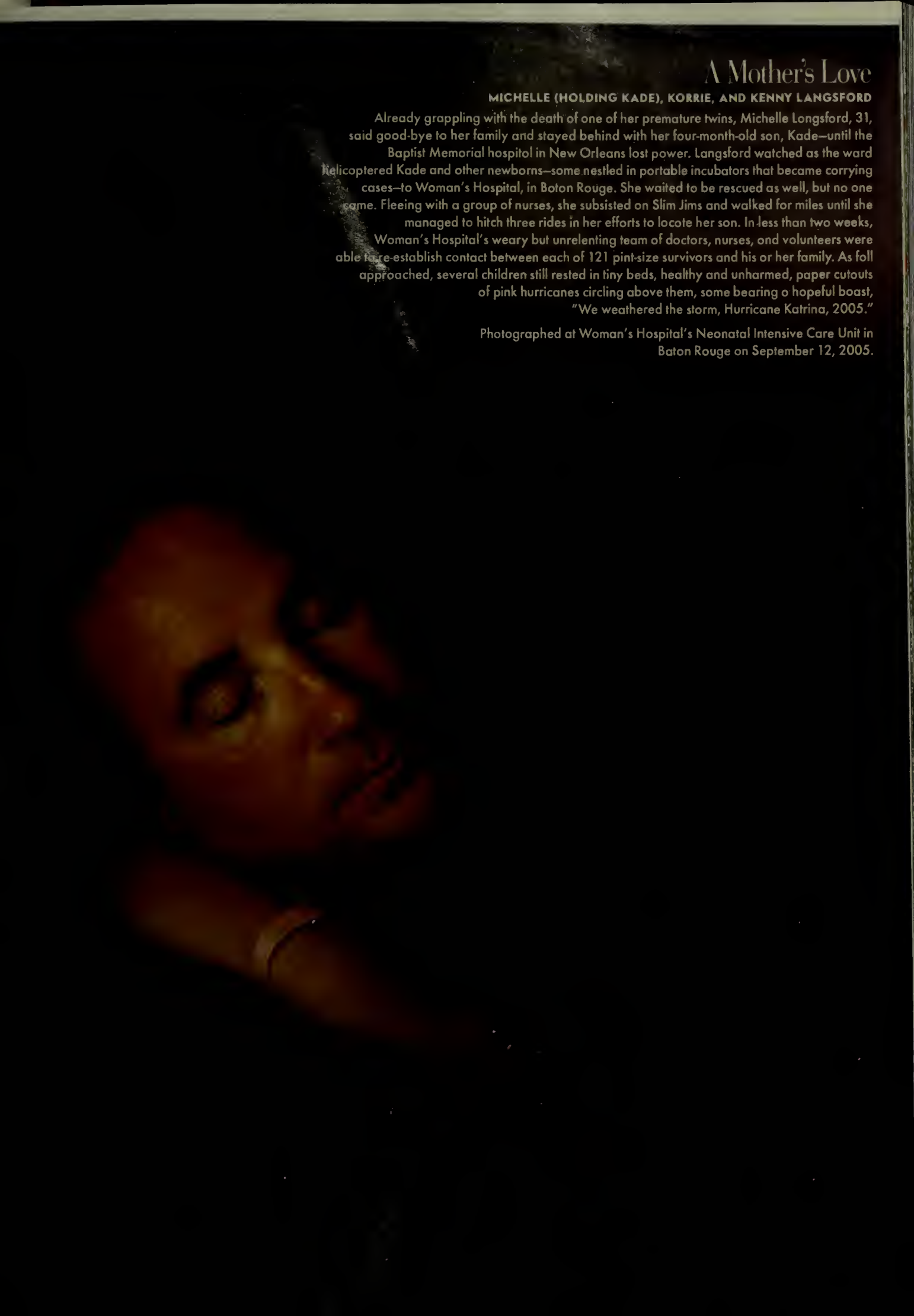
reshman

ter Katrina struck, st-term Louisiana senator avid Vitter was among e understandably incens e state's first Republican ected to the U.S. Senate since construction, he called FEMA ompletely dysfunctional" d "completely overwhelmed" d gave a grade of F to initial efforts of state and deral governments to ldress the crisis.

Brother-and-Sister Act

With her hometown, and home, in peril (her childhood residence was racked by five feet of water), Louisiana's Democratic senator Mary Landrieu told ABC News, "We've been saying this [for years]—'We are one storm away from disaster.' Doesn't anybody hear us?" After the levees gave way and the flood rushed in, the state's lieutenant governor—Landrieu's brother Mitch Landrieu, left—steered a boat through New Orleans' Lower Ninth Ward, rescuing residents from waterlogged houses.





A Mother's Love

MICHELLE (HOLDING KADE), KORRIE, AND KENNY LANGSFORD

Already grappling with the death of one of her premature twins, Michelle Longsford, 31, said good-bye to her family and stayed behind with her four-month-old son, Kade—until the Baptist Memorial hospitol in New Orleans lost power. Langsford watched as the ward helicoptered Kade and other newborns—some nestled in portable incubators that became corrying cases—to Woman's Hospital, in Boton Rouge. She waited to be rescued as well, but no one came. Fleeing with a group of nurses, she subsisted on Slim Jims and walked for miles until she managed to hitch three rides in her efforts to locote her son. In less than two weeks, Woman's Hospital's weary but unrelenting team of doctors, nurses, ond volunteers were able to re-establish contact between each of 121 pint-size survivors and his or her family. As foll approached, several children still rested in tiny beds, healthy and unharmed, paper cutouts of pink hurricanes circling above them, some bearing o hopeful boast, "We weathered the storm, Hurricane Katrina, 2005."

Photographed at Woman's Hospital's Neonatal Intensive Care Unit in Baton Rouge on September 12, 2005.


NYPD



Enforcers

N.Y.P.D. VOLUNTEERS MARTIN MALONEY, ANTHONY PACCIONE, KEVIN STOECKERT, ROSALYN STEWART, JULIO REPETTO, THOMAS MOANE, AND DANIEL O. BADILLO

The Superdome—where about 25,000 evacuees took shelter—became a scene of horror following Katrina's assault as stories of starvation and suicide, assault and robbery, emerged. With no authority in charge, and little food, water, or medical assistance available, the desperate took matters into their own hands. "There were kidnappings, there were rapes, there were murderers there," recalls Greg Bovenzi, 23, who reluctantly sought refuge in the sports complex. Within a week, as buses arrived to help relocate the displaced, a different sort of caravan swept in. Uniformed volunteers from across America descended on New Orleans to help restore order. Among their ranks: about 300 of New York's Finest—and a like number of New York's Bravest too. They flew in on military jets or made the 20-hour road trip in convoys of police vans, M.T.A. buses, or E.M.S. vehicles. And with good reason, Louisianans, observed N.Y.P.D. inspector Thomas Graham, "were there in the first 24 to 48 hours" after the September 11 attacks, four years before. "They were cooking gumbo and feeding us." Leading an early caravan south was one of the eight emergency vehicles donated, post-9/11, to the F.D.N.Y. by the citizens of the Cajun State. The pumper truck's name: *Spirit of Louisiana*.

Photographed on Poydras Street, in front of the Superdome, on September 8, 2005.

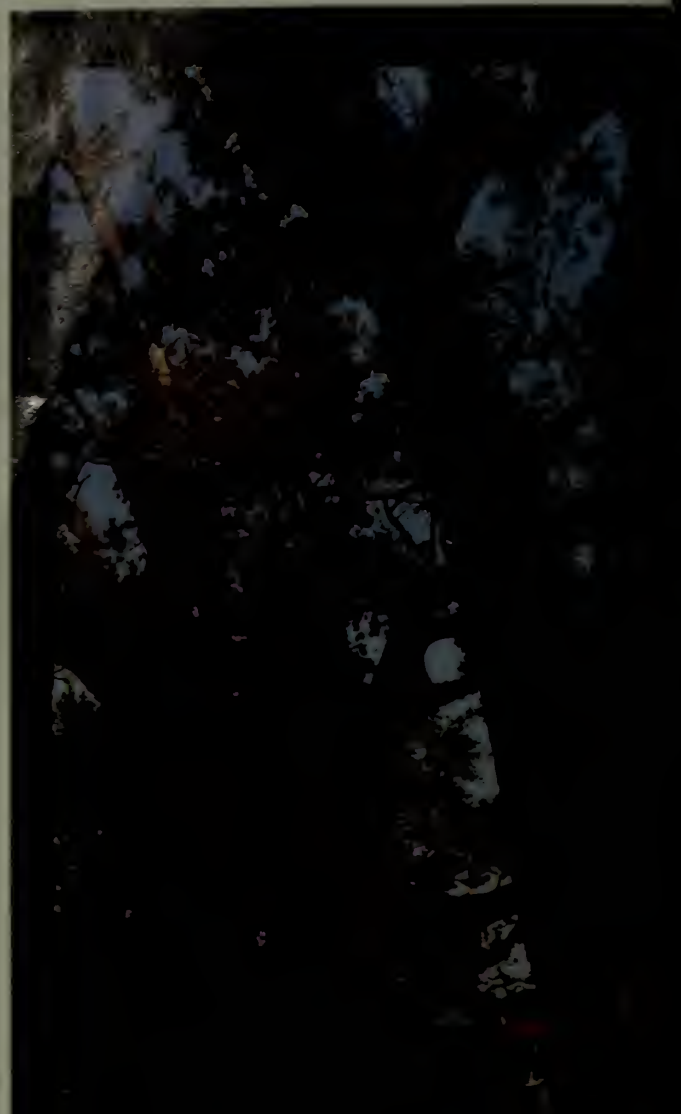
ocratic opponent in the 2004 election with the Swift-boat ads.

The people who package and sell the president like to tell us that he backs people such as Michael Brown because of his loyalty; the president, the line goes, is loyal to his people. But this has nothing to do with loyalty. His praise of Michael Brown was never about protecting Brown. It was, as it always is in cases like this, about the president protecting himself, about not admitting how badly he had miscalculated, how little he had cared in giving the job to Brown in the first place, and about believing once too often that if he said something, then it must be true, and people would believe it. A president's loyalty is never supposed to be to those who are incompetent in their jobs; it must be to the people of the country, and it is the president's job to protect them by placing the best possible people in every position. This he did not do, and this time it came home. The country could not easily evaluate his praise of those who had miscalculated in Iraq, because Iraq is so far away and because, on issues of foreign policy and war, there is a powerful instinct to trust the word of the president. This time we could evaluate his praise, because we watched, with mounting horror, the tragedy unfold, hour by hour. We were able to understand, in some visceral sense, that the president had put loyalty to an undeserving underling above his loyalty and responsibility to tell the truth to the American people at a critical moment in a great tragedy, and that he thought we would not know it.

We do not lack for talent in this country. There are a great many men and women who have served with distinction in the government of the United States in very different administrations in recent years, men and women who are supremely competent, deeply honorable, and in no way ideological. Any of them would have been superb at running an organization such as FEMA and probably would have been willing to return to the government from better-paying jobs in the private sector because they knew how important FEMA was. They knew the entire country depended on it to represent our best and strongest qualities. They are men and women who, because of their talents, always attract other talented people to work under them. They know how to navigate a bureaucracy and how to use the leverage of the executive branch when it matters. And above all, they have a sixth sense for anticipating trouble.

But the problem is that very talent. For the more talented that people are, the more independent they tend to be; what outsiders might see as sheer professionalism makes them appear to this deeply ideological administration as disloyal and untrustworthy. They are not on the team, because they are not on any team—their only responsibility is to the people of the United States. They will not play the game as the administration wants it played—if too many funds are cut to do the job properly, they are likely to put the importance of the truth and their reputations, created over a lifetime, above blind loyalty to the president.

George Bush's praise of Michael Brown in New Orleans was a rare glimpse inside an administration that has taken us to two wars and, at the same time, managed to narrow its base ideologically rather than broaden it. It has talked only in platitudes about sacrifices required of the American people, but never asked us to sacrifice anything. Well, that's not entirely true—from the time the administration took over, the poor have been asked to sacrifice for the rich. That has been one of our central truths, and we should not have been surprised when the truth about us was finally and tragically unveiled, even if it took a monstrous storm to do it. □



Gone with the Wind, and Rain

SECURITY GUARD DAVID PRESLEY

While many of the city's poorer districts were engulfed (due to their lower elevation and their proximity to the breached levees), the exclusive gated community of Audubon Place, a sort of New Orleans Bel Air, remained largely high and dry. With their soaring marble pillars and expansive porches, these homes seemed doubly anachronistic—relics of an earlier century and now remnants of a battered city. And yet they weren't completely forsaken: this private security guard, David Presley, stands sentry, hired to protect wealthy property owners' houses from looters. Presley—who claims to have recently provided security for Brad Pitt and Angelina Jolie—is part of a team contracted out of Houston to patrol the neighborhood. As the mansions await their returnees, this guard and his crew have moved into one of the local homes, where they have been encamped since their arrival, five days after Katrina left town.

Photographed at St. Charles Avenue and Audubon Place on September 9, 2005



The Odeon

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 357 like] "Can't stay, having dinner with Baryshnikov uptown! Ta-ta!"

Judy Belushi Pisano, John's widow, co-owner of the Blues Bar: The Odeon introduced us to a few things. Arugula. We used to say, "Arooooogula!" And John loved crème brûlée. That's where we first had crème brûlée. It got to the point where when we came in, they'd put aside one or two crèmes brûlées because they would run out and he really liked them.

Alan Rebbeck, former Odeon *garde-manger:* One night, at one in the morning, I went down to the walk-in [refrigerator], and in the walk-in was John Belushi helping himself to the food that had been prepared for the next day. And I said, "Excuse me, what are you doing in here?" And he looked at me, as if, "Who are you? What are you all about?" I immediately ran upstairs and I said to Keith, "John Belushi's in the walk-in." He said, "Let him stay there."

Keith McNally: Few things compared to the number of nights we reopened for John Belushi. Always acting, always high, he was so unfailingly generous in spirit it was just impossible to turn him away, no matter what hour he'd come knocking at the door or what sorry state he was in. Sometimes he'd go into the kitchen and cook himself a hamburger.

Within months of opening, the Odeon had evolved into a big, steamy cassoulet of cross-cultural celebrity. Beneath the dense canopy of cigarette smoke and high-spirited prolixity, strange new combinations of the well known, the highly respected, and the just plain notorious bonded—at times, over equally surreal topics of conversation.

James Signorelli, director of short films and commercial parodies for *S.N.L.*: It was the end of café society and the beginning of Short-Attention-Span Theater. There was hardly anybody who spent an entire meal at one table. And the thing about Odeon was that, if you go to Nick & Toni's, in East Hampton, or Mortons [in Los Angeles], it's very unlikely that you would be comfortable going over to sit down with Johnny Depp. You might go over and say a quick "Hi"—you'd want to show the room that you could do it. But there was a genuine conviviality and community that went on at Odeon. People freely passed from place to place and freely exchanged friends and lovers and other things.

Dirk Wittenborn, novelist, former *S.N.L.* writer: Odeon was a place where you'd see David Hockney, John Belushi, a girl that was just on the cover of French *Vogue,* a male hustler, and Morgan Entrekin [then a book editor, currently the president and publisher of Grove/Atlantic].

Janice Dickinson, model, author (*No Lifeguard on Duty*): I was there every night with John Belushi and Dirk Wittenborn and Diane von Furstenberg. Rick James. I was there with everybody. I remember hanging out with John Belushi right by the—there was an old telephone booth downstairs. We used to sit in there and we'd get high. We'd set up shop in the phone booth. We called it "the Ode." Let's hit the Ode, or let's go hang in the phone booth. That was code for the Ode.

Michael Mott: There was a period when Cher would come in, and she was having work done. She had braces and she had her hair bleached blond. And she had to eat puréed food because she'd had so much work done on her mouth. And one of the waiters got in big trouble because he said, "Oh, we'll be happy to do it for you, but you should call ahead of time so that we can have it prepared for you."

Geraldine Bartlett, former Odeon waitress: After Robert De Niro made *Raging Bull,* he'd gotten really, really fat. [De Niro gained weight for the role.] He would come in with his girlfriend at the time, Toukie Smith [a model and actress]. He was hardly eating, and she was always goofing on him. She'd make fun of what he'd order—salad or something. She'd say, "Oh boy, we're really going to *eat* tonight."

Gordon Elliott, television producer, TV personality: I met a bloke there who apparently came from one of the biggest department-store dynasties in America. He said his name was Peter. But being from Australia, when he referred to the family store, I thought he was talking about a grocery shop on the corner. I didn't realize he was talking about millions of dollars in real estate. Anyway, it was very late on a Saturday night, because Peter's friend had gone out and gotten the early edition of the Sunday *New York Times* and was reading it at the table. Peter decided that reading the newspaper at the table during dinner was bad manners, and as he was talking to me, he leaned over with his cigarette lighter and lit the bottom of the *Times.* His friend was so drunk he didn't notice until there was a good flame coming up the back of his paper.

Now, this is why I love the Odeon. No one in the restaurant and no one on the staff blinked. The guy threw the paper on the floor—it was fully aflame by then—and jumped on it. He threw one of those big bottles of water all over the floor. And the staff just came in very quietly, cleaned it up, got him a new napkin, and the whole evening continued as if nothing had happened. To me, it defined New York sophistication.

Geraldine Bartlett: One night, Warren Beatty was in with a group of people. After my shift I was outside flagging down a cab when this man approached me. He said, "My friend and I have been watching you. And we'd like you to be in our movie." I said, "Well, call my agent." He said, "No, really, I'm a filmmaker. I made *Fingers.*" He said he was James Toback, but I'd never heard of him. I thought it was a porno film. I got in the cab. There's a knock on the window. It's Warren Beatty. He says, "What are you doing? Let us take you in a limousine." By this time another waitress had gotten in the cab with me. I looked at her and said, "Come on." [In the limo,] Warren had this really drunk woman sitting on his lap. She kept looking at me and saying to Warren, "What would you rate her between a 1 and a 10?" They wanted us to come to the hotel or something, and I said, "I am so tired. I just want to go home." He was very cool. I think he was sort of surprised that we didn't want to come with him. We got to my apartment, and he said, "What was your name?" I told him, and he said, "You know what, Geraldine, we make a lot of choices in life, and tonight I think you made the right one."

Michael Mott: I was closing. It was like two o'clock in the morning. Tina Turner comes in and she had that hair. I was waiting on Table 24. And Table 24 says, "That woman over there looks very familiar. Was she in *Cats*?"

Another night, Elizabeth Taylor was at Table 21 with Carl Bernstein. She had on her rock, and she was wearing a white starched man's shirt and a pair of blue jeans. And this little girl from Table 50 comes over and she says, "Miss Taylor, I just want to tell you how much I appreciate your work." And Liz said, "Thank you so much. Would you like to sit down?" And then she sat down—this little girl about eight or nine years old—and they talked for like 15, 20 minutes. I didn't even realize it at the time, but it was Drew Barrymore. Then Carl and Liz got up from the table. It was a hot summer night, and they just walked up West Broadway with no limo, no guards, or anything. And she was wearing a rock as big as my knuckle. There was always something amazing happening. It was like living a movie.

Some amazing things were happening in the art world as well. On September 27, 1980, just a few weeks before Odeon opened it

ors, The New York Times *reported that the Whitney Museum had raised $1 million to y Jasper Johns's 1958 painting* Three Flags *m a family in Connecticut who'd paid $900 it in 1959. The amount paid by the Whit- was believed to be the largest ever for the rk of a living artist. As millions more dol- s began coursing through a revived art world, iew generation of art stars was minted, ng with a new generation of insurgent gal- y owners, many based in SoHo. Among the iguard were painters Julian Schnabel, Ross eckner, David Salle, Robert Longo, and vid Sultan, graffiti artists Keith Haring d Jean-Michel Basquiat, and dealers Mary one, Larry Gagosian, and Tony Shafrazi. business and pleasure, these up-and-comers ade the Odeon their hangout. And on those asions when they were joined by their fore- urs—Frank Stella, Roy Lichtenstein, Robert uschenberg, Leo Castelli, Ileana Sonnabend, l, inevitably, Andy Warhol—the Odeon could l like the center of the art universe.*

ss **Bleckner:** You know what? It was first restaurant in New York where I uld actually get a reservation quickly. ke restaurants where I get reservations.

chael Mott: Andy [Warhol] was here the time. He used to come in with his ourage. Paige Powell used to do the cing for him because Andy wouldn't talk. e'd say: "Andy will have this," and "Andy l have that." And Andy would just d of sit there and stare.

ge Powell: Robert Longo used to go re a lot. And he would kind of come in h his dark glasses, all in black. His table s usually way in the back, catty-corner the entrance. And when he would walk Andy would go, "There goes Robert ngoooooo." But Robert would never say i" to us.
The great thing about the Odeon s you could go there all the time. Andy d I would meet Keith Haring there lunch at, like, one o'clock on a Sunday, d Keith would come in with all these ls he had been hanging out with for the t two days at the Paradise Garage [a gay co downtown], just to eat something ally. It was like they were coming out to back into reality.

ary Boone, art dealer: Keith [McNally] led at me because, at my birthday rty, Julian [Schnabel] and I think it was f Koons or maybe Jean-Michel asquiat] were throwing toilet-paper wet lls. You know how if you take a roll of let paper and put it into the toilet, it sorbs all the water and it becomes like a ter balloon? They were throwing them each other at my birthday party. [*Schnabel denies this.*] And Keith kicked us out before we got to have birthday cake.

Joe Helman, gallery owner: I've been in art bars before. This was something else. This was at the time of postmodernism. It wasn't the same deep art passions. Artists were into success and taking over the restaurant and giving big parties. It wasn't the Cedar Bar. It was much tonier than that. Yes, [arguments about art] took place and feelings ran very high. But you didn't go there to do that the way you went to the Cedar Bar. Keith had these amazingly beautiful waitresses.

Richard Serra, sculptor: Look, if you want to get it straight, Max's Kansas City is where the art ideology was worked out, in the 60s. It wasn't the Odeon. The Odeon was a place where celebrities from uptown wanted to slum with artists downtown.

Tom Wolfe, novelist, journalist: I always thought of the Odeon as SoHo's Cotton Club. The Cotton Club was a place where you could go and feel like you experienced the Harlem Renaissance. You couldn't go much anywhere else, but you could go to the Cotton Club and say, "Hey, yeah, I was part of the scene." It was the same thing at the Odeon. At that time, there weren't all these places in SoHo. SoHo was in the papers—people were all talking about the new art world—but there was only one place the outlander like myself could go, and that was the Odeon. It was full of museum administrators and business types from uptown. At first, of course, it was full of people like Donald Sultan, Ross Bleckner, and so on. But pretty soon, everyone who wanted to be where things were happening, as the phrase goes, was coming in. I would see more people from Richmond, Virginia, where I grew up, at the Odeon than I ever did anywhere else the whole time I was in New York. You got your toe in the water and you saw that you were where things were happening. And then you went home.

If the Odeon didn't seethe with quite the same belligerent passions as the old Cedar Bar, where New York's Abstract Expressionists had boozed and brawled in the 50s, the restaurant still hosted its share of badly behaving artists. Perhaps the most memorably disruptive was Richard Serra, whose combative personality was reflected in the imposing, rust-covered, monolithic sculptures that became his forte.

Keith McNally: Richard Serra was a pit bull in blue overalls. On the other hand, I think Serra was one of the very few true artists who ate or drank at the Odeon.

Brian McNally: Keith would ban Richard Serra, and then I would let him back in. That's how it worked. Richard Serra would call: "Oh, there was a misunderstanding." "O.K., come back."

Richard Serra: O.K., look. Possibly I was thrown out of the Odeon once in my life. But so what?

A number of Odeon regulars haven't forgotten the confrontation between Serra and the actress Brooke Hayward after the artist insulted her dinner companion, Irving Blum, co-owner of the Blum Helman Gallery, which represented Serra. According to the sculptor, he became angry because "Blum was bragging to me how he had screwed over an artist—a mentor—in a deal, and it didn't sit very well with me." Blum wouldn't return calls for this article, and what happened next is a matter of some dispute—especially from Hayward's perspective—but several witnesses say the actress sprang to Blum's defense by taking a swipe at Serra.

Brooke Hayward: Serra came up to the table. He's very intelligent and very articulate. He got insulting to Irving. I don't remember precisely what he said, but it was loud and it was unattractive. And I said, "Richard, you're talking about one of my best friends." He was on a rampage that night.

Richard Serra: I remember insulting Irving. And I remember her being outraged that I insulted Irving. And she may have thrown a punch at me, and I may have just put my arms up and blocked it. That's the total story of it.

Joe Helman: She took a swipe at him, and he stopped her wrist. He was blocking the blow. She swung her right. He put up his left.

Brooke Hayward: To slap him I would have had to have stood up. How could I slap him from a seated position? It doesn't sound like me, because I've never slapped anybody, not even a child.

Joe Helman: There was an altercation and it was very emotionally charged. I think Richard got abusive later, after we left. I think he was at the bar picking fights and was asked to leave.

Richard Serra: That's not true. I wasn't at the bar. The police came, the bartender just looked at me and pointed, and I walked out. It wasn't like someone came up and manhandled me.

Among the most charismatic—and enigmatic—of the downtown artists was Jean-Michel Basquiat, protégé of Warhol's, onetime boy-

The Odeon

friend of Madonna's, and conflicted New York Times Magazine *cover boy. The dreadlocked Basquiat found comfort at the Odeon, both on and off the menu. He dated at least one of the restaurant's waitresses, but often could be seen dining by himself.*

Michael Mott: He was this kid who all of a sudden was making millions of dollars, and he would just throw it at us. We called him Mumbles because we could never understand anything he'd say.

Joe Helman: One night, my wife, Ursula, [painter] Bryan Hunt, and I are having dinner, and Basquiat joins us. It's summertime. Bryan's got a brand-new white linen jacket on. And we ordered dessert: strawberries. They used to serve plain strawberries, maybe with a little whipped cream on them or something like that. And Basquiat picks up the strawberry and grinds it into the lapel of Bryan's new white linen jacket. Anyway, we went quiet. I thought Bryan was going to stand up and they were going to go at it. But Bryan started laughing. He said, "Hey, that looks pretty good." Basquiat was probably jealous of Bryan's success—Bryan, at that moment, was probably the hottest thing that there was. But I think it was just aesthetics: Bryan had this white jacket on and Basquiat could see a red spot on it. I don't think it was anything more than that. It turned out to be funny. It could have gone the other way.

Donald Sultan, painter: When Basquiat and Warhol did their show together, in 1985—they worked on each other's canvases at Tony Shafrazi's gallery—they came down to the Odeon, and I was reading the *New York Times* review of the show. It was a terrible review. [*Basquiat was accused of succumbing "to the forces that would make him an art world mascot."*] At one point, I left the table to get something. And when I got up, Jean-Michel went over and tore the review out of my newspaper and went back to his table with it so I wouldn't be able to finish it.

Paige Powell: I went there a lot with Jean-Michel and with Andy. Part of the reason was that *Interview* magazine had credit with the Odeon [in trade for advertising], so we'd do a lot of entertaining there. And if Jean-Michel started ordering the most expensive wines on the menu, then Andy would pay for the food and go, "Let Jean-Michel get that wine." Andy didn't drink that much and [the bottles Basquiat ordered] were hundreds of dollars—really expensive.

The Odeon did have quite a smart wine list, but the 80s were more about cocaine than Côtes du Rhône. The restaurant's downstairs bathrooms were the primary destinations for both faux-discreet consumption of the drug and any carnal behavior that might result, while upstairs, one waiter remembers, "all those Wall Street guys would get so high they'd be screaming at the bar when they talked."

Danny Fields, writer, former co-manager of the Ramones: I remember all the surfaces for coke sniffing in the men's room. I could tell you every one of them. And everybody was running up and down the stairs with cocaine. There was a line to go in—not to pee, but to snoot—so that was nice about it. I'm sure that nothing of the sort happens there anymore. But it was a good place to do coke. First of all, you traveled so far to get there, you needed a little energizing.

Donald Sultan: There was also a little service room under the stairs that had a little door. People would sneak in there to do coke. But in those days you didn't really have to hide so much. People would do it at the tables.

Geraldine Bartlett: You would go into the kitchen and tell Patrick, "Hold the food." Nouvelle cuisine, I always felt, was born out of the cocaine 80s.

Dirk Wittenborn: There was more food not eaten and more dinners not completed. You'd just order to have it in front of you.

Though the bacchanal taking place behind the Odeon's wooden venetian blinds at times threatened to reel out of control, the restaurant's three active partners deftly maintained a balance between order and euphoria with the help of a mostly close-knit staff.

Joe Helman: Keith was a brilliant steely Dan. He knew where he was going all the time. Keith was always in control of Keith, and Keith was always in control of the situation.

Geraldine Bartlett: One night, Keith was the maître d' and [high-strung poet and painter] Rene Ricard came up to him in hysterics and was screaming at him. And Keith whirled around and said, "Rene, take your seat!"—like a schoolmaster. And Rene turned around and walked to his seat. It was a scene out of an English boys' school or something.

Laila Nabulsi, former *S.N.L.* producer: Brian had this great way about him. I don't even know if I was really sure he owned the place. He always seemed like he was the guy behind the bar who let us get away with shit and the real owners were somewhere else and they didn't know what we were doing.

In 1982 the Odeon's troika of partners became a duo, when Brian departed the restaurant to move to Paris with his new wife. The McNally brothers would never work together again, and by 1984, after Brian, having returned to the States, opened his first solo project, Indochine, they would not even be on speaking terms. Except for a brief public rapprochement in the mid-1990s, the brothers remain at odds to this day.

Keith McNally: It's an understatement to say Brian and I didn't get along well at the Odeon. Unfortunately, we had very different ways of working, and matters certainly weren't helped by me being more uptight in running the place than I should have been. I was the one sort of in charge, though—or, rather, ultimately responsible for the place, so perhaps it's slightly understandable.

The other thing to remember is that when any group of people come together and create something even marginally successful, it's often due to the differences, not the similarities, in their characters. But these differences then go on to create huge strains within, and this is kind of what happened to us. At least that's my excuse. But who knows? Maybe if Brian and I had gotten along like a house on fire the Odeon would've lasted about four hours.

Brian McNally: We've always had altercations. It's like the fault line that runs through the family. It's just which side you're on when it happens.

On March 5, 1982, John Belushi died of a drug overdose in Los Angeles. "In many ways, he was my favorite customer," says Keith, who adds that the Odeon never again stayed open quite so late. For many of the Odeon's original regulars, Belushi's death marked the end of the restaurant's most incandescent era. For others, the curtain falls at the 1983 opening of Café Luxembourg, or the 1984 debut of Indochine. Still, the party at the Odeon continued apace, and around the same time that Brian McNally went into business on his own, a whole new audience discovered the Odeon when they cracked a novel called Bright Lights, Big City, *by a young writer named Jay McInerney.*

Jay McInerney: When I published *Bright Lights,* the Random House lawyer called me up and said, "This place called the

eon isn't an actual establishment, is it?" I said, "Oh yeah, actually it is." And ust lost his shit. He said, "You can't ge that there's drug use taking place in bathroom. They'll sue us." I said, "Nah, n't really think so." And right about time the artwork came back for the er [which depicted the Odeon with the rld Trade Center towers in the kground]. So, Gary Fisketjon, my editor, gested that I just talk to them. So, I le an appointment to see Keith McNally, I explained the situation to him, and owed him the artwork, and he said, eat. No problem."

th McNally: Jay's publisher or his agent e himself came to see me at one point said, "Oh, we've got this book. We t to use a picture of the Odeon." And made some terrible jokes that were very nny. And so I just thought he was ntless. I looked at it, I read a little bit, I didn't think much of it. I thought, s will never see the light of day. And so dn't charge them anything for the [use he Odeon's image] and all that. And n I remember walking up Fifth Avenue passing Doubleday [one of the grand pre-Amazon bookstores that dotted the Avenue] and doing a double take and seeing the whole window plastered with pictures of the Odeon on the cover.

Jay McInerney: I like to joke with Keith and Lynn that I must have put at least one of their kids through school by now. The McInerney scholarship.

As the decade wore on, a lot of the "froth"—Joe Helman's word—began to disappear from the scene that had coalesced around the Odeon. The restaurant's staff was every bit as ravaged by AIDS as was the rest of New York, and then there was the 1987 stock-market crash, which put a lid on the city's free-spending economy. That same year Andy Warhol died from complications following gallbladder surgery. Michael Mott remembers a "devastated" Jean-Michel Basquiat coming into the Odeon alone after the news broke. "He just said 'Andy' and lay his head down on a table, knocking drinks over. Everything went flying." The following year, Basquiat would himself succumb to a drug overdose. As the 80s became the 90s, the newer McNally restaurants, along with other hot spots such as Barocco, Café Tabac, and Rex, siphoned off the restaurant's heat. "There was a moment when the Odeon was singular, and then it wasn't," Helman says.

But the Odeon was destined for an even more rarefied achievement: the trendsetting restaurant that outlives many of its successors and evolves into a classic. Wagenknecht alone would navigate the Odeon past the rocky shoals of her divorce, the economic doldrums of the early 90s (which were followed by the restaurant's most profitable period to date), and the devastation of the attack on the World Trade Center, eight blocks south. (Like many restaurants in the neighborhood, the Odeon gave free meals to Ground Zero workers.)

The Odeon has now settled into comfortable middle age as a well-attended neighborhood local. "I wouldn't want the restaurant to be what it was between 1980 and 1985 now," Wagenknecht says. "I've changed, the customers have changed, and the restaurant has to change to continue to move forward."

But every so often a face in the crowd knocks loose a few memories of long nights spent beneath a certain neon sign . . .

Geraldine Bartlett: People on the street sometimes look at me like "Did we sleep together?" No, I was a waiter at the Odeon. □

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eyoncé Knowles

TINUED FROM PAGE 343 *in the video?* "I the choreographer that when I sang the -oh' part of the song I wanted to do some-g like a signature dance that people would when they hear it. I wanted it to be kind imple and repetitive, visually the same as vocal." *It looks hard to do.* "It's not—you ld do it." *No, I couldn't.* "Yes, you can. It the last thing we did in the video. We 15 minutes before daylight, and I told my m to make sure I had long pants on, be-se I thought if I had shorts on it would be much. Now it's shocking how every single son—including Oprah—wants me to teach n how to do the dance. So it worked." *Do see any conflict between being so religious your sexy image?* "No, it's a way of life for What's more important to me is the way eat people, what I think, what I give to oth-people. When I go back to Houston and o church and see those people, I feel like same country girl." (After Hurricane Ka-a, the Knowles family and Kelly Rowland rked with the city government in Houston et 100 families out of the Astrodome and set up the transitional "Destiny Village." ey began with the purchase of mobile mes, with the goal to create cost-free hous-for those families by Christmas.) *Are you shy?* "I'm not shy anymore, but I'm still ate. I'll sit in a room in a corner and watch people. I don't have to be the person walking around with people looking at me. I've always been that way. I like to go to parties every once in a while and see friends, but I don't dance in public." *I read that you and Jay were salsa-dancing somewhere.* "We went salsa-dancing, I'll do that, but at a party I'm not going to go out on the dance floor. People expect me to go do that, but that's for the stage." *You've never run wild. There's not going to be a* Behind the Music *about you?* "Well, I hope not. I'm still only 23, and I know enough to think, Never say never, but I very much doubt that happening. I respect my mother so much. She would kill me if any of that ever happened." *Are you growing away from your parents a bit?* "My mother and I are friends. We go out to dinner together. I can tell her anything. The older I get, the more we become friends." *And your father?* "It's harder for my father to let go than my mom." *Do you talk about business with Jay? Does he give you advice?* "We give each other advice, but we respect each other's business, and we don't really get involved with that. When I'm not working, I don't want to talk about business. I don't want to think about it. I want to turn my phone off."

It's difficult to imagine that Beyoncé often gets to turn her phone off. This summer she was on tour with Destiny's Child in Europe with just 10 days off for a vacation with Jay, sailing around the South of France. She came right back for two months of Destiny's Child concerts in the U.S. While that was going on, she was scheduled to write and record a song for the *Pink Panther* soundtrack, write songs for her sophomore solo album, and work with her mother on the designs for the House of Deréon, their clothing line named for Beyoncé's maternal grandmother. When we meet again in August, she has slept about six hours in two days, with appearances on *Good Morning America* and at a Manhattan Ronald McDonald House sandwiched in between concerts at Madison Square Garden and the Nassau Coliseum. And, having announced the amicable Destiny's Child "breakup" several weeks earlier onstage in Barcelona, she found herself having to address what some people considered "shocking" news.

"We'd been saying the entire time that this last album was going to be the final album," Beyoncé said. "That's why we called it *Destiny Fulfilled.* I didn't think it was like breaking news. I was on vacation right after we said it, and when I got back Kelly and Michelle said, 'Oh my God, it was on CNN.'"

You've said you're 'not single.' Are you married? "No." *You know there's a rumor that you and Jay are secretly married.* "No, I didn't." *There's also a rumor that you're engaged.* "I'm not. But I'm engaged and married at the same time?" (Laughs.) *Two different rumors. Do you want kids?* "Yes." *Soon?* "Well, after I just babysat my nephew [her sister Solange's 11-month-old son, Daniel] yes-

Beyoncé Knowles

terday . . . no. I mean, he's a good baby, and he's the cutest thing I've ever seen in my life—I love him to death. But yesterday I got up at four in the morning, I did the [TV] show, and I thought, Since he's leaving tomorrow, I have to see him. So the time I should have been asleep, I was watching him. I played, I had the stroller . . . and I was like, I don't know how my sister does it." *You wouldn't have a nanny?* "I think having a nanny is great to help, but I want to be there for my kids. My mom was there for me." *Destiny's Child did quite a lascivious "lap dance" performance of "Cater 2 U" on the BET Awards in June—actor Terrence Howard is still talking about it.* "Oh God. . . . It was fun . . . but we didn't expect for people to still be talking about it now. I saw the tape. . . . Oh God. . . . [Dissolves into laughter.] It was very sexy, but I'm very embarrassed about it. I'm not overtly sexy, even though 'Sasha' is. Onstage I just go for it." *You started out writing "Independent Woman" and "Survivor" and wound up with "Cater 2 U"—about bringing your man his slippers, drawing his bath. What happened?* "I grew up. I feel it's still very strong, because in order to be a strong woman, you have to have a strong man. There's nothing wrong with women doing that for their man if their man deserves it and he does the same for you." *Did you ever worry that you wouldn't find somebody?* "Absolutely. Yes. Because I don't go out, I'm not exposed to people that much." *Did you once say that you go for the "weird" ones?* "I might have. I like people who make me think—that's what I meant. People who are interesting and not the typical person that has nothing to offer me." *Why do you do so many commercial endorsements?* "With L'Oréal, I was so excited to get a sponsorship because I was 17 and I wore their makeup. Then with Pepsi, I thought, Michael Jackson did a Pepsi commercial—this is iconic, this is amazing. With True Star, I was one of the only black women to have a perfume, and I thought that was quite an accomplishment. McDonald's is all about children; these Ronald McDonald Houses help kids with cancer and other diseases, and it was important for me and the other ladies to do something that meant something." *Did Destiny's Child get $7 million to perform at a Bar Mitzvah?* "No. We did do a Bar Mitzvah, in one of my favorite places in the world, in Monaco." *Did you get millions of dollars for it?* (Silence.) "We didn't get $7 million for it." (Laughs.) *Do you think it's vulgar to talk about money?* "I don't think it's appropriate. I don't think it's anyone's business."

Here's what else the Knowles family doesn't think is anyone's business: all the rumors they've had to deal with for years. "It's been going on since the group started," says Tina Knowles. "We just tune it out. If you don't, you'll be crazy. We have had some of the craziest rumors. One time they said I was gay and was going with Michelle, and that's why Michelle got to sing lead on a song. It was so stupid. . . . I'm a *mother.* I don't care what they say about me, but when it's about our kids, I'm ready to get them. It was on the Internet that my grandchild had a clubfoot and my daughter Solange put him in a bariatric chamber to bleach him." *What did the bleaching have to do with the clubfoot?* "First he had a clubfoot. And then she was bleaching him. I was furious because my child was crying, and they said it was in our hometown paper, the *Houston Chronicle.* So I had our attorney call the *Chronicle,* and they said they would never do anything like that, but it was all over the Internet and it was terrible. So after all this stuff, what can you get upset about?" *What about the rumors that Beyoncé is firing her father, and you and he are splitting up, and Jay is going to manage her?* "Jay doesn't want to manage her, and all the rumors about how I'm getting a divorce and I'm going to manage her or Jay is going to manage her . . . it's just crazy."

"There's no way I can know every person in the world, and people just know you from what they read," Beyoncé says. "When people meet me, they say they think I'm so normal. . . . If someone says I'm married or engaged and I'm not, I don't pay attention to it. But when someone says something about my *family,* I don't like that." *What about when they talk about Destiny's Child and they say, "Beyoncé, what's-her-name, and the other one?"* "That is very, very, very, very hurtful. Actually, if one of them is hurt, I'm even more hurt, because they're my sisters. The girls are very talented, they work very hard, and it's just disrespectful. People just have no couth."

Beyoncé says she's determined to take the entire month of October off. "I'm not doing one thing," she says. "I just bought a place [in Manhattan], and I want to just stay at home and watch TV and do whatever I want to do." *The Pink Panther* won't come out until February, but in December she'll start shooting the leading role in the movie of the Broadway musical *Dreamgirls,* with Eddie Murphy and Jamie Foxx. "When I watched the movie *Chicago,* I wanted to cry—I wanted to be in it so bad. It was the first musical I saw since the old musicals, and I was just so excited. I was like, They're coming back! I love to sing and dance and I love acting—even though I haven't really lost myself acting. What has to happen is like a tingling, something that happens where I can do anything, and I'm not scared—I'm just lost in the moment. I haven't done that with acting yet, but I know I can." *How do you know you can?* "I don't know. I just know I can." □

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FASHION

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Page 100: Sheryl Crow's shirt by **Earl Jean,** from E Jeon, N.Y.C., L.A., ond Miomi, or coll 212-226-8709 jeons by **True Religion,** go to soks.com; vintage belt from Whot Comes Around Goes Around, N.Y.C., or to nyvintoge.com; diomond pendont necklace and brocelets (on right hond) by **Rosiblu** ond **Vera Wan Fine Jewelry,** from London Jewelers, Manhasset, N other neckloces, brocelet (on left hond), ond rings by **Tanagro,** from Tonogro, N.Y.C., or go to tanagra.c

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Pages 328–29: DJ Kaal Herc's Sedgwick & Cedar hoodie and T-shirt from Dr. Jay's stores notionwide, or call 888-437-5297; **Racawear** jeans from Mocy's and Bloomingdale's stores notionwide; for **Canverse** sneakers, go to converse.com.

Page 330: Dedo Coben for celestineagency.com.

Page 331: Adam Yauch's Salvatare Ferragama shoes from Salvatore Ferragamo boutiques notionwide. **Adam Haravitz's Yves Saint Laurent** shirt from selected Yves Saint Laurent boutiques. **Mike Diamand's Ermenegilda Zegna** shirt from Ermenegildo Zegno boutiques nationwide; vintage shoes from What Comes Around Goes Around, N.Y.C. Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Monogement.

Pages 332–33: Nelly's Dalce & Gabbana jeans from Saks Fifth Avenue, or go to dolcegabbano.com; for **Chris Aire** jewelry, call 800-228-9993. **Tanisha's Gucci** bathing suit from selected Gucci stores; Dolce & Gabbana shoes from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, or call 212-249-4100; for **H. Stern** earrings and onklet, call 800-7HSTERN, or go to hstern.net; for **Erica Caurtney** necklace, call 323-938-2850, or go to ericacourtney.com. For **Lisa's Narma Kamali** bathing suit, call 800-8KAMALI; Gucci shoes from selected Gucci stores; **Martin Katz** earrings and necklace worn os belly chain from Martin Katz, Ltd., N.Y.C. and L.A.; **Kwiat** brocelets and watch from Kwiat retailers notionwide, or call 800-927-4367. For **Lauren's** Dolce & Gobbono bothing suit, call 212-249-4100. Kim Meehan for Walter Schupfer Monogement.

Pages 334–35: Pras's Dunhill jocket and pants from Alfred Dunhill, N.Y.C., **Ermenegilda Zegna** shirt and vest from Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques notionwide, or go to zegno.com; bow tie ond pocket squore by **Robert Talbatt,** from Robert Tolbott stores notionwide, or go to roberttalbott.com; **Cartier** lopel pin ond cuff links from all Cortier boutiques; **Harry Winstan** wotch from Horry Winston, N.Y.C., or go to harrywinston.com. **Wyclef Jean's Dalce & Gabbana** jocket, shirt, and pants from Dolce & Gobbano boutiques notionwide; ascot and pocket square by Robert Tolbott, from Robert Talbott stores nationwide, or call 800-747-8778; diamond pen by Dunhill, from Alfred Dunhill, N.Y.C.; for shoes by **Bruna Magli,** go to brunomogli.com. **Lauryn Hill's Oscar de la Renta** dress by speciol order, from Oscar de la Renta and Bergdorf Goodmon, both in N.Y.C.; vintage bracelet by Cartier, from selected Cartier boutiques, or call 800-CARTIER; other vintoge jewelry from Borneys New York, N.Y.C.; nng by **Lucifer,** from Barneys New York stores notionwide; Morni Senofonte for margoretmoldonado.com.

Pages 336–37: Beyancé Knawles's Raberta Cavalli dress by special order, from Roberto Cavalli boutiques nationwide, or go to robertocovolli.com; **Balenciaga by Nicalas Ghesquière** shoes from Barneys New York, N.Y.C.; **Tanagra** necklace from Tanagro, N.Y.C., or go to tonagro.com. Men's **Calvin Klein** suits ond shirts from Macy's stores nationwide; **Ermenegilda Zegna** ties from Ermenegildo Zegna boutiques notionwide; **Diar Hamme** sunglasses from Bloomingdole's stores ond Solstice Sunglass boutiques notionwide.

Pages 338–39: Left, **Dalce & Gabbana** dress by special order from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques, or call 212-249-4100; **Tanagra** jewelry from Tanagro, N.Y.C., or go to tonogro.com. For men's **Allen-Edmands** shoes, go to allenedmonds.com. Center and right, Dolce & Gabbona dress from Hirshleifer's, Manhasset, N.Y., and Nordstrom stores nationwide; Dolce & Gobbona shoes from Dolce & Gabbana boutiques nationwide, Tonagro earrings from Tanagro, N.Y.C., or go to tanagro.com.

Pages 340–41: Jean Yu robe from Jeffrey, N.Y.C., and Maxfield, L.A.; **Tanagra** rings from Tonagro, N.Y.C., or call 877-TANAGRO; **Tiffany & Co.** necklace from Tiffony & Co. stores nationwide, or call 800-526-0649.

Pages 344–45: Penny Lancaster's J. Mendel dress

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from J. Mendel, N.Y.C., or call 800-JMENDEL. **Neil Lane** diamond necklace and brooch (on pearl necklaces) from Neil Lane, L.A., or call 310-275-5015; **Mikimoto** pearl necklaces from Mikimoto, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or call 888-701-2323. **Rod Stewart's Calvin Klein Collection** suit from Calvin Klein, N.Y.C., or call 888-256-7373; for **Best of Class by Robert Talbott** shirt, vest, and ascot, go to roberttalbott.com. **Kimberly Stewart's** mode-to-order **Tuleh** dress from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; **Sergio Rassi** shoes from selected Sergio Rossi stores; vintage tiara from Martin Katz, Beverly Hills, or call 310-276-7200; **Tiffany & Co.** earrings from Tiffany & Co. stores nationwide. **Ruby Stewart's Oscar de la Renta** blouse from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **Luisa Beccaria** skirt from Linda Dresner, N.Y.C.; **Christian Louboutin** shoes from Christian Louboutin, N.Y.C., or call 212-396-1884; **Neil Lane** necklace from Neil Lane, L.A. **Sean Stewart's Ennio Capasa for Costume Natianal Hamme** suit from Costume National, N.Y.C., or call 212-431-1530; **Jean Paul Gaultier** shirt fram Edna King Men, Venice, Calif.

Page 346: Tap, Rod's **Burberry London** blazer and pants from Burberry stores nationwide; far **Best of Class by Rabert Talbott** shirt and tie, go to roberttalbott.com. Sean's **Dsquared** jacket, shirt, and pants from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C.; for Best of Class by Rabert Talbatt ascot, call 800-747-8778; **Brooks Brothers** cane from selected Brooks Brothers stores nationwide. Center and bottom, for Rod's **Roberto Cavalli** shirt, go ta robertocavalli.com; **Gianfranco Ferré White Lobel** pants from Macy's West, or go to gianfrancoferre.com. Penny's **Dior by John Galliano** dress from selected Dior boutiques, or call 800-929-DIOR; **Neil Lane** earrings fram Neil Lane, L.A.

BEAUTY AND GROOMING



Cover: Beyoncé Knowles's hair styled with **L'Oréal** Studio Line Pumping Curls Spray and Anti-Frizz Cream; Kimberly Kimble for margaretmaldonado.com. Makeup by **L'Oréal;** on her face, Cashmere Perfect in Honey Beige; on her eyes, Microliner in Brownie Point, Lineur Intense in Mineral, and Voluminous Mascara in Black; on her cheeks, Touch-On Colour in Shimmering Bronze; on her lips, Volume Perfect in Contauring Coral and Glam Shine in Primo Donna; Francesca Tolot for cloutieragency.com. Lisa Logan for S. Murray Management.

Page 90: See credits for cover.

Page 118: Orlando Pita for Kérastase Paris/Orlo Salon; Gucci Westman for Lancôme; Gina Viviano for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 152: Cat Cara's hair and makeup by Melinda Misura for Koko Represents.

Page 160: Joaquin Phaenix's hair by Katherine Gordon for the Milton Agency; grooming by Jane Golli. **Reese Witherspoon's** hoir by Morgan at bardeenagency.com; makeup by Molly R. Stem for magnet'o.com.

Page 172: Top, **Vanessa Getty's** hair and makeup by Melinda Misura for Koka Represents. Center right, **Tam Ford Estée Lauder** collection, from Bergdorf Goodmon, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide, **Shu Uemura** Ace B-G Signs Preventing Essence, from Shu Uemura boutiques notionwide, or go to shuuemura.com; **Odile Lecoin** products from Bameys New York stores nationwide; **Sisleya** Daily Line Reducer, from Neimon Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores notionwide; **Clé de Peau Beauté** La Crème, from Bergdorf Goodmon and Takashimaya, N.Y.C.

Pages 238 and 248: Sheryl Crow's hair styled with **Matrix** Amplify Volumizing Foam: Hallie Bowman for the Wall Group. Makeup products by **Chanel;** on her face Bronze Universal de Chanel Sun Illuminotor; on her eyes, Ligne Extreme Liquid Eye Liner and Sculpte Cils Mascara; on her lips, Levres Scintillantes Lip-Gloss; Brigitte far Brigitte Reiss-Andersen/artistsbytimathypnano.com. Ana-Maria for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 290: Tab Hunter's grooming by David Cox for Redken/celestineagency.com.

Page 299: Barry White for BMW Inc.

Page 303: Olivia's hair styled with **Phyta** Phytadéfrisont and **Tigi Bed Head** Headrush; Suzette Boazer for artistsbytimothypriano.com. Makeup by **Cover Girl;** on her eyes, Perfect Blend Eye Pencil and Professianol Mascara, both in Black Brawn; on her lips, Liquid Lipslicks in Pure Glaze; Roxanna Floyd for Illusions at Click Madel Management. Hair-and-makeup consultation by Ray Parker.

Pages 304–5: Yolonda Frederick far MAC Cosmetics/Crews.

Page 306: Missy Elliott's makeup products by **Dior;** on her face, Diarskin Liquid S.P.F. 12 in Dark Beige; on her eyes, Ultimeyes Mascaro in Black; on her lips, Addict Lip Fluid in Soft Beige; Gloria Elias Faeillet for Dior/Beauty and Photo.

Page 307: Common's grooming products by **Biotherm;** his face moisturized with Aquapower Moisturizing Oliga-Thermal Care; an his lips, Aquasource Moisturizing Balm Protective Lip Care Shiny Effect S.P.F. 8; Olivia Fischer for dawn2duskagency.com.

Pages 308–9: Lorena Lopez for margaretmaldonado.com.

Page 311: Nas's grooming products by **Neutrogena;** on his face, Triple Protect Face Lotion S.P.F. 20; on his lips, Lip Moisturizer; Mike Brinkley for III Will Records.

Page 312: Fred Vandebunt for Redken/Art Department.

Page 313: Lil' Kim's hair styled with **Paul Mitchell** Gloss Drops and **Sebastian** Grease; Will Robinson for Styles Salon. Makeup products by **MAC;** on her face, Studio Tech Foundation in NW45; on her eyes, Mascara X in Black X; on her lips, Lipglass Lipgelée in Sapliciaus; Mylah Marales for the B. Lynn Group.

Page 314: Jahnny "Cake" Castellanas for Headquarters Enterprises.

Page 315: Barry White far BMW Inc.

Pages 316–17: Russell Simmons's grooming products by **Dermalagica** and **MAC;** his face moisturized with Dermalogico Active Moist; on his lips, MAC Lip Conditioner Stick S.P.F. 15; Lisa Gamer for artistsbytimothypriono.com.

Page 318: Eve's makeup by **Laura Mercier;** on her face, Tinted Moisturizer in Walnut; on her eyes, Metollic Crème Eye Colour in Burnished Copper; on her lips, Lip Kisses in Bronze Goddess. Suzette Boozer for artistsbytimothypriano.com; Kweli Calderon for Roots Management Agency.

Page 319: Ezkiel "Ez" Bey for Hair Sculpture; Morcos Smith for Redken/Art Deportment.

Page 321: Queen Latifah's makeup by **Caver Girl;** on her face, Aqua Smooth Foundation in Tawny; on her eyes, Eye Enhancer 3 Kit Shodows in Cafe au Lait and Liquid Pencil in Onyx; on her lips, Continuous Lipstick Creme in Really Red. Julie Baker for Ryan Entertainment Group; Roxanna Floyd for Illusions at Click Model Manogement.

Pages 322–23: will.i.am's and **apl.de.op's** hoir styled with **L'Oréal** Vive for Men Thickening & Grooming Foam. On their foces, **Giargia Armani** Gold Loose Powder. **Fergie's** hair styled with **Redken** Undone Weightless Defining Creme 02; Rick Grodone for Redken/Art Department. Mokeup by **MAC;** on her eyes, Mascara X in Black X; on her lips, Lipglass Lipgelée in Lust Is Lush; Steven Aturo for MAC/Luxe.

Page 324: Konye West's hair styled with **Aveda** Brilliant Anti-Humectont Pomade. His face moisturized with **Nivea** Oil Control Lotion. Ibn Jasper for Partos.



Page 325: Mary J. Blige's hair styled with **Kimble Hair Care Systems** Extro Hold Liquid Gel; Kimberly Kimble for Kimble Hair Care Systems/ margaretmaldonado.com. Makeup products by **Caver Girl** ond **Maybelline;** on her face, Moybelline Wonder Finish in Caramel; on her eyes, Maybelline Expertweor in Night Sky; on her lips, Cover Girl Smoothers Lipliner in Spnng Wine and Wetslicks Crystals in Iced Berry; Billy B. for artistsbytimothypnano.com.

Page 326: Curtis Smith for the B. Lynn Group; Merr Hollis for Ken Barboza Associates.

Page 327: Ice-T's hair styled with **Paul Mitchell** Super Skinny Serum. Grooming products by **Kiehl's,** from Kiehl' and Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to kiehls.c on his face, Multi-Purpose Facial Formula for Men; on h lips, Lip Balm S.P.F. 15. Birgitte Philippides for Vernon Jolly.

Pages 328–29: DJ Kool Herc's face moisturized w **Dermalogica** Active Moist; on his lips, **MAC** Lip Conditianer Stick S.P.F. 15; Lisa Garner for artistsbytimothypriana.com.

Page 330: Judy Twine for Take 5 Casmetics/Artist Creatian.

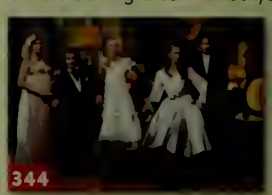
Page 331: Adam Yauch's, Adam Horovitz's, and **Mike Diamand's** hair styled with **Bumble and Bumb** Brilliantine and Grooming Creme; Vaughn Acord for Bumble and Bumble.

Pages 332–33: Nelly's grooming products by **Lancôme;** on his face, Pure Focus Gel Cream; on h lips, Primordiale Optimum Lip. Steve Lacy for Steven's Stylez; Kweli Calderon for Roots Management Agenc All models' hair styled with **L'Oréol** Vive Smooth-Inter Anti-Frizz Serum. Their makeup by **Giorgio Armani;** o their faces, Fluid Sheer in N8; on their eyes, Eyeshado N41; an their lips, Lip Gloss in N6 and N7.

Pages 334–35: Pras's and **Wyclef Jean's** hair styled with **Paul Mitchell** Super Skinny Serum. Grooming prod by **Kiehl's;** on their faces, Multi-Purpose Facial Formula Men; an their lips, Lip Balm S.P.F. 15; Birgitte Philippides f Vernon Jolly. **Lauryn Hill's** hair styled with **Pantene Pro** Anti-Frizz Crème; Tippy Shorter for Epiphany Artist Gr Inc. Makeup by **Nars;** on her face, Balanced Foundatio Tahiti; on her eyes, Mascara in Black Orchid; on her lips Lip Lacquer in Hellfire; Ayako for Nars/Jed Root.

Pages 336–41: Steven Aturo for Luxe; Fabio Gome and Victor Álvarez for Servimatge. For other beauty product details, see credits for cover.

Pages 344–47: Penny Lancaster's, Kimberly Stewar Ruby Stewart's, and **Sean Stewart's** hair styled with **Redken** products. Penny's hair styled with Hot Sets an Undone Defining Cream. Kimberly's hair styled with Anti



Snap and Vinyl Gl Ruby's hair styled w Spray Starch, Hea Memory Styler, an Framework. Sean's hair styled with Rou Paste. Rick Gradon for Redken/Art Department. Makeup products by **L'Oréal** and **MAC** On Penny's face and body, MAC Foundation in C5; on face, MAC Select Sheer Loose Powder in NC30; on he eyes, MAC Studio Stick in NC25, Lashes in No. 4, Eye Pen in Buried Treasure, Shodestick in Penny and Shimmersa and L'Oréol Voluminous Moscora in Black; on her cheeks, MAC Blush Creme in Cheery; on her lips, MA Lipstick in Jubilee. On Kimberly's face, MAC Studio Stick Foundation in NC25 and Select Sheer Loose Powder in NC30; on her eyes, MAC Eye Pencil in Coff Point in Magrittes and Stilife, Eye Shadow in Brun, Espresso, and Hush, and L'Oréal Voluminous Mascara Black; on her cheeks, MAC Blush Creme in Cherche; on her lips, MAC Lipstick in Myth. On Ruby's face and body, MAC Foundation in C4; on her eyes, MAC Stu Stick in NC20, Eye Pencil in Tamish, Eye Shodow in Brule and Smut, and L'Oréal Voluminous Mascoro in Black; her cheeks, MAC Blush Creme in Fancy Ray; on her lip MAC Lipstick in Delish. Steven Aturo for MAC/Luxe.

Page 351: Elaine Madelon for artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Page 354: George Kyriokos for George Kyriakos Hair/NYC; Joe J. Simon for Giorgio Armani Cosmetics/artistsbytimothypriano.com.

Where to find beauty products:

Aveda, Aveda stores nationwide, or go to aveda.com.

Biotherm, go to biotherm.usa.com.

Bumble and Bumble, Bumble and Bumble salons, N.Y.C., or go to bumbleandbumble.com.

nel, Chanel boutiques and counters nationwide, or
chanel.com or sephora.com.
r Girl, drugstores nationwide.
alagica, go to dermalogico.com.
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nwide.
gio Armani, Giorgio Armoni, N.Y.C., ond Saks Fifth
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ehaircare.com.
ôme, major department stores nationwide, or go to
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a Mercier, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and
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éal, drugstores nationwide.
, MAC stores and department stores nationwide,
to maccosmetics.com.
ix, go to matrix.com.
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ene Pro-V, go to drugstore.com.
Mitchell, salons notionwide.
o, selected hair solons.
en, Redken Gallerie, N.Y.C., or go to redken.com.
stian, call 800-829-7322, or go to
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Bed Head, go to drugstore.com.

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Page 292: From michaelochsorchives.com (Armstrong and Domino). Hot Tracks CD photograph by David Lawrence; props styled by Nathan José Kipe.
Pages 298–300: Production by Leone Ioannou for Snap Productions.
Pages 301–3: Production by Ruth Levy; Wolfgang Thom for Wolfgang Design; curtains by Andrew Smith; table by Tucker Robbins.
Pages 304–5: Production by Ruth Levy and Jennifer Hutz; Maureen Alloben for Crews.
Page 306: Production by Lawrie Bird.
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Pages 308–9: Production by Ruth Levy; Thomos Thurnauer for supercube.net. For NetJets Boeing Business Jet from M Club by Marquis Jet, coll 877-FLY-MCLUB, or go to flymclub.com.
Page 310: Production by Ruth Levy; Walter Barnett for Opus. Background television imoges from A.P. Wide World Photos (Mortin Luther King Jr.), Corbis (Molcolm X, Rosa Parks, Abbie Hoffman, Bobby Seale).
Page 311: Production by Ruth Levy; **Asprey** umbrella from Asprey, N.Y.C. and Beverly Hills, or call 800-883-2777; Thomas Thurnauer for supercube.net. Special thanks to the Centrol Park Conservancy.
Page 313: Bed custom-made by the Silk Troding Co.; comforter, throws, and cushions by KooKoon; chandelier from Vintage, N.Y.C.
Page 314: Produced on location by Gabriel Hill for GE Projects; Danny O'Neill for ortistuntied.com; for Joques croquet mollets, call 877-374-8881, or go to jaquesomerico.com.
Page 315: Production by Leone Ioannou for Snap Productions.
Pages 316–17: Production by Leone Ioannou for Snap Productions; Sara Kugelmass for Mory Howord Studio; carpet provided by ABC Corpet & Home, N.Y.C.
Page 318: Produced on location by Joanna Strong.
Page 319: Production by Ruth Levy; Thomas Thurnauer for supercube.net.
Pages 320–21: Production by Larry McCrudden for JBP; Shone Klein for Mary Howard Studio; motorcycle from Ghost Motorcycle.
Pages 322–23: Production by Ruth Levy; Thomas Thurnouer for supercube.net; dog from Critters of the Cinema.
Page 324: Production by Ruth Levy; props from Les Pierre Antiques, N.Y.C., and Davis & Gardner Home Furnishings, N.Y.C.
Page 325: Production by Giovonni Jance.
Page 326: Production by Ruth Levy; Walter Bornett for Opus; for scepter from Angels Fancy Dress, London, call 011-44-208-202-2244.
Page 327: Production by Ruth Levy; **Asprey** accessories from Asprey, N.Y.C. ond Beverly Hills, or call 800-883-2777; cigars from Not Sherman, N.Y.C.
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Pages 332–33: Production by Ruth Levy; Thomas Thurnauer for supercube.net.
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Pages 344–47: Production by Ruth Levy.
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Ride-along enclosed in editions 1, 21S, 61S, 66, BQ, FF, HA, IE, LA, LI, NJ, NV, OC, PS, SD, VE.

MIKE WALLACE

In his more than 60 years on the air, Mike Wallace has interviewed almost every president of the last half-century and, at 87, continues to add to a list that includes Salvador Dalí, Yasser Arafat, and Malcolm X. As he publishes *Between You and Me: A Memoir,* the unmistakable voice of broadcast journalism speaks out about his skinny bowlegs, self-absorption, and his idol, Martin Luther King Jr.



What is your idea of perfect happiness?
There's no such thing.

What is your greatest fear?
I don't have any left. I've already lost a son. I guess, maybe, that my wife would leave me, but she wouldn't dare.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Diogenes.

What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?
Self-absorption.

What is the trait you most deplore in others?
Self-absorption.

What is your greatest extravagance?
I don't have one. I'm too frugal—ask my wife.

What is your favorite journey?
To work, wherever.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
My skinny bowlegs.

Which living person do you most despise?
Hey, I'm bipartisan.

What is your greatest regret?
Not enough time with my kids through the years.

When and where were you happiest?
Nineteen thirty-nine. Grand Rapids, Michigan. Station WOOD, 20 bucks a week.

What is your current state of mind?
Bewildered. Where are we and where is the world?

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
Suffocate my candor.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Still hangin' at 87.

What is your most treasured possession?
Home on the Vineyard.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
Suicidal memories of depression.

Where would you like to live?
Right here in God's country, New York City.

What is your most marked characteristic?
Marks from a bad case of acne. I was always happy when it was a gray rather than a sunshiny day.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Loyalty.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Honesty.

Who are your favorite writers?
Andy Rooney.

Who are you heroes in real life?
Martin Luther King Jr. He is the man. When Lyndon Johnson was doing everything he could to make black folks happier, King had the balls to come out against participation in Vietnam, taking on his greatest supporter.

What is your motto?
From my high-school yearbook, "Hold the fort, I'm coming." Now? "Fuck 'em."

ILLUSTRATION BY ANDRÉ CARRILHO



YOUR LEFT HAND DREAMS OF LOVE. YOUR RIGHT HAND MAKES DREAMS COME TRUE. YOUR LEFT HAND LIVES HAPPILY EVER AFTER. YOUR RIGHT HAND LIVES HAPPILY HERE AND NOW. WOMEN OF THE WORLD, RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND.



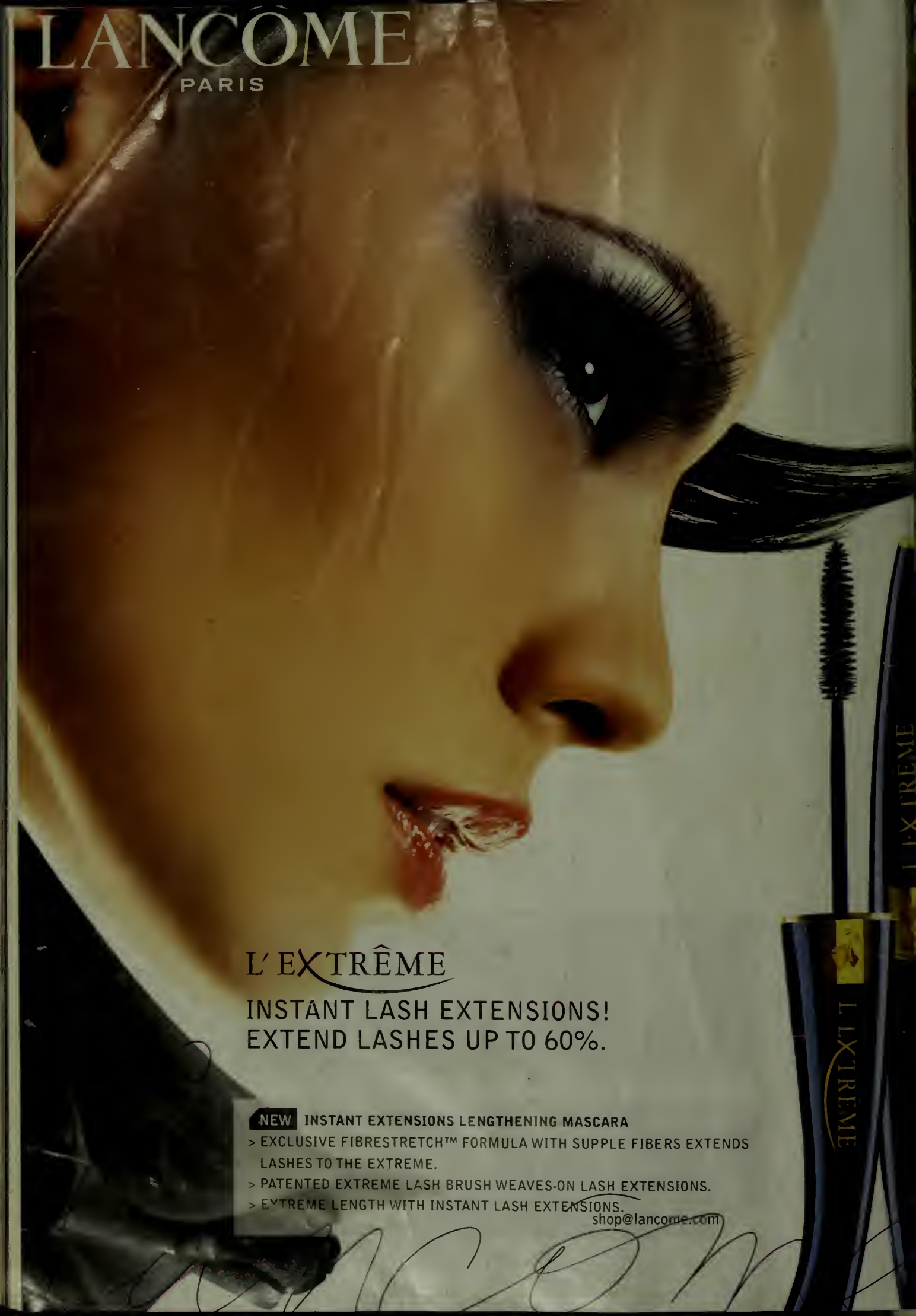






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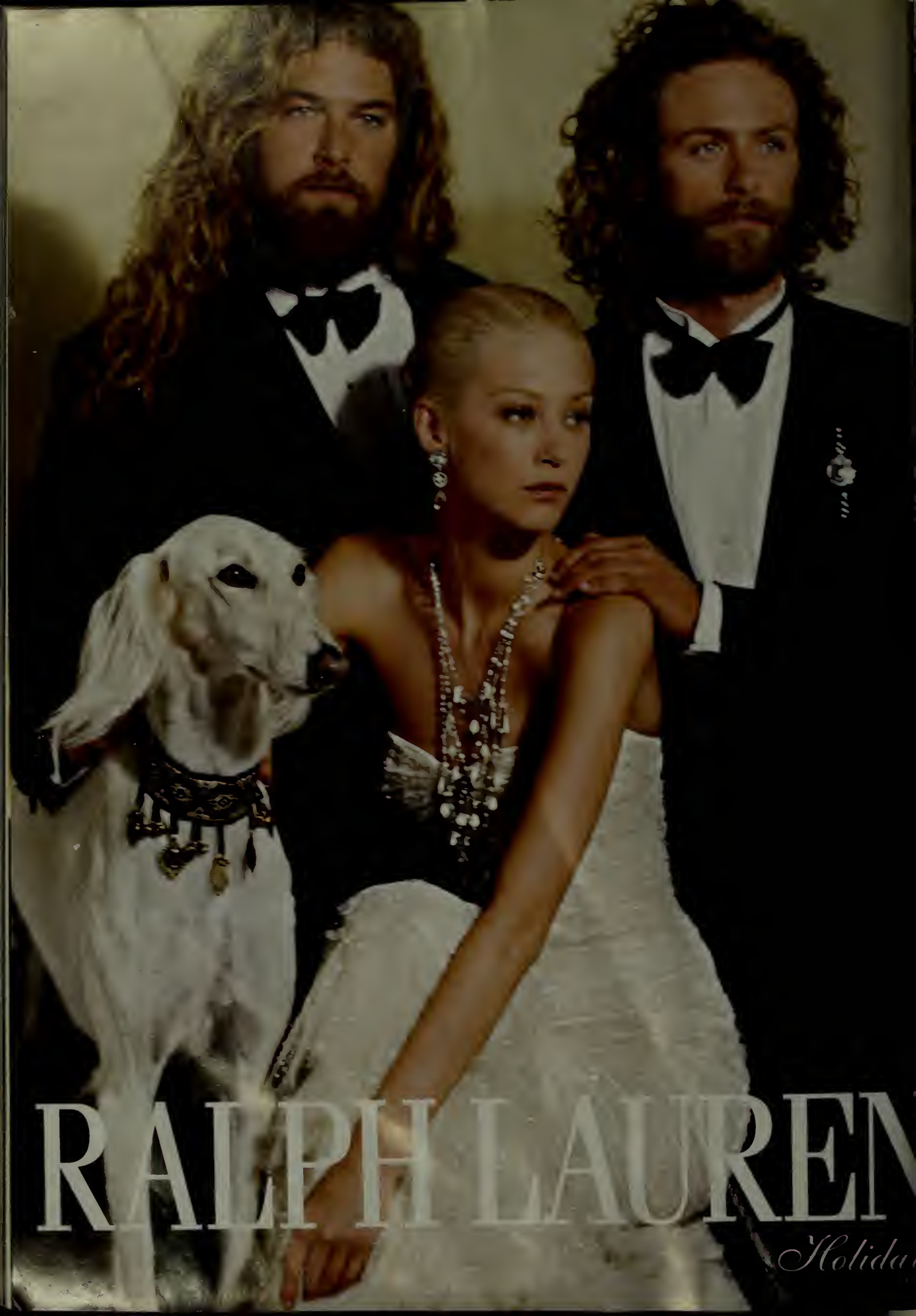
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BY MICHAEL WOLFF

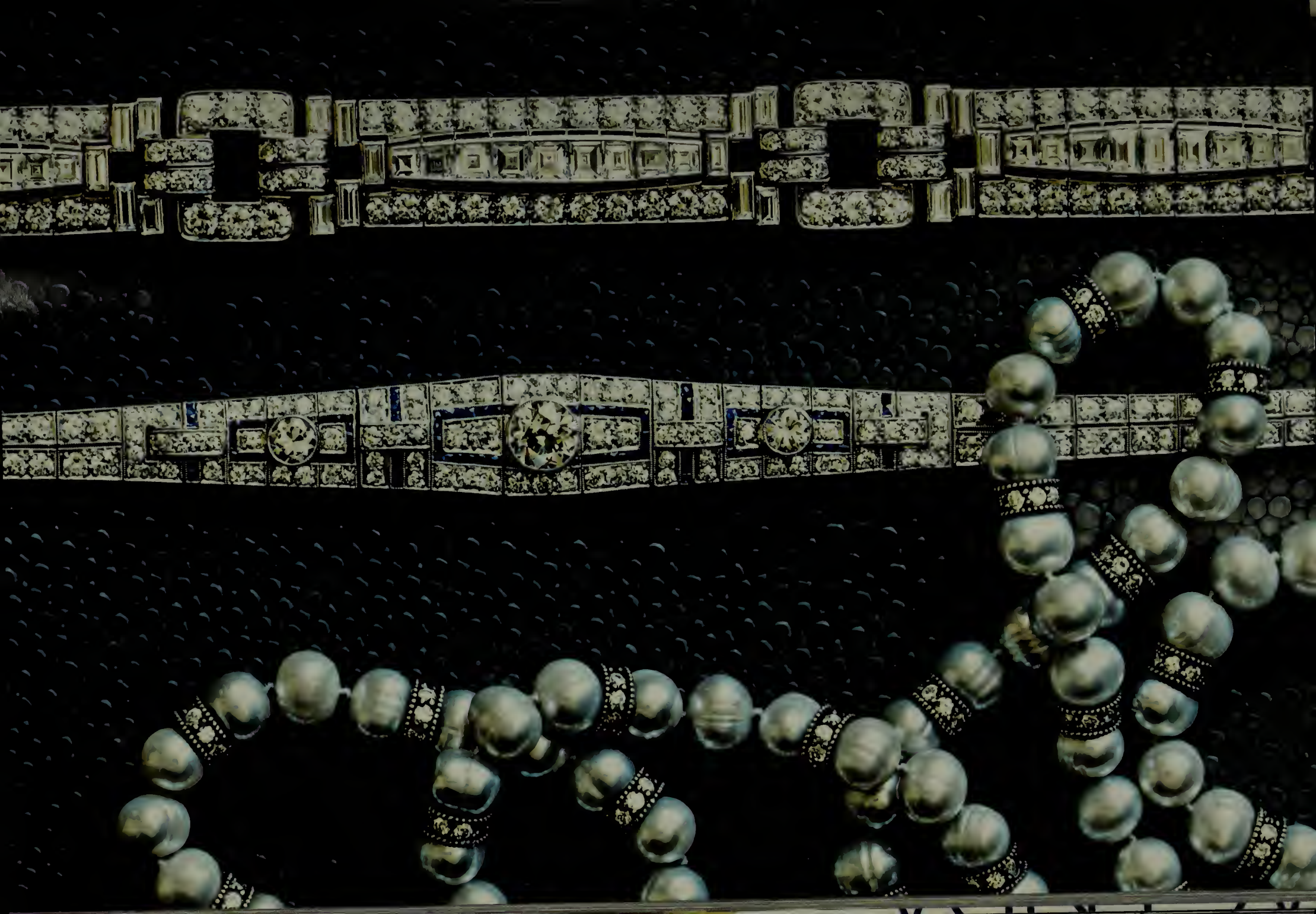
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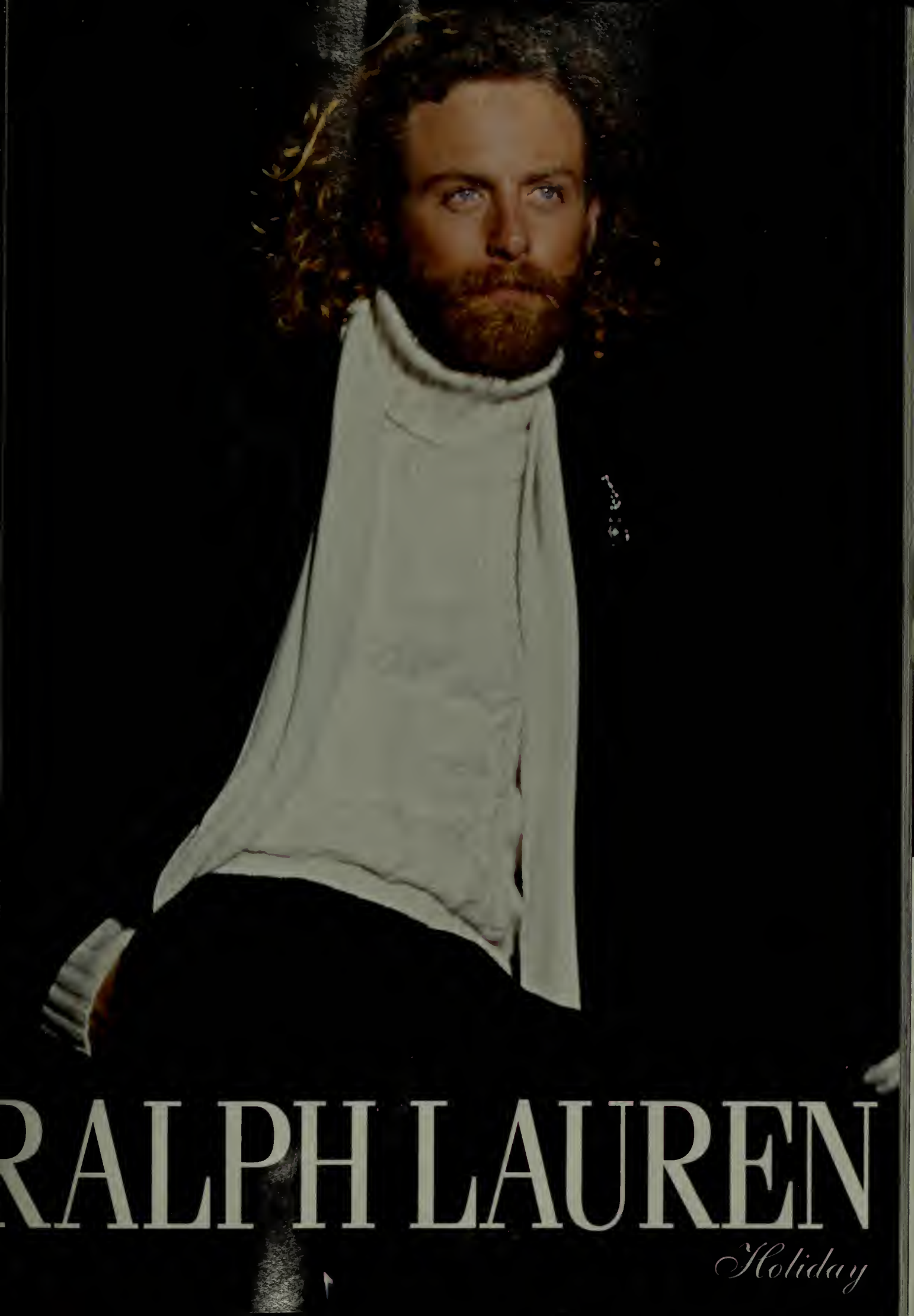

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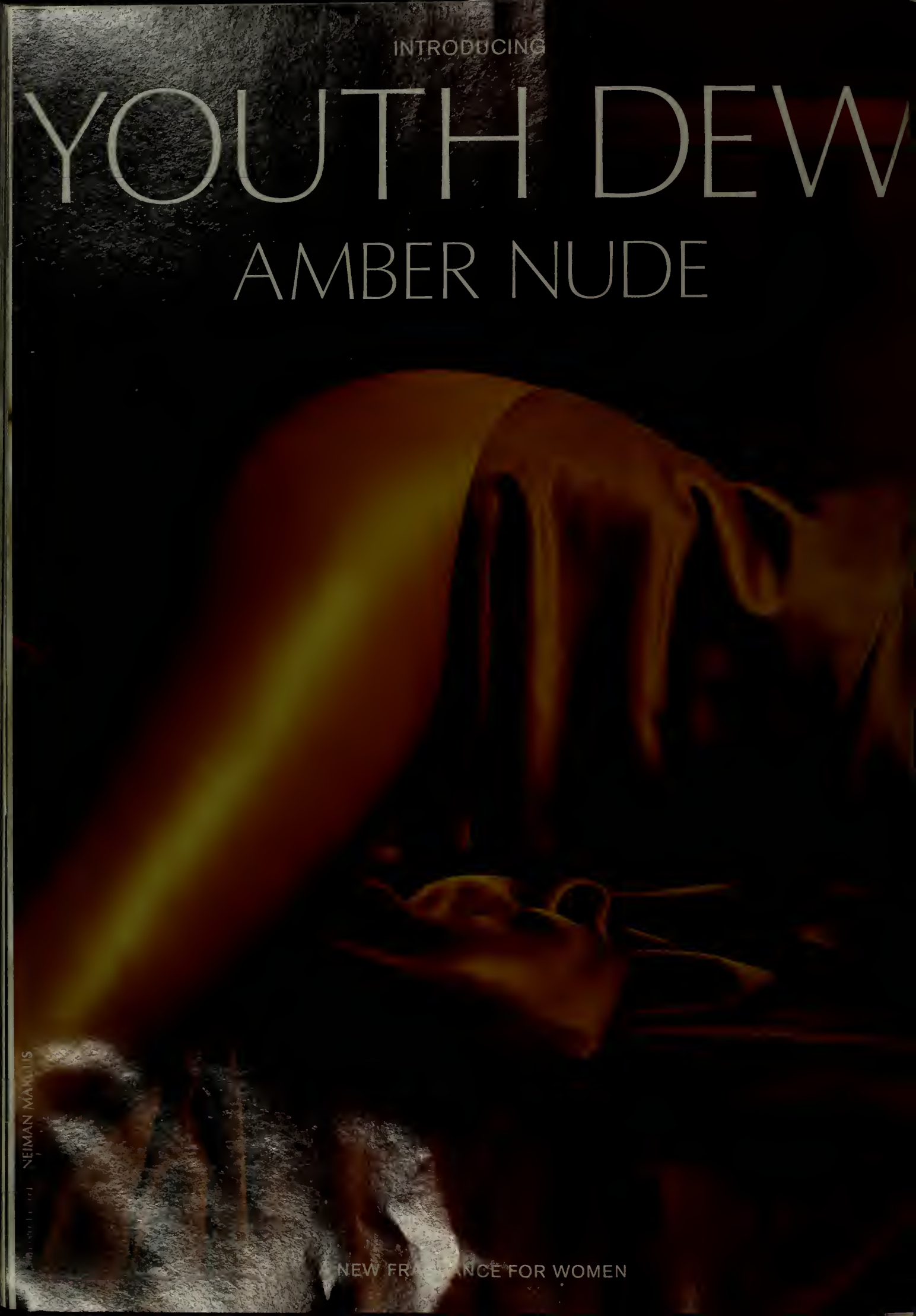


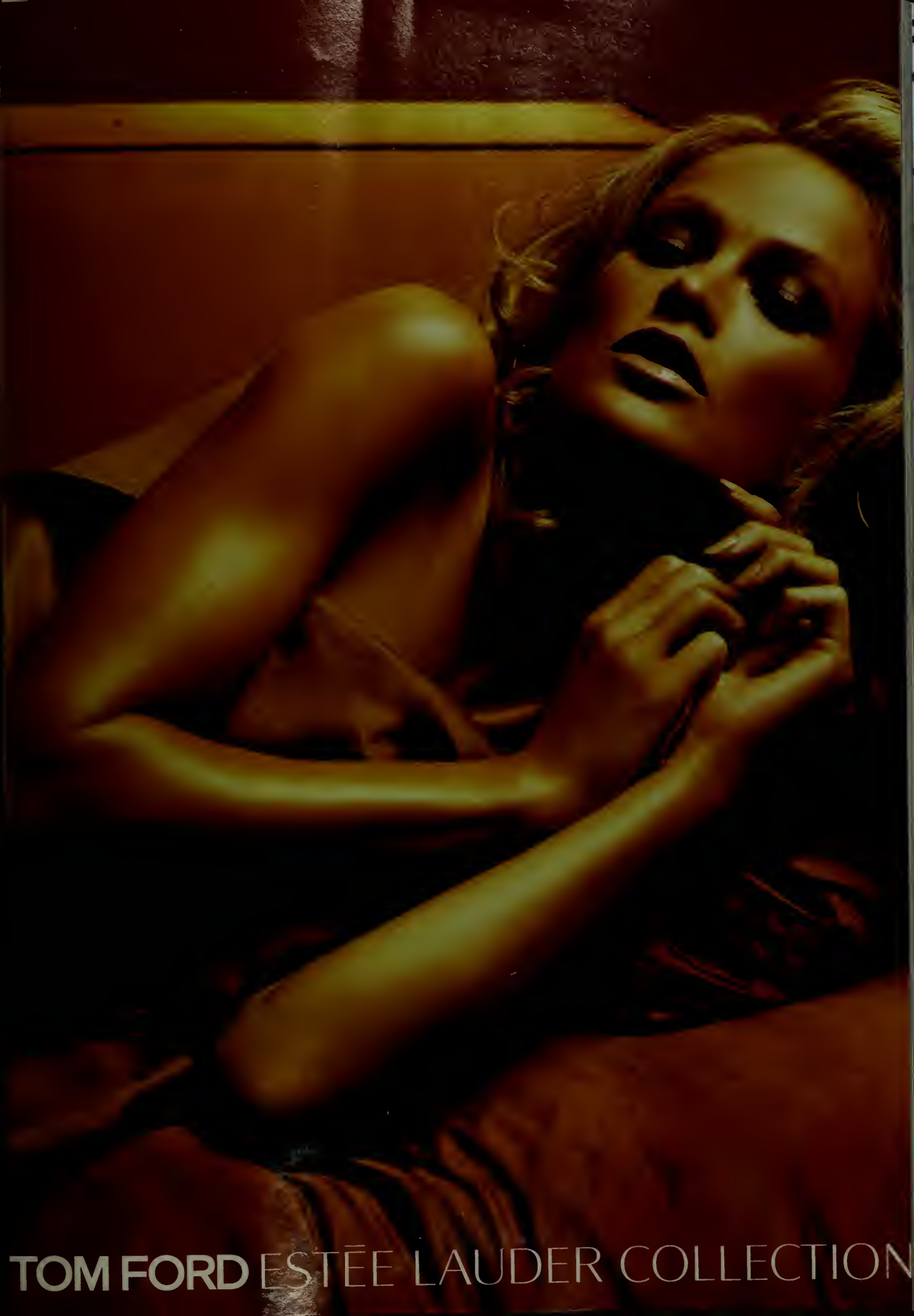

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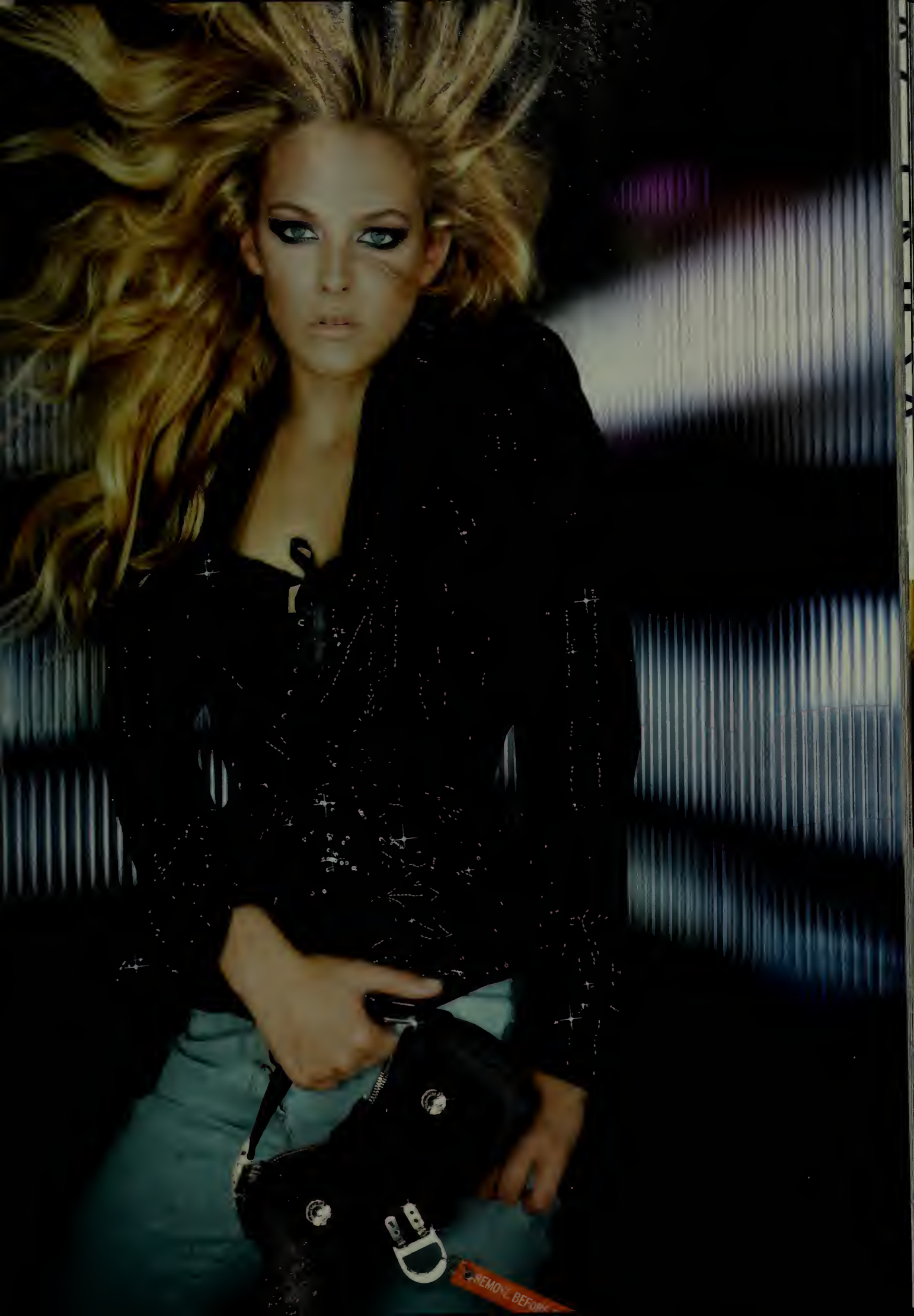

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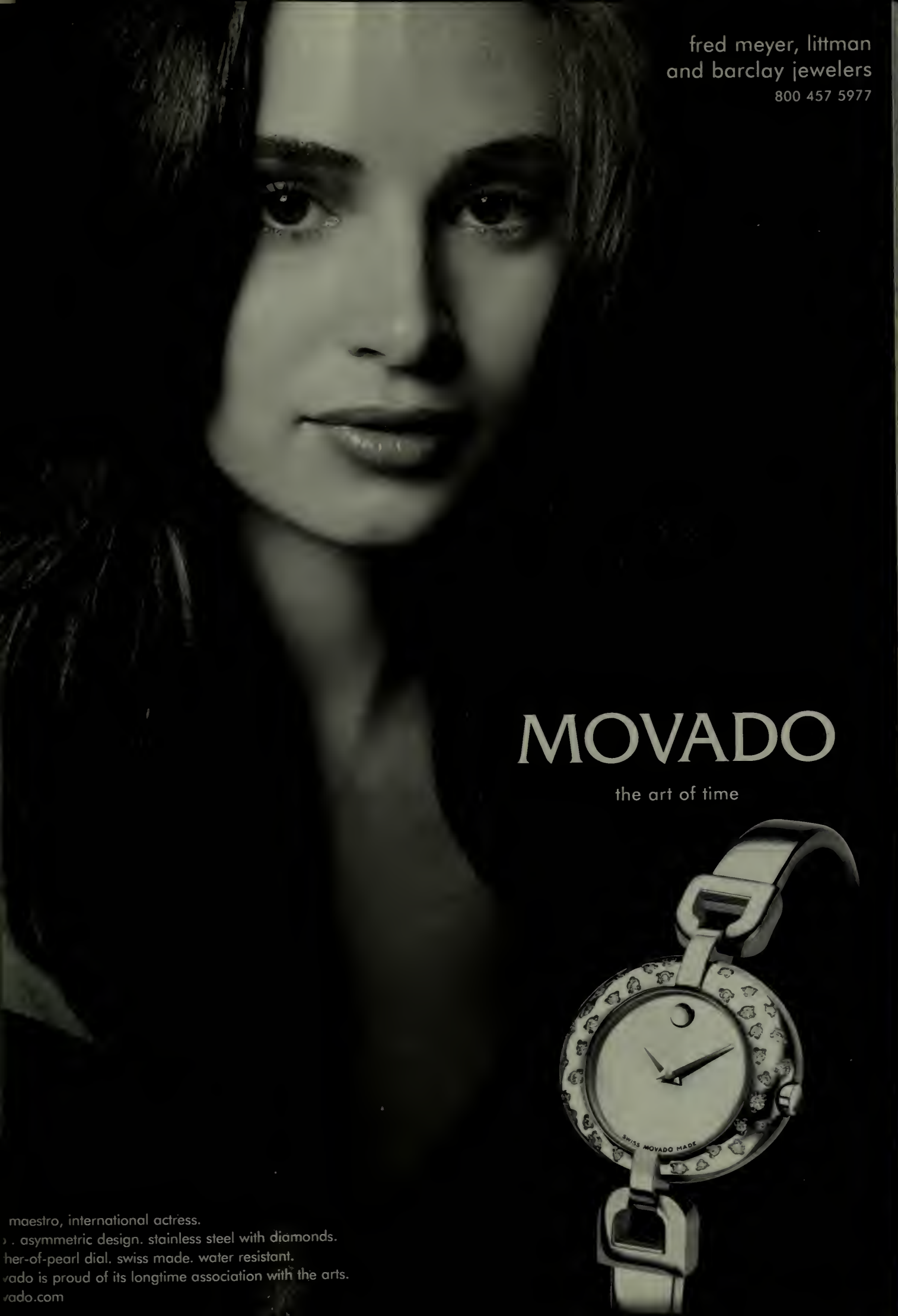

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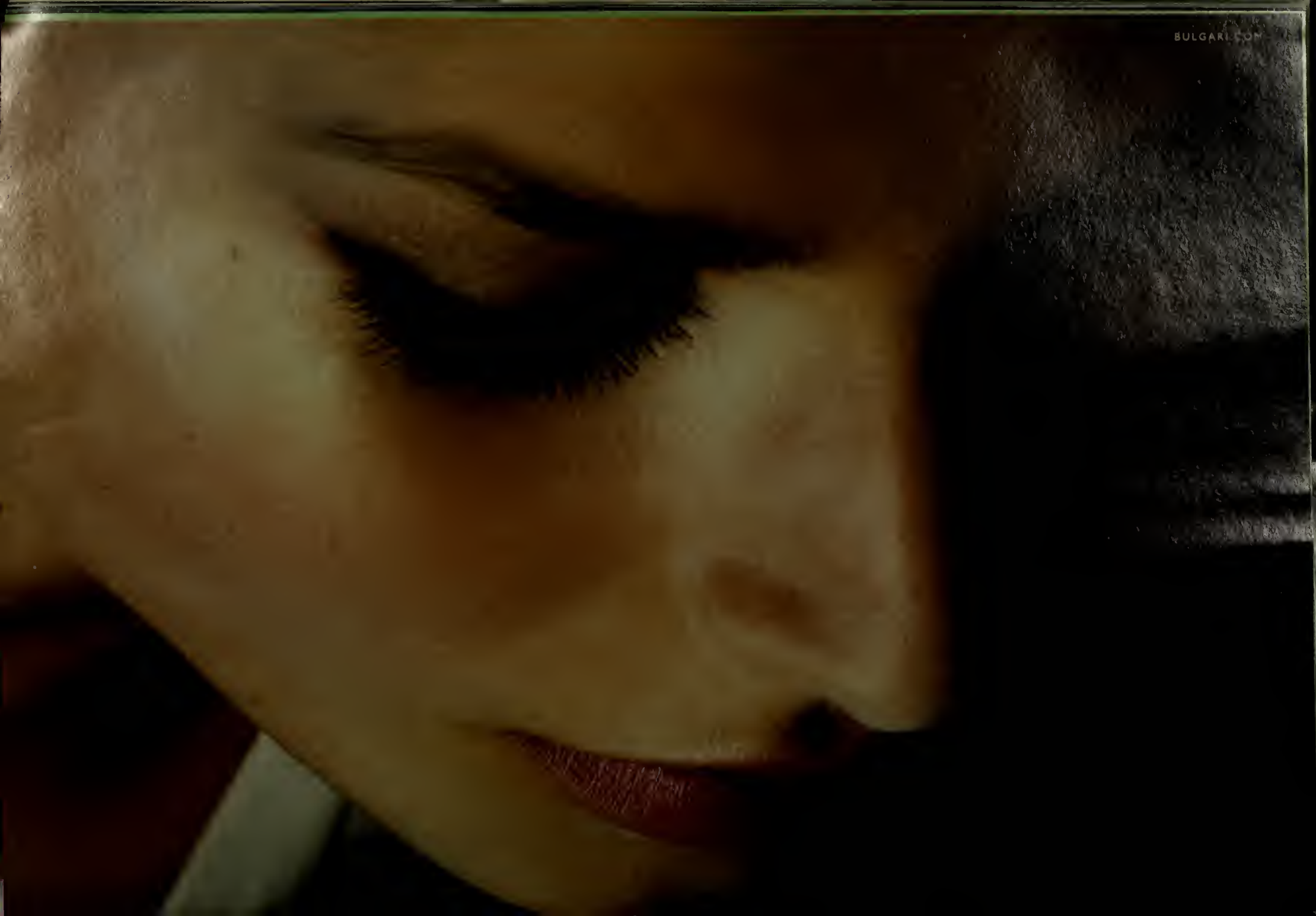



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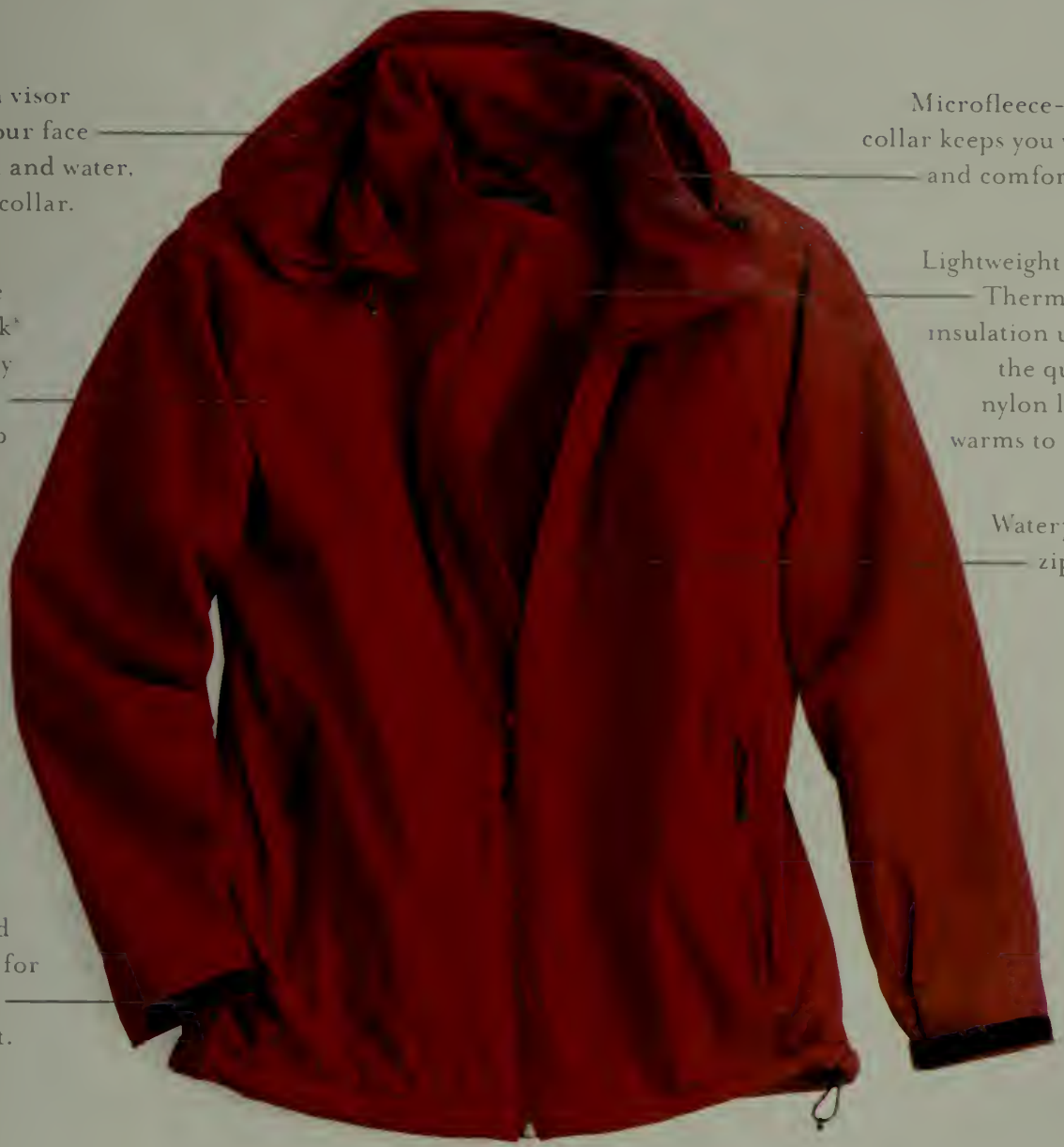


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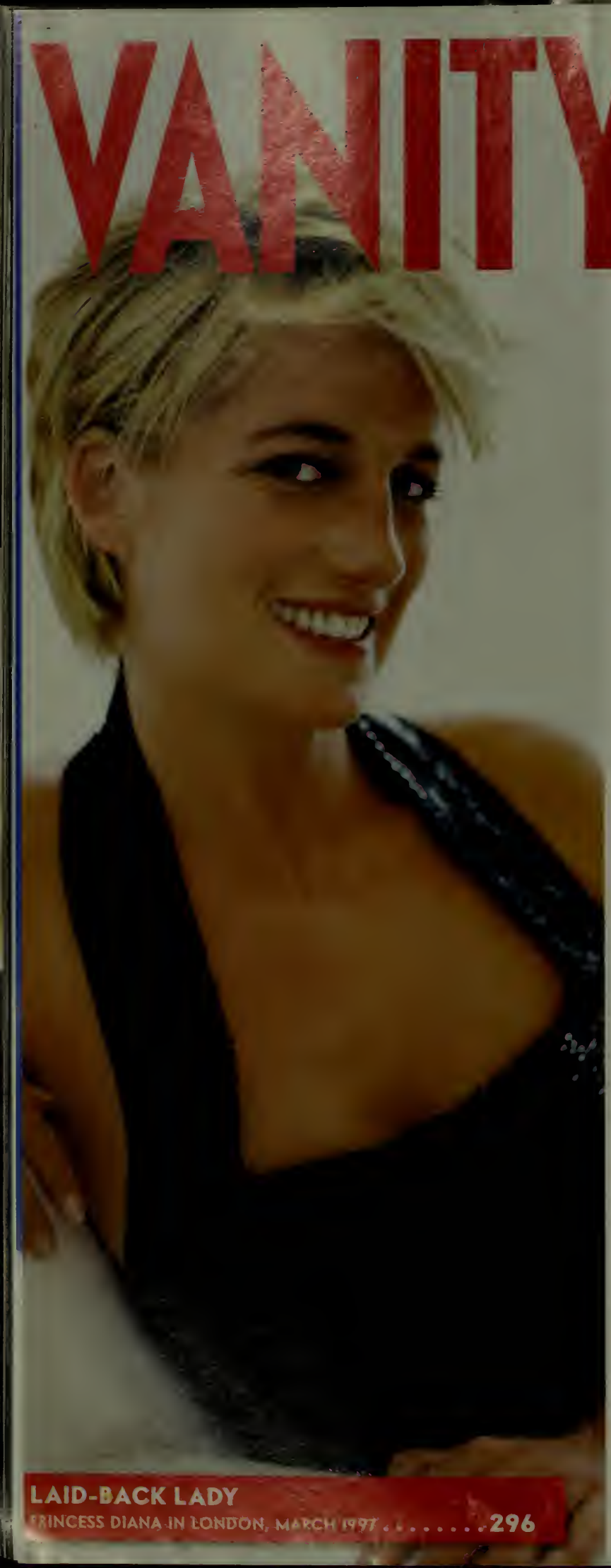
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- KATE MOSS, THEN AND NOW
- ENCORE: JENNIFER ANISTON
- HOME-PAGE REDESIGN: EXTREME MAKEOVER!

FEATURES

296 THAT DAY WITH DIANA To accompany never-before-seen images from his new exhibition and book, *Diana, Princess of Wales by Mario Testino at Kensington Palace,* the photographer recalls the way he got Diana to reveal her true beauty—and have a little fun too—at their iconic *V.F.* shoot, just months before her death.

304 "60 MINUTES IS GOING DOWN!" *60 Minutes II*'s exposé of George W. Bush's National Guard service was discredited as unfounded. But in an excerpt from her new book, the producer, Mary Mapes, argues that bloggers, attack politics, and corporate damage control buried a valid story, along with her career. Photograph by Jonas Karlsson.

310 THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE DAMNED Is Kate Moss an out-of-control party animal or a hardworking single mother and style icon? Parsing the uproar that followed tabloid photos of Moss doing cocaine, Vicky Ward talks to Moss's friends and other fashion insiders about the 31-year-old British model's delicate balance. Photographs by Craig McDean.

318 AFRICA IN THEIR EYES Todd Eberle and Ingrid Sischy spotlight Jean Pigozzi's Smithsonian-bound collection of contemporary African art.

320 RECONSTRUCTING WOODY Through scandal, legal battles, and critical censure, Woody Allen keeps adding to an extraordinary film legacy. In his first exhaustive interview in years, Allen tells Peter Biskind about his love life, chasing the money to London while protecting his independence, and *Match Point,* the movie that could bring box-office redemption. Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

328 MONDO DOLCE Todd Eberle snaps designers Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana on their yacht, as they celebrate two decades of their Mediterranean fashion odyssey.

332 ARIANNA CALLING! Whether she's running for governor of California or launching a new Web site, Arianna Huffington is impossible to ignore. Suzanna Andrews profiles a born provocateur. Photographs by Art Streiber.

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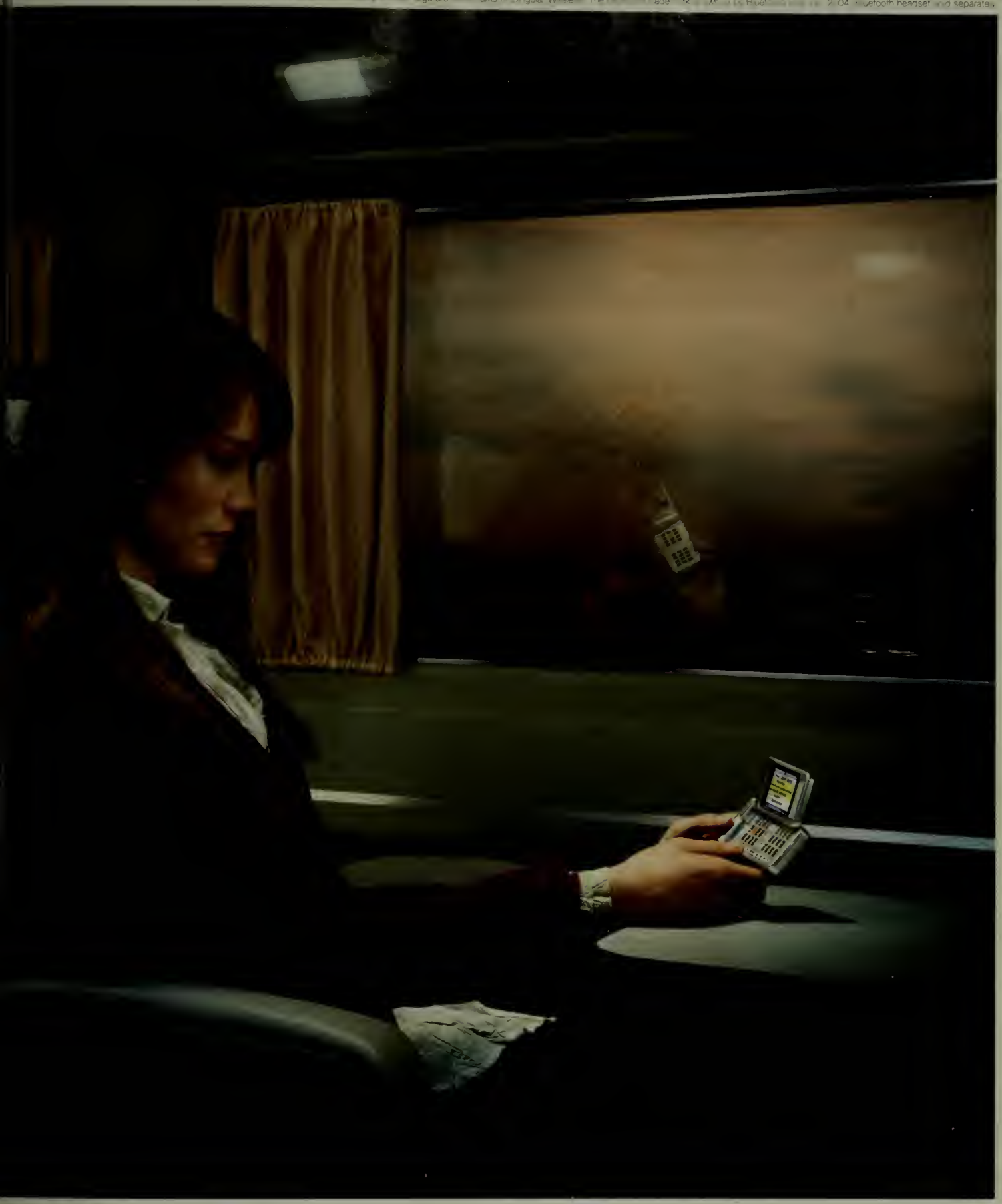
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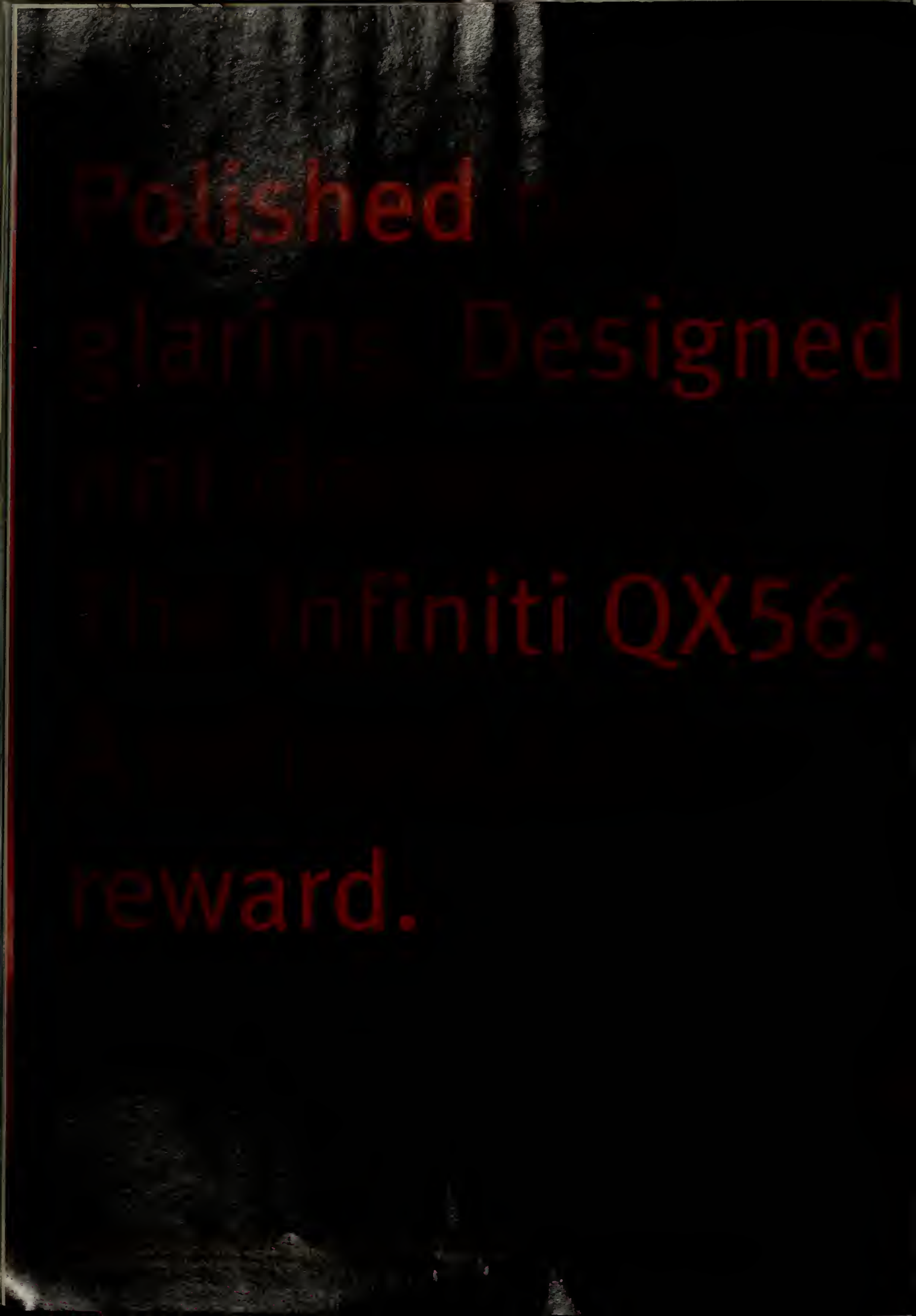


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

336 CHARLES AND CAMILLA, TOGETHER AT LAST
Camilla Parker Bowles vowed she'd never give an interview, but the newly married Duchess of Cornwall let Bob Colacello speak to her family and friends, and shadow her and Prince Charles on their official rounds. The result: unprecedented access to a 34-year mystery.

FANFAIR

143 31 DAYS IN THE LIFE OF THE CULTURE
Mountain high—Slim Aarons snaps Aspen. Kristina Stewart Ward's social calendar. Elissa Schappell's Hot Type. A. M. Homes on *Brokeback Mountain;* Aaron Gell on *Mrs. Henderson Presents;* the holidays' top films. Victoria Mather travels well. Richard Merkin tests Wynton Marsalis's *Jazz ABZ;* Art Streiber backstage at the Oscars; MoMA's Pixar exhibition. Louise Rafkin spotlights *Surf Movie Tonite!;* online museums; Nick Tosches spins the *Atomic Platters* boxed set. Punch Hutton selects the season's finest gifts. Daniel Kunitz visits Todd Eberle's SFMoMA exhibition; Jessica Flint on how cargo crates stack up; Steven Daly flips through Jamaica's *First* magazine. The best beauty packages; Emily Poenisch on L'Occitane founder Olivier Bausson.

COLUMNS

172 LET THEM EAT PORK RINDS In Barbara Bush's opinion, evacuation to the Houston Astrodome was "working very well" for the "underprivileged" victims of Hurricane Katrina. In Christopher Hitchens's opinion, that's just the sort of "tumbril remark" that precedes a revolution.

180 KILL PBS? OVER MY DEAD VOLVO! The latest strategy in the right's long vendetta against public broadcasting is to attack PBS's "balance"—and to do it from within the organization. James Wolcott wonders how long before "Viewers Like You" get turned off.

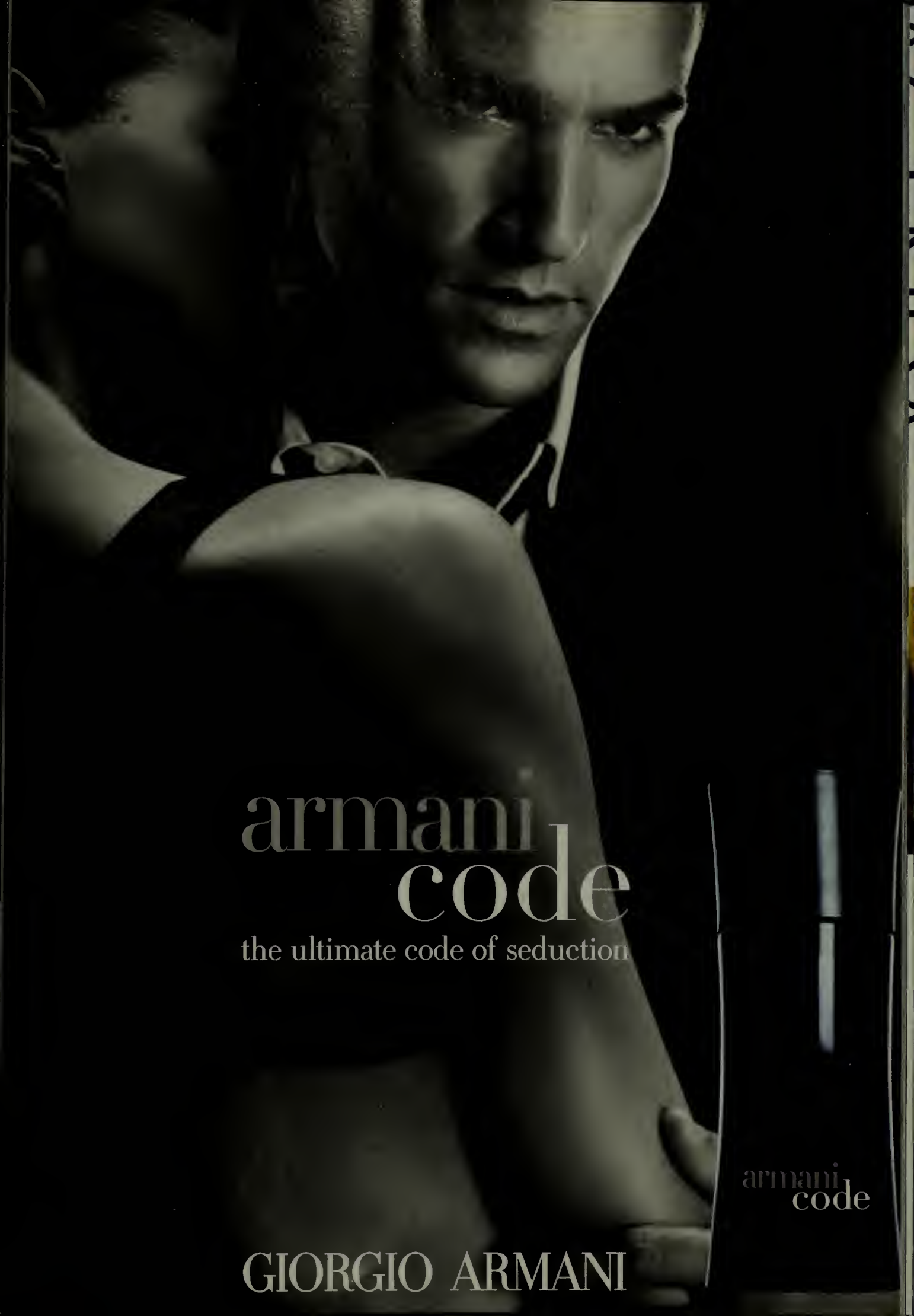
192 SURVIVING THE DARKNESS In unexpectedly high spirits as he enters his ninth decade, Dominick Dunne also mourns another family death and recalls his intense history with Truman Capote.

198 PREPARED FOR THE WORST The early days of a political takedown have a fevered intensity all their own. Michael Wolff taps the Rovegate hotline, with its rumors of White House indictments to come, to assess how big this scandal will be. (Big!)

202 THE MASTER IN THE MIRROR Todd Eberle and Ingrid Sischy spotlight art legend Robert Rauschenberg, whose most daring decade is going on tour.

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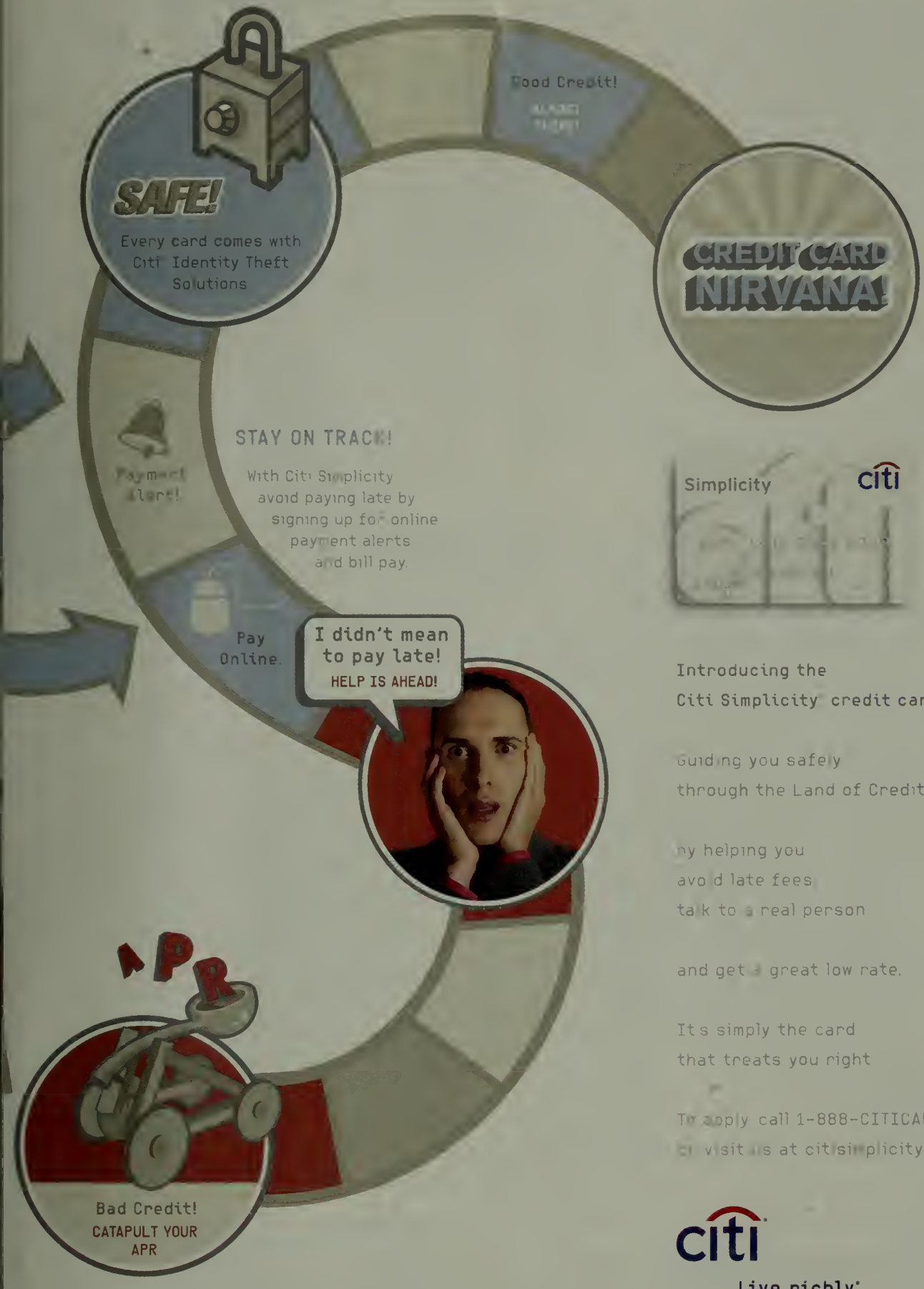
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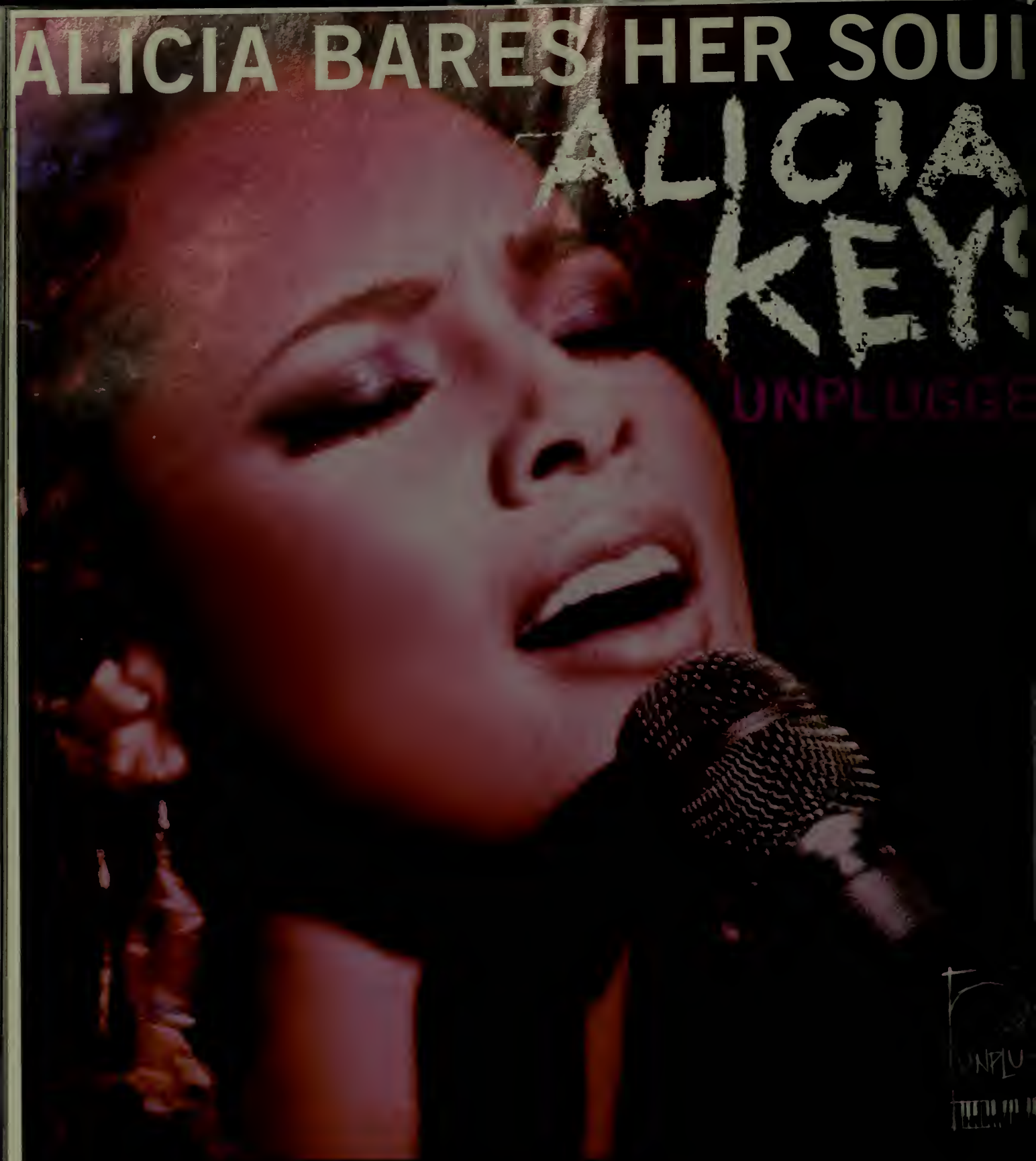
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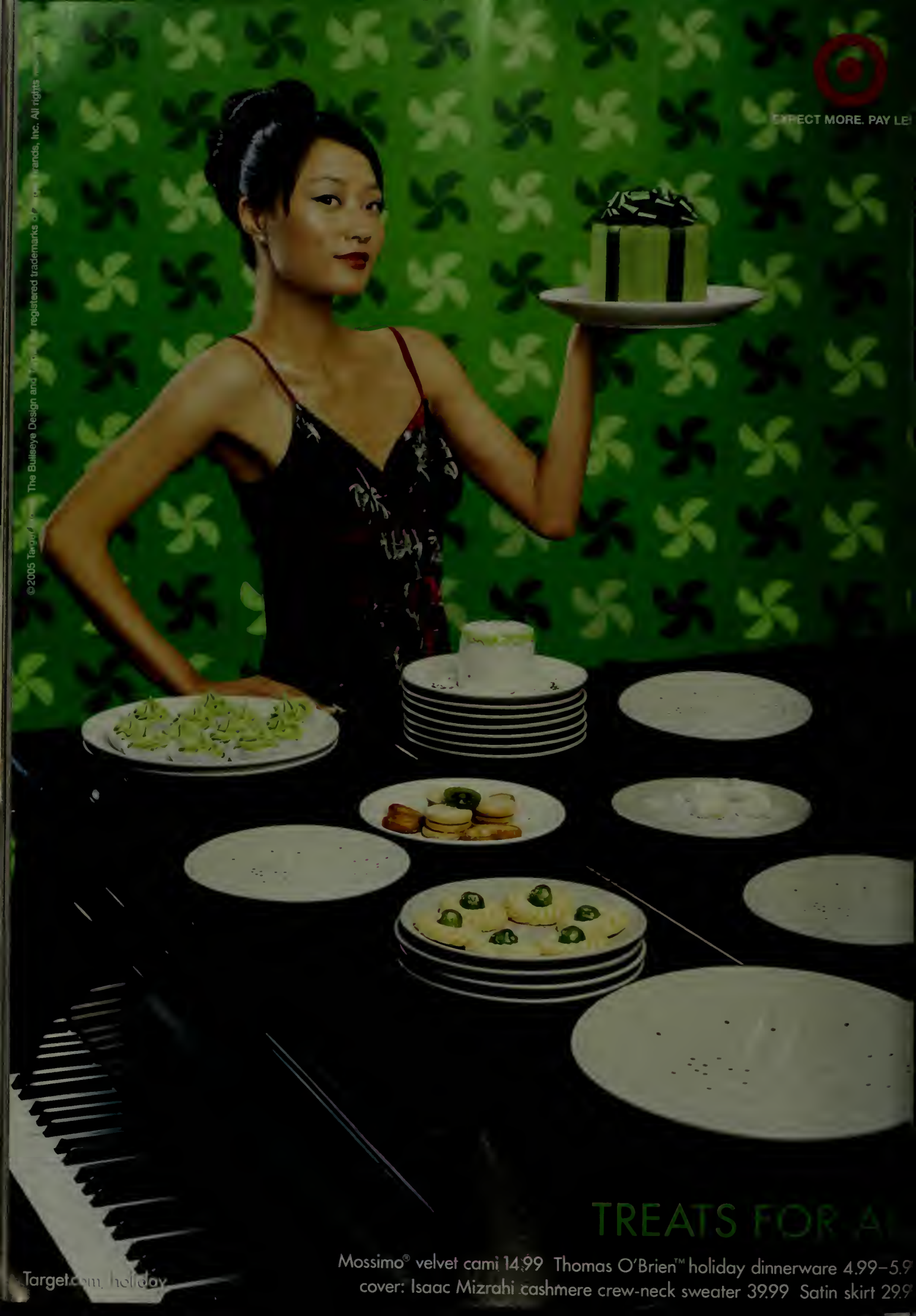
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ALL ABOUT SPARKLE


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EXPECT MORE. PAY LE
TREATS FOR A
Mossimo® velvet cami 14.99 Thomas O'Brien™ holiday dinnerware 4.99–5.9
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VANITY FAIR

December 2005 No. 544

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224 THEY'LL ALWAYS HAVE SAIGON Jonas Karlsson and William Prochnau spotlight a 30th-anniversary reunion of Vietnam War reporters and photographers.

226 THE GOLDSMITH STANDARD London "It couple" Ben Goldsmith and his wife, Kate Rothschild, have invested their passion in the Drones Club. Tamasin Day-Lewis reports on their smart bet. Photographs by Chris Craymer.

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240 THE WAR WITHIN THE WAR Jonathan Foreman embeds with the U.S. Army's Third Infantry Division as they fight to turn raw Iraqi recruits into soldiers. Photographs by Thomas Dworzak.

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270 THE PLOT AGAINST SUGAR In an excerpt from his new book, *Sweet and Low,* Rich Cohen spins the distinctly unsaccharine narrative of his middle-class Brooklyn family's artificial-sweetener odyssey.

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285 MOSELEY ON DOWN Ed Coaster gets real. Andrew Hearst presents tomorrow's magazines. George Wayne cross-examines Nancy Grace. Bruce Feirstein digs up a White House employee-satisfaction survey. Jim Windolf on Oprah's Book Club. Henry Alford's Common Grounds; Nell Scovell hears rich people complain.

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Visit yellowtailwine.com for a chance to win on exclusive trip for two to Hollywood to attend *Vanity Fair* Amped, the magazine's signature music event during the week of the 2006 Academy Awards®. Just click on the promotions tab on the home page ond enter code 707.* Yellow Tail wine...have you spotted it?

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*All proceeds will benefit the 4Sho4Kids Foundation. For more information, log on 4sho4kids.org.

**[illegible] 2006 EPA estimates.



G COLLECTION BY GODIVA® CHOCOLATIER

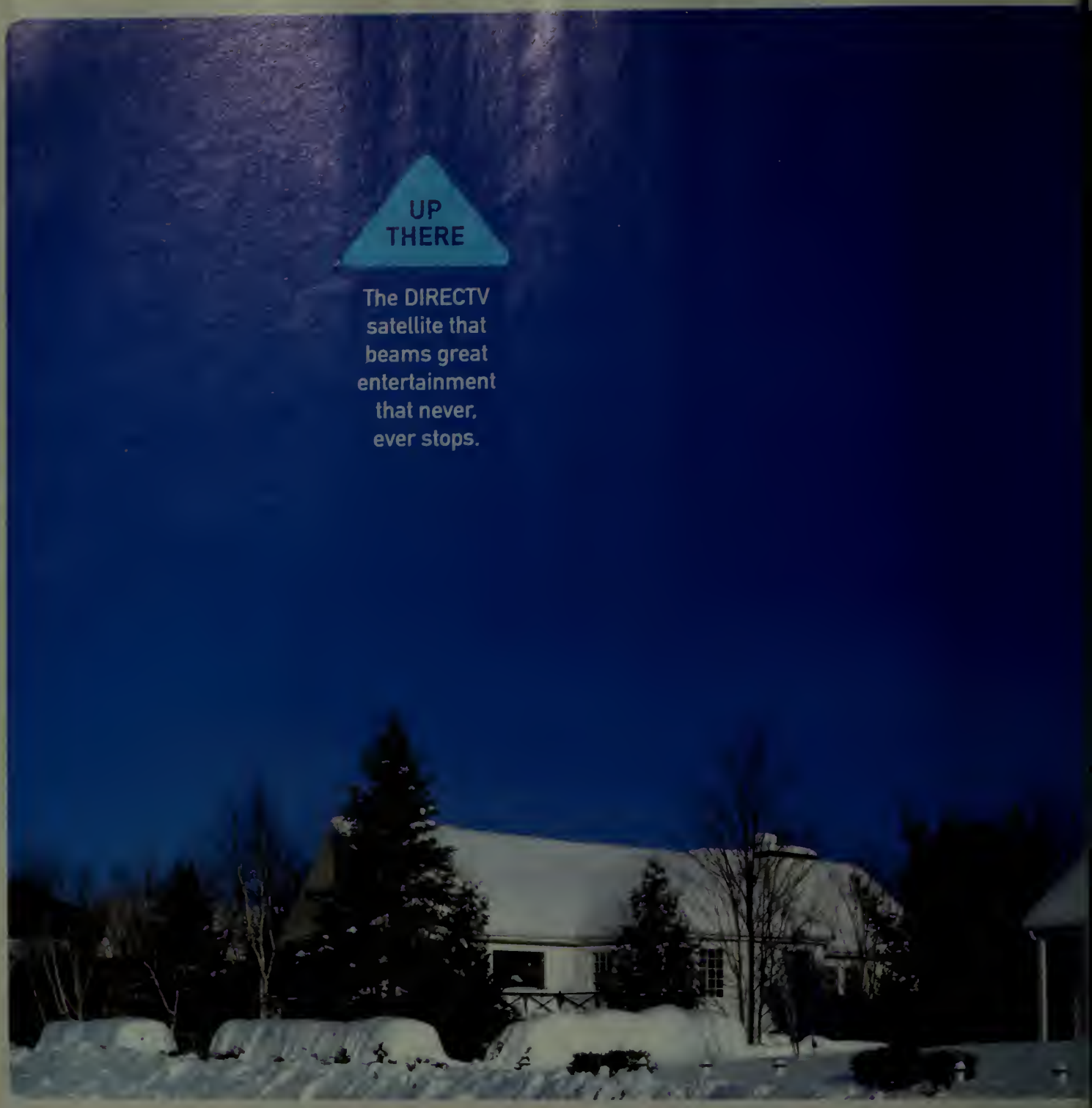
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Professional installation highly recommended. Land-based phone line connection required. Actual recording time varies depending on the type of programming being recorded. Offer available starting 9/26/05. Offer void in Hawaii and where restricted. Programming, pricing, terms and conditions subject to change. Taxes not included. Equipment specifications and programming options may vary in Alaska. DIRECTV services not provided outside the U.S. Receipt of DIRECTV programming is subject to the terms of the DIRECTV Customer Agreement, copy provided at DIRECTV.com and in your first bill. ©2005 DIRECTV, Inc. DIRECTV and the Cyclone Design logo, DIRECTV PLUS and Something Up There Loves You are registered trademarks of DIRECTV, Inc. All other trademarks and service marks are the property of their respective owners.

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For illustrative purposes only.

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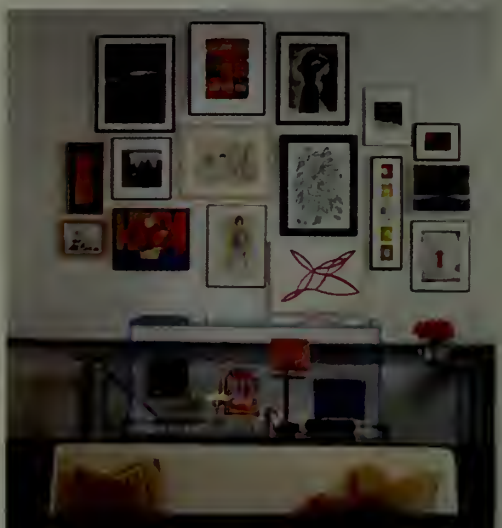
TAKE NOTE

On November 15, seven-time Grammy® Award winner Alanis Morissette will highlight a decade of hit songs and other gems when she releases *The Collection*, on Maverick Records. The 18-track set covers the full spectrum of Morissette's artistry and vision, and features material handpicked by the acclaimed singer, songwriter, and musician. *The Collection* includes material from four Maverick studio albums (*Jagged Little Pill, Supposed Former Infatuation Junkie, Under Rug Swept, So-Called Chaos*), Morissette's *Feast on Scraps* DVD/EP, her *MTV Unplugged* album, her contributions to the soundtracks for *Dogma, City of Angels,* and *De-Lovely* (in which she acted), plus a song she recorded for *The Prayer Cycle* album. In October, the album's first single, Morissette's cover of Seal's *Crazy*, will be released along with a video directed by Meiert Avis.



THE KWIAT RED CARPET TOUR

The Kwiat Red Carpet Tour is on the road and coming to a town near you. From New York to California, Kwiat's 2005 Red Carpet Collection—featuring the $2 million "Cinderella" shoes—has been on display at retailers across the country. To find out how you can wear the same jewels that make the stars shine, visit kwiat.com for a Kwiat retailer in your area.



A BENEFIT AT KATE SPADE

On December 1 and 2, visit one of the 14 participating Kate Spade boutiques across the country and join an initiative benefiting local charities that protect children against abuse. A percentage of sales will go directly to these charities. For store locations and more information, visit katespade.com.

THE ONYX COLLECTION

Introducing ONYX, the exclusive new men's fragrance from Azzaro. Power. Passion. Promise. The ONYX man embodies all the characteristics in men that women love to love. ONYX is a bold, masculine blend of citrus and spices that creates a fragrance deep in character and strong in quality. Present him with the ONYX Power of Promise Gift Set. Valued at $75, it retails for $50.





HONG KONG'S ZEN PALACE

The sublime indulgence. The blissful escape. The Oriental Spa at the glistening boutique hotel The Landmark Mandarin Oriental, Hong Kong is a breathtaking [illegible] range of high-tech and high-end luxury. The customized spa treatments in this [illegible] opened, 21,000-square-foot Zen palace are a mini-odyssey for the mind, [illegible] and spirit. For details on Asia's premier urban spa, visit mandarinoriental.com.


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THE GUIDE TO EASY GIVING

LIDAY 2005

HOW TO GIVE A FAVORITE GIFT

104 IDEAS

101 COLORS

OLIDAY
LASSICS
OR ALL
EATERS FOR HER
RIPES FOR HIM
S FOR THEM

CHECKIN' IT
TWICE
EAS FOR EVERYONE
N YOUR LIST
ND A FEW FOR YOU TOO!)

ON'T FORGET!
OU'LL FIND MORE GIFT
DEAS AT GAP.COM



EASY
TO SHOP
COLOR
GUIDE INSIDE


"IT'S MY
FAVORITE
GIFT"
THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR. BUT HOW DO YOU MAKE THAT HAPPEN?
EASY. JUST PUT A LITTLE EXTRA THOUGHT INTO IT. A LITTLE TOUCH OF YOU.
AND HERE ARE MORE THAN 100 WAYS TO DO IT.
WE KNOW BECAUSE WE'VE COUNTED THEM UP AND NUMBERED EACH ONE.
MAKE UP YOUR OWN OR BORROW ONE OF OURS. IT'S ALL GOOD.
AND IT'S ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE YOUR GIFT THEIR FAVORITE GIFT OF ALL.
More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.



IDEA NO. 1

FOR HER

FAVORITE POCKET T REBORN AS A SWEATER
(P.S. looks great over a bright colored T.)







IDEA NO. 2

FOR HIM

THE CLASSIC CREW IN A BUNDLE OF COLORS
Give 2 or 3 to the most colorful guy on your list.

Top Left: Women's: **01 Pocket T Sweater** $39.50 Bottom Right: Men's: **02 Crewneck Sweater** $34.50
Opposite Page: Women's: **03 Cable Mittens** $14.50 **04 Cable Scarf** $24.50

GIVE
GOOD LUCK
IT ALWAYS COMES IN HANDY



IDEA NO **7**

STROKE OF LUCK

Toss a horseshoe in with a cable sweater and a color-matched T. Cap it off with a cable hat.

5

CHARM HER

Find a lucky charm bracelet in a vintage shop or online. Then pop it in the pocket of the jacket you're giving her. Like it's her personal pot of gold.

IDEA NO **10**

WRAPPED IN FORTUN

There are lots of sites online you can have custom fortune made. Search: fortune cookie Then toss a few in with your

Left to Right: Women's: **05 Duffle Coat** $118 **06 Plaid Scarf** $24.50 **07 Cable Sweater** $39.50 **08 Cable Hat** $14.50 **09 Leather Gloves** $29.50



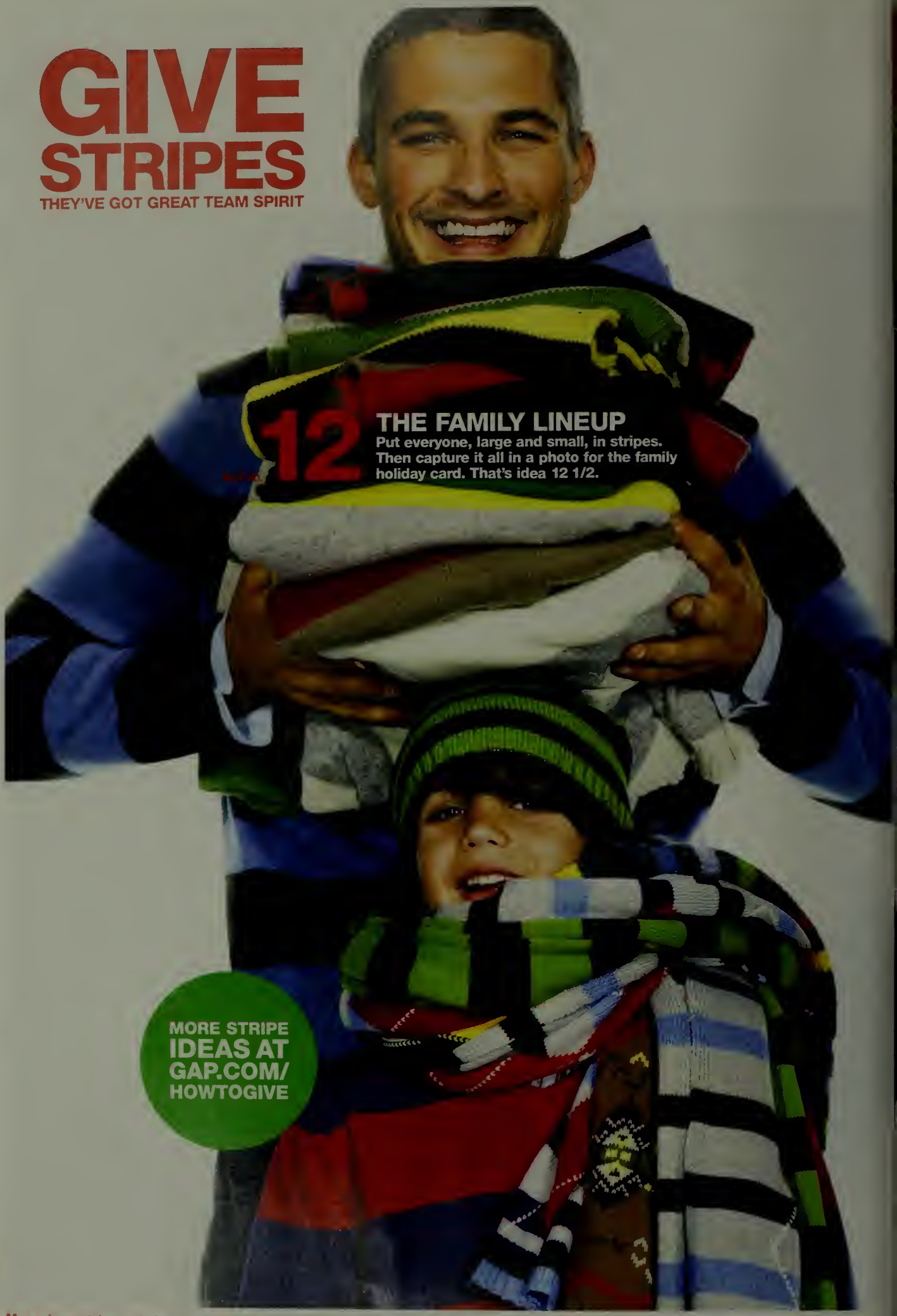


GAP

Women's: **11** **Cashmere Hoodie** $88 Available only at select stores and gap.com.
More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.

GIVE STRIPES

THEY'VE GOT GREAT TEAM SPIRIT



12 THE FAMILY LINEUP

Put everyone, large and small, in stripes. Then capture it all in a photo for the family holiday card. That's idea 12 1/2.

MORE STRIPE IDEAS AT GAP.COM/ HOWTOGIVE

More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.



3 STRIPE SCHOOL

Little guys in stripes are too cool for school.
Put a little candy in his bookbag.



....18 FIST FULL OF STRIPES

Because he's a handful.





IDEA NO. 20 STRIPE THE GUYS

From Dad to the littlest guy...in a tie.

y: **13 Rugby V-Neck Sweater** $24.50 **14 Preppy Striped Tie** $12.50 **15 Pin-Striped Shirt** $24.50 **16 Backpack** $19.50 **17 Herringbone Driving Cap** $16.50
Top Right: Baby: **18 Striped Mittens** $10.50 **19 Pom-Pom Hat** $12.50
Bottom Right: Men's: **20 Rugby Crewneck Sweater** $34.50 Boy's: **21 Rugby V-Neck Sweater** $29.50 Baby: **22 Rugby V-Neck Sweater** $24.50



Left to Right: Women's: **23** **Warmest Vest** $59.50 **24** **Cozy Turtleneck Sweater** $39.50 **25** **Cable Gloves** $14.50 **26** **Fleece Hobo Bag** $34.50 **27** **Lambswool Cardigan** $48 **28** **Sequined Striped Scarf** $29.50 **29** **Bucket Hat** $24.50 **30** **Brannan the Bear** $16.50


MORE FUN GIFT TAG IDEAS AT GAP.COM/ HOWTOGIVE
LAYER THE WARMTH
From cap to cardigan, keep it frothy and warm. Sweeten with a photo as a gift tag.
27
GIVE WARMTH
IT'S AN INSIDE OUT FEELING
30
CAN YOU BEAR IT?
We're all little kids at heart. That's why Brannan the Bear is a great warm and fuzzy to add to grown-up gifts.
GAP
More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.

GIVE MEMORIES

THEY ALWAYS LOOK GOOD

Kodak is the place to go for unforgettable Gap wear to capture all of your holiday moments.

Kodak





IDEA NO. 31

MOM: GO ALL OUT

Give her an entire outfit, then slip in a sweet photo. She'll get the picture.



DAD: THE GADGET GUY

Give some weight to your gift. Enclose the Kodak EasyShare V550 digital camera and Printer Dock Series 3 for great looking pictures in just seconds, at home. Check both out at Kodak.com

34



Women's: **31 Cord Pea Coat** $69.50 **32 Cozy Turtleneck Sweater** $39.50 **33 Leather Gloves** $29.50
Men's: **34 Crewneck Sweater** $34.50 **35 Softest T** $19.50 **36 Cable Scarf** $24.50



Baby: **37** **Striped Sweater** $34.50 **38** **Pleated Skirt** $24.50 **39** **Fringed Boots** $34.95 **40** **Quilted Fuzzy Mittens** $10.50 **41** **Bear Squeaker Toy** $6.50
Boy's: **42** **Logo Sweatshirt** $34.50 **43** **Reindeer Scarf** $16.50
More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.

GIVE SURPRISES

GET CREATIVE WITH GIFTCARDS & WRAP



THERE ARE MORE GREAT GIFTCARD IDEAS AT GAP.COM/HOWTOGIVE

THE 2005 GAP GIFTCARD AT GAP STORES AND GAP.COM



PICTURE IT 45

Only at Gap, GiftCards can be totally personalized by slipping your picture in the photo sleeve. Go all the way and frame it too.



46

THE PERFECT FIT

A GiftCard is THE best way to give i
Fits every time.



47

LET IT SING

Slide a GiftCard in a CD of their favorite songs



48

PRE-LOAD IT

Toss a GiftCard into a wallet.

49

SWEETEN THE DE

Hide the GiftCard in a box of s



50
MAIL BONDING
Make your own holiday postcards with Gap-only borders. Kodak Mobile will print and mail them for you. Learn how at Kodakmobile.com/gappostcards.

Kodak Mobile service



IDEA NO. **51**

LET THEM SEE TAPE
Big bows are so two seasons ago. Punch up your package with some shockingly bright electrical tape. The local hardware or art supply store should have plenty.



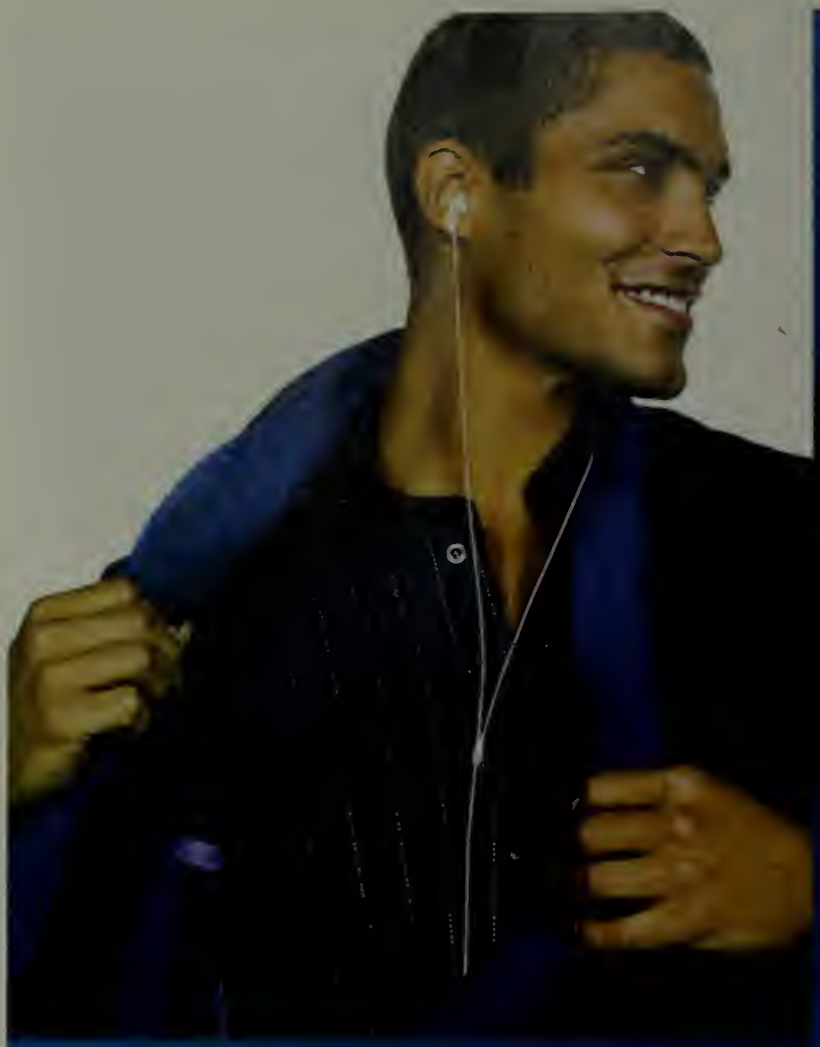


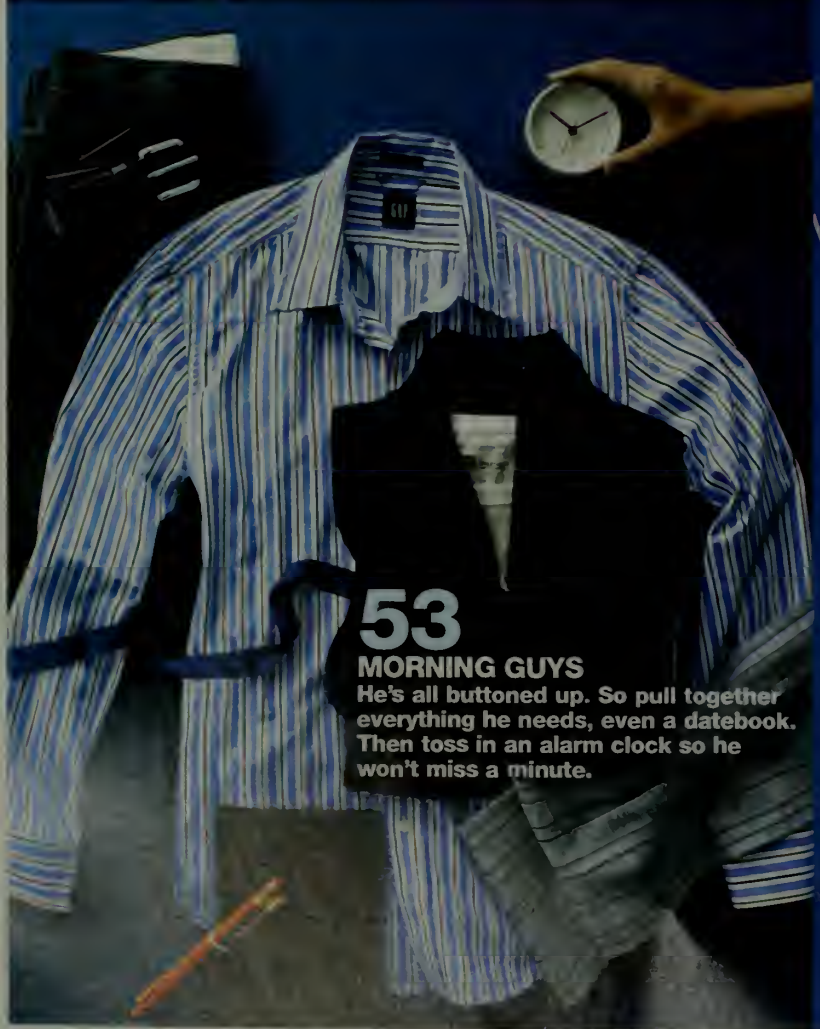
THERE ARE MORE GREAT "WRAPPING" IDEAS AT GAP.COM/HOWTOGIVE

WRAP IT INSIDE OUT
Start with a colorful gift (like our cable scarves, $24.50) and stay late at work one day. Use the color copier to "copy" the gift and then make your own wrapping paper from the prints. It's cool because what's outside is what's inside. Plus, this way, no one else in the world has the same paper as you.

52

More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.





53
MORNING GUYS
He's all buttoned up. So pull together everything he needs, even a datebook. Then toss in an alarm clock so he won't miss a minute.

IDEA NO. **56**
FOR MR. MUSIC
He's always got to be the dj. So add an iTunes Music Card to his present. Available at iTunes.com
iTunes

iPod, iTunes and the iTunes Music Store are registered trademarks of Apple Computer, Inc. All

Bottom Left: Men's: **53 Classic Fit Shirt** $44.50 **54 Merino Wool Half-Zip Sweater** $49.50 **55 Chalk Stripe Scarf** $29.50

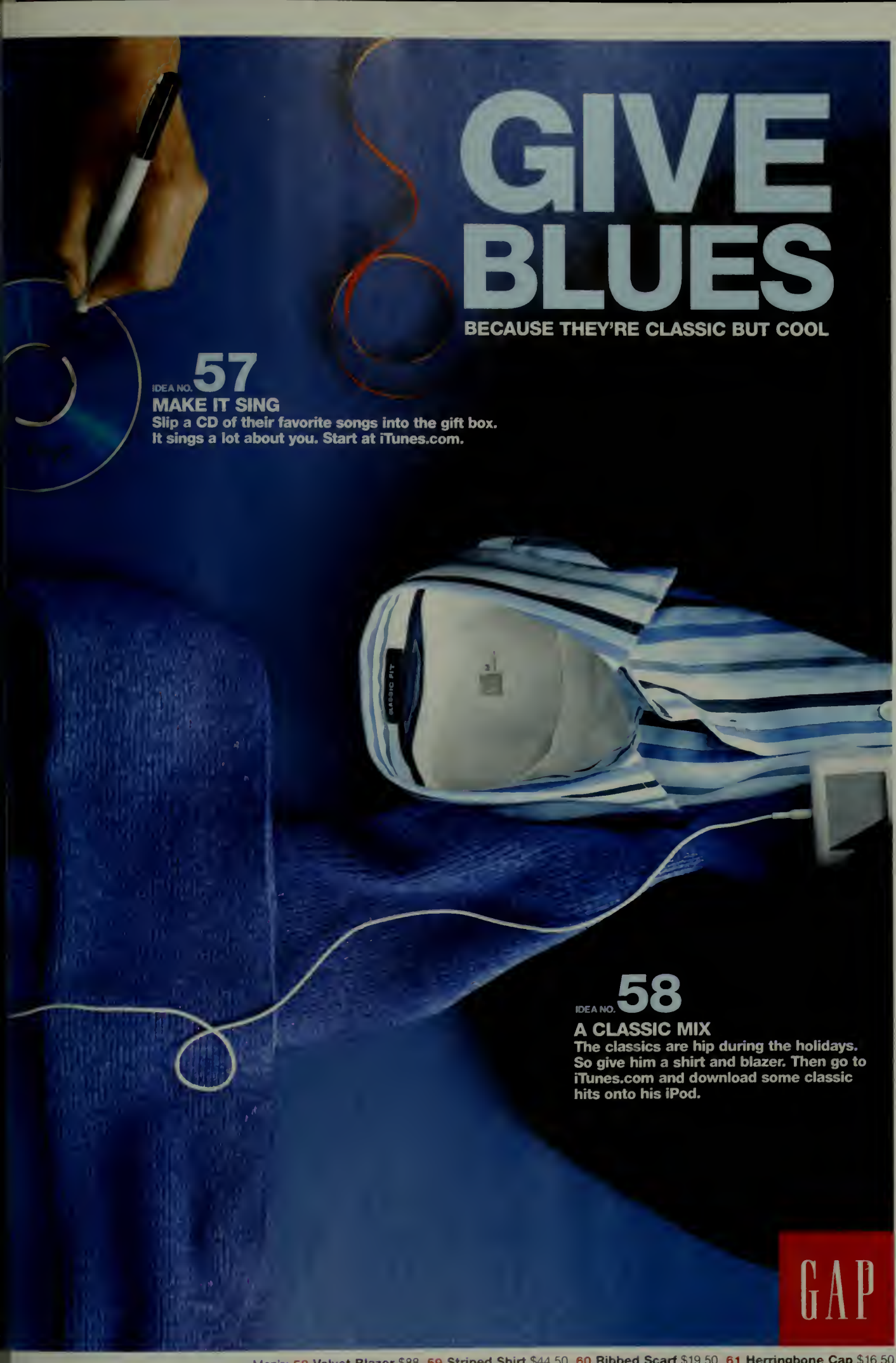
GIVE BLUES

BECAUSE THEY'RE CLASSIC BUT COOL

IDEA NO. 57

MAKE IT SING

Slip a CD of their favorite songs into the gift box. It sings a lot about you. Start at iTunes.com.



IDEA NO. 58

A CLASSIC MIX

The classics are hip during the holidays. So give him a shirt and blazer. Then go to iTunes.com and download some classic hits onto his iPod.

GAP

Men's: 58 Velvet Blazer $88 59 Striped Shirt $44.50 60 Ribbed Scarf $19.50 61 Herringbone Cap $16.50

More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.

GIVE CLASSIC THE COOL WAY



62

CORDUROY LOVER
Pea Coat styling in technicolor corduroy. And shortened up more like a jacket. Just her style.

More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.

IDEA NO. **65**

PATTERNS OF SURPRISE

The fair isle knit...as a shoulder bag!
For unpredictable types.

66 **A PHOTO OP**

Give a great Pea Coat. Add a vintage camera (find one online) and he'll get the picture.

Top Left: Women's: **63 Cord Pea Coat** $69.50 **64 Cozy Turtleneck Sweater** $39.50 **65 Sweater Hobo Bag** $58
Bottom Right: Men's: **66 Pea Coat** $128 **67 Zip-Neck Sweater** $58 **68 Cable Scarf** $24.50 **69 Suede Gloves** $24.50 **70 Ribbed Cap** $16.50

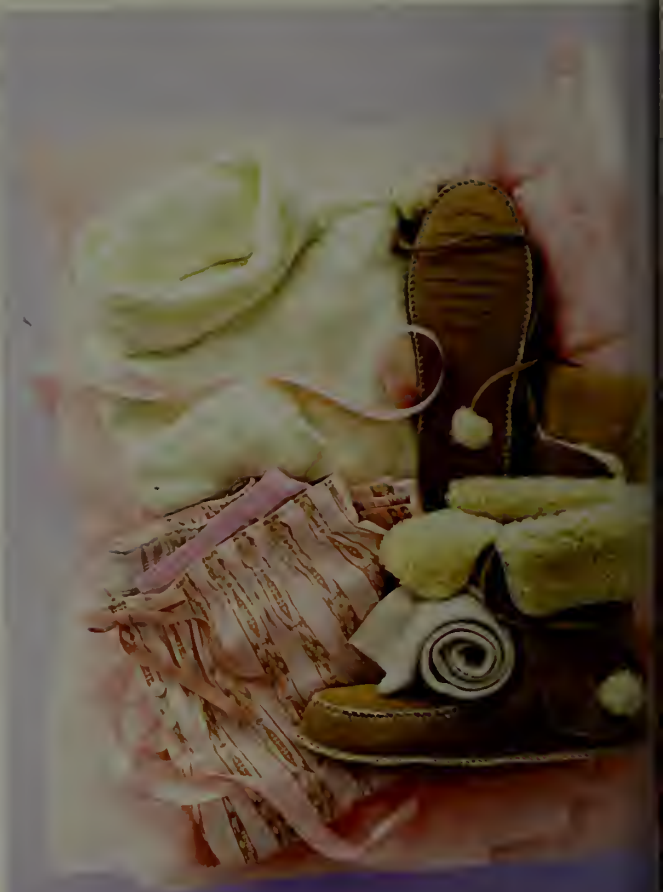
GIVE GOOD ZZZ'S

BEDTIME STORIES ARE NICE AT ANY AGE



SLEEP PATTERNS

Women's: **71 Flannel PJ Pants** $29.50



LOVE TO LOUNGE

Women's: **72 Sherpa Turtleneck** $42 **73 Flannel PJ Pants**
74 Booties $29.50

Available only at GapBody stores and gap.com.



LET IT SNOW

75 Sherpa Pullover **76** Sherpa Bottoms **77** Sherpa Hoodie



COZY CHARACTERS

Baby: **77 Space Robe** $49.50 **78 Space PJ Set** $29.50 **79 Space Slipp**
80 Puppy Robe $49.50 **81 Holiday PJ Set** $29.50 **82 Puppy Slipper**

More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.



to Right: Girl's: **83 Softest Robe** $49.50 **84 Cupcake T** $12.50 **85 Cupcake Slippers** $16.50 **86 Striped PJ Pants** $19.50 **87 Sweetness T** $12.50



Left to Right: Women's: **89 Softest Robe** $78 **90 Holiday Candle** $16.50 **92 Body Butter** $18.50 **93 Body Moisturizer** $14.50 **94 Eau de Toilet** $29.50 **95 Scented Oils Gift Set** $39.50



91

INVITE HER TO A CALMER PLACE

Give her a day of peace at a spa. Print out a special gift certificate. Go to gap.com/howtogive for more gift certificate ideas.

IDEA NO. **92**

BRING THE SPA HOME

Make the gift complete with pampering extras—loofah, gloves, beautiful brushes or a soothing eye mask.

95

CREATE HER NEW SIGNATURE SCENT

Gap's new essential oils can be layered to make unique fragrances. Give her all the oils, and enclose a card dotted with the special formula you created just for her.

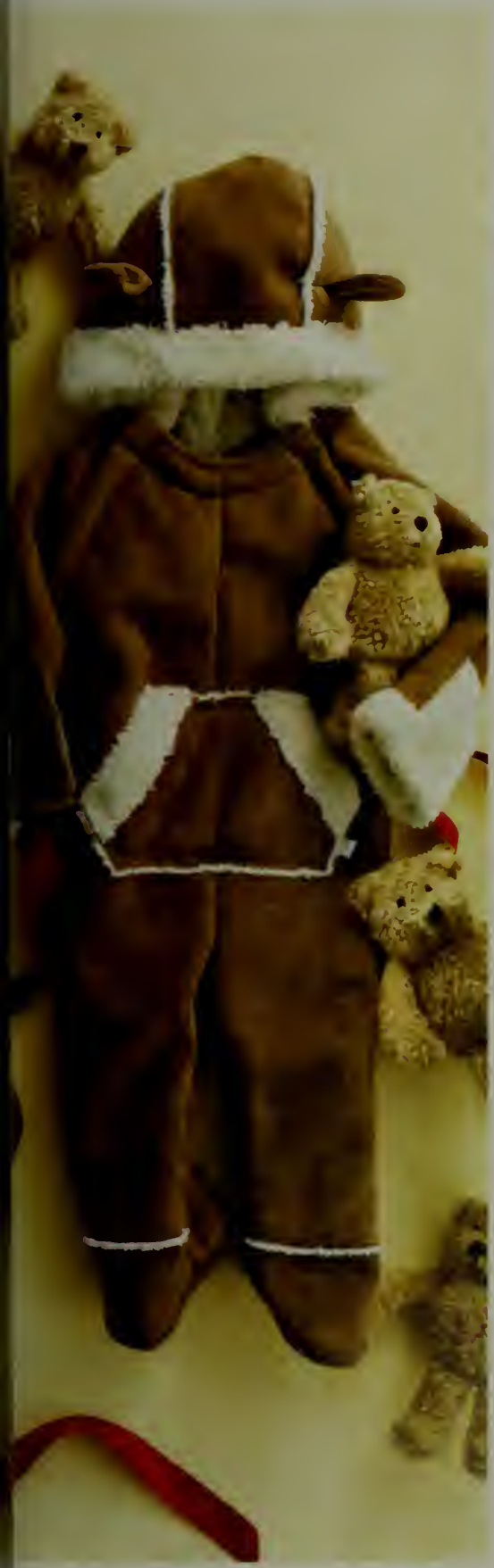
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GIVE
WARM & FUZZY

96 EVERY CUB NEEDS A BEAR TO BE FRIENDS WITH
Add one to every gift. It'll be unbearably cute.



Left to Right: Baby: **96 Hoodie** $29.50 **97 Bear Bodysuit** $12.50 **98 Striped Pants** $22.50 **99 Fuzzy Bearsuit** $39.50
100 Sherpa Bearsuit $49.50 **101 Brannan the Bear** $16.50 (Large) $6.50 (Small)





GAP

Women's: **102 Sequined Striped Scarf** $29.50 **103 Cozy Turtleneck Sweater** $39.50
More sizes, styles and gifts at gap.com.



IDEA NO. **104** **GIVE ONE. GIVE ALL.**

Wrap up a rainbow of a brand new favorite, the Pocket T Sweater $39.50.

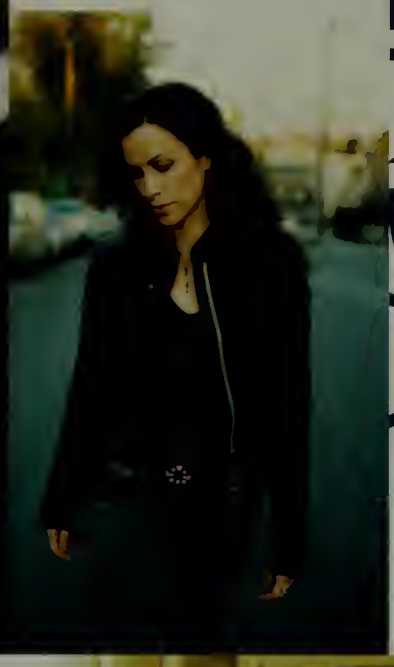
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HOW DO YOU WEAR IT?



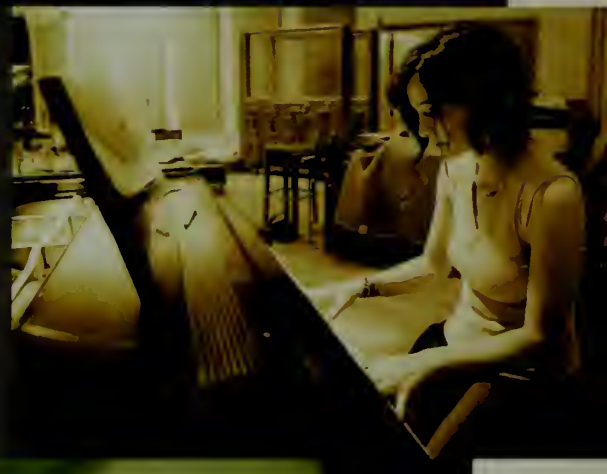






ALANIS MORISSETTE

Since emerging in 1995, the seven-time Grammy® Award winner Alanis Morissette has become one of the premier singer-songwriter-musicians in contemporary music. Her deeply expressive music and performances have earned her vast critical praise, a dedicated fan base that extends throughout the world, and album sales exceeding 40 million. Her latest release, the 18-track *The Collection*, will be available on November 15 on Maverick Records. The album's single, Morissette's interpretation of Seal's *Crazy*, will precede *The Collection*.








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INTRODUCING

Pure Turquoise

RALPH LAUREN



NORDSTROM



Have Some Compassion. Please!



You really wouldn't want to be the president of the United States in this, the age of One Damned Thing After Another. There was the tsunami last December that killed more than 225,000. Late August and early September—the hottest September worldwide in recorded history—saw the destruction of New Orleans and Biloxi by Hurricane Katrina. The devastation has turned much of the Gulf Coast into a daisy chain of "FEMAvilles"—the rural slums of the future. In October there was the earthquake in Pakistan that damaged some 15,000 villages and left more than two million homeless. (A member of the United Nations response team working there said that they needed more winter-weight tents than existed in the world.) Add to this stew of misery Hurricanes Rita and Wilma, the mud slides in Central America, the serial famines in Africa, and even the rare appearance of thunder and lightning in Southern California. And it just gets worse. There is too much mercury in our fish, the possibility of mad-cow in our beef, and then, for the chicken course, there's that lingering threat of a global avian-flu pandemic.

You would think all this apocalyptic imagery would be comforting to a large segment of the president's base—the extreme religious right. Almost two-thirds of Americans, many of them Evangelicals, believe that the events predicted in the book of Revelation, including the battle at Armageddon, are just around the corner. (For more on this, see Craig Unger's definitive story on Rapture mania, beginning on page 204.) *Divine Destruction,* a new book from Melville House Publishing, by Stephenie Hendricks, claims that the president's chipping away at three decades' worth of environmental law is in itself a nod to an element of his ideological base—Dominion Theologists, who believe that by exhausting our natural resources they can hasten the apocalypse and the Second Coming of Christ. Right-wing-policy types call this the "wise-use" doctrine. Hendricks reports that some officials say Bush refused to sign the Kyoto Protocol on global warming because it was "against God's prophecies."

The president's own party is up in arms because he nominated his astonishingly average office buddy Harriet Miers for the Supreme Court. Right-wing columnists have taken up torches and pitchforks, too. In *The New York Times,* conservative columnist David Brooks quoted a Republican member of Congress as calling Bush "radioactive." Meanwhile, not one but two vocal opponents of Bush and the invasion of Iraq won Nobel Prizes—British playwright Harold Pinter, for literature, and the International Atomic Energy Agency and its Egyptian director general, Mohamed ElBaradei, for peace. (More embarrassing still, the president tried and failed to get ElBaradei fired only months ago.) On the torture front, even the Republican-led Senate rejected the president's desire to have a free hand in the treatment of prisoners at Abu Ghraib and elsewhere in the grim archipelago of American detainee camps that spot the earth.

Blessedly, President Bush doesn't read the papers. Otherwise he would know that he's still in the doghouse following his non-response to the devastation of Katrina. He would know that his job-approval rating has skidded to 39 percent—the lowest in his presidency. He would know that more than two-thirds of Americans don't like the direction he is taking the country in. On top of all this, everything a president would want to go *down* is going *up*—gas and heating-oil prices, inflation, in general, unemployment, bankruptcies. The Republican leaders of both the House and the Senate are under indictment or investigation and the rank and file are looking for the exits, terrified of the 2006 midterm election of which the unspeakable is actually being spoken: the possibility that the Republicans could lose control of one or both houses. Across town from the Capitol, things are even worse: the Valerie Plame affair has turned the White House into a whispering carousel of paranoia, scandal, and indictments. (About the only things Bush has going for him are the Democrats—an opposition party most politicians can only dream about.)

Did I mention the war? Forget comparisons to Vietnam. Iraq is increasingly looking like it may go down as one of the worst military blunders in history—up there with Little Bighorn and Balaklava. The vote for Iraq's constitution provided little balm for the president. In some precincts the votes in favor of ratification approached an unlikely 99 percent—talk about exporting American-style democracy to the Middle East! And if all this weren't bad enough, *The National Enquirer* reported that the president had fallen off the wagon. The story may or may not be plausible, but I mean, really—with all this going on, who could blame the poor man?

Even the commander in chief's attempt to come off like a regular guy by "spontaneously" joshin' with troops from the army's 42nd Infantry Division during a 15-minute videoconference backfired when the live feed of the scripted rehearsal for the chitchat was sent out by mistake. The public knows that virtually all of this president's interactions with actual civilians are by necessity staged, but the video feed put the message-control techniques of TASS, the old Soviet news agency, in the shade by showing that for this president even affably mindless morning-show-like chatter must be canned. The rehearsal for the impromptu session was led by a deputy assistant secretary of defense. Now, call me old-fashioned, but when I hear that sort of title I think of a middle-aged career soldier with a chest full of medals. In this image-conscious administration, a title like this goes not to a soldier but to a forceful public-relations handler named Allison Barber. Following the accidental release of the rehearsal feed, the White House press corps went after administration spokesman Scott McClellan like the meanest boys did Piggy in *Lord of the Flies.* It wasn't pretty.

You'd think all this would be ample distraction for the president, but even the classification of his weekend hideout, the Prairie Chapel Ranch in Crawford, Texas, has been questioned. Warren Vieth, a reporter for the *Los Angeles Times,* called Bush out for referring to his place in Crawford as a "ranch"—saying that it was something of a stretch inasmuch as the Secret Service agents now outnumber the livestock. Bush has made good use of the spread in his campaign to brand himself as a Teddy Roosevelt–like buckskin president. But when you cut down to four or five head of cattle, and two of them reportedly have names—Ophelia and Eltonia—well, you can see why some people get all nitpicky. I for one think that if the commander in chief of the most powerful nation on earth wants to call his little hobby farm a "ranch," he should damned well be able to.

—GRAYDON CARTER

ON THE COVER: Kate Moss wears a top by Chloé and stockings by Wolford. Hair products by Bumble and Bumble. Makeup products by MAC. Hair by Sam McKnight. Makeup by Dione Kendal. Set design by Bill Doig. Styled by Sarajane Hoare. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Craig McDean. For details, see credits page.


OLCE & GABBA NA

Jonathan Becker



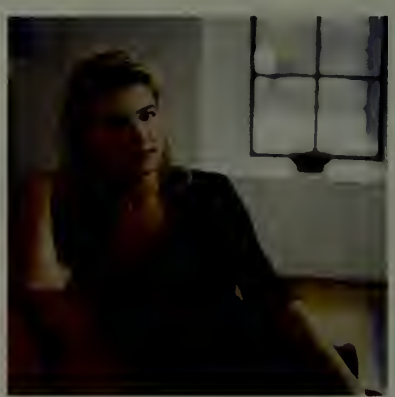
BRIAN NORDSTROM

Four years ago, photographer-at-large Jonathan Becker was commissioned by Prince Charles to document his Prince of Wales Foundation dinner, about which Bob Colacello wrote for *Vanity Fair* (October 2001). Having worked with St. James's Palace, Becker was granted special access to accompany the Prince and his new bride, Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, on their royal duties. In the intervening time, the couple's situation has changed markedly. "If the first go-round was a happy experience, this was an elated one," Becker says. "The English people were so thrilled to meet them. At times it was like being on the set of a Hollywood musical."

Bob Colacello



The fact that Camilla, Duchess of Cornwall, has vowed never to give an interview didn't deter special correspondent Bob Colacello, the first reporter to whom Camilla has allowed her closest friends to speak. "She's never uttered a word through all the complications in her relationship with Prince Charles," says Colacello (photographed here with Councillor Stuart Parsons, mayor of Richmond, England). "It's intriguing to try to lift that veil of mystery and misunderstanding that surrounds her." Rather than being turned off by Camilla's unfavorable public image, Colacello found that it only made her more tantalizing. "I see how often the press gets it wrong



NINA BRAMHALL

Suzanna Andrews

"Interviewing Arianna Huffington," says contributing editor Suzanna Andrews, "is like interviewing a movie star or a politician. You're never quite sure if it's a genuine moment or a performance. She is the master of handling the media." Huffington's transformation from Washington Republican to Hollywood liberal perplexed many people, but, Andrews says, "because of her spiritual view of life, what might seem to be a contradiction to others is simply part of the whole for her. And, anyway, I think she's having a lot more fun now." Andrews recently won a Front Page Award for "Hostage to Fortune," her December 2004 *V.F.* story about A&P heir Huntington Hartford.



ANTHONY LOEW

Mary Mapes

In January, Mary Mapes, a 15-year veteran of CBS News (and the producer who broke the Abu Ghraib scandal), was fired as a result of the controversy over the authenticity of documents which purportedly exposed President Bush's special treatment by the Texas Air National Guard during the Vietnam War. Now Mapes has come back with her detailed, candid, and surprisingly funny account of the events, in *Truth and Duty: The Press, the President, and the Privilege of Power* (St. Martin's), excerpted on page 304. "It was therapeutic to tell the true story of what happened," she says. When asked what she plans to do next, Mapes doesn't hesitate: "Journalism is what I've done for 25 years, and it's what I am meant to do." Mapes lives in Dallas with her husband, their eight-year-old son, and their dogs.

Vicky Ward



Kate Moss's spectacular fall from grace held special meaning for contributing editor Vicky Ward, who is working on a novel about women and the illusory constructs they are often forced to make of their lives. "I feel sorry for Kate Moss," says Ward. "Throughout her career she's had to be very resilient, but beneath that resilience there's a vulnerability that has taken her to drugs and dangerous liaisons. Impressed by the support Moss's close friends have given her in contrast to the lurid exploitation by the British press—Ward agrees with them that Moss will rise again. "If she cleans herself up, she'll be back. I've no doubt about it

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

R.S.V.P.



ANNIE & MACK WERE IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE. Terrible! They had accepted every invitation to every holiday party they were invited to—and three of them were occurring that very same night! But then, by chance, Mack saw a late night TV ad for something named E-Z Transportation Granules... *continued at holidaystory.com*

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R. S. V. P.

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Give the gift of breakthrough beauty treatments for mature skin with Clarins Super Restorative - The Intensives Collection.



Make the holidays bright with TechnoMarine's Color Ceramic Collection of Swiss-movement chronograph watches.



Present her with Pippo's interpretation of a traditional 24-hour clock, the brand's first automatic timepiece designed for women.



Inspire the ladies on your list with Simon G's sporkling signoture diomond pendant in yellow, white, and romontic rose gold.



Celebrate exceptional men with the CHROME by Azzaro Inherent Style Collection, featuring limited-edition Chromatized bottles.

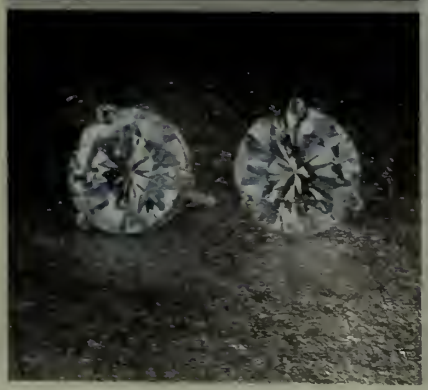


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108



Annie Leibovitz

In her 22 years of contributing to *Vanity Fair* Annie Leibovitz has shot almost every conceivable subject, from our Hollywood covers to the Dalai Lama. This month, the award-winning and highly celebrated photographer shot writer, director, actor, and quintessential New Yorker Woody Allen—in his editing room at the Manhattan Film Center—for the third time in her career. Leibovitz, who is very eag to see Allen's new film, *Match Point,* wanted to capture him in his everyday environmen and she had no trouble finding the appropriate angle: Allen became so absorbed the work before him that he forgot he was being photographe



Chris Craymer

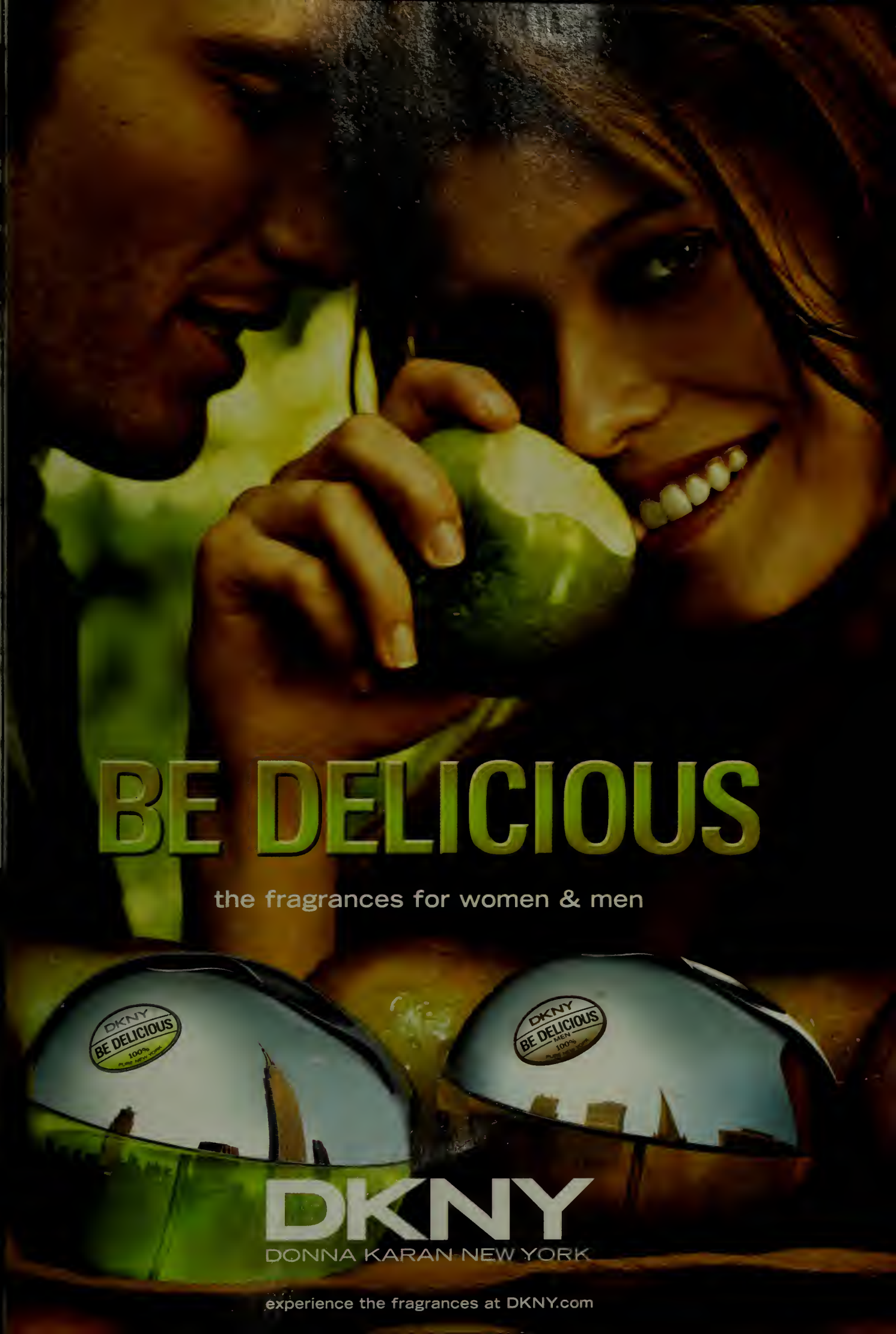
Chris Craymer inherited his interest in photography from his family. "My fath was a photographer, so he introduced me to it, and I went out on my own," he says. This month, Craymer, for his second *V.F.* assignment (his first was shooting Cath Kidston for the Septemb 2005 issue), snapped Ben Goldsmith, Kate Rothschild, and their daughter, Iris. "I like photographing people. I lik to capture the spirit of someone—that' my big thing," he says. "Ben and Kate are so utterly charming. They are a lovely young family, and it was really refreshing." Craymer is currently workin on a project he calls "Romance," part of which is out this month in his book *The Kiss,* by Andrews McMeel.

Jonathan Foreman

In the time since his first visit to Iraq, in April 2003, Jonathan Foreman, pictured here in Baghdad with Captain Edward Ballanco of the Third Infantry Division, has noticed how relationships have formed between U.S. troops and Iraqis. "There's much more cultural interchange than you would imagine," he says. "If you want to see an organization that is truly diverse, there is nothing like the United States Army—in every possible way, except they're young. That's when you realize how old you are: the only person your age is a colonel or old sergeant major." Foreman is currently at work on a book about Iraq, and in October he published his history anthology, *The Pocket Book of Patriotism* (Sterling).

CONTINUED ON PAGE 112




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A NUMBER-ONE RELEASE

On November 22, superstar Reba McEntire will release a two-CD set titled *Reba #1's*. The compilation contains all 33 of McEntire's No. 1 singles plus two new songs. In celebration of the release, Dillard's will offer a sampler version of the CD with each REBA purchase, while supplies last. REBA, McEntire's clothing collection, is sold exclusively at Dillard's stores. To learn more, visit reba.com or rebawear.com.



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 110



KIM WATSON

Art Streiber

Photographer Art Streiber has shot advertisements for some of this year's hottest television shows—*Desperate Housewives, Lost,* and *CSI.* "In each of those cases, the advertising agency and network handed me concepts and said, How do we make this work?," he says. "For an editorial shoot, I have to come up with the ideas." This month, Streiber photographed Arianna Huffington at the blogger's home. "Her house is one of those houses where people are coming and going all day, and she did not bat an eye," he says. "It was like the terminal at Chicago O'Hare." Streiber's work will be on display at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences next month.

Craig Unger



During the last presidential election, it became apparent to Dallas-raised Craig Unger how powerful the evangelical Christians in America are—and how the secular world is in the dark about it. "It's as if two countries have inhabited the same landmass and almost never talk to each other," he says. In reporting for his piece "American Rapture" (page 204), Unger found himself on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. "I thought if I could be a fly on the wall and get to know these people, then I could understand their sensibility." Unger's previous piece for *V.F.*, "Saving the Saudis," evolved into the *New York Times* best-seller *House of Bush, House of Saud* (Scribner). Similarly, "American Rapture" will become part of a book on the ascendancy of the Christian right and its role in American politics.



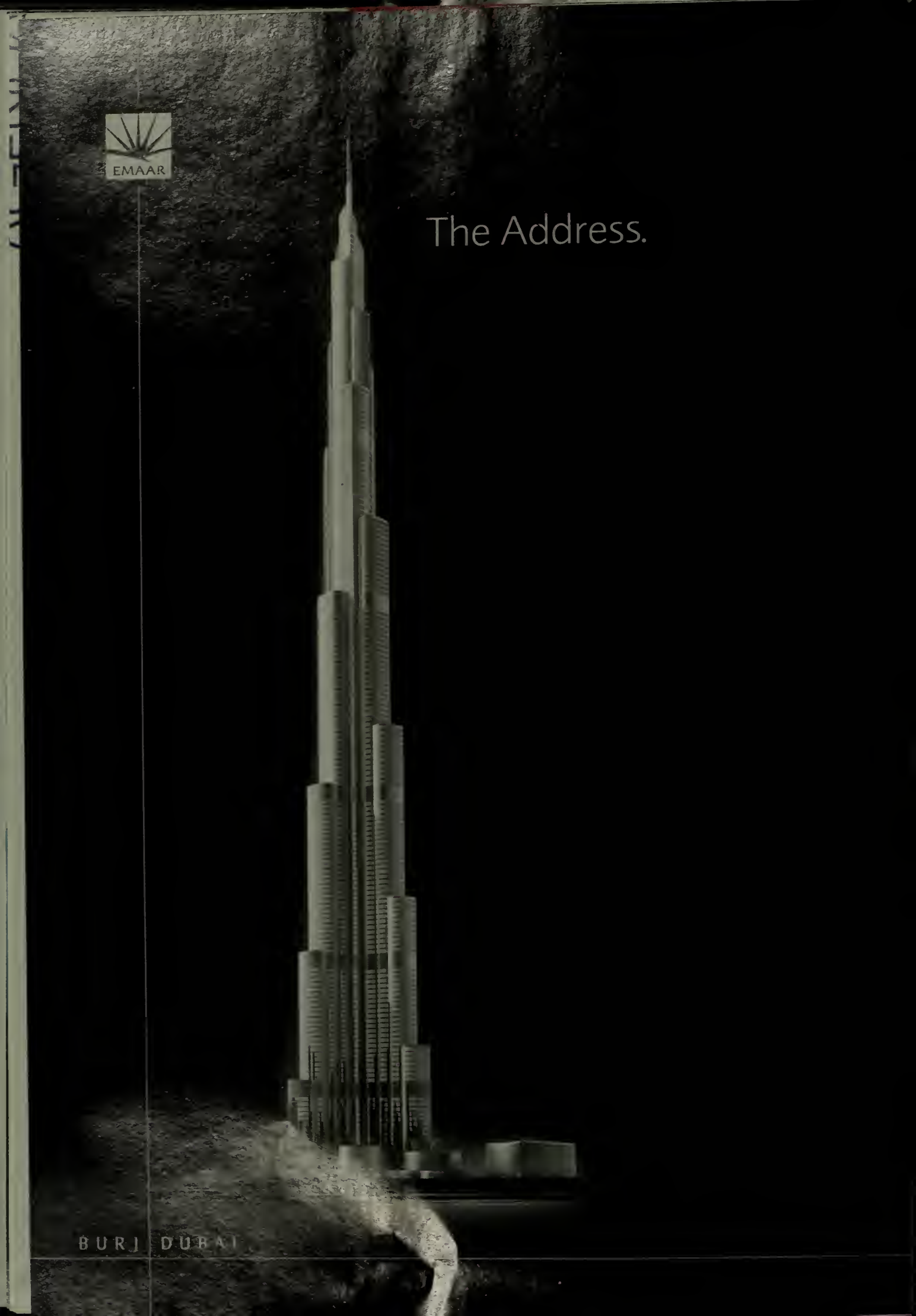
MATT HOYOS

Tamasin Day-Lewis

Seasoned food writer Tamasin Day-Lewis is passionate about cooking—and her new kitchen. "I'm finally in a kitchen that I designed. Everything is very simple, but it's for the cook," she says. "I have a huge Aga [stove]. You know how males like Ferraris? My Aga is my Ferrari." For this issue Day-Lewis talks to Londoners Ben Goldsmith, son of the late British billionaire Sir James Goldsmith, and Kate Rothschild, Ben's wife, in—where else?—their kitchen. Day-Lewis is currently working on a new cookbook, *Tamasin's Classic Dishes,* and has a new television series, *Tamasin's Great British Classics,* airing in the U.K.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 118


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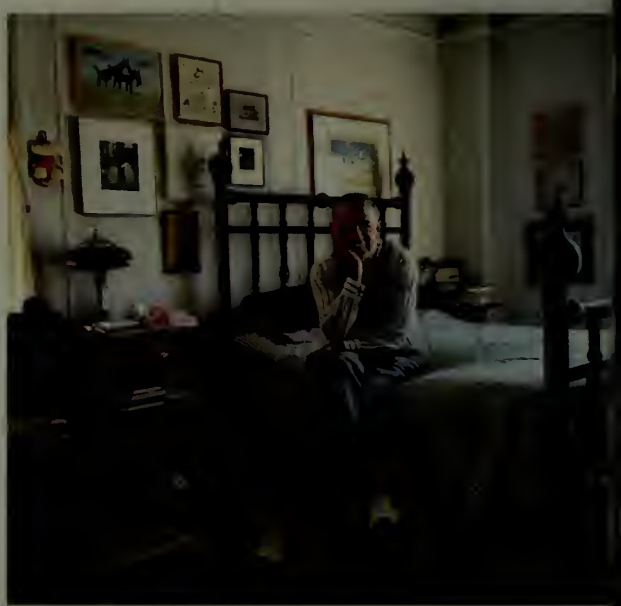
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 112



ELIZABETH HESS

Peter Biskind

Spending time with Woody Allen was an uncanny experience for contributing editor Peter Biskind, as he is often compared to Allen's eccentric on-screen alter egos by friends—and by himself. "It was like going to the mother ship," he says. Biskind, a chronicler of cinema who has long been convinced that Allen's work is second to none, was impressed by the humility and honesty of the filmmaker, who considers himself a failure when measured against Bergman and Kurosawa. "I was pleasantly surprised at how gracious he is," says Biskind. "He was open and generous with his time; he couldn't have been nicer. And to listen to a director of that stature lacerating himself, it was fascinating." Biskind is currently working on a biography of Warren Beatty.



Richard Merkin

This month, contributing editor Richard Merkin reviews *Jazz ABZ*, Wynton Marsalis's poetic tribute to history's greatest jazz musicians (page 154). "Wynton is like Louis Armstrong," says Merkin, a writer, illustrator, and inveterate jazz enthusiast himself. "He's our ambassador of jazz to the world." Merkin, who now lives in Croton-on-Hudson, New York, regrets that he doesn't get to hear nearly as much jazz as when he lived in Manhattan, from 19(to 2000. (He was at Thelonious Monk's last concert there, in 1975.) "When you li an hour away," he says, "it makes it difficult to listen to live jazz



JAYNE WEXLER

Leslie Hertzog

An accomplished artist in her privat life, Leslie Hertzog has brought a painter's eye to her 15 years of work in *Vanity Fair*'s production departmen maintaining the magazine's high standards of visual clarity and coherence. "My job is very craft-like methodical, and precise, as well as being aesthetic," says Hertzog, shown here with one of her paintings. "I finesse the appearance of each pag in its final stages to preserve the designer's graphic intentions while incorporating the text of the story." Hertzog's paintings, many inspired b landscapes, will be featured in three exhibitions this fall in New York and New Jersey, including a two-person show with her husband, Paul Carrella

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A WRITER'S LIFE

Touched by a memoir; delighted with Carl Bernstein; a former military recruiter objects; cover judgments; hooray from "The Hammer"; and more

Thank you for publishing Marjorie Williams's brave, trenchant, and beautifully written cancer memoir, as adapted by her husband, Tim Noah ["A Matter of Life and Death," October].

Many of the glowing, richly deserved encomiums of Ms. Williams that I have read since her death have mentioned the barbs upon which she often impaled her subjects. As a first-time novelist, I had the opposite experience. When my novel, *Kabul,* was published, in 1986, Ms. Williams gave it a long and generous review in *The Washington Post.*

In 2002, *Kabul* was reprinted in paperback. I had long enjoyed reading Ms. Williams's unique work in *Vanity Fair,* so I called her there to thank her again for the review. We had a chuckle that its last sentence had been "To speak in the terms of its own milieu, may it live long." It was a lighthearted conversation—and now I learn that by that time she had already been given a terminal diagnosis.

What a loss to her family and friends above all, but also to colleagues, and readers and writers everywhere. Her voice and talent are irreplaceable.

M. E. HIRSH
Boston, Massachusetts

I WOULD LIKE TO SAY how moving and accurate I found Marjorie Williams's "A Matter of Life and Death." I am a cancer survivor (thus far), mother, writer, and human being, and her reflections on what to do with borrowed time were apt and meaningful. You must learn to demand dignity, embrace joy, and hunt for grace.

HEIDI TARR HENSON
Peabody, Massachusetts

I AM not sure quite what it was that made me cry so hard and for so long after reading "A Matter of Life and Death." Perhaps it was the shock of turning the page and realizing that the woman whose prose was so alive had died. Perhaps it was the memory of a college friend whose life was claimed by the same disease 10 years ago. Or perhaps it's the shame of realizing how readily I had lapped up the superficial claptrap that is Paris Hilton 10 minutes before getting to this article. Maybe it's none of those things or maybe it's all of them, but reading about this woman's struggle is unbelievably humbling. Thank you for sharing her talent, bravery, and complete honesty in the face of something I can't, and truthfully hope I never have to, comprehend.



FAMILY BONDS
Marjorie Williams with her husband, Tim Noah, and their two children, Alice and Will, in Washington, D.C., 2003.

SIAN CURRIE
Erie, Pennsylvania

THE MEMOIR written by the late Marjorie Williams was a beautifully crafted story of how one grows to understand, accept, and plan for the inevitable when given a terminal diagnosis. She wrote with clarity and a sense of purpose, and I understood each step she took while on her final journey. I would hope that I could deal with such circumstances as gracefully.

GAIL D'AUTREMONT
Lakeville, Minnesota

I READ Marjorie Williams's cancer memoir and wept. During one of her last remissions, I called her for help on the Bush book I was writing. After her *Vanity Fair* profile "Barbara's Backlash" was published, in August 1992, Marjorie became the first of the Stations of the Cross through which one had to proceed in order to uncover the reality behind the mythology of Mama Bush. Characteristically generous, Marjorie spent time on the phone with me, going over her recollections of writing the piece, her sources, names, anecdotes. Before we hung up, she offered to go into her files and call me back with further information. That was the last time we spoke. I did not have the heart to bother her again.

In *The Family: The Real Story of the Bush Dynasty,* I paid tribute to Marjorie as the best writer of her generation: a champion as dazzling with her prose as Muhammad Ali was with his blows. She was all of that and more.

KITTY KELLEY
Washington, D.C.

I WAS QUITE MOVED by Marjorie Williams's courageous memoir on facing terminal cancer, but I was appalled that the editors at *Vanity Fair* would choose to include this exquisite piece in an issue that would feature the vapid and curiously famous Paris Hilton on the cover. Ms. Williams, with her razor-sharp mind, was able to translate life's (and death's) greatest truths into heartbreaking and surprisingly witty prose. She deserved better. The saving grace is that Ms. Williams probably would have seen the irony and laughed. I, on the other hand, was horrified.

ELEANOR WELLS
Baltimore, Maryland

"A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH" was the most convincing affirmation of life, and the most honest portrayal of untimely death, I have ever encountered.

I could write about my grandmother, grandfather, mother-in-law, and cousin, all of whom died of cancer. Or I could write about my mother, aunt, and three uncles, who are, to use Ms. Williams's words, "complete responder[s]." I could write about my abject terror of dying. Or, worse yet, the possible death of my wife, son, or daughter. Or I could heed what I think is, in part, Marjorie's message and revel in the fact that I have time—time to spend with my family, time to work, time to read, time to write, and, most significant, time to waste. Instead, tonight, I will just keep crying. For Marjorie. For her husband, her daughter, and her son. For my own wife and children. And for myself.

MATTHEW THOMPSON
Los Angeles, California

TWO MEN AND A SECRET STORY

I WAS THRILLED when I read Carl Bernstein's article "Watergate's Last Chapter" [October]. His beautifully written account was a joy.

Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward are


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GIVE LUXURY

Celebrate the holiday spirit with the season's most sumptuous gifts. For more details and purchasing information, visit VanityFair.com and click on "Vanity Fair Access."



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icons of American journalism. Watergate will always be a chapter in our history, and as it closes with Deep Throat's identity finally revealed, it was a highlight to hear from the men who exposed a dark chapter in American government. Thank you, *Vanity Fair* and Carl Bernstein, for publishing one of the best articles that I have read in a while.

JESSICA BRAUN
Whitefish Bay, Wisconsin

THANK YOU for "Watergate's Last Chapter," and especially for that handsome full-color picture of Ben Bradlee! He remains the sexiest man alive.

JAN BAILEY
Maui, Hawaii

CARL BERNSTEIN'S splendid article provides valuable insights into the media culture then and now, but it does contain a historical error that bears correcting: the House minority leader who, on August 7, 1974, joined Senators Barry Goldwater and Hugh Scott in delivering the news to President Nixon that the last of his Republican support on Capitol Hill had finally evaporated was not Bob Michel but John Rhodes.

GENE KRZYZYNSKI
Tonawanda, New York

THE SOLDIER HUNT

IF THERE has ever been a one-sided story, it would have to be the one told by Michael Bronner in his article "The Recruiters' War" [September]. Please allow me to present another view of military recruiting and the magnificent men and women who serve our country in such a noble endeavor.

I was interviewed by Mr. Bronner for this article. I was the non-commissioned officer in charge of former Marine recruiter Jimmy Massey, who was one of Mr. Bronner's main sources of information.

While I have no basis with which to refute the experiences of the several recruiters mentioned in the story, the speculative conclusions Mr. Bronner leads his readers to believe are absolutely false and incorrect. Your magazine states that within our military-recruiting commands there is a "system of manipulation, fraud . . . wrecking lives, families, and the military." This is not only absurd but totally baseless.

What Mr. Bronner's research produced, rather, was an indictment of the character of the former recruiters he interviewed, who admitted to fraudulent, deceptive recruiting practices. His few, unrepresentative sources chose to subscribe to the popular school of thought that mistakenly holds that the recruiters are not responsible for their own actions, that their moral failures are somehow the fault of a "system" that drove them to wrongdoing, and that everyone under similar pressures will respond in the same corrupt manner. This is a slap in the face to the majority of recruiters, who are hardworking, ethical patriots who would gladly miss their recruiting goals if the alternative were to compromise their character.

Mr. Bronner tells the story of Tim Queen, a young man from Andrews, North Carolina, who joined the Marines; in his case, there was no fraud or deception on anyone's part at any time from the recruiting command. Just like a large percentage of potential military recruits, he had a questionable physical condition that we, as recruiters, identified to the doctors at the Military Entrance Processing Station when he went for enlistment. A judgment call was made by the doctors there that he was qualified, and off he went to recruit training. Unfortunately, Tim's condition was more severe than determined by the doctors, and he was unable to complete the training. This incident, while disappointing for Tim, was not the fault of anyone in the recruiting command, and all procedures were properly followed.

No one disputes that military-recruiting duty is an extremely difficult and demanding job; it was the toughest three years of my life. But those who stray from the values drilled into them from day one of boot camp do so willingly and without the knowledge or approval of their respective chains of command. They are not the norm. In the Marine Corps, our core values of honor, courage, and commitment are not taken lightly; these guiding principles stand behind everything we do. I am proud to be a U.S. Marine. I am proud to have been a recruiter.

TIM DALHOUSE
Master sergeant, U.S. Marine Corps
Quantico, Virginia

MICHAEL BRONNER RESPONDS: That Master Sergeant Dalhouse is in the minority in concluding that Tim Queen's recruitment was appropriate (among others it offended are Tim's family, the local sheriff and then school-board president, a fellow recruiter from the station Dalhouse commanded, the drill instructors at Parris Island, and a North Carolina congressman, who wrote an angry letter to the Pentagon) does not make the piece one-sided.

I talked at length with Dalhouse on three separate occasions, quoting him in the article and affording him opportunities to provide additional comment and correct any errors. He insisted, at the time, that he could not recall the details of Tim Queen's case, but nonetheless asserts here with conviction that everything was aboveboard.

Dalhouse's notion that the recruiters who


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someone who has been elevated to the status of role model for today's youth solely by the media. It's truly surprising to see a publication with *Vanity Fair*'s reputation contribute to the madness. She's a self-absorbed, inarticulate young woman whose only skill is posing on the red carpet.

I long for the days when the definition of "role model" was based on an individual's intelligence and contributions to society.

YVETTE MAYBEE
Washington, D.C.

I LOOK FORWARD to your magazine each month, but when I saw the cover for October with Paris Hilton, I was disappointed. To me, everything she represents is so beneath your magazine. The statute of limitations should be up on her being of interest to anyone other than her parents. In protest, I am throwing the magazine away without reading it.

JO LEMMONS
Mount Pleasant, South Carolina



UNCOVER GIRL
Paris Hilton, photographed at Ventura Farms, Thousand Oaks, California, on June 17, 2005.



Shirley Jones
Sept 9, 05

Dear Mr. Carter,
I have admired and enjoyed your magazine since the beginning, but having a porn star on your cover was very disturbing to me. I had hoped your wonderful magazine was above this.
Her story inside wasn't even interesting to read, and I savor all your special articles and subjects you choose to expose or talk about. I do hope we have not come to this.
Your faithful reader
Shirley Jones

I HAVE ADMIRED and enjoyed your magazine since the beginning, but having a porn star on your cover was very disturbing to me. I had hoped your wonderful magazine was above this.

Her story inside wasn't even interesting to read, and I savor all your special articles and the subjects you choose to expose or talk about. I do hope we have not come to this.

SHIRLEY JONES
Encino, California

I WAS THRILLED that you chose to put Ms. Hilton on the cover of the October issue. Living in Los Angeles, I hear the name Paris numerous times throughout any given day—in elevators, at cocktail parties. Shouts of excitement are heard as she enters her favorite L.A. haunts, such as Koi. She *is* inescapable! I first learned of Ms. Hilton in your magazine so many years ago. I am now a typical 29-year-old entrepreneur who, I can admit, can't get enough of Paris. Bravo to Paris for branding herself to America!

DWIGHT COATES
Beverly Hills, California

NICKY HILTON asked, "I'm 21 years old, I run two multi-million-dollar companies, I work my ass off. Like, what were you doing that was so fucking important at that age?" I would like to respond to that. When I was 21, I was busy working toward my Ph.D. in organic chemistry at the University of Minnesota so that I could go on to do valuable research on a cure for breast cancer. My research was published in 1998 by the University of Minnesota. I was the first to synthesize the compound okadaic acid—shown to be a leading cause of breast cancer.

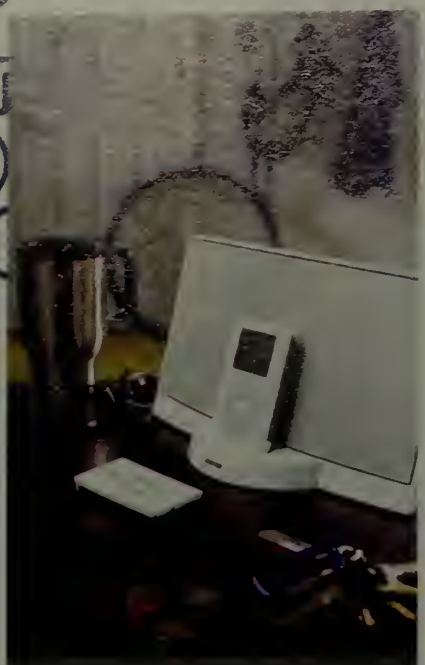
STEVEN F. SABES
Wayzata, Minnesota

VANITY FAIR describes itself as "a unique mix of image and intellect," claiming it "captures the people, places, and ideas that are defining modern culture," but you did not do yourselves or your readers a favor by placing Paris Hilton on the cover. She certainly has done nothing culturally defining, nor intellectually advancing. Please keep focusing on strong women who make a difference, and who have an actual story to tell.

NADINE PILOTE
Montreal, Quebec

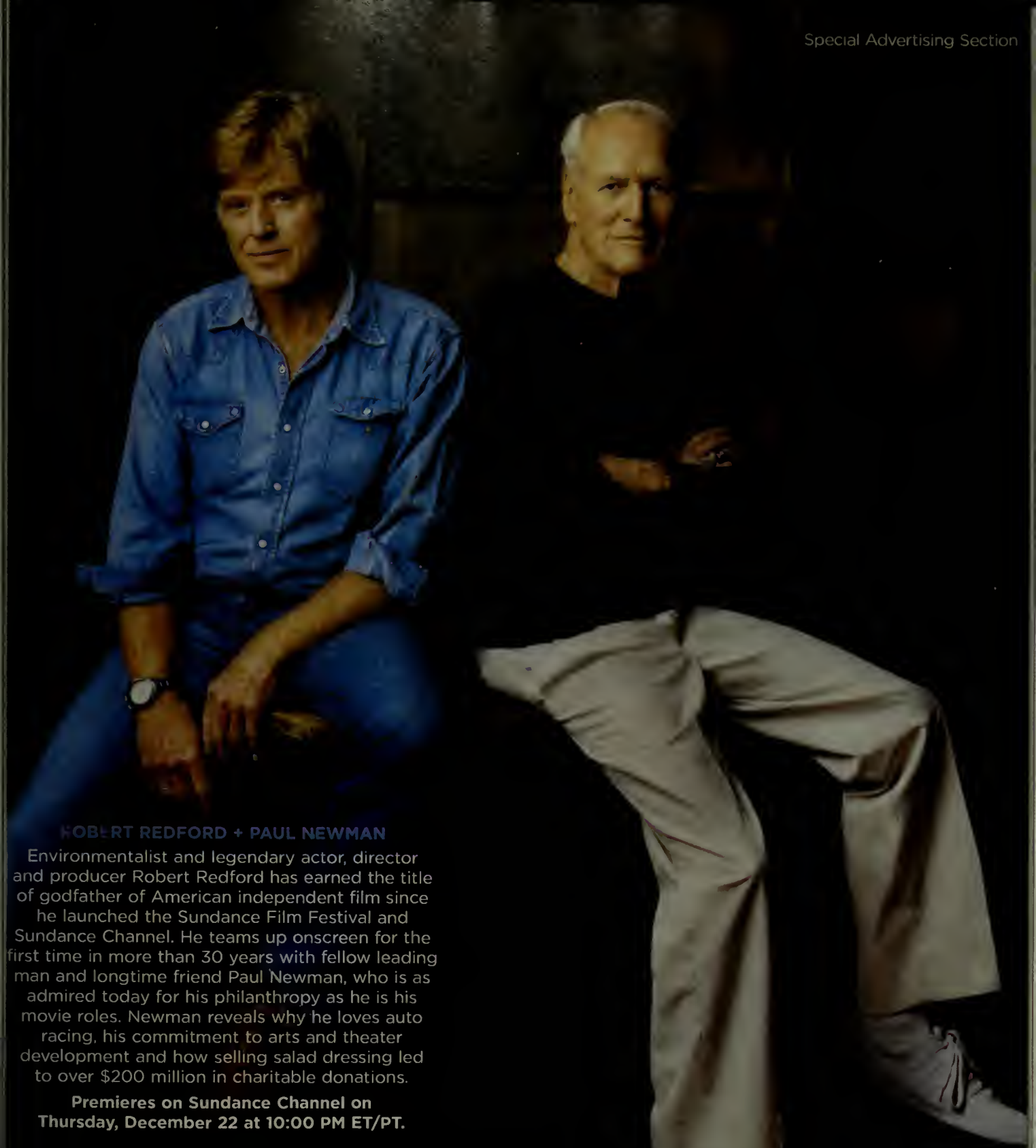
THANK YOU, *Vanity Fair* and Krista Smith, for the wonderful article on Paris Hilton! I'm a 56-year-old grandmother, and I think this young lady has it all—beauty, brains, and style. Ms. Hilton is hardly a porn star, as anyone who has seen the video can attest. And it is not her fault that a low-life CONTINUED ON PAGE 138

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ROBERT REDFORD + PAUL NEWMAN

Environmentalist and legendary actor, director and producer Robert Redford has earned the title of godfather of American independent film since he launched the Sundance Film Festival and Sundance Channel. He teams up onscreen for the first time in more than 30 years with fellow leading man and longtime friend Paul Newman, who is as admired today for his philanthropy as he is his movie roles. Newman reveals why he loves auto racing, his commitment to arts and theater development and how selling salad dressing led to over $200 million in charitable donations.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, December 22 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.

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PHOTOGRAPHED BY MARK SELIGER



SAMUEL L. JACKSON / BILL RUSSELL

As one of America's most distinctive actors Samuel L. Jackson's films have grossed more at the box office than any other actor in history. He goes one-on-one with Bill Russell, the first African-American head coach in any professional sport, who is labeled basketball's greatest innovator and the finest sportsman of the 20th century. Russell unveils his philosophy on leadership, discusses his perseverance to succeed after being cut from his junior varsity team and reveals how an intelligent, soft-spoken person can inspire and motivate generations.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, November 17 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.



RENÉE ZELLWEGER + CHRISTIANE AMANPOUR

Award-winning actress Renée Zellweger is known for her versatility in film genres, including comedies, musicals and dramas. Zellweger admires acclaimed CNN chief international correspondent Christiane Amanpour for her commitment as a journalist and her active pursuit to initiate world changes through her work. Zellweger asks Amanpour to describe her interviews with world leaders, years of dangerous assignments, being in the heart of war zones — and her view on making a difference in the fates of millions through her own choices.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, December 8 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.



Best known for bringing sex appeal and glamour back into fashion, Tom Ford transformed Gucci into an empire. He draws on the words of Jeff Koons to discover how the artist turned contemporary, mass-produced consumer goods into controversial high art. Koons reveals his challenges, inspirations and use of art to provoke and reevaluate perceptions of society and the world.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, November 24 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.


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BRIAN GRAZER + SUMNER REDSTONE

Renowned film and television producer Brian Grazer sits down with entertainment mogul Sumner Redstone to unearth his secrets for success. Redstone reveals why "education is everything" and highlights the importance of character and weighing risks and rewards in business. Grazer discovers how the visionary used his strengths and his fears to make Viacom one of the leading entertainment and media companies in the world.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, December 1 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.



MARIO BATALI + MICHAEL STIPE

Mario Batali is admired worldwide for his award-winning cuisine, cookbooks and always-packed restaurants. Another special ingredient in his life is his love of music. He explores this passion with renegade musician, film producer and friend Michael Stipe, and discovers how the R.E.M. frontman lives outside the mainstream, why he enjoys appearing on Batali's *Molto Mario* TV show and what inspires the man behind the music.

Premieres on Sundance Channel on Thursday, December 15 at 10:00 PM ET/PT.


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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 128 ex-boyfriend seeks to enrich himself at her expense.

This Paris Hilton fan is waiting to see more pictures and articles about her in your magazine. She embodies the spirit of American enterprise and she has good business instinct.

ANGELE BISSONETTE
Sun City, California

TOOTING HIS OWN "HAMMER"

THANKS for a great piece ["The Pro Football Snob's Dictionary, Vol. 2," by David Kamp and Peter Richmond, October], and, more specifically, it's nice to see that you haven't forgotten an innovator like myself. We're usually the first to be passed over. Everything you said about me was correct . . . let the truth be known!

FRED "THE HAMMER" WILLIAMSON
Palm Springs, California

RIGHT WAR, WRONG BOMBER

PERHAPS IN THE VANITIES "Intelligence Report: America at War" [by Richard Rushfield and Adam Leff, October], you should have listed the American B-29 long-range bomber as the showcase weapon used during World War II. The B-52 jet-powered long-range bomber, cited in your article, did not enter service until 1955.

JERRY RICHMOND
Toronto, Ontario

VANITY FAIR VERSUS POLANSKI

AS A LONGTIME SUBSCRIBER, I delight in reading every last word in the magazine. When I read the October Editor's Letter ["Roman Holiday," by Graydon Carter], I realized I would have missed a few things about Roman Polanski had he not sued *Vanity Fair*.

I didn't know just how young (13) the girl involved in his rape case was. Nor was I aware that he sodomized her. Certainly we were all aware that he fled the country like a coward, but I didn't realize that he resumed having sex on a "casual basis" a month after his wife's murder.

BARBARA PRESTON
Escondido, California

GRAYDON CARTER'S editorial on the trial in London, where *Vanity Fair* was sued for libel by Roman Polanski, is fraught with the kind of journalism that got your magazine into court in the first place.

You were sued over a story that maintained that Polanski had stopped off in New York on the way to his wife's funeral, in Los Angeles. And that while he was in New York he had chatted up some Nordic blonde with a promise to "make another Sharon Tate out of you."

You maintain that you believe the gist of your story was true. Really? I know that you had already agreed that the alleged stop-off was a misstatement, because my husband, Victor Lownes, was originally scheduled to testify that, in fact, he had accompanied Polanski directly from London to Los Angeles immediately after learning of the tragedy. That fact alone upsets the "gist" of your story.

My husband was not present at the trial because his testimony was no longer required once you had conceded that that part of your story was wrong. However, Mr. Carter stated that he was not present because of illness. He is not ill and was not ill at any time this summer. You just make stuff up.

MARILYN COLE LOWNES
New York, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: We don't really make it all up. Vanity Fair *was told by three sources, including a member of Roman Polanski's legal team, that Victor Lownes did not attend the trial because of illness.*

THE PLANE FACT

YOUR ARTICLE "The New Establishment 2005" [October] said that I had plans to limit airplane traffic at Friedman Memorial Airport, in Idaho. There's absolutely no truth to that claim.

HERBERT A. ALLEN
New York, New York

BEAUTY'S ROYAL FAMILY

AS ONE OF ESTÉE LAUDER'S "girls," I was both pleased and impressed with Bob Colacello's article "The House That Estée Built" [October]. She was an incredible woman. Colacello's quote from Marvin Traub says much: "She revolutionized an industry and was without a doubt the world's greatest saleswoman." So does Richard Parson's: "I never met a woman with more force." Although she is gone, her "force" is still with us. I am proud to work for Estée Lauder, and the Lauder legacy continues as we Beauty Advisors worldwide follow her guiding principle: Bringing the Best to Everyone We Touch.

DEBRA B. SCHMID
Marlton, New Jersey

CORRECTIONS: On page 379 of the September issue ("One Glove at a Time," by Jim Win-




MICHAEL KORS
NEW YORK BEVERLY HILLS

AGENDA
ADVERTISING AND PROMOTION
EVENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES



A scene from the award-winning film *Yesterday*.

AN HBO PREMIERE

The HBO Films presentation *Yesterday*, nominated this year for an Oscar® for Best Foreign Language Film, tells a story of courage, compassion, and hope. Set in contemporary South Africa, the film puts a human face on the politics and statistics of the AIDS crisis, following the struggles of a young mother who has been diagnosed with AIDS. *Yesterday* premieres Monday, November 28, at 9 P.M. Only on HBO.

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dolf), we incorrectly stated that Dita Von Teese had appeared in the hard-core pornographic video Debauchery 8. *She did not. While she has appeared in erotic videos, her representatives would like it to be known that those performances did not include graphic sex acts with men. On page 258 of the October issue ("The New Establishment 2005"), we incorrectly stated that Harvey and Bob Weinstein bought the film rights to* Twins, of Tribeca, *by Rachel Pine. They bought the publishing rights. On page 334 of the October issue ("Wild About Harry's," by Vicky Ward), the late Lord Derby was incorrectly identified. He is the uncle of the current earl, the 19th Earl of Derby.*

Letters to the editor should be sent electronically with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to letters@vf.com. Letters to the editor will also be accepted via fax at 212-286-4324. All requests for back issues should be sent to subscriptions@vf.com. All other queries should be sent to vfmail@vf.com. The magazine reserves the right to edit submissions, which may be published or otherwise used in any medium. All submissions become the property of *Vanity Fair*.

MORE FROM THE *V.F.* MAILBAG

"You have gone beyond fluff—you have given us lint."

Incoming!

But now step aside, Irene Vukovich, of Los Angeles. Because here is Marjorie Dorcely-Henderson, of Miami: "Mr. Carter, what the hell were you thinking?"

O.K., a lot of you didn't like the Paris Hilton cover. (*Gimme a break!,* you said. *Et tu,* V.F.?) Was it the riding togs she wore? The riding togs she didn't wear? Possibly you just don't like Paris Hilton—"a selfish. self-centered, spoiled brat" was a relatively measured assessment. In any event, several readers have placed the magazine on probation: "If you ever put Paris Hilton on the cover again, I will cancel my subscription," threatens Angela Zehr, of Toronto. And Catherine Simon, of West Hills, California, writes, "I'll give you a pass on this one, but if next month's cover is Britney Spears and her newborn, I'm outta here!!!" But the most common refrain was "First Jennifer Aniston, now Paris Hilton." To which we can only admit: Correct—that was in fact the precise sequence of those two covers.



"I ripped this cover off the magazine and am mailing it back to you," writes Jeanne Morrissey, of Madison, Connecticut. And she did. "*Maxim* called," Christina Laycock, of Birmingham, Alabama, claims. "They want their cover back." Could that be the one Jeanne Morrissey tore off and sent us? We'll see that it's returned to *Maxim* eventually, but right now we're a little busy. Giving people lint.

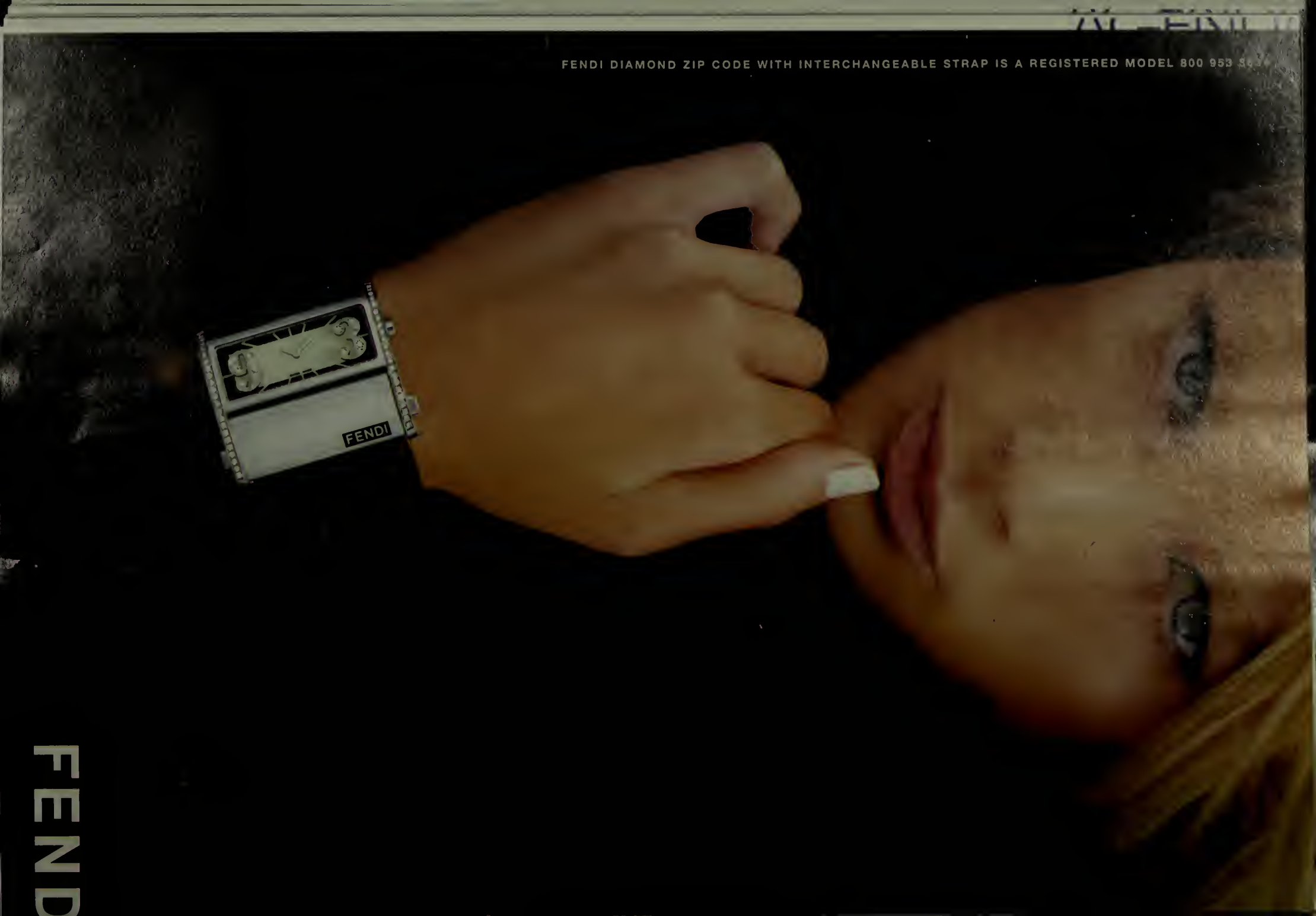
"I would have much preferred to see Ben Bradlee ["Watergate's Last Chapter," by Carl Bernstein, October] on the cover," says Yvonne Martin, of Lake Forest, California. It's uncanny that you should mention Mr. Bradlee. We're not at liberty to go into details, but this much we can reveal: there were negotiations; they deteriorated; we *think* it had something to do with the riding togs.

Midwesterners are up in arms over a line in Graydon Carter's account of the Roman Polanski litigation ["Roman Holiday," October]—his "Note to midwestern readers" about how Elaine's isn't hopping till 9 or 10 P.M. "This Kansas City, Missouri, resident has been to Elaine's, and a couple of those nights I actually arrived closer to 11!" says Steve Walker. And from Melissa Jones, somewhere in the Midwest: "Note to pompous East Coast magazine editors: Midwesterners don't need you to translate for us." (Note to southern readers: Elaine's is a popular restaurant on Manhattan's Upper East Side, as any midwesterner can tell you.)

Finally, a *nice* letter (addressed to Graydon). "Considering your legal entanglements, I'd like to share with you an obvious awareness. Your stance [in the Editor's Letter photo] is a near-perfect copy of the 'Hanged Man' of the Rider Waite Tarot," writes "Feng Shui Master, China Rose," from Silver Lake, California. "This is the card that portends a disastrous situation.... Would you consider replacing this photographic image with a more heroic stance?" Graydon, who claims he had been assured that the pose he was striking was a near-perfect copy not of the "Hanged Man" but of the famed (and more winning) "Hangover Man," says sure—he's willing to try something new. As long as it doesn't involve riding togs.


THE ULTIMATE GETAWAY
ISLAND
MICHAEL KORS
THE FRAGRANCE FOR WOMEN

FENDI DIAMOND ZIP CODE WITH INTERCHANGEABLE STRAP IS A REGISTERED MODEL 800 953 [illegible]

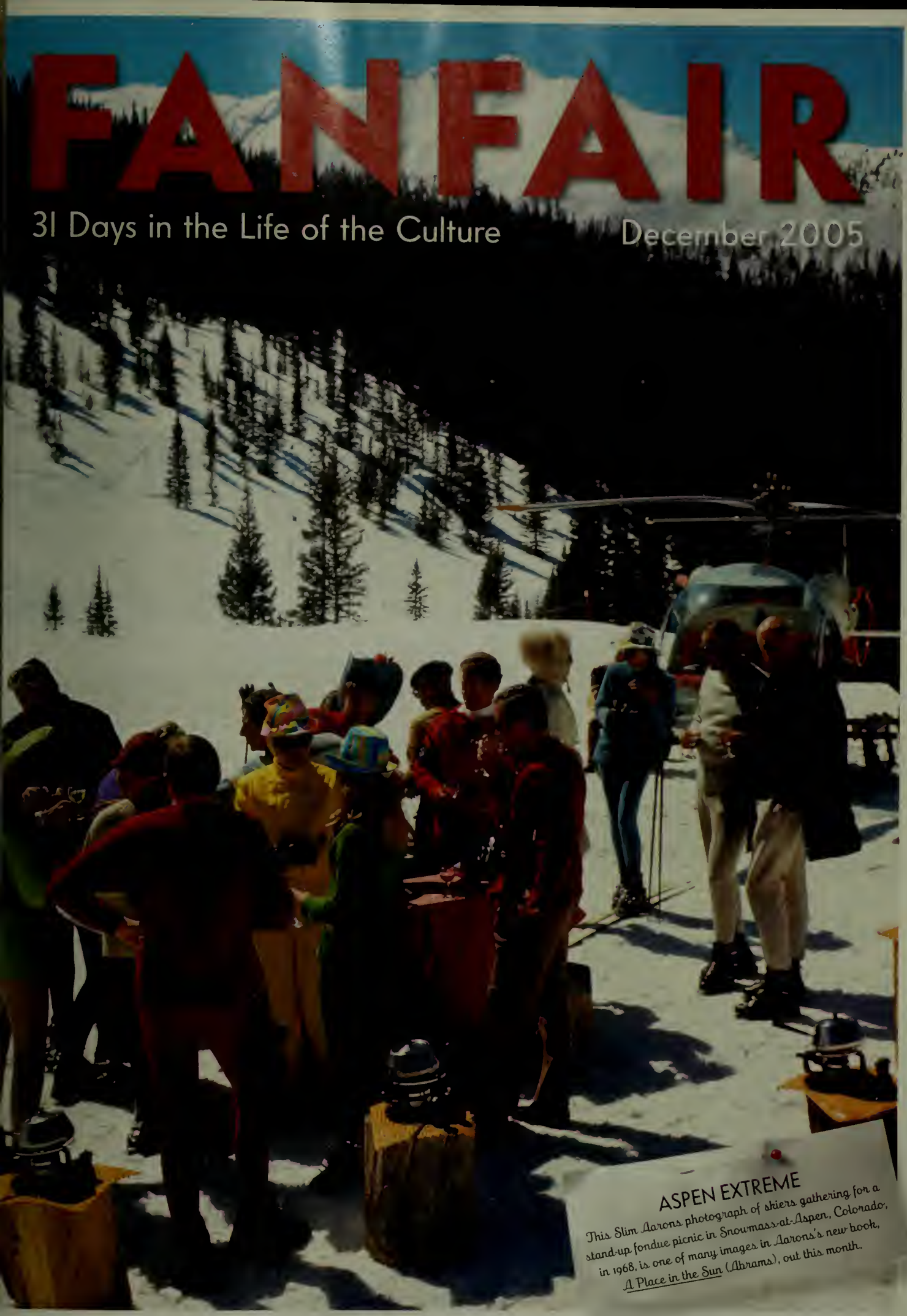


FEND

FANFAIR

31 Days in the Life of the Culture

December 2005



ASPEN EXTREME

This Slim Aarons photograph of skiers gathering for a stand-up fondue picnic in Snowmass-at-Aspen, Colorado, in 1968, is one of many images in Aarons's new book, *A Place in the Sun* (Abrams), out this month.

Social Calendar

BEFORE SLIPPING OFF FOR A FEW FLEETING HOLIDAY VACATIONS, THE JET SET SPENDS DECEMBER MIGRATING FROM WINTRY GALAS TO THE HOT ZONES OF MIAMI, HAWAII, AND ST. BARTH'S. KRISTINA STEWART WARD REPORTS FROM THE FRONT LINES


The 2004 Winter Gala at the Neue Galerie New York City.


Hotels along Ocean Drive in Miami.

December 1–4, Miami

Art Basel Miami is the sexy stepsister to the 36-year-old festival in Switzerland and the event that took only one year to establish itself firmly on the art world's finicky radar. The installations and group exhibitions from 190 galleries benefited from the star power of glamorous out-of-towners like **Rem Koolhaas, Terry Richardson, Jay Jopling, Lisa Eisner, Julian Schnabel, Yvonne Force Villareal, Mary Boone, Evelyn Lauder, Jeanne Greenberg Rohatyn, Tobey Maguire, Jane Holzer, Richard Meier,** and **Jeff Koons.** They've promised to come back again this year and bring reinforcements, all of whom will be on display—performance art if there ever was such a thing—at the parties playing out at, among other standouts, the Delano, the Raleigh, the Shore Club, the yet unopened W South Beach Hotel and Residences, and **Gianni Versace's** former home (now a private club).

December 4, Washington, D.C.

President Bush and **Condoleezza Rice** each preside over private receptions prior to the annual **Kennedy Center Honors.** Rice hosts a State Department dinner for this year's honorees, including **Tina Turner, Tony Bennett,** and **Robert Redford,** and the president receives the aforementioned at the White House before the awards gala, which rolls out later that night at the Kennedy Center Opera House.

December 7, New York City

The 10th annual **ACRIA Holiday Dinner with Friends and Family** is hosted by **Bob Colacello, Donna Karan, Ross Bleckner, Charla Lawhon,** and **Carolina** and **Reinaldo Herrera.** What sounds like a small gathering over a pot of spaghetti is in fact a posh seated dinner for 160 at the **Stephan Weiss** Studio.

December 8, New York City

Gucci sponsors this year's **Neue Galerie Winter Gala,** with **Gwyneth Paltrow, Liya Kebede,** and **Aerin Lauder** among the ringleaders cajoling their friends into waltzing to a Viennese orchestra at the former Vanderbilt mansion on Fifth Avenue.

December 9, Bronx, New York

Paco Rabanne takes a turn as sponsor of the seventh annual **Winter Wonderland Ball** at the New York Botanical Garden. Among the co-chairs and committee members donning their gowns are **Whitney Fairchild, Anne Grauso, Sloan Barnett, Nathalie Kaplan, Alexis Bryan, Lauren Davis, Tinsley Mortimer, Karolina Kurkova,** and **Ivanka Trump.**


Surfer Bernardo Pigmeu at the Vans Triple Crown of Surfing, Haleiwa, Hawaii, November 2004.

December 8–20, Oahu, Hawaii

An **Abercrombie & Fitch** fantasy play out at the Banzi Pipeline when hundreds of hunky surfers converge for spectating and partying at the **Rip Curl Pro Pipeline Masters** event, which wraps up the **Vans Triple Crown of Surfing,** one of the world's premier surfing championships.



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VANITY FAIR

December 22. New York City

Rudy Giuliani presented his stepdaughter at last year's **Debutante Cotillion and Christmas Ball**, benefiting the New York Downtown Hospital, and the taffeta-fueled gala plays out again this year, for the 70th time, with 30 up-and-coming sociolites being presented at the Waldorf-Astoria to a throng of 900 suitable suitors.



...International ...te Ball at t... ...aldorf-Astor... ...Manhattan, December 28, 2003





December 1-31. Paris

Le Rallye is the series of über-snobby dances held for young French aristocrats in their parents' private homes—a decided attempt to keep the blue blood bleu. After spending two years attending starchy dance classes, the 16-to-20-year-old set is rewarded with weekend gala parties numbering upwards of 300 guests throughout the school year. The dances rev up during the December holiday season, and **Marie Antoinette** would feel right at home at these let-them-eat-cake spectacles where young couture customers are born.

December 28–January 1. Charleston, S.C.

Renaissance Weekend is the annual think-tanky retreat dreamed up 25 years ago by former U.K. ambassador **Philip Lader** and his wife, **Linda,** to compete with Davos and the Bohemian Grove. This year's advisory board includes **Bill Clinton** and **Gerald Ford.** World Peace is on the menu, as are family meals and games.

December 31. St. Barth's

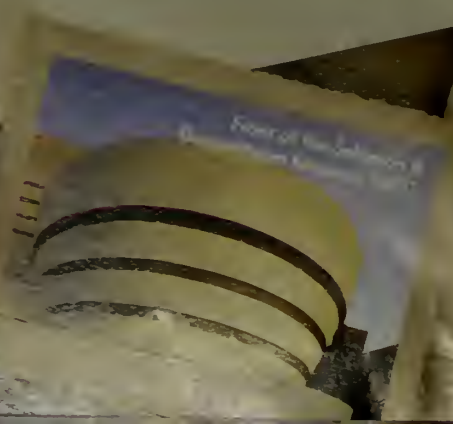
Ronald Perelman has usurped **Diddy's** coveted role as the annual **New Year's Eve** host to beat in the little harbor of big yachts lining the coast of winter-holiday mecca St. Barth's. Last year, Perelman's *Ultima III* was the site of his and wife **Ellen Barkin's** combination birthday party for the host and high-octane New Year's bash, which included **Francis Ford Coppola, Jerry Bruckheimer,** and **George Lucas**—three men who know something about sploshy showmanship.



Melissa Dishell, Marc Jacobs, and Dita Von Teese at the Holiday Masquerade Ball, December 14, 2004.

December 13. New York C...

Moderation has no place at **Marc Jac...** annual **Holiday Masquerade Ball,** ne... guests like **Debbie Harry** nor for the ... larger-than-life host. Last year, at the Pierre ... Jacobs followed the party's red-and-gold th... by dressing as a giant Heinz ketchup bottle ... homage to **Teresa Heinz Kerry.** The year b... that he came to the Rainbow Room dressed a... polar bear. (The object of this homage remai... closely guarded secret.)



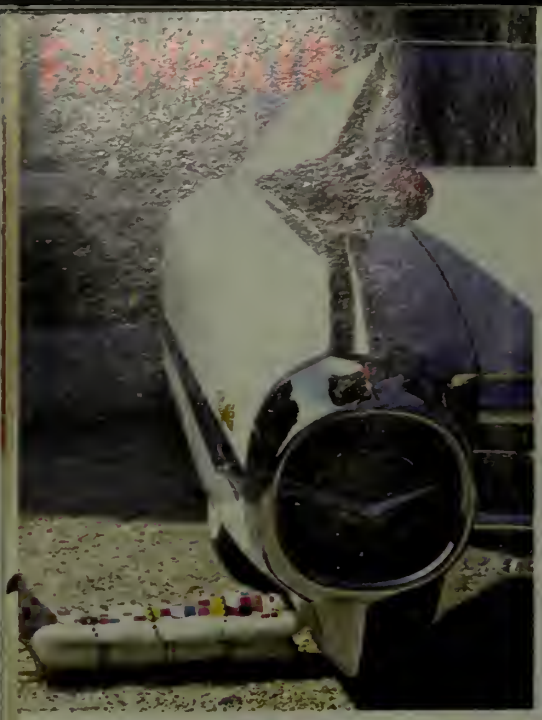
December 15. New York City

Yves Saint Laurent sponsors the Guggenheim Museum's **Young Collectors Council Artist's Ball,** with co-choirs including **Amalia Dayan, Jacqueline Sackler, Eva Lorenzotti,** and **Sally Albemarle.** The party prides itself on a compelling collision of artists, sociolites, and celebrities. Last year's showing included **Heather Graham, Chloë Sevigny, Michael Stipe,** and **Christina Ricci.**



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Clockwise from [illegible]e Tolleyono boat, in hand-pointed crocodile, white soble, and pearls, lies und[illegible] a 1959 Cadillac Caupe DeVille, from *Blohnik by Bomon;* Herman Miller m[illegible]or seating system, 1976 from *Colifarnia Design;* the premiere installme[illegible]f "Little Nema in Slumberlond" in the *New York Herald.*





HOT TYPE

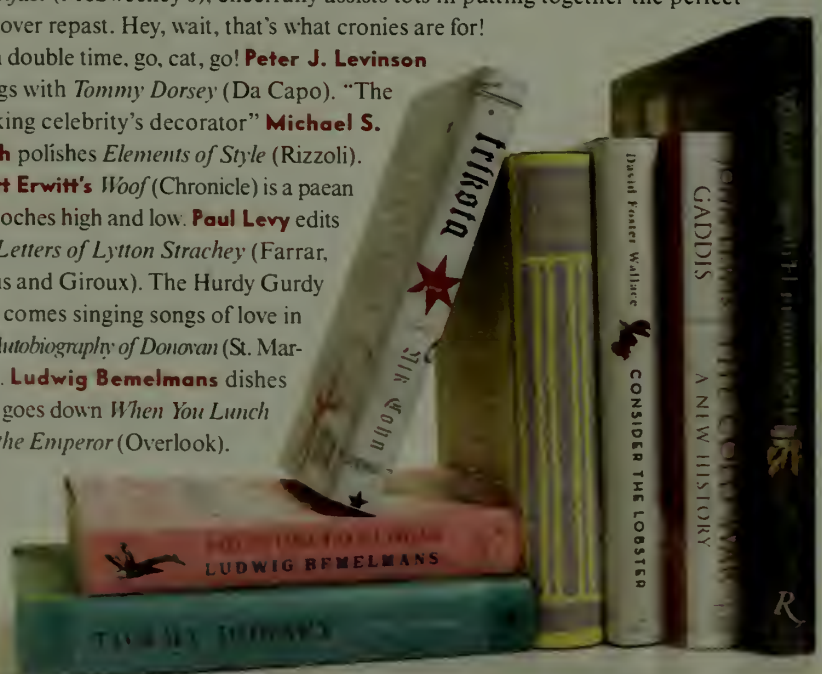
ELISSA SCHAPPELL

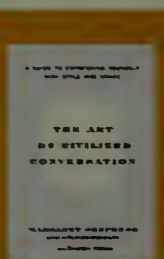
Good people, be assured that this column is 100 percent crony-free. Not one author who has ever lent me money, or who is a dear old friend of my mother's, in the lot, which isn't to say I'm not keen to cultivate one or two of these fine folks . . .

Speaking of cultivation, **David Castronovo** and **Janet Groth's** *Critic in Love* (Shoemaker & Hoard) is a romantic biography of Edmund Wilson, detailing his shagfests with luscious luminaries Edna St. Vincent Millay, Mary McCarthy, and others, as well as satisfying nights on the town with drinking buddies Dorothy Parker and Dawn Powell. Big kiss.

"Don't fear failure, and don't overestimate success . . . ," Ernest Hemingway advises **A. E. Hotchner,** who has compiled their correspondence in *Dear Papa, Dear Hotch* (University of Missouri). Unlikely rap impresario **Nik Cohn's** *Triksta* (Knopf) gives props to the enigmatic world of New Orleans hip-hop. After slipping on his essay-writing hat, **David Foster Wallace** sits down to truly and deeply *Consider the Lobster* (Little, Brown), along with Kafka's twisted sense of humor, the many moods of John Updike, and more. **John Lewis Gaddis** etches a new history of *The Cold War* (Penguin). **Lewis Lapham** muses on his not so transcendent time *With the Beatles* (Melville House) and the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi. *V.F.* photographer **Bruce Weber** reveals how he learned to stop worrying and love fashion in *Blood Sweat and Tears* (teNeues). **Jo Lauria** and **Suzanne Baizerman** capture the *California Design* (Chronicle) dream. **John Canemaker** animates the life of *Winsor McCay* (Abrams), creator of "Little Nemo in Slumberland," and the father of the comic strip. Photographer **Eric Boman's** *Blahnik by Boman* (Chronicle) reveals art snaps of unapologetically extravagant heels in the wild. Sure, they're a tax deduction, and they make us laugh (though they also make us cry!), but in what other ways can our little nurslings earn their keep? Fret no more, the first of **Lisa Brown's** remarkable baby books, *Baby, Mix Me a Drink* (McSweeney's), instructs toddlers in the fine art of bartending; the second, *Baby, Make Me Breakfast* (McSweeney's), cheerfully assists tots in putting together the perfect hangover repast. Hey, wait, that's what cronies are for!

In double time, go, cat, go! **Peter J. Levinson** swings with *Tommy Dorsey* (Da Capo). "The thinking celebrity's decorator" **Michael S. Smith** polishes *Elements of Style* (Rizzoli). **Elliott Erwitt's** *Woof* (Chronicle) is a paean to pooches high and low. **Paul Levy** edits *The Letters of Lytton Strachey* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). The Hurdy Gurdy Man comes singing songs of love in *The Autobiography of Donovan* (St. Martin's). **Ludwig Bemelmans** dishes what goes down *When You Lunch with the Emperor* (Overlook).





The sparkling **Margaret Shepherd** graciously shares the Swiss Army Knife of social skills, also known as *The Art of Civilized Conversation* (Broadway), with a legion of blundering chuckleheads. *Merci mille fois,* Madame Shepherd!

Taschen releases an updated edition of photographer **William Claxton** and author **Joachim E. Berendt's** 60s-era classic, *Jazz Life.* Sitting in are all the coolest, baddest, most beautiful legends: Charlie, Duke, Muddy, Billie, Stan, Miles, Thelonious, Chet, and many, many more.



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COURTING COWBOYS
Heath Ledger and Jake Gyllenhaal in Focus Features' *Brokeback Mountain.*

On the Range

THE SECRET OF A COWBOY LOVE AFFAIR

A gay cowboy movie—who'da thunk it? Both unique and universal, **Ang Lee's** *Brokeback Mountain* is an epic American love story. Set in the big-sky country of Wyoming and Texas, it is the tale of two down-on-their-luck cowboys, an orphan and an outsider, who meet in 1963, share a summer job herding sheep and coming up against nature, and fall inexplicably and irrevocably in love.

Based on **Annie Proulx's** short story, adapted by **Larry McMurtry** and **Diana Ossana,** it is written large and small; there is the physical majesty of the American landscape, the tension of the Old West pressing against a new world, and, as in every love story, tragedy.

In breakout performances, **Jake Gyllenhaal** plays a devilish, deeply sexy Jack Twist, and **Heath Ledger** is heartrending as the laconic, self-punishing Ennis Del Mar. Taking on feelings as dangerous as the world we're living in, *Brokeback Mountain* never runs from its characters or subject matter; instead, it slowly unfolds. Rugged and intimate, it's an instant classic. **(Rating: ★★★½)** —A. M. HOMES



DAZZLING SHOWGIRL
Kelly Reilly in the Weinstein Company's *Mrs. Henderson Presents.*

Nude Revue

BARING IT ALL FOR THE THEATER

Newly widowed and living large in 1930s London, Laura Henderson, the dotty real-life dowager played with sparkly gumption by **Judi Dench** in **Stephen Frears's** *Mrs. Henderson Presents,* eschews needlepoint for a more involving hobby: despite a notable lack of theatrical experience, she buys a shuttered West End music hall and hires a crusty pro, Vivian Van Damm **(Bob Hoskins)**, as her general manager. Many of the film's most amusing moments involve the duo's acerbic squabbles over how the place should be run. Mrs. Henderson herself gets the credit, however, for the showbiz innovation that would earn the theater a nostalgic footnote in London's wartime history. "Why don't we get rid of the clothes?" she suggests, winning government approval by having the showgirls pose in classically inspired *tableaux vivants.* The latest entry in a peculiar British mini-genre concerning otherwise mild-mannered royal subjects with a sudden, irresistible urge to get their freak on, the film takes a sober turn with the arrival of *Luftwaffe* bombers in the skies of London, at which point Mrs. Henderson casts her topless revue as a matter of patriotism. And rightly so—where would Benny Hill have been without her? **(Rating: ★★★)** —AARON GELL

HOLIDAY HOT REELS



RENT SONY
Broadway's rock-opera revalution about starvin artists in N.Y.C. comes to the screen. Starring: Rosaria Dawson, Taye Diggs, Idina Menzel.



SYRIANA WARNER BROS.
A political thriller about U.S. intelligence efforts in the Middle East. Starring: George Clooney, Matt Daman, Amanda Peet.



MEMOIRS OF A GEISHA SONY
This adaptation of the best-seller delivers mystery, and an epic romance. Starring: Ken Watanabe, Ziyi Zhang, Michelle Yeah.



THE PRODUCERS 12/2 UNIVERSAL
The Broadway sensation becomes a movie-musical event. Starring: Nathan Lane, Matthew Broderick, Uma Thurman, Will Ferre



MUNICH UNIVERSAL
Spielberg's thriller about the aftermath of th 1972 Munich Olympics massacre. Starring: Eric Bana, Daniel Craig, Geoffrey Rush.

Dear Ketel One Drinker

It's the thought that counts.

Thank you for thinking of us.

THE BEST OF TRAVEL

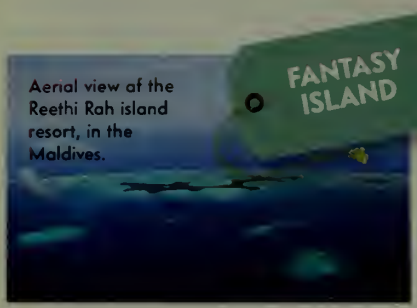


The Restaurant and ... in Ravello, ... world's best Bellini, ... the Hotel Caruso.



Uma Paro's restaurant, Bukhari, in Bhutan.

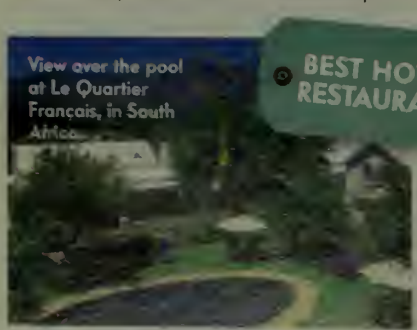
In the best of all possible worlds the adventurer would set out with a light heart because, as **Martha Gellhorn** said, "Now it's happening, we're starting, we're traveling again." Since 9/11 the travel process has been necessarily heavy-handed, oppressing the lighthearted enterprise of seeking new experience with the onerous duty of removing one's shoes at airports ruled by the tin-pot Hitlers of security. So, as I sat in the **Hotel Caruso,** in **Ravello, Italy**—the year's best new hotel, high above the cerulean Amalfi Coast—drinking the world's best Bellini, made by the world's best barman, **Carlo Carlino,** the best news was that the Americans are traveling again. **Gore Vidal** was in his Ravello villa; the voices of New York, Chicago, and Los Angeles resonated in Positano.



Aerial view of the Reethi Rah island resort, in the Maldives.

Suddenly, last summer, travel seemed full of possibilities. Travel is fantasy; it disproves **Paul Theroux's** diktat that "travel is only glamorous in retrospect." Once, there was the grand tour and a Henry Jamesian view of louche aristocrats. There were the grande-dame hotels and precious little else. Now we expect our pillows to be filled with the down from archangels' wings wherever we lay our heads.

And so it has come to pass. Fantasy Island? The best new kid on the coral-reef block is indubitably **One & Only Reethi Rah,** in **the Maldives,** not just for the 12 perfectly curved man-made beaches but also for the deliciously healthy food, the crisply professional spa, and the whiz-bang high-tech gym. You could travel there with just the world's best capsule wardrobe, from **Bamford** in London, comprising silk-cotton sweats and T-shirt, pashmina shawl, cashmere socks, the perfect caftan, and a tiny linen-covered hot-water bottle for the flight from **Lady Bamford's** new range. Her clothes are so pure they're practically organic.



View over the pool at Le Quartier Français, in South Africa.

As we travel to change ourselves, so we embrace adventure. Beautiful extraordinary **Bhutan** is open to visitors for the world's most glorious trekking. **Diddy** has already been to the mountain kingdom, and television has only just been permitted, but **Christina Ong** has opened a new hotel there, **Uma Paro,** and the first **Amanresort, Amankhora,** has arrived. Get ahead of the crowd.

Africa is the eternal adventure, but you must know what you are doing, or know the woman who does. **Phoebe Weinberg** at **Greatways Travel,** in **Michigan** (greatwaystravel.com), is the African Queen. Knows it all, been there, done it, ridden the elephant, and is on first-name terms with the owner of the safari lodge, the guide, and his tracker, all of whom worship at her shrine. Hugely sophisticated, she's inspired by passion.



Evason Hideaway's Villa No. 5, in Vietnam.

And it's passion that drives **Susan Huxter,** owner of the world's best restaurant with rooms attached, **Le Quartier Français,** in **Franschhoek,** part of the Winelands area outside of **Cape Town, South Africa.** The simple, stylish rooms are in gardens around the pool, and she's just added a private cinema for guests where they can sit on pink ostrich-skin seats and drink wine while watching movies.

The actual process of travel is such a dire modern problem that private jets are soaring; fractional ownership in **Warren Buffett's NetJets** is one of the best deals, starting with just a 25-hour commitment. And at last a yacht that doesn't look like a floating apartment block. The **YachtPlus** "Signature Series," designed by architect **Lord Foster,** makes for all-encompassing seclusion. Privacy is the best travel mantra now; we even want our own swimming pool with our bedroom so no one can see our famous faces or our fat bits. Think of the fabulous rock villas at the **Evason Hideaway** at **Ana Mandara,** the best new retreat in Vietnam. We're traveling again, but the stakes are infinitely higher. —VICTORIA MATHER



A Citation X from NetJets; YachtPlus "Signature Series," designed by Lord Foster.

LIVE FROM LONDON



BURBERRY BRIT

THE FRAGRANCE FOR MEN

BURBERRY NEIMAN MARCUS NORDSTROM SAKS FIFTH AVENUE



The ABC's of Jazz

WYNTON MARSALIS IMMORTALIZES THE GREATS

"I love **Harold Arlen** and **Johnny Mercer,**" the late **Bobby Short** once remarked, "and when they collaborated on the score of *St. Louis Woman* it was almost too much of a good thing." What is certainly a very, very good thing is an elegant new illustrated history of jazz by **Wynton Marsalis** and **Paul Rogers,** published by Candlewick Press. *Jazz ABZ* tells the story of the evolution of this most American music by splicing each of the 26 letters of the alphabet to a jazz god or goddess, from **Louis Armstrong** to **Dizzy Gillespie.** Drenched in robust color and splendidly designed by **Jill von Hartmann,** *Jazz ABZ* never ceases to swing. Rogers, who did the gorgeous and lyrical illustrations, is an artist of talent and invention, and the book luxuriates in his taste and skill. The greatest surprise in *Jazz ABZ* is Marsalis's smashing poetic verses, which carry the book and describe the immortals so gracefully. Finally, **Phil Schaap,** the eminent jazz historian, contributes fine biographies for all the jazz greats in this grand and wonderful book—a fitting coda for the singular *Jazz ABZ*.

—RICHARD MERKIN





ALPHABET CITY

Poul Rogers's *Jazz ABZ* illustrations: *left,* Charlie Parker (for "P"); above, Billie Holiday—or Lady Day—for "L."

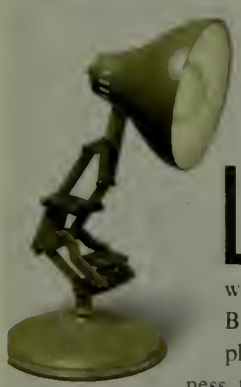


BEHIND THE SCENES

Streiber's photo of Hollywood Boulevard during the 2002 Academy Awards.

ALL-ACCESS PASS

Ever wonder what goes on behind the scenes of Hollywood's most glamorous awards ceremony? And exactly how the annual Oscar production, which is televised to hundreds of millions of viewers worldwide, comes together? Next month, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences will host the "All Access at the Academy Awards: Photographs by **Art Streiber**" exhibition. For the past five years, Streiber's unfettered and unprecedented backstage pass has enabled him to capture images of celebrities, award winners, and production detail. Streiber's stolen moments are as close to the real thing as most of us will ever get.



Pixar's Pieces

CELEBRATING 20 YEARS OF ANIMATION

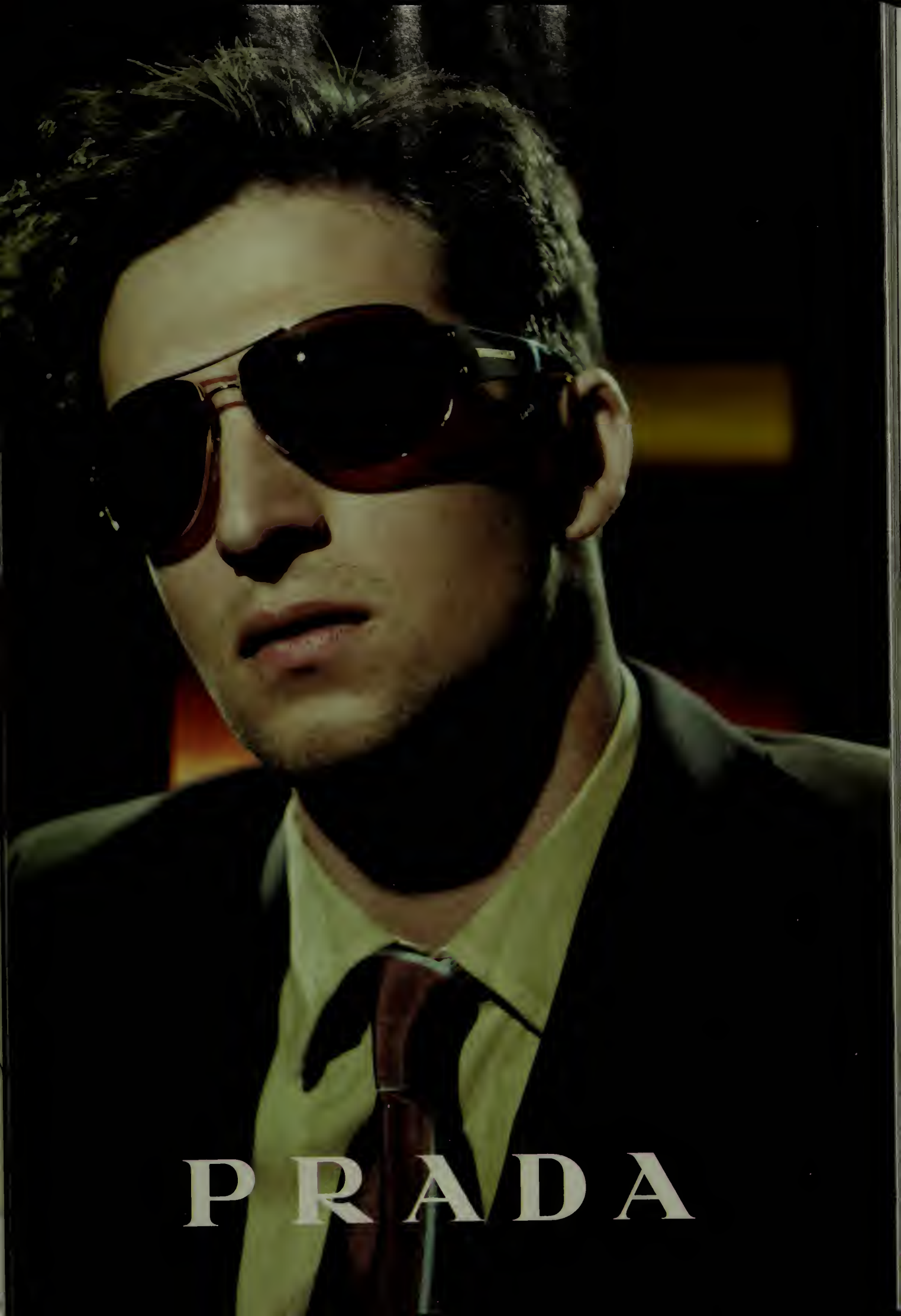
Little did we know, back in 1995—when the sunlight-deprived nerd posse known as Pixar, Inc., released its first feature film, *Toy Story*—that Buzz Lightyear's rallying cry, "To infinity and beyond!," would also turn out to be something of a corporate maxim. But since then **Steve Jobs's** little side project—a creative playpen near San Francisco—has re-invented the animation business, turning out six straight worldwide blockbusters, with a seventh feature, *Cars* (which promises to do for NASCAR what *The Incredibles* did for Friedrich Nietzsche), revving up for a summer start. As negotiations with distribution partner Disney drag on, the studio's pixel pushers are getting a high-culture seal of approval with a retrospective at New York's Museum of Modern Art, opening December 14. In addition to a full slate of screenings, there will be a massive exhibition of never-before-seen artwork, from **Simon Varela's** *noir*-ish *Finding Nemo* concept pieces to **Ralph Eggleston's** *Toy Story* colorscript. "I'm not going to compare the work to Matisse and Picasso, but these people are major artists," says MoMA's co-curator **Ron Magliozzi.** "Pixar represents itself as this hip, cool Silicon Valley company," he adds, "but they're doing a lot more than riding around on scooters."

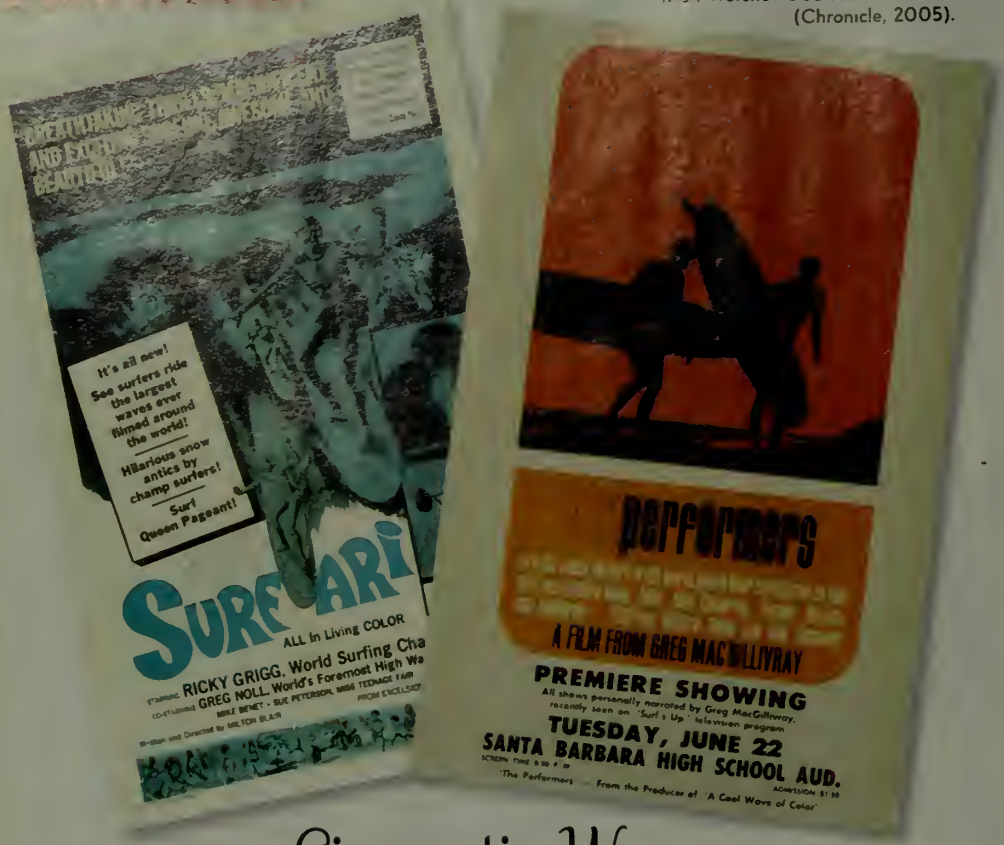
—AARON GELL



MS. EDNA "E" MODE

Left to right: the Pixar logo; "E," from *The Incredibles;* Teddy Newton's collage "E."


PRADA



PIPELINE FANTASY
Poster images included in Matt Worshow's *Surf Movie Tonite!* (Chronicle, 2005).

Cinematic Waves

A TOTALLY TUBULAR SURF ART BOOK RIDES HIGH

For surfers of a certain age, just the title of **Matt Warshaw's** book of surf-movie poster art, *Surf Movie Tonite!*, brings memories of possibility: a packed high-school auditorium, the waft of patchouli and dope, a bottle of peppermint schnapps, a VW van. In the dawning era of the surf film, you could shell out less than two bucks and join throngs of your salty compadres—guys you wouldn't think twice about dropping in on at your favorite break. The high of a good film had that kind of power, and this collection of memorabilia, along with Warshaw's smart overview of surf-flick history, captures that acid-flash stoke of the day. It's all here: airbrushed bikini babes, gruesome wipeouts, cartoons of layabout surf gremlins. As Warshaw recalls, "Thirty years ago going to a big-deal surf movie was a little bit like going to Woodstock." Flipping through this book is an awesome way to legally trip back to the time when surf was all that mattered and a dude with a tripod might create a classic. —LOUISE RAFKIN

VIRTUAL MUSEUM TOUR

At MaOM, **the Museum of Online Museums** (caudal.com/maam.php), yau can visit the Art Institute af Chicaga and see what's new at the Musée d'Orsay, the United States Halocaust Memarial Museum, and the Smithsanian, and what's ald at the Museum af Internatianal Airline Advertising. Develaped by Caudal Partners, a Chicaga advertising-and-design studia, this partal ta anline exhibitians affers the classics but specializes in the bizarre, connecting yau ta ratating exhibits such as the Gallery af Nase Art Babes, the Menu af Train Dining Car Menus, the Galerie des Étiquettes de Framage, the Encyclopedia Astranautica Museum af Space Suits, and the Catalag af Lesser-Knawn Superheraes. It's apen 24 haurs, even an Mandays.





EVE OF DESTRUCTION
The *Atomic Platters* boxed set. *Inset*, a record on the Atomic Records label, 1945.

Apocalyptic Beat

MUSIC THAT MADE US THINK

The War an Terrar is na fun. It has braught us nathing but fear and repressian. The Cald War was different. It braught fear af anather kind: flambayant paranaia. Armageddan seemed inevitable, but there was alsa a party gaing on, fueled by a new and exhilarating sense af freedam. *Atamic Platters: Cald War Music fram the Galden Age af Hameland Security* brings together an five CDs mare than a hundred recardings fram 1945 thraugh 1969. Encauntered here—amid a slew af pap, blues, cauntry, rhythm and blues, gaspel, rack 'n' rall, and incredible junk—are **Homer Harris's** "Atamic Bamb Blues," with **Muddy Waters** an guitar (1946), **Doris Day's** "Tic, Tic, Tic" (1949), and **Bo Diddley's** "Mr. Khrushchev" (1962). The unexpected pleasures are many. "Yau make me radiaactive all in my knees," sings **Fay Simmons** seductively in "Yau Hit Me Baby Like an Atamic Bamb" (1954). Mare than twa dazen civil-defense spats (by **Tony Bennett, Pat Boone, Boris Karloff, Groucho Marx,** and athers) are scattered thraughaut. This is history as it shauld be: a dance af laughter in the dark, the eternal lessan that fear and repressian will nat deliver us. Nar will advice fram **Connie Francis** ta keep an emergency supply af faad and water in case af nuclear attack. —NICK TOSCHES


XII
VI
EMPORIO ARMANI
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HOT GIFTS

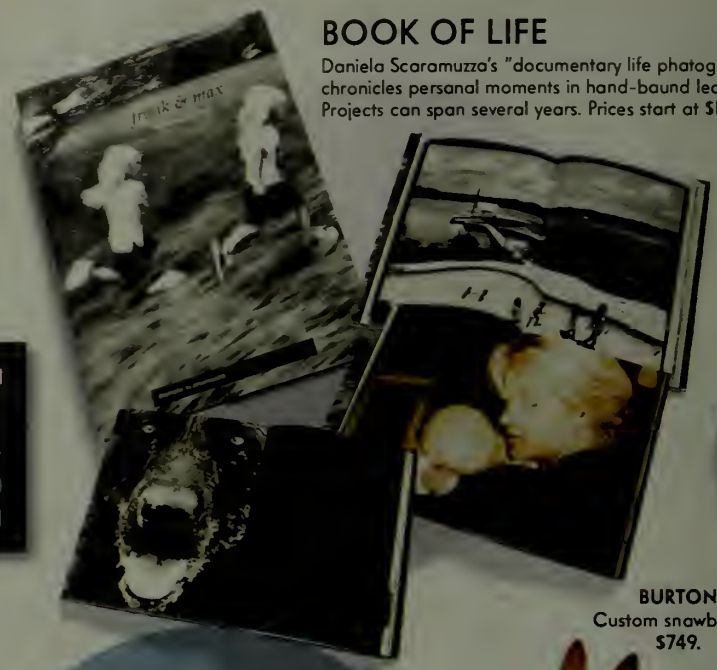
PUNCH HUTTON

BEAT THE CROWDS

Liberty Helicopter Charter flies from three New York City heliports to East Hampton Airport. Buy a summer weekend package starting at $5,400 ($2,700 each way).

BOOK OF LIFE

Daniela Scaramuzza's "documentary life photography" chronicles personal moments in hand-bound leather albums. Projects can span several years. Prices start at $16,000.



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DO-IT-YOURSELF

Shutterfly.com allows you to select images from your digital photographs, appaint layauts, and write captions for a personal photo album, from $29.99.



CHANEL
Orylag mittens, $2,510, and matching trapper hat, $1,795.



BURTON
Custom snowboard, $749.

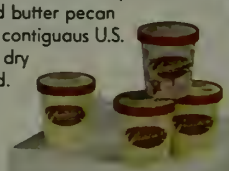
QUIKSILVER
The Deep watch charts the tide, $95.

THE ULTIMATE LIFT TICKET

The U.S. Ski Team Gald Pass offers a yearlang, fully transferable pass to mare than 260 ski and snowbaard resorts in the country, $6,000 (partially deductible).

SWEET TOOTH

Graeter's, one of the best hamemade-ice-cream companies in the country, ships flavors such as mint chacolate chip, black-raspberry chip, and butter pecan to anywhere in the contiguaus U.S. Pints are packed in dry ice and overnighted. Six pints, $70.

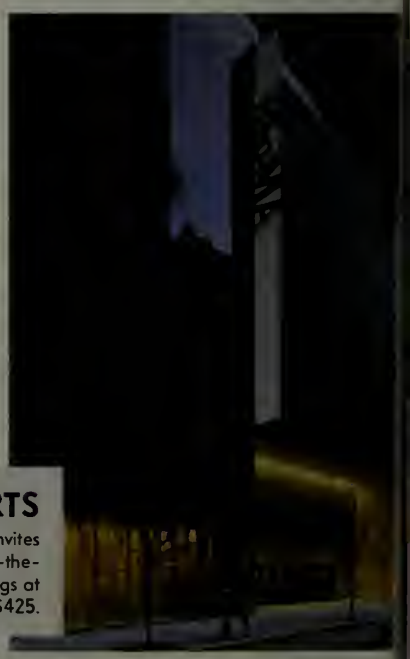




LOUIS VUITTON
Cashmere ski scarf, $570.







SUPPORT THE ARTS

MoMA's Junior Associates program invites younger art patrons to select apenings, behind-the-scenes curatorial walks, and private viewings at artists' studios for an annual fee of $425.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 160



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 158

BEST BOXED SETS
Doctors, Professors, Kings & Queens: The Big Ol' Box of New Orleans $59.95 (Ghost Factory); Jelly Roll Morton, *The Complete Library of Congress Recordings*, $127.98 (Rounder Records).



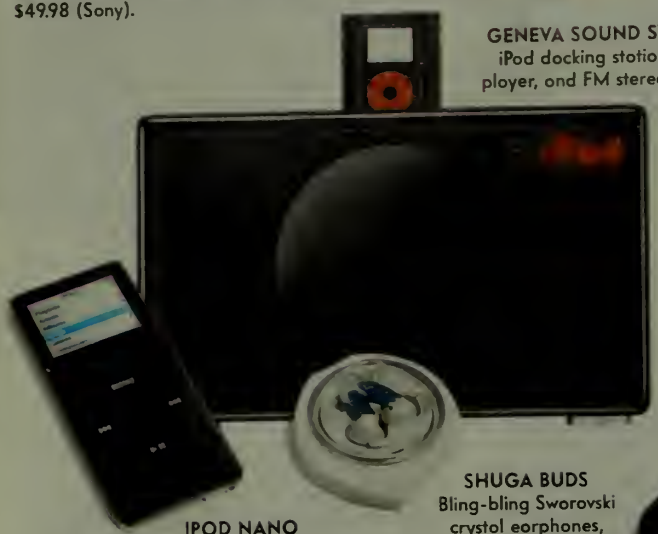
Roy Charles, *Pure Genius: The Complete Atlantic Recordings 1952–1959*, $149.98 (Rhino/Weo); *Johnny Cash: The Legend*, $49.98 (Sony).



CITY AQUARIUM
72 in. by 24 in. by 30 in., $21,000

HOT GIFTS

GENEVA SOUND SYSTEM
iPod docking station, CD player, and FM stereo, $599.



IPOD NANO
$199.



ROGER VIVIER
Patent-leather clutch, $625.



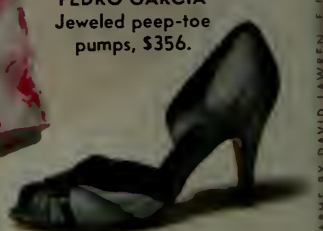
JEAN YU
Vintage hosiery, $48.



SHUGA BUDS
Bling-bling Swarovski crystal earphones, $42.50.



PEDRO GARCIA
Jeweled peep-toe pumps, $356.



JEAN YU
Rosebud-print silk bralette, $348; top shorts, $368.

THE WICKET MAN
Croquet set with hand-painted cast-iron wickets, $9,900.



JACK SPADE
Kadima paddles and cover, $125; travel Scrabble, $95.

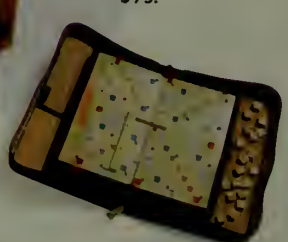
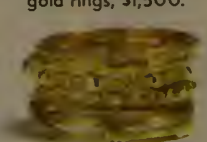


PHOTO-ME
The classic photo booth, $20,000.



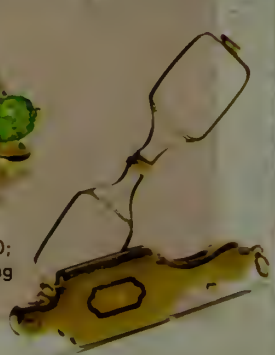


VERA WANG
7 Days I Love You stacked gold rings, $1,500.





DEMNER
Gold opera glasses, $3,900.



TEMPLE ST. CLAIR
Arno necklace (24-inch gold-link chain, $1,425); rock-crystal amulets (18-karat-gold-and-crystal amulet with lunar phases, $438; small crystal with diamonds, $700).

TEMPLE ST. CLAIR
Magno pavé loop ring, $5,500; Coco ring, $8,000; Magno ring with granulations, $6,000.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID LAWDEN; STYLE

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FANFAIR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 161

ASPREY
In sterling silver: vintage soap dish, $875; Havana Gents shae horn, $825; Havana Matchstriker magnifying glass, $650; Clic-cloc travel clock in matte alligator, $1,100.

SANDSTORM
Fishing staal, $300.

ASPREY
Button travel wallet and passport halder, $925.

LACOSTE
Heritage umbrella, $60.

KATE SPADE
Address book, $28.

VINTAGE BOOK
Jane Stubbs at Bergdorf Gaadman, prices vary.

LOUIS VUITTON
Doctor's bag in Nomade leather, $2,800.

ELLA DISH
Cameo dog bed, $100.

HERMÈS
Watercolor box, $520; domino game, $365.

CHRISTIAN LOUBOUTIN
Air-Loub travel ballet flat, $320.

THINK OUTSIDE
Bluetooth folding stowaway universal keybaard, $149.

HOT GIFTS

E. BRAUN & CO.
Monogrammed travel accessaries: cosmetics tote, $110; makeup case, $45; dauble-zipper case, $65; jewelry roll, $65.

MALO
Cashmere travel set, $3,100.

GUCCI
Black leather Continental wallet, $410.

PALMONE
Trea Smartphone, $599.

IGO EVERYWHERE 130
The newest all-in-one pawer adapter and accessories for your electronics, $150.

VIRGINIA BORN & BRED, INC.
Managrammed soaps, three-bar gift box, $28.

CORNELIA GUEST
Travel candle, $75.



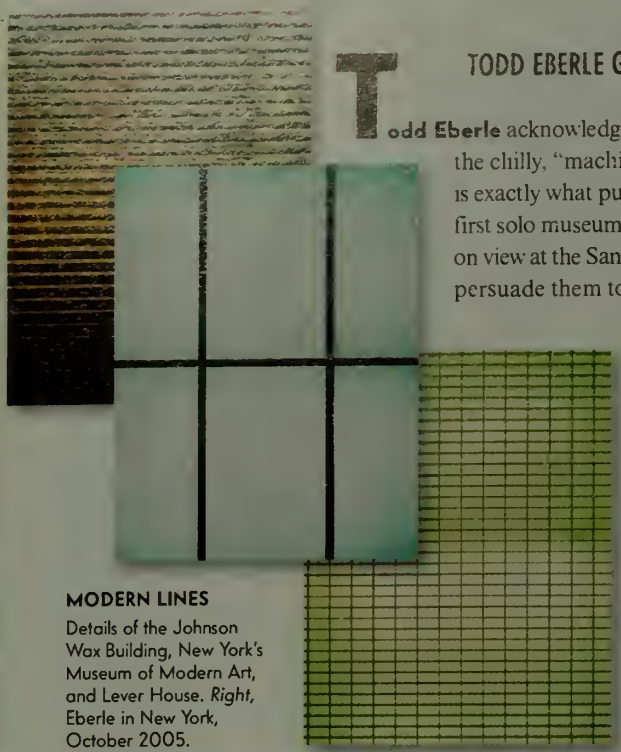
GUCCI

HORSEBIT COLLECTION

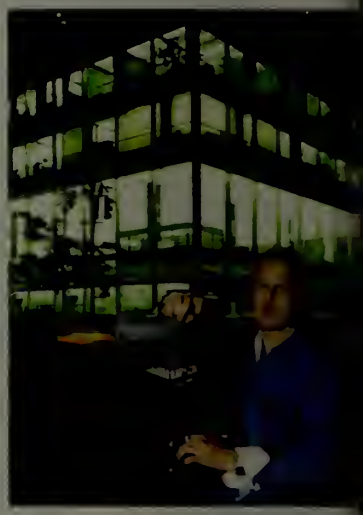
Rings and Pendants in 18KT gold and diamonds

Power Grid

TODD EBERLE GIVES MODERN ARCHITECTURE ITS CLOSE-UP



MODERN LINES
Details of the Johnson Wax Building, New York's Museum of Modern Art, and Lever House. *Right*, Eberle in New York, October 2005.

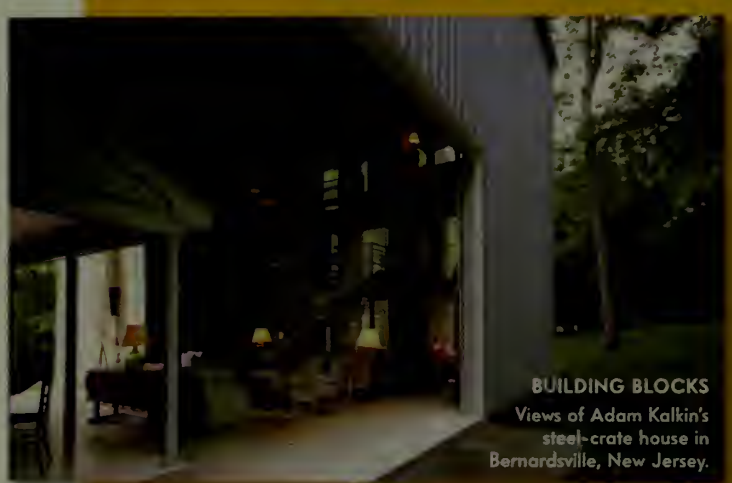


Todd Eberle acknowledges that what he loves about modernist architecture, the chilly, "machine-like precision modernism threatened to bring," is exactly what puts some people off. But the luminous images in his first solo museum show, "Todd Eberle: Architectural Abstractions"—on view at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art this month—will persuade them to take another look. In 13 photographs, Eberle, a *V.F.* photographer-at-large, follows the motif of the grid, common to virtually all modern architecture, in blown-up details of famous buildings, from **Frank Lloyd Wright's** Unity Temple, in Oak Park, Illinois, to **Yoshio Taniguchi's** Museum of Modern Art, in New York. There are no exteriors here. All of the prints depict normally unnoticed areas of these buildings: part of the ceiling between two elevator banks in New York's Lever House, a window grille in Wright's Johnson Wax Building, in Racine, Wisconsin. What's more, he says, "the buildings have the illusion of perfection, but some of the lines tremble and others are slightly off. Nothing is exactly lined up. I let these imperfections stand because they reveal the human aspect." Enlarged, the photographs look like paintings by **Agnes Martin** or **Piet Mondrian.** Leave it to Eberle to part the glass curtain of modern architecture and find the art there.

—DANIEL KUNITZ

House of Cubes

ECO-FRIENDLY CONTAINER LIVING TAKES SHAPE



BUILDING BLOCKS
Views of Adam Kalkin's steel-crate house in Bernardsville, New Jersey.

The latest craze in architecture is coming soon to a city block near you. Stacked like Legos, the industrial-strength steel cargo shipping crates—which can easily be transported across the globe—are transformed into modern-looking pre-fab dwellings: from holiday cottages in Australia and student dorms in Amsterdam to private homes in Los Angeles. After Seattle-based architects **Joel Egan** and **Robert Humble** created the art-and-design firm HyBrid in 2003, Egan coined the evolving concept "cargotecture." "There is a movement toward sustainable architecture," Humble says, "and perhaps cargotecture is a convergence of pre-fabricated and modular designs."



Avant-garde Japanese architect **Shigeru Ban's** Nomadic Museum, the permanent home of artist **Gregory Colbert's** traveling "Ashes and Snow" exhibition, uses cargo containers for walls, allowing the gallery to be easily constructed at almost any port in the world. Because of this flexibility, cargotecture may be the first step toward nomadic architecture. "We are proposing a health clinic in Sri Lanka," Humble says. "It could stay in a location for a matter of months and move again."

—JESSICA FLINT

A JAMAICAN FIRST



First, puckishly billing itself "the only magazine in Jamaica," is a small-format glossy that has won a hefty cult following among the funkier echelons of the international jet set. Founded last year by 35-year-old photographer and editor **Peter Dean Rickards** and his business partners, *First* set out to give Jamaicans a uniquely authentic portrayal of their own culture. Although the magazine, which is sold only in Kingston, wasn't designed for tourists, it is informally distributed globally by vacationers returning to chillier climates. "Predictably, the tourists seem to love it," says Rickards. With its unlikely juxtaposition of ghetto reportage, shamelessly glam fashion shoots, and whimsical photo-essays, *First* is an inspired addity that flouts conventional magazine wisdom while keeping production values high. "For some reason people don't seem to think it could have been made in Jamaica—Jamaicans included," Rickards reports. "I suppose it doesn't look Third World enough." Although Rickards is wary of cultural imperialism, his prickly attitude does not appear to be hindering his professional progress: next year Macmillan will publish his first book of photographs, tentatively titled *The Afflicted Yard: Photographs of Jamaica That White People Didn't Take.* —STEVEN DALY

Later on

we'll conspire

as we toast by the fire.

The conversation is waiting.

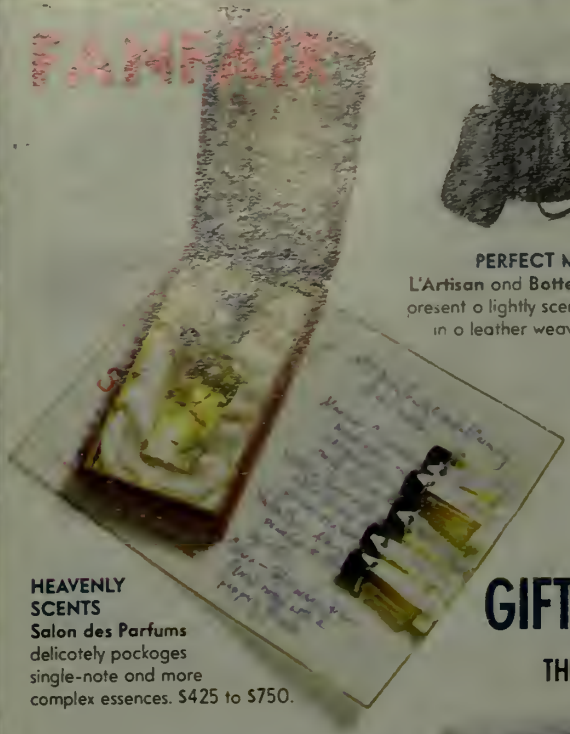


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PERFECT MIX
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PURE LUXURY
La Mer's the Essence is an unparalleled Miracle Broth combining vitamins and marine ingredients. $2,100.



SOHO SHOP
A L'Occitane boutique in New York City. Below, limited-edition gingerbread candle.

GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL

THE SEASON'S PRETTIEST PRESENTS

SPARKLING ACCESSORY
DiorPlay contains a pot of ultra-gloss lip color. $50.



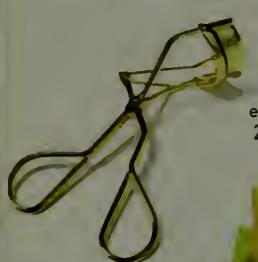


SENSUAL COMPOSITION
Frédéric Malle's Carnal Flower perfume is made with bergamot, ylang-ylang, and tuberose absolute. $155 to $230.



TRAVEL WITH MARC
Marc Jacobs's deluxe miniature set of fragrances, $48, and holiday votives, $40.

GOLDEN CURL
Shu Uemura limited-edition eyelash curlers in hypoallergenic 24k gold and black nickel. $22.



EYE-CATCHING
YSL's Secret Luxury multi-usage palette is jewelry, makeup—eye sparkle, lipstick, and glass—and a lucky charm. $150.



TUMBLES OF BUMBLE
Bumble and Bumble's holiday-box collection offers travel-size hair products. $20 to $34.

GEISHA GIRL
Fresh's Memoirs of a Geisha collection includes the sake bath, eau de parfum and a toning flower-petal mask. $32 to $48.



Provence Dream

L'OCCITANE'S CHARITABLE PLEDGE



The luscious beauty, skin-care, and fragrance lines of L'Occitane en Provence have tickled the senses and soothed the souls of devotees for almost 30 years. But the company's zest for *la belle vie* is equaled by an exceptional ardor for philanthropic work. **Olivier Baussan,** L'Occitane's founder and creative director, who also runs the European olive-oil emporium O & Co., has spearheaded several initiatives to assist and benefit the blind. More than a decade ago, L'Occitane began adding Braille to almost all its products, and, in 1996, Baussan oversaw the opening of Provence dans Tous les Sens, a summer perfume school for blind teenagers in the Alpes-de-Haute Provence region. "I wanted the brand to be open to everybody, to be a tolerant brand . . . the goal is to help these children discover something different and escape their everyday lives," he explains. "The most important thing is not to be blind to other people." This month L'Occitane launches a special-edition gingerbread candle beautifully packaged with seven felt coasters inscribed in Braille with the word "Light." Twenty percent of each sale will directly benefit the American Foundation for the Blind. 'Tis the season for giving, and this gift gives just a little more.

—EMILY POENISCH



FROM THE HEART
Olivier Bousson, photographed outside the SoHo store on April 19, 2005.



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A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

PLANETARIUM

MICHAEL LUTIN



Brad Pitt

SAGITTARIUS NOV. 22–DEC. 21

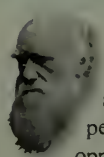
Relationships are complicated even under ideal conditions, but they get more dicey when people who are normally cool and laid-back start getting possessive. That's just what can happen when the asteroid Ceres in your sign opposes Juno in your solar 7th house. Uncertainty about the future can make even highly conscious people act all clingy and insecure. Be real, though. If you're living on an emotional fault line, is your home life likely to be peaceful? Knowing you, you'll deny everything.



Dave Grohl

CAPRICORN DEC. 22–JAN. 19

While you may still be dealing with the last few degrees of Chiron's transit of your sign, take comfort in your extensive support network of glass-half-full people, who will help drag you out of your darkened cave. Your ruling planet's retrograde motion in your solar 8th house can make you feel less than alive. That is precisely why you need to listen to those who have lived through it and can laugh about it now, even if you can't yet.



Charles Darwin

AQUARIUS JAN. 20–FEB. 18

Provided you have developed a sensitivity to other people and have learned to negotiate relationships, both business and personal, you should be squealing with delight over the professional opportunities that lie before you and the financial windfalls that are set to drop in your lap. There's a hitch, though. Try as you might to deny it, Chiron's approach toward your sign is giving you the heebie-jeebies and causing you to wobble from elation to despair. Whatever you do, do not try to control anybody now—other than yourself.



Jackie Joyner-Kersee

PISCES FEB. 19–MARCH 20

When you're distracted by 9,000 other things, work can be a total drag, and it doesn't help much to be told that doing your job can anchor you during emotionally turbulent times. Still, it's true. Even the crummiest menial tasks will sharpen your focus now. As the ruler of your solar 12th house begins moving forward in Pisces, you've got more adrenaline flowing than a big-league slugger on steroids. While it is impossible to determine the source of this hormonal rush, one thing is certain: you're out of your cotton-pickin' mind.



Peyton Manning

ARIES MARCH 21–APRIL 19

Only an Aries can go bitching and moaning through the jungle of life and make it across without a scratch. And what a jungle it is. Those close and dear to you should cut you slack if you're erratic, forgetful, and generally wacky. You've had just about all you can take of Chiron in your midheaven. Between your desire to run away to an island where the idiots at work can't find you and a touch of performance anxiety, the strain has been great. Until the planetary pattern improves, remember this: regular sex can be a fabulous outlet.



Shirley MacLaine

TAURUS APRIL 20–MAY 20

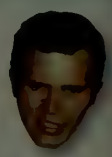
The house seems different now, doesn't it? When a planet stops moving at the bottom of your solar chart, you can't help thinking about the past anytime you're at home. The holiday you spent there, the people who sat around the table, even your parents come to mind. Before you get too weepy, though, open up to the people who are in your life today. They can bring you back into the present where you need to be. Take note: there's someone nearby who can dry your tears and coax you into bed.



C. Ray Nagin

GEMINI MAY 21–JUNE 21

You're usually such a casual person. Although you've been involved with control freaks, you need your freedom and you're able to grant it to others. In fact, you always have your side relationships (not necessarily sexual) that help relieve the stress of being with just one person. The asteroid Juno is making you unusually possessive, however, and it's unclear if there is real competition or you're just in an insecure period. Two things are apparent: work is certainly cooking, but your communication skills are way off. Why are you scared to talk?



John Leguizamo

CANCER JUNE 22–JULY 22

Love life is good. Your heart is open. Kids are well, and you have a healthy outlet for your creativity and your need to express affection, sexually and otherwise. That's due to Jupiter in your solar 5th house, which helps relieve the pressure of dealing with a lingering former relationship and the financial burdens imposed by it. Uranus direct in your 9th house, meanwhile, lets you travel to new places or explore high levels of consciousness, even without drugs.



Danielle Steel

LEO JULY 23–AUG. 22

Try not to slam people over the head when they tell you to lighten up and have a sense of humor. When Saturn stops moving in your sign, you're angry, busy, trapped, and loaded down with responsibilities you're scared you can't handle. You can and you will—mainly because there's no way out. Besides, with Uranus going direct in your 8th house, there are a million chances for you to vent your frustrations via liberating sexual behavior. It would have to be in secret, naturally, since you're still so determined to appear normal.



Claudia Schiffer

VIRGO AUG. 23–SEPT. 22

When Ceres enters your 4th house, the unconscious urge to mother people is so strong that if you're not careful you'll wind up in the maternity ward next summer. Also, Saturn in your 12th house gets you yearning for intimate connection, which makes you a target of everyone from needy narcissists to scruffy hitchhikers. You have to be emotionally generous, however, to loved ones who come and go and think you should always be there with open arms. If you're hot for the glamorous and unstable, what else can you expect?



Hannah Arendt

LIBRA SEPT. 23–OCT. 23

You love the excitement of freelance work, so don't sweat the fact that it cannot be totally secure right now. In fact, say good-bye to all the fiscal agony you put yourself through last year. The money picture always gets brighter when Jupiter enters your 2nd house. Munificence can be dangerous, though, especially when Saturn is in your 11th house, increasing your vulnerability to people even as it reduces your ability to relate to them. Try to restrain yourself when panhandlers give you that lost-dog look.



Barbara Boxer

SCORPIO OCT. 24–NOV. 21

What in the world has come over you? You seem to be getting bolder by the minute these days, exchanging your habitually guarded demeanor for the naked expression of your feelings. In fact, with Uranus going direct in your 5th house and Jupiter transiting your sign, you're whistling "Anything Goes" and probably revealing a heck of a lot more than a glimpse of stocking. Creatively, this is the moment to uncork your genius. One word of caution: with Saturn going retrograde in your midheaven, just don't get yourself arrested.


CHROME
REFLECTIONS OF MEN
CHROME
AZZARO
OMINGDALE'S

Let Them Eat Pork Rinds

Barbara Bush's comment that the New Orleans evacuation was "working very well" for the "underprivileged" got the author thinking about famous tumbril remarks, America's ruling family, and another (French!) dynasty that pushed it a bit too far



And even in Atlantis of the legend,
The night the seas rushed in:
The drowning men still bellowed for their slaves.

These lines are taken from Bertolt Brecht's magnificent poem "A Worker Reads History." These days, people associate Brecht with old Red cartoons in which men in shiny top hats spit on the poor while wielding truncheon-size cigars and flourishing gold watch chains across their distended bow-window waistcoats. And surely that epoch of ruling-class arrogance is in our past? Of course it is, but that doesn't mean that certain instincts and attitudes just evaporate. Here was the American president's mother, speaking grandly from Texas as the descendants

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of waves took refuge in the Astrodome after the seas had rushed in upon their city:

What I'm hearing, which is sort of scary, is they all want to stay in Texas. Everyone is so overwhelmed by the hospitality. And so many of the people in the arena here, you know, were underprivileged anyway, so this, this is working very well for them.

The White House was later to qualify these gorgeously phrased insults as "personal observation," which indeed they were. The unmediated personal observation, that is, of a very much overprivileged person. They made a good "fit" with the performance of her son on his visit to the submerged region. Meeting two sisters who had only the clothes on their backs, the president of the United States directed them to a Salvation Army shelter down the road. The shelter itself, as an embarrassed aide was quick to whisper, had been swept away. But the point was the same and contains the tone of the workhouse master down the ages: "You appear to be distinctly poor and fucked up. Do you not have a church basement to go to?" Even at such critical moments, the "faith-based initiative" takes priority. The poor we have always with us. And the rich we have always with us, too. Various benign arrangements will take care of the latter, while the former are better off on their knees and should pray as hard as they can. Perhaps a tract on "intelligent design" to go with that bowl of nourishing gruel?

The subconscious mentality of the uncontrollably well-off was deftly caught by the novelist Joyce Cary (a chap, despite his name), who evolved the phrase "tumbril remark" to catch the essence of polite upper-class incredulity at the sheer inconvenience of having to put up with other people. My preferred example of the remark was once given by the late British Tory politician Julian Amery, who described an acquaintance of his (was it Lady Diana Cooper?—there's an element of the apocryphal to some of these tales) as she waited under an umbrella outside the Dorchester hotel in the 1930s and tapped her foot with impatience as the Rolls was brought round to the front. Seizing his chance, a ragged man approached her without the courtesy of an introduction and announced that he had not eaten anything for three days. The outraged Lady Diana drew herself up. "Foolish man that you are," she instructed him. "You must try. If need be, you must *force* yourself."

Wilde's Lady Bracknell could hardly have bettered this. ("Fortunately in England, at any rate, education produces no effect whatsoever," she says. "If it did, it would prove a serious danger to the upper classes, and probably lead to acts of violence in Grosvenor Square.") Yet it's easy to cull non-apocryphal tumbrilisms. Let me introduce George Orwell, who was writing a wartime diary in 1940 as London braced for the Blitz. He noted:

From a letter from Lady Oxford to the *Daily Telegraph*, on the subject of war economies:

"Since most London houses are deserted there is little entertaining. . . . In any case, most people have to part with their cooks and live in hotels."

Commenting on these perfectly wonderful uses of "most," Orwell noted, "Apparently nothing will ever teach these people that the other 99% of the population exists." Lady Oxford, by the way, was the title of the great socialite and memoirist Margot Asquith. And the decade then just closing—the 1930s—was the scene of some splendid tumbril stuff. The diaries of Sir Henry "Chips" Channon provide an especially rich seam, as he describes toddling off to Savile Row to spend a king's ransom on socks and scarves, before lunching at the German Embassy with the divine Herr and Frau Ribbentrop—the dessert consisting on one occasion of lobster ice cream. What a nuisance, though, to have to step over dirty and unwholesome people as one makes one's rounds.

"I see no point at all in being poor," the late Queen Mother is supposed to have said. While driving through some slum. "Mind you, that was a lot of money in those days," an English duke once told an interviewer known to me, while recalling the loss of some £150 million by one of his ancestors in the goldfields of South Africa. These are the real thing: the failure of the upper crust and the cream of society to have the remotest glimmer of an idea of what life is like for others. (The "cream" was described by Samuel Beckett as "thick and rich," while nobody seems to know who defined the "upper crust" as "a lot of crumbs held together by dough.") Sometimes you can make an educated guess that the speaker is joking at his own expense. "I would not have *The Times*," remarked the late Duke of Devonshire in speaking of the decline of that newspaper, "in any of my houses." While making a documentary in Liverpool about how the other half lived, Auberon Waugh addressed a group of proles and breezily told them that his own manor in Somerset "probably costs more to heat than most of you people earn." Mark Boxer, that effortlessly superior and dandyish cartoonist, once drew a scene of two people in a restaurant during a coal miners' strike. "Do you mind the carafe wine?" says the host, looking up over a hugely ornate and tasseled menu. "I'm faintly unhappy when the bill gets too close to the miners' take-home pay." Mr. Humphry Berkeley, an Englishman whose ancestors came over with the Norman conquerors, left the Conservative Party partly in protest at its Africa policy and eventually ran for Parliament as a Labour candidate. Asked what was different about the experience, he replied with apparently perfect gravity that "I've been meeting the working class and I simply must say that it's absolutely the nicest class I've so far met."

"I see no point at all in being poor," the late Queen Mother is supposed to have said.



MUM'S WORD: Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother waves to the crowd during the royal tour of New Zealand and Australia, January 1958.

But then there are old jokes—most of them also English for a reason that barely needs explaining—that are based more on Schadenfreude. Example: Two extremely rich men are sitting in companionable silence in their overstuffed armchairs in the upstairs window of the Carlton Club, in London. The silence is broken when the first man calls attention to the situation outside and says, "It's raining." "Good," replies the second man without looking up from his newspaper. "It'll wet the people."

Auberon Waugh's father, Evelyn, was a


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tremendous snob in many ways, but was generally rather careful to avoid such direct class combat. Indeed, in his masterpiece *Scoop* he gives a tumbril character to a radical type—Mr. Pappenhacker of the *Daily Twopence,* who is rude to waiters at a restaurant that must be the Savoy Grill. "He seems to be in a very bad temper," the shy William Boot observes of Pappenhacker to his host, Mr. Salter:

"Not really. He's always like that to waiters. You see he's a communist. Most of the staff at the *Twopence* are—they're University men, you see. Pappenhacker says that every time you are polite to a proletarian you are helping bolster up the capitalist system. He's very clever of course, but he gets rather unpopular."

In Kingsley Amis's *Girl, 20,* the radical-chic Sir Roy Vandervane tries for the same effect by plastering reactionary bumper stickers all over his limousine and driving as arrogantly as he can, honking the horn like Mr. Toad and seeking to create resentment among lesser drivers and humble pedestrians. That didn't work. A tumbril remark doesn't work if it's conscious or deliberate. (Indeed, one definition of a gentleman is that of someone who is never rude *by accident.*) But what does work is an unmistakable, revealing, unfakable reminder of how superiors really view inferiors. The wife of a British diplomat in Saigon in the 1960s, a certain Lady So-and-So, once considered the surrounding carnage and observed soothingly that it wasn't as bad as it might look, since one had to bear in mind that "Orientals" had a different attitude to death. My friend the poet and journalist James Fenton noted as calmly as he dared that from this you could tell one thing for certain—namely that Lady So-and-So had a different attitude toward the death of Asians.

For some reason, the Bush family excels at this kind of thing. I remember George senior, having come in third (after Pat Robertson, of all people) in a 1987 Iowa straw poll, being asked why his own supporters apparently hadn't bothered to turn out. Oh well, he replied, there was more to life than politics, and his sort of people "were at their daughters' coming-out parties, or teeing up at the golf course for that all-important last round." To be absolutely honest with you, I do not know to this day exactly what a "coming-out party" is, but it has a nice debutante, Marie Antoinette ring to it when uttered amid the corn-infested fields and pig-strewn farms of Iowa. (A bit like the distribution of free gateau to the masses, which somehow failed to occur in the inundated states of the Gulf of Mexico in September.) At a later stage, offended by the very idea that he lacked the common touch, George H. W. Bush put himself to the fatiguing effort of declaring in public his love for pork rinds and country music, and of guising himself in pleb-like clothing as if to the manner born. This is worse, in a way, because "slumming" on the part of the elite is a carefully graded insult—to the intelligence, among other things. (I knew that John Kerry was through when a friend of mine looked up from *The New York Times* and said, "Oh dear. He's gone goose hunting again.") Oddly enough, and for all the Versailles teasing that she herself had to endure, Nancy Reagan had more "class" when she turned up in rags to sing the parodic "Secondhand Clothes" at the Gridiron Club and "preempted" the media tumbrils that had been rumbling around the Pennsylvania Avenue district in the early 1980s.

The poor we have always with us. And the rich we have always with us, too.



SECONDHAND POSE: First Lady Nancy Reagan mocks her reputation for grandeur at the Gridiron Dinner, March 27, 1982.

"Because it turns on a sixpence, whatever that is." Thus remarked the Armenian tycoon Nubar Gulbenkian when asked why he modeled his custom town car on a London taxi. One can be reasonably certain that this is a rich man's joke. But "The levees broke? Who knew they could do that?" is not funny for one thing, and doesn't demonstrate any sense of noblesse oblige, either. It shows in a blinding flash what someone really thinks of you. It is not self-satirizing, or deflecting. It is myopic, and arrogant. It reminds one that *levée* was the word used by King Louis XVI himself, in his royal bedchamber upon rising, for the reception of his courtiers. The word "tumbril" is in our language and in our minds because of the imperishable passage in *A Tale of Two Cities* where the carts full of those same, now fallen, haggard courtiers come grinding their way to the Place de la Révolution, and where Madame Defarge sits knitting with her fellow *tricoteuses,* coldly and contentedly marking each crashing slice of the blade. But, for me, the most chilling mention is the very first one, where Dickens recalls a particularly hideous torture-execution ordered by France's "Christian pastors" in defense of the old king's regime:

> It is likely enough that in the rough outhouses of some tillers of the heavy lands adjacent to Paris, there were sheltered from the weather that very day, rude carts, bespattered with rustic mire, snuffed about by pigs, and roosted in by poultry, which the Farmer, Death, had already set apart to be his tumbrils of the Revolution.

You can feel it coming . . . "like the stillness in the wind / 'Fore the hurricane begins." The reference to "mire," incidentally, isn't Dickens's only euphemism. A tumbril really means a cart for the carrying away of excrement. Don't tempt me . . .

Other expressions are in our language, also. We still use the adjectives "noble" as positive and "base" as negative: terms that derive their original meaning from the Anglo-French feudal order, where every person knew their divinely ordained position. We employ the word "chivalrous" to mean honorable and gallant, when all it denotes is a noble who owns a horse, or horses, and can thus ride over the unmounted—rather as if a specialist in Arabian equines was to be appointed the head of FEMA, and raise his eyebrows politely at the distasteful news that lesser breeds were sweltering in a dome. Another expression less "commonly" used—and there I go again with another instance of the same linguistic bias—is "below the salt." This refers to the long table in the baron's hall, when seating was by social gradation all the way to the bottom, where sat the greasiest serfs and scullions. The precious condiment could not be passed below a certain place about halfway down. How we smile now to think of such primitive social and class prejudices. And then there came a day in New Orleans, a town named for a scion of French feudalism, when the saltwater rose up and didn't just wet the people but drowned them, and nobody was above that salt except those who could fly over it and look down *de haut en bas,* while a lot of lowly people were suddenly well below it. What ever is that distant rumble that I dimly hear? □

JAMES WOLCOTT







KILL PBS? OVER MY DEAD VOLVO!

Nixon started the war against PBS, and conservatives have nursed a pathological hatred of Bill Moyers et al. ever since. Now Karl Rove's cronies are using one of the network's greatest strengths to destroy it from within





ECLECTIC COMPANY PBS mainstays, *clockwise from top left:* Bill Moyers, 1965; *Sesame Street*'s Big Bird; Jim Lehrer, 2000; the Muppets of *Sesame Street* (Cookie Monster, Prairie Dawn, Ernie, Elmo, Bert, Oscar the Grouch, and Grover); William F. Buckley Jr. on *Firing Line* in 1966.

Why are Republican zealots (a redundancy these days) so intent on squeezing the last puff of life out of PBS? It's like smothering a frail invalid with a pillow—why bother? Anyone who watches PBS knows how creakily the tax-assisted, corporate-sponsored, viewer-supported ("Viewers Like You") network wheezes from call-in fund-raiser to fund-raiser. It can be a poignant sight when the Patti Page tribute doesn't incite a stampede of callers and the phones sit there mute. (The poor volunteers don't know what to do with their hands—there are only so many ways you can fiddle with a pencil.) Where public television once ventured into creative quadrants with original programming such as the documentary saga *American Family* (the soap-opera genesis of reality TV) and a racy adaptation of Armistead Maupin's *Tales of the City,* it now coasts downhill on fumes of pop-culture nostalgia. Many of its fund-raisers are tied to musical specials devoted to doo-wop, disco fever, and Top 40 hit-paraders, the audiences composed mostly of middle-aged white people swaying and clapping to the beat like Richard Simmons's chubbies sweatin' to the oldies. One of the most popular fixtures on PBS is re-edited episodes (with updated material) of *The Lawrence Welk Show,* whose accordion solos, champagne bubbles, and polka dances cater to baby-boomers' nostalgia for what their parents tapped their lounge slippers to lo those many Saturday nights ago. Nothing is sadder than secondhand nostalgia.

Then there are the marathons of "Britcoms," some of the viewer favorites so twee and lint-gathering (case in point: *As Time Goes By*) that watching them is like wearing a tea cozy on your head. Along with pop-music and sitcom antiquities, PBS relies heavily on hard-sell infomercials delivered by Suze Orman (personal-finance guru), Wayne Dyer (self-actualization guru), and Dr. Nicholas Perricone (skin-care guru) to suck in pledges. I saw a recent pledge drive featuring David Carradine, former star of *Kung Fu,* dressed in what looked like dragon-print pajamas, promoting his Tai Chi DVD with such profound mystic calm that he sounded surreal—bonkers. The blonde cupcake hosting the segment didn't know what to make of him. This is not a path leading to a fruitful harvest for PBS, little Grasshopper.

If it weren't for Big Bird and PBS's other popular children's characters, Republicans might have euthanized the network a decade ago. Given PBS's parlous state, why not just let it wilt on the vine? It's not as if it were harming anyone, and, despite its ossification, it's still providing valuable programming (*Nova,* etc.). Well, there are po-



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litical reasons for exerting control, but I think there's also a pathological blister at work, a sore spot that PBS foes can't leave alone and don't want to leave alone. Conservatives grow fond of their grudges, cradling them to their bosoms like vipers and passing them down to the younger generation, where Ann Coulter and Michelle Malkin model them as necklaces.

Republican resentment of PBS dates back to the Nixon era in its werewolf phase, which the Bush era reprises with a smarter attention to cosmetics and populist camouflage. Bill Moyers can attest to that. He was present at the creation of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, during the L.B.J. administration, retiring last December after a distinguished career at PBS, most recently as host of the news-affairs show *Now.* In May, Moyers, addressing the National Conference for Media Reform in St. Louis, escorted the audience down the mine-strewn memory lane. "In those days, public television had been really feisty and independent, and often targeted for attacks. A Woody Allen special that poked fun at Henry Kissinger in the Nixon administration had actually been canceled. The Nixon White House had been so outraged over a documentary called *The Banks and the Poor* that PBS was driven to adopt new guidelines. That didn't satisfy Nixon, and when public television hired two NBC reporters—Robert MacNeil and Sander Vanocur—to co-anchor some new broadcasts, it was, for Nixon, the last straw. According to White House memos at the time, he was determined to 'get the left-wing commentators who are cutting us up off public television at once—indeed, yesterday if possible.'" Then came Watergate, threats of impeachment, resignation, the V-fingered salute at the helicopter—and, with Nixon gone, a battered PBS was left standing in the ring. Yet even a Democrat in the White House couldn't protect PBS from conservative Mau-Mauing.





OPEN SESAME *Clockwise from top left:* King Friday and Mister Rogers; U.N. secretary general Kofi Annan surrounded by Muppets; Count Von Count.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR BIG BIRD AND PBS'S OTHER CHILDREN'S CHARACTERS, REPUBLICANS MIGHT HAVE EUTHANIZED IT A DECADE AGO.

Richard Parker's recent biography of economist, historian, and former ambassador John Kenneth Galbraith tells the sorry tale of how public television caved to pressure when Galbraith's 1976 BBC documentary series, *The Age of Uncertainty,* an historical travelogue through the landmarks of economic ideas and follies, was imported for domestic showing. Galbraith's witty eminence as a liberal intellectual made laissez-faire economist and nemesis Milton Friedman—who won the Nobel Prize in Economics that year—stamp his Rumpelstiltskin foot in angry protest. Parker: "Before it could be aired in the United States, *The Age of Uncertainty* started drawing aggressive, bitter denunciation from American conservatives, who'd been alerted by news of Milton Friedman's dramatic flight across the Atlantic to denounce the show's patent heresies and inaccuracies"—squawks that Parker doesn't take seriously (he attributes them to possible envy on Friedman's part) but that a nervously queasy PBS did. Without bothering to inform Galbraith or the producer of the series, KCET, the Los Angeles affiliate handling domestic distri[illegible] conservative voices (including Ronald [illegible] each breakfast and present the rapine [illegible] note [illegible] fact that PBS deliberately altered Galbraith's series during the Carter presidency and not, as one might have thought, in the Nixon or Reagan era, when public funding for PBS, NPR, and the National Endowment for the Arts all came under ferocious Republican attack, is a small but telling indication of how the conservative tide rose and even accelerated during that Democratic period." Under Clinton, PBS was berated by Republicans for catering to friends of Dorothy and daughters of Bilitis. James Ledbetter writes in his book *Made Possible by . . . : The Death of Public Broadcasting in the United States,* "Latching onto *In the Life,* a gay-and-lesbian variety show that had yet to be aired, [Senator Robert] Dole announced that PBS 'apologists are hiding behind Big Bird, Mister Rogers, and *Masterpiece Theatre,* laying down their quality smokescreen while they shovel out funding for gay and lesbian shows.'"

Until now, the most threatening challenge to PBS came with the thundering penny loafers of the Gingrich Revolution. Heady with conquest following the capture of the House of Representatives in 1994, Newt Gingrich led the faux-populist Charge of the Right Brigade against PBS and NPR, attempting to "zero out" taxpayer funding of those feathered nests of elitism. Even though public television had provided a longtime home to William F. Buckley Jr.'s *Firing Line*—a weekly interview-debate that was quite lively and erudite until the creeping paralysis of boredom left its host looking cryogenically preserved—it was considered a subsidized liberal preserve. "There's nothing public about it," Gingrich grumped. "Rush Limbaugh is public broadcasting." Conservative critics considered *Firing Line* and similar shows (after the Galbraith ruckus, Milton Friedman got his own PBS documentary series, *Free to Choose*) little more than fig leaves for firebrand programming such as *Frontline* and *Bill Moyers' Journal.* PBS survived the siege after Gingrich tripped over his own ego, underestimating the appeal the network's programming held for moderate suburban Republican women, who also opposed Jack the Ripper slashes in arts funding. But "Never say defeat" is the motto of right-wing Terminators as they clank out of the assembly plant. If at first you don't slay, try, try again. Although a few laggards still lob the elitist complaint (such as John Stossel, the angry musketeer of consumer reporting for ABC News, who, in an op-ed for *The New York Sun,* decried PBS as "welfare for the well-off"), Republicans now wield a different weapon against public television and radio, a purr word that sounds so soft, innocuous, and inarguable—the need for "balance."



To most sane people, PBS, particularly in its news coverage and



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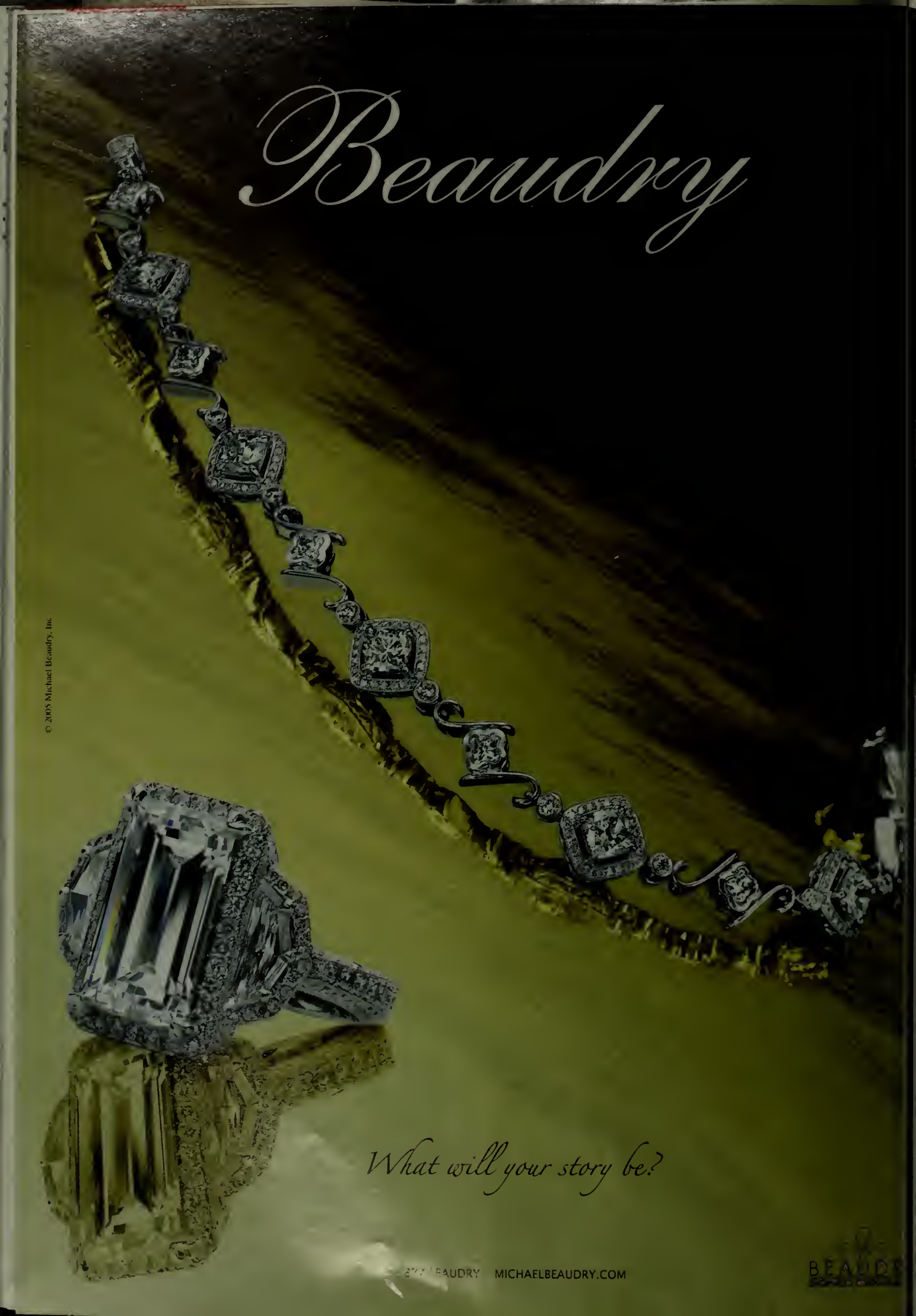
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commentary, is balanced to the point of absurdity, the papier-mâché model of moderation. A civil tone prevails at PBS. Voices seldom spike in anger on its current-affairs programming, no one unsnaps his mike and flounces off the set in a Robert Novak hissy fit, and who's more gentlemanly than hosts Charlie Rose, Tavis Smiley, and Jim Lehrer? Way back in 1982 in *Harper's* magazine, radical journalist Alexander Cockburn lampooned the judicious measures adopted by *The MacNeil/Lehrer Report* to ensure that opposing views were responsibly represented, no matter how fiery the issue. It was, he contended, Washington Consensus deliberately putting a restive audience under a hypnotic spell of droning mush. History lesson, Cockburn-style:

The "MacNeil/Lehrer Report" started in October 1975, in the aftermath of Watergate. It was a show dedicated to the proposition that there are two sides to every question, a valuable corrective in a period when the American people had finally decided that there were absolutely and definitely not two sides to every question. Nixon was a crook who had rightly been driven from office; corporations were often headed by crooks who carried hot money around in suitcases; federal officials were crooks who broke the law on the say-so of the president.

It was a dangerous moment, for a citizenry suddenly imbued with the notion that there is not only a thesis and an antithesis, but also a synthesis, is a citizenry capable of all manner of harm to the harmonious motions of the status quo.

With their Svengali gifts for dulling men's minds, MacNeil and Lehrer did their bit to restore domestic tranquillity by draining the last drop of blood out of a debate before it began. The comic highlights of Cockburn's essay were imagined M-L panel discussions on subjects that didn't fall neatly within the narrow Beltway spectrum of received wisdom and bureaucratic remedy. Such as, oh, say, cannibalism:

MACNEIL: Good evening. Reports from the Donner Pass indicate that survivors fed upon their companions. Tonight, should cannibalism be regulated? Jim?
LEHRER: Robin, the debate pits two diametrically opposed sides against each other: the Human Meat-eaters Association, who favor a free market in human flesh, and their regulatory opponents in Congress and the consumer movement. Robin?
MACNEIL: Mr. Tooth, why eat human flesh?
TOOTH: Robin, it is full of protein and delicious too. Without human meat, our pioneers would be unable to explore the West properly. This would present an inviting opportunity to the French, who menace our pioneer routes from the north.
MACNEIL: Thank you. Jim?
LEHRER: Now for another view of cannibalism. Bertram Brussell-Sprout is leading the fight to control the eating of animal fats and meats. Mr. Sprout, would you include human flesh in this proposed regulation?
SPROUT: Most certainly, Jim. Our studies show that some human flesh available for sale to the public is maggot-ridden, improperly cut, and often incorrectly graded. We think the public should be protected from such abuses.

Or slavery:

ROBERT MACNEIL (voice-over): Should one man own another? (Titles)
MACNEIL: Good evening. The problem is as old as man himself. Do property rights extend to the absolute ownership of one man by another? Tonight, the slavery problem. Jim?
LEHRER: Robin, advocates of the continuing system of slavery argue that the practice has brought unparalleled benefits to the economy. They fear that new regulations being urged by reformers would undercut America's economic effectiveness abroad. Reformers, on the other hand, call for legally binding standards and even for a phased reduction in the slave force to something like 75 percent of its present size. Charlayne Hunter-Gault is in Charleston. Charlayne?
HUNTER-GAULT: Robin and Jim, I have here in Charleston, Mr. Ginn, head of the Cottongrowers Association ...



Robert MacNeil has since departed the show, but *The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer* remains faithful to its anesthetic tradition at PBS, as does the long-running *Washington Week* (moderated by Gwen Ifill). Given its track record and slow metabolism, PBS would appear to have acquired permanent immunity from prosecution on the issue of "balance."

However, one of the key bullet points in the unwritten Karl Rove playbook (bequeathed to him by rebel-rouser Republican strategist Lee Atwater, the Jerry Lee Lewis of sucker-punch politics) is that the most ruthless, damaging blow against a political enemy is an attack directed not at his weak spots but at his strongest point. Pierce the armor where it appears invulnerable, or, failing that, spatter it with mud and *merde,* and few reputations will be left looking knightly. John Kerry's record as a decorated Vietnam veteran seemed to be a major plus in his presidential bid, shielding him and the Democratic Party from the slings and arrows of being considered "anti-military." But out of the fogbanks of opposition research chugged the Swift Boat Veterans, launching a concerted attack of lurid slurs and cheap-shot slanders that ate up countless hours on cable news and talk radio, the nadir reached when Michelle Malkin implied that Kerry's war wound was self-inflicted. So much slime was hurled that the Kerry campaign was forced for several precious weeks to play defense where it assumed it had the offensive advantage. That was its mistake. Never, ever assume that your proudest asset won't be wheeled against you.

So if PBS prides itself on balance, the conservative ploy is to push for more and more balance until the ideal imbalance is reached. Unlike the Gingrich siege, during which PBS's faux-populist enemies pounded at the gates and brandished pitchforks purchased from Home Depot, conservatives today have

TO MOST SANE PEOPLE, PBS, PARTICULARLY IN ITS NEWS COVERAGE AND COMMENTARY, IS BALANCED TO THE POINT OF ABSURDITY.



BALANCING ACTS *Above, MacNeil/Lehrer Report* co-hosts Robert MacNeil and Jim Lehrer, 1986; *right,* President Johnson and his press secretary Bill Moyers, 1965.

learned that the best way to work their will is not by storming from without but by weaseling from within. Once inside the suites, activate an executive coup and seize control of the steering devices. Republicans no longer seek to eliminate PBS, Moyers told me—that would "alienate their few remaining moderates." He believes that what they want to do is "neuter it, and then use it." Assimilate PBS into the Borg. (Ditto with NPR, which critics have complained about for years for being biased against Israel.) Moyers observes that conservatives have wised up enough not to call for outright censorship of programs they find objectionable. Instead, it's as if they released "green gas underneath the door and over the transom" that numbs the synapses of producers and executives, subduing them into compliance. Enter Kenneth Tomlinson, the former chairman of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting and designated fumigator—a man I now think of as The Green Gasser.

Ken Tomlinson is a dedicated public servant, if by "dedicated public servant" you mean longtime political hack. The former editor of *Reader's Digest,* a friend of Karl Rove, The Green Gasser ran the Voice of America under President Reagan and currently serves as the chairman of the Broadcasting Board of Governors, the agency that oversees V.O.A. and Radio Free Europe/Radio Liberty. According to Franklin Foer in *The New Republic,* Tomlinson is performing a conscientious gut job as boss of the B.B.G., restricting access to the public, rooting out "Democratic sympathizers," and converting V.O.A. into a Bush propaganda bugle. "How bad is Tomlinson?" asks Foer. So bad that hopes are being pinned on Karen Hughes as undersecretary of state for public diplomacy—she may be just enough of a pragmatist to put the brakes on Tomlinson and arrest further skidding. "In other words," Foer writes, "the Democrats are banking on Bush's most fanatically loyal spinmeister to diminish Republican partisanship within the organization. Yes, it's that bad." Considering what a lead-footed start Hughes has gotten off to in her new job, getting sassed overseas by Saudi and Turkish women for her bull-moose arrogance (and, by extension, the Bush administration's), Hughes may have enough trouble of her own making to keep her healthily occupied.

But as we know from Bush's first term, ineptitude is no impediment to job security nor to advancement inside his administration. Quite the opposite. Failing upward on a wing and a prayer is a way of life under Bush II, as long as craven loyalty is demonstrated. *That* Tomlinson did, and then some. He went the extra mile into mediocrity. He acted as if he answered to only one man—his pal Rove—and he filled every available slot with apparatchiks. Scott Sherman reported in *The Nation,* "In recent months Tomlinson has installed Patricia Harrison, a former co-chair of the Republican National Committee, as president of the C.P.B.; permitted a White House staffer to draft guidelines for two new C.P.B.-[illegible] NBC and CNN political reporter Ken Bode [illegible] nerly of *Reader's Digest*); and secretly [illegible] ased conservative consultant, Frederick [illegible] analyze the content of several PBS and [illegible] *ith Bill Moyers, The Diane Rehm Show, T[illegible]* and *The Tavis Smiley Show.*" When a powerful hack [illegible] ns hackwork from a piddling hack, the results are hacktas[illegible]e Mann report was pockmarked with typos and mistake[illegible]h as "Ken Staff" instead of Ken Sta[illegible]d oh, the irony—"Newt Gingrich."

Then there were the political mislabelings, such as tagging Republican senator Chuck Hagel as a liberal. Tomlinson must have known he had a turkey because he tried to bury it in the backyard. Max Blumenthal reported in *The Nation,* "When Mann filed his detailed report, Tomlinson hid it from the C.P.B. board. Only an internal investigation by C.P.B.'s inspector general in mid-May revealed the existence of the Mann report. And only when journalists at NPR managed to secure a copy were its contents reported." Republicans follow the same policy toward the blushing truth that the philanderers in *A Guide for the Married Man* did toward infidelity: "Deny, deny, deny."

To add even more balance to their balance, C.P.B. funded two new conservative series guaranteed to inspire a complete lack of excitement among "Viewers Like You": *Tucker Carlson: Unfiltered* and *The Journal Editorial Report,* a roundtable discussion of current events hosted by Paul Gigot, Mark Shields's former jousting partner on the Lehrer *NewsHour.* Television's infatuation with Tucker Carlson is one of life's little mysteries. Filtered or unfiltered, spayed or unspayed, Carlson is a yappy vacuum, careless and callow, the defining moment of his career being when *The Daily Show* host Jon Stewart called him a "dick" on CNN's *Crossfire.* For some reason, Carlson and the producers who insist on hiring him deluded themselves into believing that his "dick" status could be parlayed into greater stardom—greater dickhood. But his PBS gabfest swiftly came and went without making a rustle before he resurfaced on MSNBC, where his new show opened another black hole.

If anything, *The Journal Editorial Report* was and is more risible and insulting than *Unfiltered.* From its harrying of the late Vincent Foster to its shameless pimping for Ahmad Chalabi, the editorial pages of *The Wall Street Journal* have disgraced that newspaper's quality reputation for decades and left an unsightly stain on American journalism overall. Moreover, the *Journal* editorial board previously held its weekly coven meeting on CNBC to no great success, and if the show wasn't a good fit for a financial channel, it really doesn't suit PBS. Moyers puts C.P.B.'s funding of *The Journal Editorial Report* into proper warped perspective: "I confess to some puzzlement that *The Wall Street Journal,* which in the past editorialized to cut PBS off the public tap, is now being subsidized by American taxpayers although its parent company, Dow Jones, had revenues in just the first quarter of this year of $400 million." Let Dow Jones pay to put these crows on the air.

Even though four public-affairs programs were monitored for political content and guest affiliation at Tomlinson's behest, it was really Moyers and his program *Now* that The Green Gasser wanted to gas. Tomlinson told *The Washington Post* that his epiphany about PBS's "balance" problem came when he watched a segment on *Now* about how NAFTA and free-trade policies had immiserated the small town of Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, which struck him as "liberal advocacy journalism" at its most egregious. I suspect that if that segment hadn't triggered Tomlinson's mousetrap, another would have come along to flip the cheese. It is Moyers himself who has been the irritating mote in many a conservative's eye; nearly everything he does bugs them beyond proportion. Mild-spoken and ministerial, Moyers isn't given to bombastic statements and guerrilla theater, unlike Michael Moore or the Vietnam-era Jane Fonda, yet he's lumped in with them, held in similar contempt. In Bernard CONTINUED ON PAGE 191

CONSERVATIVES HAVE LEARNED THAT THE BEST WAY TO WORK THEIR WILL IS NOT FROM WITHOUT BUT BY WEASELING FROM WITHIN.






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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 186 Goldberg's latest page-wister, *100 People Who Are Screwing Up America,* Moyers is listed as No. 34, behind Moore (No. 1) and Noam Chomsky (No. 11), ahead of Al Franken (No. 37) and evil me (No. 64). Trying to ape the regular-guy shtick of Bill O'Reilly (on whose show he's a frequent pest), Goldberg says that Moyers's politics are "enough to make you choke on your Brie and spit up your Chablis." There is no tired anti-liberal cliché to which the likes of Goldberg won't stoop. Make no mistake: Bill Moyers's real sin, his real crime, is that he personifies the Great Society liberalism that once dominated the political landscape, and his greater sin, his greater crime, is that he remains as unapologetically, unfashionably liberal as ever. How dare he not have the decency to die or recant or fade into the woodwork! As Moyers told the National Conference for Media Reform last spring, "The radical right-wingers . . . have not given up demonizing me although I retired over six months ago. They've been after me for years now and I suspect they will be stomping on my grave to make sure I don't come back from the dead." Right-wingers are Sicilian in their devotion to their vendettas—they have long memories, which they savor and sharpen. Moyers mentioned to me that Ann Coulter allegedly boasted, "It took us 30 years to get Dan Rather, and we did," and I added that they've been stewing about Walter Cronkite longer than that, still blaming Uncle Walter for helping lose the Vietnam War with his broadcast of February 27, 1968, when he declared the war unwinnable. Building up Joe McCarthy, tearing down Walter Cronkite—it's all part of the same right-wing revisionism.



KEN TOMLINSON IS A DEDICATED PUBLIC SERVANT, IF BY "DEDICATED PUBLIC SERVANT" YOU MEAN LONGTIME POLITICAL HACK.



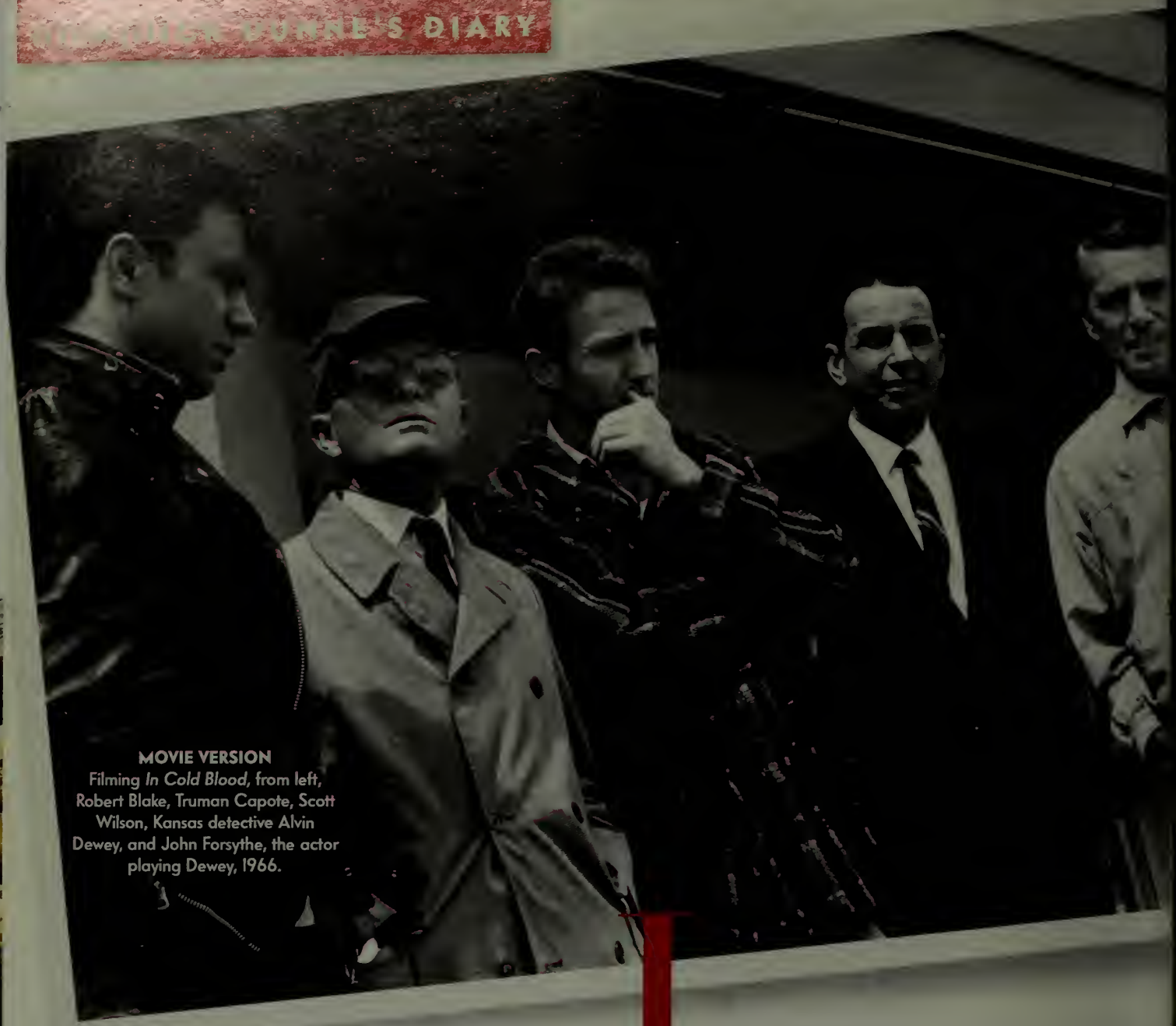


VIEWERS UNLIKE YOU *Clockwise from top:* Kenneth Tomlinson; Big Bird and friends pose with First Lady Laura Bush, 2002; Cheryl F. Halpern.

Could conservatives be so petty and punitive over PBS out of animus against Bill Moyers and everything he represents? You betcha. Character is often divulged in offhand comments, and I once came across this mind opener by *National Review* senior editor Ramesh Ponnuru, who, writing on the magazine's group blog, "The Corner," regarding the confirmation battle over Judge Charles Pickering, admitted: "I have the same attitude toward Pickering's nomination as I do toward the proposals to drill in ANWR: It's not all that important, but it'd be worth it to demoralize the Left." Don't push for something because it's the right thing to do, good for the country, and efficacious. Drill in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge even if it doesn't add up to a lot of oil because it'll depress liberals and, what the hell, caribou don't vote. Demoralization is also the name of the game regarding PBS. Conservatives want to despoil it precisely because they know so many liberals are sentimentally attached to it. It's a win-win situation for Republican conservatives. Now that they control all three branches of government and much of the media, they can execute an endless series of squeeze plays, giving PBS just enough air to breathe. If they succeed with their broadcast gerrymandering, PBS will grow more conservative. (NPR, too, where Daniel Schorr's pinch-hit replacement recently was right-wing jokester and *National Review* editor-at-large Jonah Goldberg.) If PBS becomes too overtly conservative and liberal viewers curb their contributions (forcing local affiliates to make cutbacks), that'll be fine and dandy, too. Conservatives will be able to cry, What's the point of public television if the public doesn't support it? Then they can decide to perform a mercy killing, or boost subsidies and pervert PBS entirely to their own purposes. It's their toy mouse to bat around until they get bored.

Tomlinson's successor as chairperson of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, Cheryl F. Halpern, will continue Tomlinson's conscientious tradition of mediocrity and sterilization. A big-mama Republican fund-raiser, Halpern is a no-nonsense disciplinarian. "At her confirmation hearing two years ago," reported *The New York Times,* "Ms. Halpern [who has been on the C.P.B. board since 2002] suggested that journalists in public broadcasting be punished for editorializing." The former chairwoman for the Republican Jewish Coalition, Halpern has also criticized what she perceives as NPR's negative coverage of Israel, where, *The New York Times* notes, her family has business interests. If she had any more of an agenda, she'd have to push it down the hall in a shopping cart.

It's easy to vilify conservatives, which is why I do it with such pleasure. But liberals have been spinelessly guilty for years of abandoning the battlefield and shying away from defending their own values. Yes, it's cute when elected officials pose with *Sesame Street* characters in a Capitol photo op to fend off the latest Republican purge of PBS. But standing up for the kiddies—that's the easy part, and it plays into conservative hands. They're quite happy to spare Big Bird from the woodsman's ax as long as they can savage with impunity perceived liberal content aimed at adults. Moyers notes that liberals fell mum when right-wingers went after *Now*'s investigative reporting: "There was no defense of *Now,* no defense of me." You're on your own, General Custer. Nor did liberal foundations or corporations ramp up funding of *Now* or other nervy public-affairs programs on public television. The Democratic Party is also "a corporate party by and large," says Moyers, and its corporations aren't interested in rocking the yacht. (The post-Moyers *Now,* hosted by the able David Brancaccio, has been trimmed to a half-hour due to budgetary dieting.) It's as if the green gas now mingles with the very air we breathe, and drowsy conformity is so ritualized and taken for granted that when a Cindy Sheehan comes along she seems a Bob Dylan figure carved from another time, another place—another America. An America gutsier than the one we've got. □



MOVIE VERSION
Filming *In Cold Blood*, from left, Robert Blake, Truman Capote, Scott Wilson, Kansas detective Alvin Dewey, and John Forsythe, the actor playing Dewey, 1966.

Surviving the Darkness

A fortune-teller the author consulted as a young soldier was right on the money: his 80th birthday brings a mix of gratitude for his current life and grief over losing his niece Quintana. Meanwhile, a courthouse conversation with [illegible] evokes [illegible]

I always love going back to Los Angeles, because it was my home for 24 years and I have many friends there. The new restaurant everyone is talking about is the Argyle, on Sunset Boulevard, in a perfect Art Deco Hollywood apartment building. For decades the building has been called the Sunset Tower, and in the old days it was known as the place where movie moguls kept their mistresses in elegant style. Years ago the apartments were turned into a hotel. Jeff Klein, whom I had never met but whom everyone seems to know, is the proprietor, and he has created a drop-dead-gorgeous restaurant, with fabulous food, piano music, and a crowd of great-looking regulars. I went there twice.

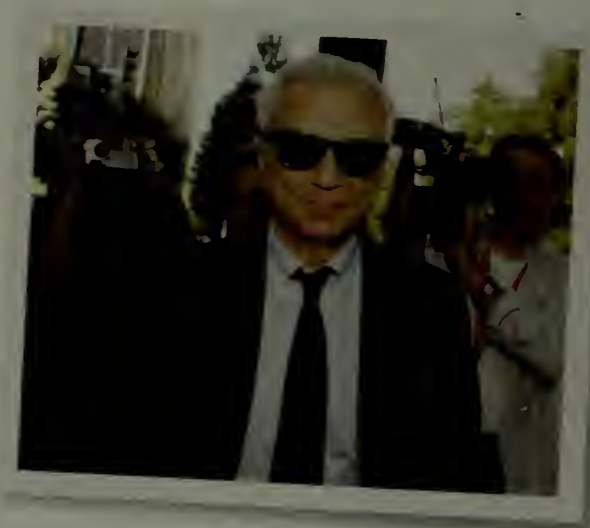
The subject of dinner-party conversation everywhere in Hollywood was Mark Seal's story on the ugly financial scandal occurring in the family of the late billionaire Marvin Davis; the article is in the November issue of *Vanity Fair,* which wasn't even on the stands when I was there, but which everyone seemed to know about. The first mention I heard of the scandal was whispered in my ear by a lady with beautiful long earrings at a cocktail party given by Kirk and Anne Douglas and Alan Livingston, the music mogul, and his wife, the actress Nancy Olson. Patricia Davis Raynes, the oldest of the five Davis children, was claiming in a lawsuit that her trust had been robbed by her father and that he had hit her when she refused to sign certain papers. Barbara Davis, Patricia's mother, is said to be distressed by the article, but she is a popular woman in the Beverly Hills party and char-


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ity worlds, and she did not cut down on the number of her appearances on the social scene. In fact, her other children celebrated her birthday with her at Spago on a Sunday night, one of the restaurant's biggest nights of the week.

I was in town covering a week of the Robert Blake civil trial, in Burbank. I had been at Blake's criminal trial last March, when he was acquitted of murdering his wife, Bonny Lee Bakley. Civil trials rarely have the drama of criminal trials, since they can end only in a monetary award rather than in a verdict that could result in life imprisonment. Bakley's four children are suing Blake for wrongful death. Trial historians will remember that O. J. Simpson, another celebrity on trial for murder, was similarly acquitted of slaying his former wife, Nicole Brown Simpson, along with her friend Ronald Goldman. One year later, in a wrongful-death civil trial brought by the victims' families, Simpson was ordered to pay $33.5 million. He has never come up with the money—most of it is still unpaid—and he has made it abundantly clear that he has no intention of doing so.

"All the money that's left goes to the lawyers," Blake told me.



BACK IN COURT
Robert Blake in Burbank, California, in September, for the opening of the civil case claiming he was liable for the death of his late wife, Bonny Lee Bakley. In March, Blake had been acquitted of her murder in the criminal trial.

While I was attending the trial, there was an alert that a terrorist act might take place in Los Angeles. The next day a massive power failure took out the electricity in most of the city, and all of us had to leave the courthouse and go outside. For a while I found myself sitting on the steps with Robert Blake. He likes to talk about the movies with me, and I asked him if he had had any offers for parts since his acquittal. He said he was waiting until the civil trial was over. He also told me he was broke. He said he had offered to settle with Bonny Lee's children for $250,000, which, he said, was all he had left. They insisted on pressing forward with the case, however, clearly in the hope of getting more. "So all the money that's left goes to the lawyers for this trial," Blake told me.

I had to leave Los Angeles before Blake took the stand, and as this issue of the magazine goes to press the trial is still not over, but I keep up with the proceedings through reporter friends on the scene. It seems from all I hear that once Blake took the stand he completely took over the courtroom. He is putting on a mesmerizing show, which could very well be his last great performance.

Robert Blake is more on my mind than ever since I went to a screening of the film *Capote,* which deals with the four years Truman Capote spent writing *In Cold Blood.* He called the book the first nonfiction novel, and two years after its publication, in 1965, it became a film starring Robert Blake as one of the killers in the story. Every time I have seen Blake at his trials, he has talked about Capote, and I would love to talk to him again about this movie, which was directed by Bennett Miller from a script by Dan Futterman b[illegible] on the distinguished biography by Gerald Clarke [illegible] loved a movie so much in a long time. The astonishi[illegible] Seymour Hoffman has reached his zenith playing [illegible]ny, elu[illegible] Capote.

I knew Truman. He was neve[illegible] friend [illegible]d several intense experiences with him! [illegible] ma-nipulative person, incredibly talented but apt to say anything, who could tell lies and utterly captivate you at the same time. He befriended the Kansas killers who had been given the death sentence for the murders of the four members of the Herbert Clutter family, and he made them famous as soon as excerpts of his book were published in *The New Yorker* magazine. He also made them feel that they could rely on him to help them win an appeal. At the same time, however, he knew that he couldn't finish the book that would make him the most celebrated writer in America until he had witnessed their executions, which kept being delayed.

Here's a very superficial story about Truman, but a revealing one, I think. In 1964 my wife and I celebrated our 10th wedding anniversary with a black-and-white ball at our house in Beverly Hills, and there was much advance talk about the party. The fire department was adamant about the number of people we could invite, so we had to let all the guests know that they couldn't bring any friends or houseguests with them. Truman was staying with the producer David Selznick and his movie-star wife, Jennifer Jones, so naturally we invited him. Then he called and asked if he could bring Alvin Dewey—the Kansas detective who had broken the case and arrested the killers—and his wife. (Chris Cooper plays Dewey in the movie.) I told Truman that because of fire laws we couldn't let anyone bring extra guests. But he wouldn't let it go. It was clear that he wasn't going to hang up until he had gotten the Deweys into the party, so eventually I relented. They were great, by the way. And Truman got the idea for his famous black-and-white ball in New York, two years later, from *our* party, but he didn't invite us.

Fortunately, there was another side to Truman. At the time in my life when I stayed for six months in a one-room cabin in Oregon, without a telephone or a television set, trying to pick up the pieces of my wrecked life, Truman wrote me the most wonderful letter. He said he was filled with admiration that I had dropped out of Hollywood and was dealing with my demons. He ended by saying, "But remember this, that is not where you belong and when you get out of it what you went there to get, you have to come back to your own life." I never forgot that. A year or so later, after I did return to my own life, I went to Truman's memorial service at a theater on Broadway. It occurred to me sitting there that if Truman had gone to a cabin in the mountains of Oregon and dealt with *his* demons he wouldn't be dead at the age of 60.

The memorial service at Christie's auction house for Nan Kempner, the last of the great New York fashion icons, was just about perfect. Quite rightly, it wasn't a sad event. People waved to one another, blew kisses, and kissed on cheeks. Nearly 800 classy people sat on white ballroom chairs. Serena Balfour was there from London, Sheila de Rochambeau from Paris, Lynn Wyatt from Houston, Betsy Bloomingdale from Los Angeles, and Pat Buckley from Park Avenue. Peter Duchin, in supreme form, sat at a piano on the stage and created a Nan


JOHN HARDY
NEIMAN MARCUS SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

mood by playing classic dance and show tunes of the 30s, 40s, and 50s. Nan's widower, Tommy Kempner, who is a man of very few words in social life, gave a loving and beautiful eulogy for his wife of 53 years, and their sons, Jamie and Speedy, read touching farewells to her. Tributes were also paid by Nan's great friends William F. Buckley Jr., the writer and wit, Kenneth Jay Lane, the jeweler and man-about-town, and Jean Jackson, who had grown up with her in San Francisco. Nan was there. You could feel her presence. She wasn't going to miss that last happening.

When I picked up the telephone on Friday, August 26, and heard my sister-in-law Joan Didion's voice, I knew what she was going to say before she said it. "Quintana's dead," she told me in quiet, calm tones. Her daughter had been critically ill for months, but it still was a shock to hear the news. The last time I had seen Quintana was on Easter Sunday. For years it had been the habit of my late brother John Gregory Dunne and Joan to have an Easter lunch in their New York apartment, and Joan had continued the tradition this year. The living room was crowded with about 30 friends when Quintana was wheeled into the front hall by Gerry Michael, her husband. Everyone stopped to look at the young woman, because it was the first time they had seen her since John's funeral. Determined not to be wheeled into the party, she rose from her wheelchair, wearing a long blue bathrobe, and walked the dozen steps to the seat that had been saved for her. Her feet pointed inward, and it was clear that just taking those few tiny steps was an enormous effort for her, but she managed it, and she smiled at her accomplishment. It was a gallant moment for her and an emotional one for the rest of us. Jean Halberstam, the wife of the writer David Halberstam, was standing next to me. "It's so wonderful to see Quintana again," she said, turning to me. Our eyes were filled with tears at the tragic sight. Three months later, in June, Quintana was re-admitted to the hospital with an abdominal infection. As always, during the long ordeal, Joan was there by her side, along with Gerry. "I'll call all the Dunnes," I said to Joan.

Quite rightly, Nan Kempner's memorial service wasn't a sad event.



The memorial service at St. Vincent Ferrer, on Lexington Avenue at 66th Street, conducted by a family friend, Father Daniel Morrissey of the Dominican Order, was beautiful. That night the Didion family, the Dunne family, and the Michael family all had dinner at Joan's. It was one of those occasions where you see and talk to relations you don't otherwise see very often, and amazing family histories come out. I am one of four brothers. Three of us lost children. So many memories of my daughter filled my mind on the day of Quintana's service. I went to my house in Connecticut early the next morning. It was a cold, rainy weekend, and I stayed inside. I didn't see a soul. It was a time for mourning.

I've passed a milestone since my last diary, and to my great surprise I'm very happy with the new state of affairs. Although I think of myself as a spry 60-year-old, the truth is that on October 29 I turned 80. That's a big one. It makes you stop and think. Other than experiencing an increasing number of senior moments, however, I'm still going strong, and my intention is to continue my very active life as a spry 60-year-old. When I changed careers and became a writer, at the age of 50, I realized that I finally had the life I had always wanted. I was out for lunch, out for dinner, at every party and screening, at opening nights, flying to London, flying to Los Angeles, sitting in courtrooms and observing trials, and then writing it all down. My horoscope in the New York *Daily News* recently read, "You are in the process of ending one life chapter, about to enter another, one that will absorb you fully and joyfully. . . . Jupiter enters Scorpio for the first visit in twelve years. You have a year's worth of happiness ahead." That not only sounded pretty good to me but also brought back something I hadn't thought of in years.

On the night before I was shipped overseas in World War II, I went to a fortune-teller in a town in Massachusetts near Camp Devon, my embarkation point. I was 18 years old. Drafted during my senior year of boarding school, I was the kind of kid who never made the team, and I was scared. I had become almost obsessed with the idea that I was going to be killed in battle. When by accident I passed this cheap little place with a sign out front for psychic readings, I felt compelled to go in. A Gypsy woman with rouged cheeks was sitting at a table covered with gaudy shawls, and there was a crystal ball on the table. She gave me a routine 10-minute reading and then asked if I had any questions. I was very shy in those days, and I stuttered, but I somehow got the words out: "Will I be killed in the war?" She was surprised at the question, I could tell, and I no longer felt as if she were just brushing me off. She stared intently into the crystal ball and said something like "No, you won't be killed. You will have a long life. Terrible things will happen to you, but the last part of your life is going to be the best."

I'd forgotten all about that Gypsy lady until I read my horoscope, but I resolved then and there to start out my 80th year on a high. I called the Ritz Hotel in Paris and booked a room as a birthday present to myself. As I was about to hang up, the assistant manager, who remembered me from past visits, said, "Mr. Dunne, do you know how I can get a copy of *Empress Bianca*?" He was speaking about the recent novel by Lady Colin Campbell that had raised the ire of Lily Safra, the rich widow of the late banker Edmond Safra, who claimed the main character had been based on her.

"It's been pulped," I replied. □



FOND FAREWELL
At the happy memorial for Nan Kempner at Christie's on September 23, Peter Duchin played vintage show tunes on the piano. *Inset*, Nan friend William F. Buckley Jr., who attended with his wife, Pat, discovered one of the singles.


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BURNING DOWN THE HOUSE *From left:* I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby, Karl Rove, Ari Fleischer, and President Bush

Chances are you know how this turns out. But I'm writing this in mid-October and still waiting.

I've just heard from a wire-service reporter that the indictments in the Valerie Plame case will be handed down in the next 48 hours.

I call a highly connected Democratic political operative who says she heard it [illegible] ago (so she's ahead of me).

"What do you hear?" I ask my ear-to-the-ground friend.

"Hours, not days."

This calibrating is in some ways actually an effort to slow down time. Not just in case indictments don't happen but because this is the stage—before the undoing comes to seem inevitable and necessary and business as usual—that people who cherish political downfalls remember most sweetly. I don't think it's just liberals who are savoring it, either. This moment of political awe—this sudden glimpse of events beyond the control of the control freak—is curiously bipartisan. The Republicans too are in gossip heaven.

It's not just the political establishment that suspects that many careers and its general way of life are about to be undone—the [illegible] experiencing its own nervous awe. [illegible]er, the *New York Times* reporter [illegible]e special prosecutor, Patrick Fitz[illegible]t in jail for refusing to testify about her source, I. Lewis "Scooter" Libby, and who sprung herself by agreeing to testify abo[illegible]... Scooter Libby, may upend *The New York Times* as seriously as Karl Rove's doom may upend the White House.

There are reporters, also in gossip heaven, who now know everything that can be known about Judy—they're vastly more interested in her than they would be in a mere dirty politician. Arianna Huffington, the political maverick, socialite, dilettante, entrepreneur (you pick), has rapidly built up her new blog business at least in part on the basis of her obsession with Judy (for a profile of Huffington, see "Arianna Calling!," by Suzanna Andrews, on page 332).

It's a whole new media subspecialty, with sub-subspecialties—Judy-text specialists, Judy-romance specialists, Judy-and-the-politics-of-*The-New-York-Times* specialists. Indeed, a real inkling that somebody might, in fact, go to prison (other than Judy herself) first began, I think, with Judy's CNN

interview with Lou Dobbs, a week or so after her release, on September 29. Judy said, or people seem to infer she said, that she expected Libby to be indicted—the inference being, since it was her gun up to Scooter's head, that she pulled the trigger. The media is the smoking gun.

I feel kind of sorry for Libby. I'd never really taken notice of him before (the only way for a bureaucrat to get attention may be through scandal). I was surprised that he was middle-aged. Scooter isn't a towheaded kid behind the soda fountain. He looked worried. Grim. Abject.

I speak to another Washington op, who adds Ari Fleischer to the lineup of soon-to-be-indicted conspirators. Where has Ari been lately? Yes . . . must be in hiding. I call other people to see if they've heard that Fleischer is on the list (as though the list were, indeed, an actual list), and they in turn call others. (I can track this: When did you hear? Oh, about 40 minutes ago. Hmmm . . . did you hear it from Op X? I think that's probably my rumor you're confirming for me.)

Rory O'Connor, a media blogger of my acquaintance, is a downer. He's hotly disputing with me Fitzgerald's impartiality—he was, after all, appointed by John Ashcroft—and almost convinces me he'll punt. Still, beyond even the two years and the millions of dollars Fitzgerald has already spent, a special prosecutor, if we've learned anything about special prosecutors, is damn well going to prosecute somebody.

I get another bulletin: Rove will be indicted for mishandling classified documents.

That doesn't sound so sexy. That might not even be a felony.

If you think about it, this is all really cheesy stuff. Tom DeLay, for instance, the indicted House majority leader, has pretty much moved into that category wherein his undoing seems preordained, but I could not really tell you, even after some careful study, what the prosecutor in Texas has indicted DeLay for.

On the other hand, suddenly, incredibly, there's murder. Murder!

Jack Abramoff! He may just be the character that keeps on giving. If one theme of the Bush scandal is the parallel reality behind the face of terror toughness and Christian virtue, a reality of sleazoids, sons of bitches, cronies and incompetents, dirty tricks, and power wielded truncheon-style . . . well, meet Jack Abramoff and his scant degree of separation from murder.

Abramoff, lobbyist and restaurateur, is the necessary money trail. It's through him that the first White House functionary has been bagged: David H. Safavian (expect to be saying SA-FA-VI-AN with the greatest familiarity), the former head of procurement policy for the White House budget office, has been indicted for lying about his relations with Abramoff and for obstructing the investigation of him. Likewise, as the clock is running down on Rove (saying it like that, assuming it, seems like a possible jinx), the Bush nominee for the number-two spot in the Justice Department, Timothy Flanigan, pretty much everybody's idea of a lightweight and a hack, withdraws his nomination because he too is deep into dealings with Abramoff.

But this is nothing. Abramoff has been indicted with his business partner Adam Kidan, who, it has been alleged, paid money to two men (theoretically for catering and security services)—Anthony Ferrari and Anthony Moscatiello—who have been charged with the murder of Gus Boulis, the founder of SunCruz Casinos. Which casinos Abramoff ultimately bought.

SCANDAL NEEDS A GREAT STORY LINE. . . . MURDER, THAT KIND OF CLARITY, IS MUCH MORE THAN WE HAVE A RIGHT TO HOPE FOR.

Along with great characters, scandal needs a great story line—but too often what we get is a confusing one. Murder, that kind of clarity, is really much more than we have a right to hope for.

It's 24 hours after the 48-hour countdown began and nothing much—already a letdown.

Of course, there's Harriet Miers, the Supreme Court nominee, who further lends a there's-nobody-in-charge feeling to the proceedings.

I pick up a piece of mail (everybody is sending stuff to advance the rumors and feed the scandal appetite). Subject line: !!!!!!!??????

A reporter I know has cut and pasted a comment George Stephanopoulos seemed to have just thrown off during his Sunday-morning show about the smearing of Valerie Plame:

Stephanopoulos: . . . a source close to this told me this week that President Bush and Vice President Cheney were actually involved in some of these discussions.

You just assume that the president, particularly a disengaged one, will have somebody else doing the dirty work.

Then again, real scandal is always the dirty work that comes so naturally you don't think of it as dirty work.

Joseph Wilson, a former ambassador of no consequence to the Bush administration, pisses all over a central justification for the Iraq war on the op-ed page of *The New York Times*. Smoke is obviously coming out of the president's ears. Of course everybody around the Oval Office is going to be talking about it—they read *The New York Times,* after all. (*He* may not read it, but they do.) And everybody's naturally saying what the hell was Wilson doing in Africa anyway? And the answer is . . . his C.I.A. wife sent him. What better way to discredit somebody than by dismissing him as just a bit of nepotism, a wife recommending her husband for a boondoggle trip.

As though everybody's tracking the same information, I suddenly get a rash of calls about the possibility that Bush and Cheney might be named as unindicted co-conspirators (this is one of those incredibly evocative Watergate designations, though God knows what it actually means). O.K., this must be over the top. In fact, everybody says this is far-fetched, but, nevertheless, worth repeating. (I briefly wonder how anybody in the media or politics business is getting any work done—but, then, we're all hoping this scandal will become our work.)

What's odd is that we—the scandal-dedicated media—failed to catch on until the last minute that the Bush administration might be crashing. It really didn't start to seem possible until, perhaps, Rove was called back for the fourth time. It wasn't even clear to many people that he'd already been there three times! In the heat of the moment, on a press panel in early September, I reacted a little too hyperbolically and called this scandal "one of the biggest stories of our age." My overstatement embarrassed me. Richard Cohen, the *Washington Post* columnist and a Judy Miller defender, who was also on the panel, hooted, "This is a crappy little crime, and it may not be a crime at all."

That this was something more, that it was at least among the biggest stories of the Bush age, was hard to see because nobody was much telling the story. For nearly two years it wasn't reported, because key re-

[redacted] reporters were [redacted] their sources secret, and other reporters, perhaps out of some solidarity or sheepishness, weren't independently trying to uncover those sources. Then, after that, it wasn't much covered out of a general sense of discomfort and, even, shame—most of all at *The New York Times*.

The *Times*'s own account of its tortured position in what it now calls "one of the biggest scandals of the day," which it finally supplied on October 16, reads like notes from family therapy. Or the *Times* is the mirror White House—at the heart of the matter is its faulty reporting about the reasons to go to war in Iraq, together with the loyalists who tried to cover this up. Now, with great righteousness, other *Times*men rush to distance themselves (the White House too will have such virtuous people).

I get an up-close tidbit. There's been a Secret Service detail around Rove's house on Weaver Terrace in Washington since the summer. This is, Rove's neighbor tells me, entirely unusual. So, obviously it means something. Right?

The 48-hour timeline has now passed. Let it run. I'd live in this moment forever—with the chickens coming home to roost, and the sons of bitches twisting in the wind. I do so hope we're not imagining this.

I call around to see if I can get any buy-in, and possibly move a rumor, about Libby rolling on Cheney.

This, it seems to me, is the other pivotal stage of a scandal: people have to roll, implicate, save their own skins.

But I can't get anybody to waste much time with me on this. It's in the nature of the Bush people to take a bullet, is the conventional wisdom. I'm not convinced—I saw that look on Libby's face. I'm sure he's ready to confess. Delicious.

There's a story that's suddenly in lightning circulation. It's in the online edition of the *National Journal,* and it's by Murray Waas, a peripatetic left-wing freelancer who has been dogging the Plame investigation almost from its inception. In fact, he's gotten a steady stream of good leaks, seemingly from the special prosecutor's office. Though, honestly, I can't understand why anyone would actually talk to Murray. He's not just partisan but irritating. After I had a brief squabble with him about the odd and dubious press role in all this, he kept calling me at home, harranguing whoever in my family answered the phone. So, a caveat: anybody who's dishing to Murray is probably as single-minded.

Anyway, his report deflates the Bush-Cheney co-conspirator angle. Murray's point is that Rove baldly told Bush that he hadn't leaked anything about Plame or Wilson (and that Bush told the prosecutors this). What's more, Rove lied to the president, at least by omission, by not telling him about conversations with Matt Cooper at *Time*. Nor did Rove tell the F.B.I., when he was initially interviewed, about his conversation with Cooper. Later in the investigation, according to Murray, Rove changed his account.

This actually gives me a sudden sense of doubt again. Rove's Clintonisms, after all, ought to be at least as good as Clinton's Clintonisms—maybe Rove *can* save himself.

Still, it seems to me, if you take this on its face, with Bush passively accepting Rove's explanation, the most glaring question is: what was Bush thinking?

And what was his chief of staff, Andy Card, thinking? And Bush's lawyers? (Would Harriet Miers have been consulted on this?)

Everybody must have known Rove well enough to figure that his account was worth a little more scrutiny.

So it prompts the question: what actually happens if Rove gets indicted? Obviously, he has to resign. But it may be that everybody has to resign, that we have an entire West Wing operation that, by logical inference, either looked the other way or was just too dopey to see the obvious.

I'm thinking, along with perhaps every other liberal, that, as scandals go, this one already seems potentially greater than Monica (it's historically necessary for liberals to put a bigger scandal between themselves and Monica). Monica, after all, never challenged the essential job competence of the president (impeachment aside). The Rove Affair, on the other hand, is rising to an Iran-contra level. Well, you can make the argument ... a lot of hapless and illegal wandering in furtherance of defending really indefensible positions, leaving the president looking like a dope and a chump. Actually, the temptation is strong to push this up to the next level of scandal.

A key aspect of Watergate was that it resulted in the wholesale gutting of the White House organization. Nobody was left. Long before the Nixon resignation, the White House was put into a kind of receivership. So who takes over if Rove and the Rove apparatchiks go?

In fact, there's a sudden new surge of nearly ecstatic rumors: the target of the investigation is now the White House group in charge of masterminding the selling of the war in Iraq. So everybody who spun the whole Iraq ball of wax could go down, from Rove to Libby to Cheney to Condi Rice. In all, I'm hearing that 21 people in the White House could be named as having been involved in the Plame discussions. It's breathtaking.

So here it is: Colin Powell, whipsawed by Cheney and Rove over his Iraq reluctance, becomes, in some immensely poetic and comic reversal, the new good-government chief of staff.

THE ISSUE HERE IS THE FAULTY AND DISINGENUOUS AND POSSIBLY FABRICATED PRETEXT ON WHICH WE WENT TO WAR IN IRAQ.

Great scandals require a larger moral narrative. A great scandal is an opportunity for a great correction—a lesson. Amid all the other stuff that creates the circumstance of scandal—in this instance, greedy congressmen, mishandled natural disasters, rampant cronyism, a recalcitrant right wing, falling popularity ratings, an unpopular war—there is, ideally, for history's and morality's and narrative's sake, a direct line back to the fundamental root of evil.

We have it: W.M.D.

The issue here is the faulty and disingenuous and possibly fabricated pretext on which we went to war in Iraq, and the cover-up that was begun when the pretext started to unravel.

This is, in a sense, the first information scandal. The Bush people will go to jail for spinning. For their media strategy.

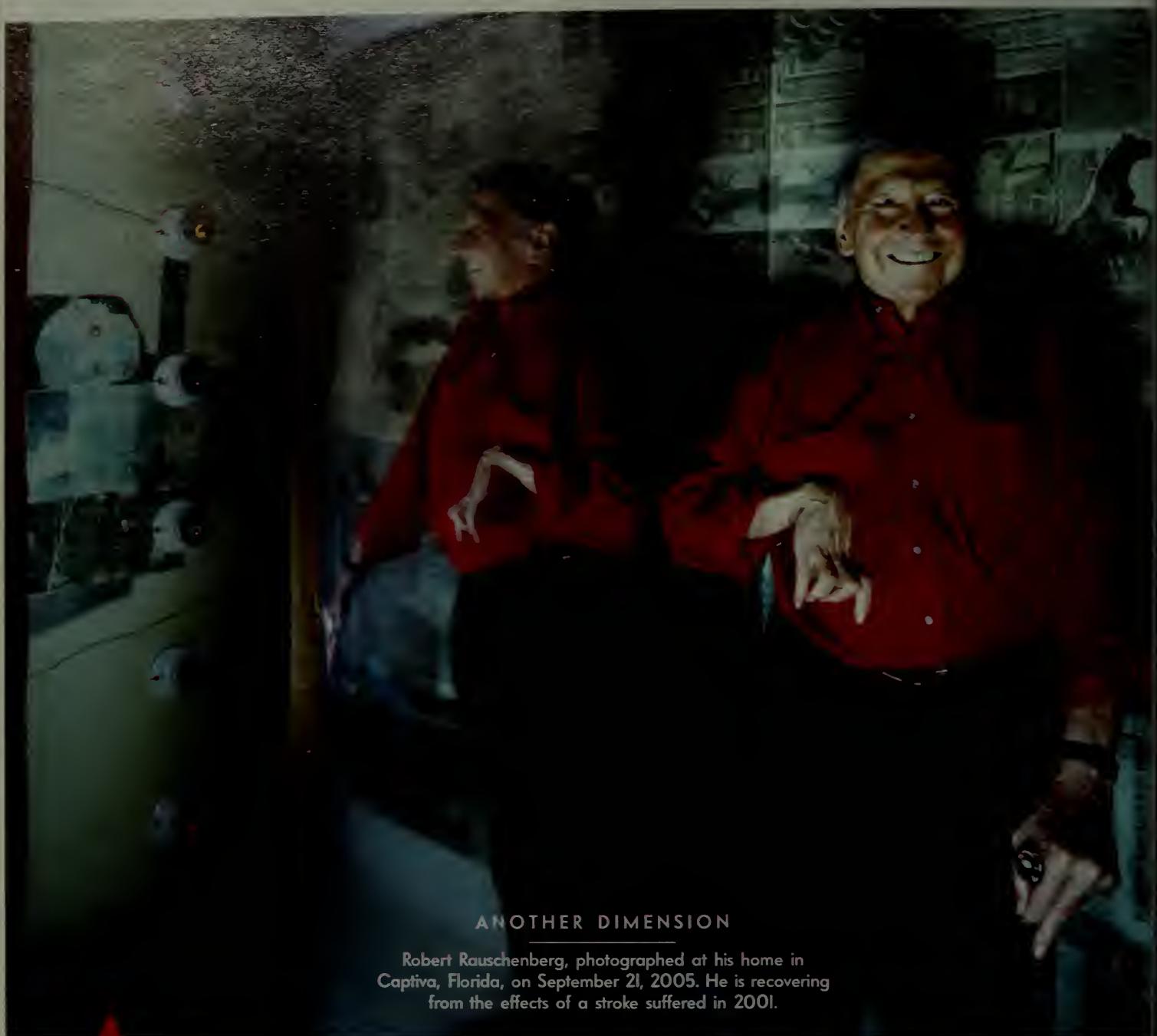
And yet, there is, in all of this, a fantasy component. The reality-avoiding premise, to which I am devoting an increasing part of my day, is that you can undo a presidency when the president, or the president's party, controls the House and Senate that would have to undo him. What's more, there's the matter of the other party ... do we have to even mention the balls or the talent or the lack thereof of the opposition? And yet, the Bush presidency surely seems to be coming undone. Whether Rove is the satisfying agent of collapse—once again, the fate of nations in the hands of a special prosecutor—or not, the game is on, even much against the odds. And it has its own life.

It's theater and sport, as well as redress. □

OSTROM



THE MASTER IN THE MIRROR



ANOTHER DIMENSION

Robert Rauschenberg, photographed at his home in Captiva, Florida, on September 21, 2005. He is recovering from the effects of a stroke suffered in 2001.

At a moment when the latest generation of artists appear to be concerned more with how to hook up with a prestigious gallery than with how to pull off a body of work that really nails a new view of the world, along comes "Robert Rauschenberg: Combines." The show, which debuts at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York (running from December 20 through April 2, 2006), and then travels to Los Angeles, Paris, and Stockholm, includes some 65 wall-hanging and freestanding works by the artist, some of them iconic, some of them basically unknown and unseen, all of them created between 1954 and 1964 and now together under one roof for the first time. It will be a welcome reminder of what it means to be a bold and inventive artist.

In 1954, Rauschenberg was 29 years old, living in New York on 15 cents a day, and sleeping on crates scooped up at the Fulton Fish Market. But he was rich with ideas and driven by rebellion against the ruling dogma of Abstract Expressionism. Rauschenberg's challenge—in part both an extension of Dada and a bridge toward Pop—saw him incorporating into his painted and drawn works the kinds of found objects generally deemed off-limits for art: ventilation ducts, roller skates, shoes and socks, a tire, even a stuffed goat. For these transgressions against the cult of paint, his work was called a joke on more than one occasion.

But as the critic Leo Steinberg once wrote of Rauschenberg vis-à-vis Abstract Expressionism, "What he invented above all was, I think, a pictorial surface that let the world in again." For his part Rauschenberg once had this to say about one of his most iconic and controversial works, *Bed* (which, naturally, includes a bed, quilt, and pillow): "I think of it as one of the friendliest pictures I've ever painted. My fear has always been that someone would want to crawl into it." When the piece comes to the Met as part of this don't-miss show, the guards should keep an eye out. I may just tuck myself in and spend the night. —INGRID SISCHY

a blind tasting of 21
the world's finest vodkas,
hich one did
e New York Times
eclare their
ands-down favorite"?

learly Smirnoff.

hat set Smirnoff apart,
e agreed, was its
omas and flavors which
e described as classic."

IC ASIMOV,
HE NEW YORK TIMES,
/26/2005



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PROFIT OF DOOM
Tim LaHaye lectures the "Walking Where Jesus Walked" tour group in Israel, May 2005. *Below,* four volumes from the "Left Behind" series, which has sold 63 million copies.

AMERICAN RAPTURE

In Tim LaHaye's best-selling thrillers, evangelical Christians are "raptured" up to heaven, leaving secular humanists to perish in an epic bloodbath. To millions of Americans, that's not fiction. It's a theology that touches the White House and, in the Middle East, could spark the Armageddon its true believers want

BY CRAIG UNGER

On a scorching afternoon in May, Tim LaHaye, the 79-year-old co-author of the "Left Behind" series of apocalyptic thrillers, leads several dozen of his acolytes up a long, winding path to a hilltop in the ancient fortress city of Megiddo, Israel. LaHaye is not a household name in the secular world, but in the parallel universe of evangelical Christians he is the ultimate cultural icon. The author or co-author of more than 75 books, LaHaye in 2001 was named the most influential American evangelical leader of the past 25 years by the Institute for the Study of American Evangelicals. With more than 63 million copies of his "Left Behind" novels sold, he is one of the best-selling authors in all of American history. Here, a group of about 90 evangelical Christians who embrace the astonishing theology he espouses have joined him in the Holy Land for the "Walking Where Jesus Walked" tour.

Megiddo, the site of about 20 different




DEMI MOORE FOR
VERSACE

civilizations over the last 10,000 years, is among the first stops on our pilgrimage, and, given that LaHaye's specialty is the apocalypse, it is also one of the most important. Alexander the Great, Saladin, Napoleon, and other renowned warriors all fought great battles here. But if Megiddo is to go down in history as the greatest battlefield on earth, its real test is yet to come. According to the book of Revelation, the hill of Megiddo—better known as Armageddon—will be the site of a cataclysmic battle between the forces of Christ and the Antichrist.

To get a good look at the battlefields of the apocalypse, we take shelter under a makeshift lean-to at the top of the hill. Wearing a floppy hat to protect him from the blazing Israeli sun, LaHaye yields to his colleague Gary Frazier, the tour organizer and founder of the Texas-based Discovery Ministries, Inc., to explain what will happen during the Final Days.

"How many of you have read the 'Left Behind' prophecy novels?" asks Frazier.

Almost everyone raises a hand.

"The thing that you must know," Frazier tells them, "is that the next event on God's prophetic plan, we believe, is the catching away of the saints in the presence of the Lord. We call it 'the Rapture.'"

Frazier is referring to a key biblical passage, in the first book of Thessalonians, that says the Lord will "descend from heaven with a shout.... The dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

The words "caught up" are sometimes translated as "raptured." As a result, adherents cite this as the essential scriptural depiction of the Rapture.

"Christ is going to appear," Frazier continues. "He is going to call all of his saved, all of his children, home to be with him."

In other words, "in the twinkling of an eye," as the Rapturists often say, millions of born-again Evangelicals will suddenly vanish from the earth—just as they do in LaHaye's "Left Behind" books. They will leave behind their clothes, their material possessions, and all their friends and family members who have not accepted Christ—and they will join Christ in the Kingdom of God.

Frazier continues. "Jesus taught his disciples that he was going to go away to his father's house, but that he was not going to abandon them, because while he was gone he was going to prepare for them a suitable dwelling place. .. And when the time was right, he would come back to claim his own.... Jesus is going to come and get his bride, which comprises all of us who are born again.

"I have no question that right now, as we stand here, Jesus the son is saying to the father, I want to be with my bride.... In the same way that we wanted to be with our mates ... he wants to be with us. He wants us to be with him."

Frazier is a fiery preacher, and as his voice rises and falls, his listeners respond with cries of "Amen" and "That's right."

"I'm going to tell you with zeal and enthusiasm and passion Jesus is coming on the clouds of glory to call us home.... Now, ladies and gentlemen, I want you to know, if you've read the 'Left Behind' books, [but] more importantly, if you've read the Bible, you know... that Christ is coming, and we believe that that day is very, very near."

For miles around in all directions the fertile Jezreel Valley, known as the breadbasket of Israel, is spread out before us, an endless vista of lush vineyards and orchards growing grapes, oranges, kumquats, peaches, and pears. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful pastoral panorama.

The sight LaHaye's followers hope to see here in the near future, however, is anything but bucolic. Their vision is fueled by the book of Revelation, the dark and foreboding messianic prophecy that foresees a gruesome and bloody confrontation between Christ and the armies of the Antichrist at Armageddon.

THERE ARE AS MANY AS 70 MILLION EVANGELICALS IN THE U.S.—ABOUT 25 PERCENT OF THE POPULATION—ATTENDING MORE THAN 200,000 CHURCHES.

Addressing the group from the very spot where the conflict is to take place, Frazier turns to Revelation 19, which describes Christ going into battle. "It thrills my heart every time that I read these words," he says, then begins to read: "'And I saw heaven standing open.... And there before me was a white horse, whose rider is called Faithful and True. With justice he judges and makes war. His eyes are like blazing fire.'"

Frazier pauses to explain the text. "This doesn't sound like compassionate Jesus," he says. "This doesn't sound like the suffering servant of Isaiah 53. This is the Warrior King. He judges and makes war."

Frazier returns to the Scripture: "He has a name written on him that no one but he himself knows. He is dressed in a robe that is dipped in blood and his name is the word of God."

This is the moment the Rapturists eagerly await. The magnitude of death and destruction will make the Holocaust seem trivial. The battle finally begins.

Those who remain on earth are the unsaved, the left behind—many of them dissolute followers of the Antichrist, who is massing his army against Christ. Accompanying Christ into battle are the armies of heaven, riding white horses and dressed in fine linen.

"This is all of us," Frazier says.

Frazier points out that Christ does not need high-tech weaponry for this conflict. "'Out of his mouth comes a sharp sword,' not a bunch of missiles and rockets," he says.

Once Christ joins the battle, both the Antichrist and the False Prophet are quickly captured and cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone. Huge numbers of the Antichrist's supporters are slain.

Meanwhile, an angel exhorts Christ, "Thrust in thy sickle, and reap." And so, Christ, sickle in hand, gathers "the vine of the earth."

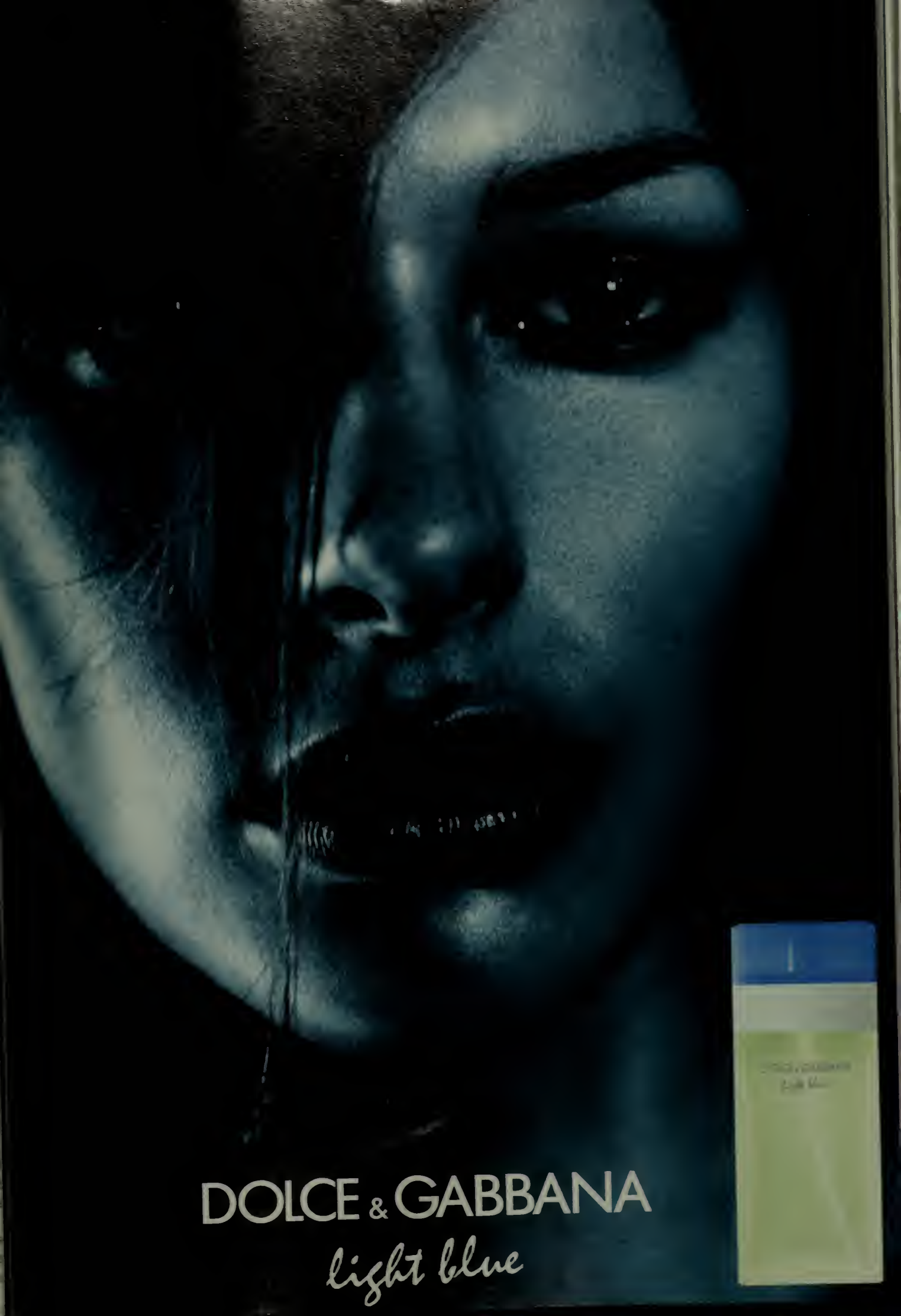
Then, according to Revelation, "the earth was reaped." These four simple words signify the end of the world as we know it.

Grapes that are "fully ripe"—billions of people who have reached maturity but still reject the grace of God—are now cast "into the great winepress of the wrath of God." Here we have the origin of the phrase "the grapes of wrath." In an extraordinarily merciless and brutal act of justice, Christ crushes the so-called grapes of wrath, killing them. Then, Revelation says, blood flows out "of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles, by the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs."

With its highly figurative language, Revelation is subject to profoundly differing interpretations. Nevertheless, LaHaye's followers insist on its literal truth and accuracy, and they have gone to great lengths to calculate exactly what this passage of Revelation means.

As we walk down from the top of the hill of Megiddo, one of them looks out over the Jezreel Valley. "Can you imagine this entire valley filled with blood?" he asks. "That would be a 200-mile-long river of blood, four and a half feet deep. We've done the math. That's the blood of as many as two and a half billion people."

When this will happen is another question, and the Bible says that "of that day and hour knoweth no man." Nevertheless,


DOLCE & GABBANA
light blue

LaHaye's [illegible] the End of Days are imminent. In fact, one of them has especially strong ideas about when they will take place. "Not soon enough," she says. "Not soon enough."

If such views sound extraordinary, the people who hold them are decidedly not. For the most part, the people on the tour could pass for a random selection culled from almost any shopping mall in America. There are warm and loving middle-aged couples who hold hands. There is a well-coiffed Texas matron with an Hermès scarf. There's a ducktailed septuagenarian and a host of post-teen mall rats. There are young singles. One couple even chose this trip for their honeymoon. A big-haired platinum blonde with a white sequined cowboy hat adds a touch of Dallas glamour. There is a computer-security expert, a legal assistant, and a real-estate broker; a construction executive, a retired pastor, a caregiver for the elderly, and a graduate student from Jerry Falwell's Liberty University. They hail from Peoria, Illinois, and Longview, Texas, as well as San Diego and San Antonio. Most are fans of the "Left Behind" books. Some have attended the Left Behind Prophecy Conference on one of its tours of the U.S.

And while their beliefs may seem astounding to secular Americans, they are not unusual. According to a *Time*/CNN poll from 2002, 59 percent of Americans believe the events in the book of Revelation will take place. There are as many as 70 million Evangelicals in the U.S.—about 25 percent of the population—attending more than 200,000 evangelical churches. Most of these churches are run by pastors who belong to conservative political organizations that make sure their flocks vote as a hard-right Republican bloc.

A fascination with Revelation, the Rapture, and Christian Zionism has always been a potent, if often unseen, component of the American consciousness. More than three centuries ago, Puritans from John Winthrop to Cotton Mather saw America as a millennial kingdom linked to both the apocalypse and ancient Israel in a divine way that prefigured the Second Coming of Christ. America was to be the New Jerusalem, the Redeemer Nation, a people blessed with divine guidance.

Imagery from the book of Revelation has inspired poets and writers from William Blake and William Butler Yeats to Joan Didion and Bob Dylan. "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" draws references from Revelation. Elements of the book of Revelation—secularized or otherwise—turn up in movies starring Gary Cooper (*High Noon*), Gregory Peck (*The Omen*), Clint Eastwood (*Pale Rider*), and Mimi Rogers (*The Rapture*), as well as in NBC's *Revelations*. Already, there have been two "Left Behind" movies—available mostly on video—and a third is in production. LaHaye's "Left Behind" series of books, coauthored with Jerry Jenkins, has brought in $650 million to Tyndale House, its now affluent Christian publisher.

On the Internet, raptureready.com put its Rapture Index at 161 in the wake of Hurricane Katrina; anything over 145 means "fasten your seat belts." A number of Christian Web sites sell clothing emblazoned with Rapture logos. There was even a team of NASCAR drivers, Randy MacDonald and Jimmy Hensley, whose souped-up Chevy proudly displayed "Left Behind" insignia—not the most propitious message for a driver vying for pole position.

For all that, the new wave of Rapture-mania is more than just another multi-billion-dollar addition to America's cultural junk heap. In the 60s, how you felt about the Beatles and Rolling Stones, marijuana and LSD, and civil rights and the Vietnam War told people whose side of American society you were on. Likewise, Jerry Falwell and Tim LaHaye, the pro-life movement and marriage-protection amendment, and the book of Revelation and George W. Bush are equally reliable gauges through which evangelical Christians today can distinguish friend from foe.

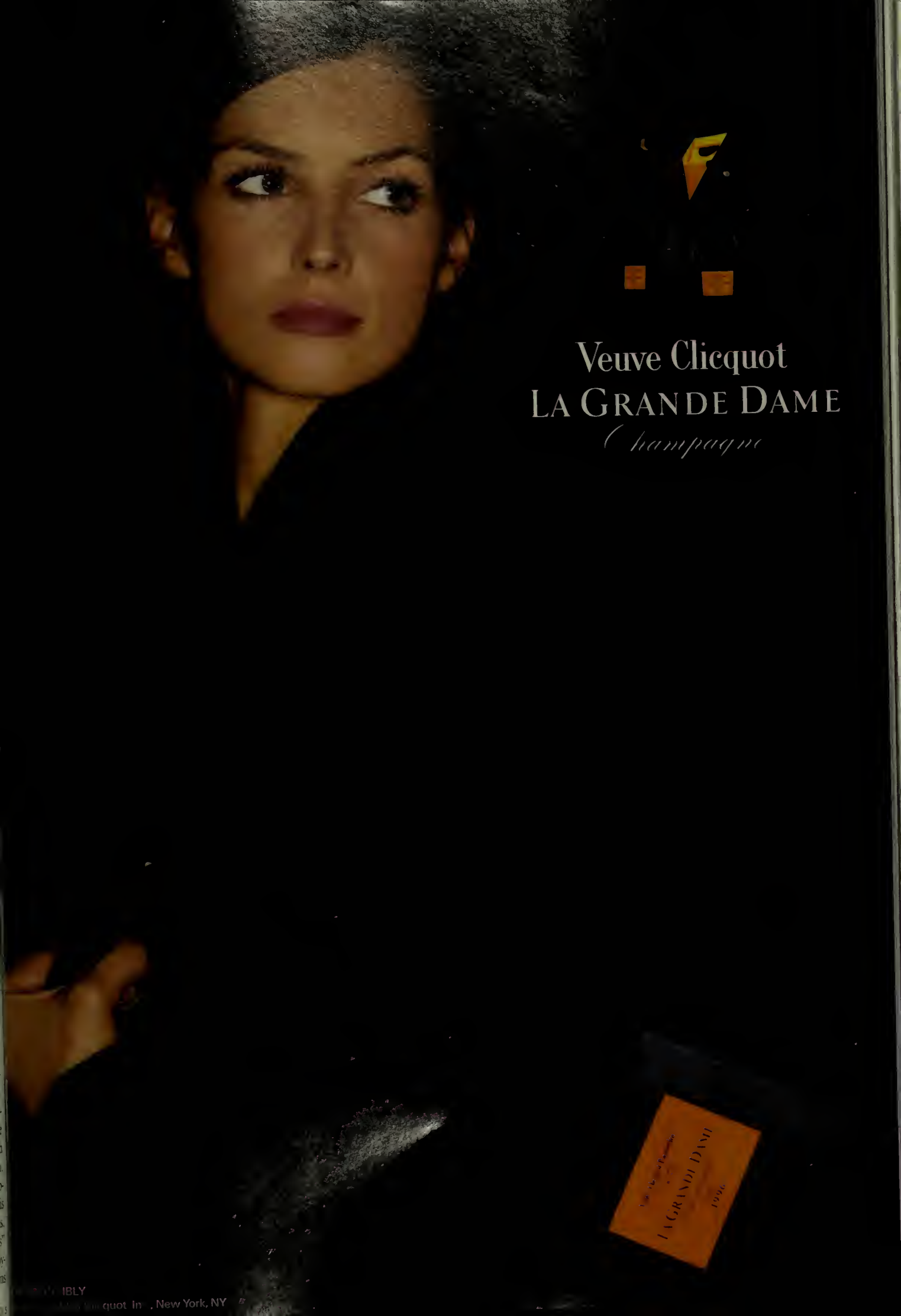
As befits the manifesto of a counterculture, the "Left Behind" series is a revenge fantasy, in which right-wing Christians win out over the rational, scientific, modern, post-Enlightenment world. The books represent the apotheosis of a culture that is waging war against liberals, gays, Muslims, Arabs, the U.N., and "militant secularists" of all stripes—whom it accuses of destroying Christian America, murdering millions





HOLY WAR ZONE
Above, Ariel Sharon hands something to Yael Dayan, seated next to her father, Moshe, during the Six-Day War, June 1967. Right, the Dome of the Rock on the Temple Mount.

"IF SOMETHING HAPPENS TO THE TEMPLE MOUNT, I THINK THESE AMERICAN EVANGELICALS WILL WELCOME SUCH AN ACT," SAYS YITSHAK FHANTICH.


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LA GRANDE DAME
Champagne
LA GRANDE DAME
1996

of unborn children assaulting the Christian family by promoting promiscuity and homosexuality, and driving Christ out of the public square.

It's a counterculture that sees Jews as key players in a Christian messianic drama, a premise that has led to a remarkable alliance between Christian Evangelicals and the Israeli right. As a result, political views drawn from an apocalyptic vision—once dismissed as extremist and delusional—have not merely swept mass culture but have shaped the political discourse all the way to Jerusalem and the White House. And if they are taken too seriously, the geopolitical consequences could be catastrophic.

The city of Jerusalem has a profound significance in the traditions of Judaism, Christianity, and Islam. And to all three religions no place in Jerusalem is more full of apocalyptic and messianic meaning than the Temple Mount—the massive, 144,000-square-meter platform, 32 meters high, built by King Herod as a base for the biggest and most grandiose religious monument in the world, the shining white stone Temple of the Jews.

To Jews, the Temple Mount marks the holy of holies, the sacred core of the Temple, where Jews worshipped for centuries. Beneath it, Orthodox Jews believe, is the foundation stone of the entire world. The Mount is the disputed piece of land over which Cain slew Abel. It is where Abraham took his son, Isaac, when God asked him to sacrifice the boy. At its outer perimeter is the Western Wall, or Wailing Wall, where Jews worship today. And messianic Jews believe the Mount is where the Temple must be rebuilt for the coming Messiah.

To Christians, the Temple is where Jesus threw out the money changers. Its destruction by the Romans in 70 A.D. came to symbolize the birth of Christianity, when a new Temple of Jesus, eternal and divine, replaced the earthly Temple made and destroyed by men.

And to Muslims the Temple Mount's Dome of the Rock is where Muhammad ascended to heaven nearly 1,400 years ago, making it the third-holiest site in Islam, behind Mecca and Medina.

After its victory over Arab forces in the Six-Day War, in June 1967, Israel briefly seized the Temple Mount, thereby realizing the dream of restoring Judaism's holiest place to the Jewish people. But Moshe Dayan, the venerated Israeli defense minister who won the battle, soon voluntarily relinquished control of it to the *Waqf*, a Muslim administrative body.

Over the next generation, some 250,000 mostly Orthodox Jews, citing God's promise to Abraham in Genesis—"all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever"—moved into West Bank territories occupied by Israel after the 1967 war, and vowed to keep the government from giving the land back to the Palestinians.

Since Dayan's historic decision, Muslim authorities have usually allowed non-Muslims to come to the Temple Mount, as long as they don't move their lips in ways that suggest they are praying. As a result, the Temple Mount is one of the most explosive tinderboxes on earth. A visit to the site in September 2000 by Ariel Sharon inflamed tensions that soon erupted into the second intifada.

To evangelical Christians, the Mount is an elemental part of messianic theology, because a complete restoration of the nation of Israel, including the rebuilding of the Temple and the reclaiming of Judea and Samaria, is a prerequisite to the Second Coming of Christ. Likewise, to Orthodox Jews, nothing is more important to their messianic vision than reclaiming the Temple Mount and rebuilding the Temple—yet no single event is more likely to provoke a catastrophe.

"NO ONE IN OUR FAMILY READ NEWSPAPERS," SAYS A FORMER EVANGELICAL. "GROWING UP, OUR ONLY SOURCE OF INFORMATION IN MY LIFE WAS THE PASTOR."

No one knows this better than Yitshak Fhantich, an independent security, protection, and intelligence consultant who spent 28 years in Israeli intelligence, many as head of the Jewish Department of Shin Bet. From 1992 to 1995, he was the man in charge of investigating right-wing extremists, many of them strongly religious, who posed a threat to the Temple Mount.

"The vast majority of settlers in the West Bank are positive people with sincere religious beliefs," says Fhantich. "But when you combine religious beliefs with right-wing political views, you have a bomb. The hard core among them will go to any extreme. They are ready to do anything—from killing Yitzhak Rabin to blowing up the mosques at the Temple Mount."

Indeed, in 1984, Fhantich and his team of Shin Bet members assisted in the arrest of 26 Jewish terrorists for planning to blow up the mosques on the Temple Mount in an attempt to disrupt the peace process with Egypt, and in hopes that the Jews would then rebuild the Temple so that the Messiah would come.

And in 1995, Fhantich personally warned Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin about the danger he faced from militant groups outraged by his agreement, as part of the 1993 Oslo accords, to relinquish the West Bank and Gaza territories to the Palestinians. "I told him, on the hit list, you're No. 1," Fhantich says. On November 4, 1995, Rabin was assassinated by a young Orthodox law student named Yigal Amir, whose activities Fhantich had been monitoring for more than a year.

In the 90s, Fhantich says, Israeli intelligence began watching Christian Evangelicals. "As the millennium approached, you had many people waiting for the appearance of Jesus Christ.... And Jerusalem, of course, is the home of the Jerusalem syndrome," he says, referring to the phenomenon whereby obsessive religious ideas can trigger violent behavior. "If someone believes God told him to do something, you cannot stop him.

"The mosques on the Temple Mount are like the red flag for the bull. You have to be prepared minute by minute. These Christians, they believe what they are doing is sacred. Some of them are so naïve they can be taken advantage of. If something happens to the Temple Mount, I think these American Evangelicals will welcome such an act. After all, religion is the most powerful gun in the world."

Moreover, a potential attack on the Temple Mount, as disastrous as it would be, pales in comparison to the long-term geopolitical goals of some right-wing religious groups. Orthodox Jews, Christian Evangelicals, and the heroes of the "Left Behind" series share a belief that the land bordered by the Nile and Euphrates Rivers and the Mediterranean Sea and the wilderness of Jordan has been covenanted to Israel by God. Taken to its literal extreme, this belief obliges Israel not only to retain control of Gaza and the West Bank but also to annex all or parts of Egypt, Lebanon, Iraq, and Syria. Such a campaign of conquest would be certain to provoke a spectacular conflict.

The Carter Glass Mansion, in Lynchburg, Virginia, is a handsome manor house that serves as an administrative office for Liberty University and offers a magnificent view of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Inside is the office of Jerry Falwell, chancellor of the university, founding father of the Christian right, and longtime friend and colleague of Tim LaHaye, one of Liberty's most generous donors.

Recently recovered from a respiratory illness, Falwell, 72, is as serene and self-

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confident as ever, answering questions with the disarming candor that has enabled him to build personal friendships with even his fiercest ideological foes, from the Reverend Jesse Jackson to pornographer Larry Flynt. Behind his desk is a mounted page from the *Palestine Post*, dated May 16, 1948, headlined STATE OF ISRAEL IS BORN.

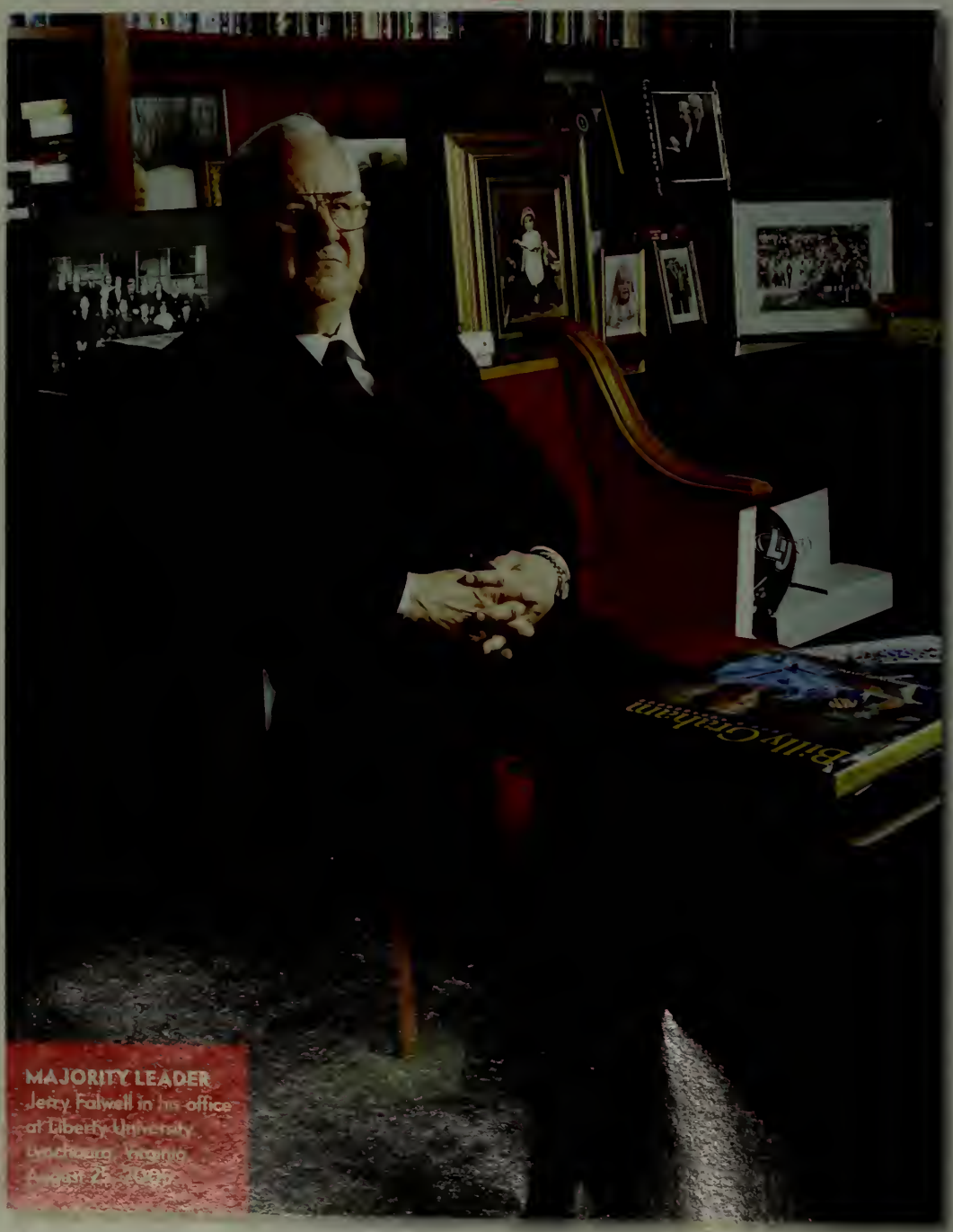
Explaining his affinity for Israel, Falwell says, "Long before I became a political activist, I'd been taught that the Abrahamic Covenant—Genesis 12 and Genesis 15—is still binding, where God told Abraham, 'I will bless them that bless you and curse them that curse you.'

"It was obvious to me, beginning with the birth of the Israeli state, in 1948, and the Six-Day War, in 1967, that God was bringing his people back home. So I came to believe that it was in America's best interest to be a friend of Israel.... If America blessed the Jew, Israel in particular, God would bless America."

The special political relationship between the Israeli right and Evangelicals dates back to 1977, when, after three decades of Labor rule in Israel, Menachem Begin became the first prime minister from the conservative Likud Party. A romantic nationalist and serious biblical scholar, Begin pointedly referred to the lands of the West Bank by their biblical names of Judea and Samaria, and he reached out to American Evangelicals at a time when they were just coming out of a political hibernation that dated back to the Scopes trial of 1925 and Prohibition. "The prime minister said a person who has got the Bible in his home and reads it and believes it cannot be a bad person," recalls Yechiel Kadishai, a longtime personal aide to Begin. "He said the Evangelicals have to know that we are rooted in this piece of land. There should be an understanding between us and them." One of the first people Begin sought out was Jerry Falwell, who was achieving national recognition through his growing television ministry.

In 1980, Begin presented Falwell with the prestigious Jabotinsky Award, gave his ministry a private jet, and shared vital state secrets with the televangelist. Begin even called him before bombing Iraq's Osirak nuclear reactor, in June 1981. "He said, 'Tomorrow you're going to read some strong things about what we are going to do. But our safety is at stake,'" Falwell recalls. "He said, 'I wanted you, my good friend, to know what we are going to do.' And, sure enough, they put one down the chimney."

"WE OFTEN CALL THE WHITE HOUSE AND TALK TO KARL ROVE," JERRY FALWELL SAYS OF THE ARLINGTON GROUP. "EVERYONE TAKES OUR CALLS."



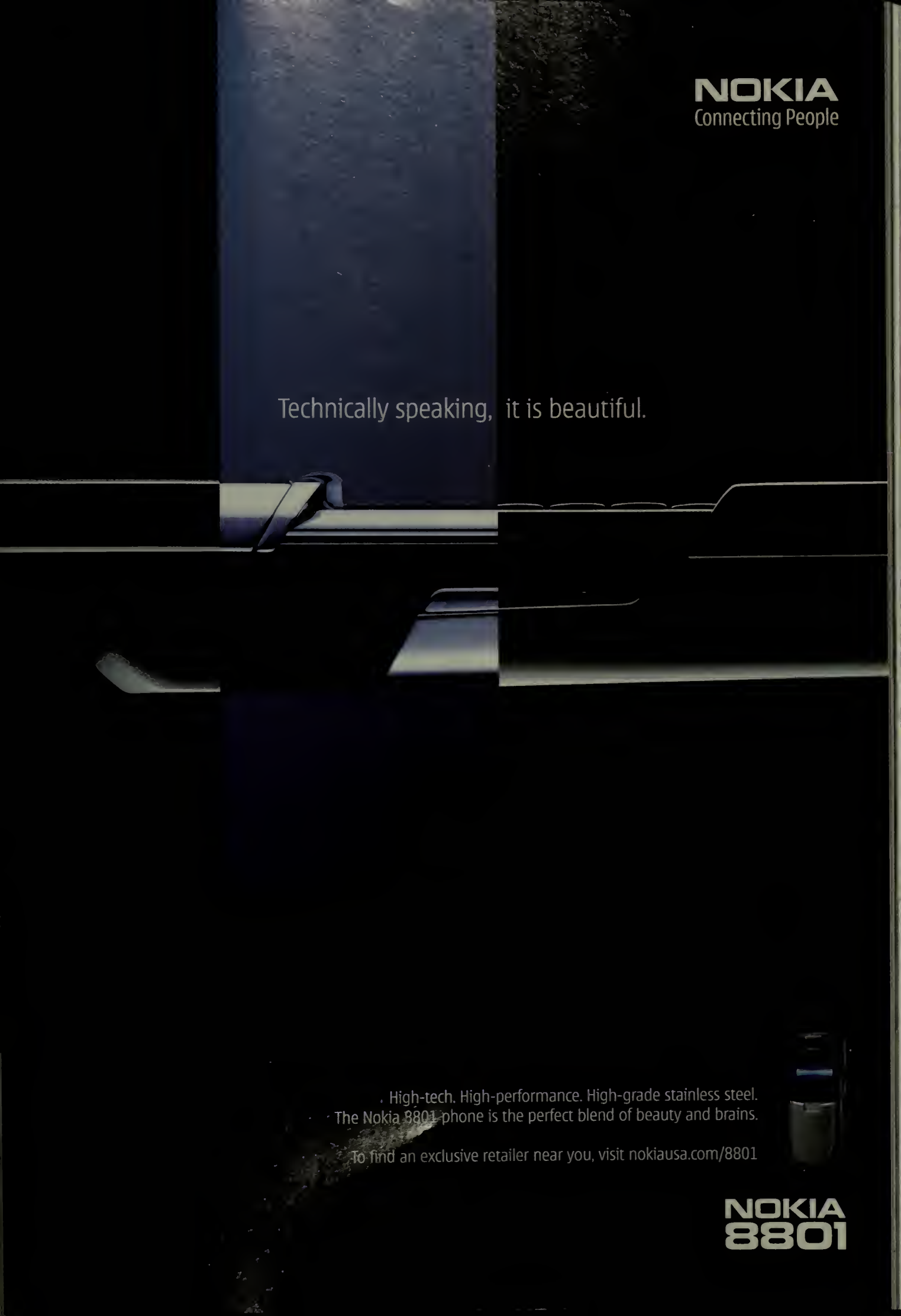
MAJORITY LEADER Jerry Falwell in his office at Liberty University, overlooking Lynchburg, Virginia, August 25, 2005.

In the early days of his ministry, Falwell, like other Evangelicals, had made a policy of not mixing religion and politics at all—much less on a global scale. "I had been taught in the seminary that religion and politics don't mix," he says. "Conservative theologians were absolutely convinced that the pulpit should be devoted to prayer, preaching, and exclusively to spiritual ministry.

"But in the 60s the U.S. Supreme Court had decided to remove God from the public square, beginning with the school-prayer issue. Then, in 1973, the Supreme Court had ruled 7-to-2 in favor of abortion on demand. And I wondered, 'What can I do?'"

Several years later, Falwell got a call from Francis Schaeffer. An electrifying Presbyterian evangelist and author, Schaeffer is probably the most important religious figure that secular America has never heard of. Widely regarded by Evangelicals as one of their leading theologians of the 20th century, Schaeffer, who died in 1984, was to the Christian right what Marx was to Marxism, what Freud was to psy-

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choanalysis. "There is no question in my mind that without Francis Schaeffer the religious right would not exist today," says Falwell. "He was the prophet of the modern-day faith-and-values movement."

A powerful influence on Falwell, LaHaye, Pat Robertson, and many others, Schaeffer asserted in the wake of *Roe* v. *Wade* that Evangelicalism could no longer passively accommodate itself to the decadent values of the secular-humanist world, now that it had sanctioned the murder of unborn babies. Almost single-handedly, he prodded Evangelicals out of the pulpit and into a full-scale cultural war with the secular world. "I was in search of a scriptural way that I, as pastor of a very large church, could address the moral and social issues facing American culture," Falwell says. "Dr. Schaeffer shattered that world of isolation for me, telling me that, while I was preaching a very clear gospel message, I was avoiding 50 percent of my ministry. . . . He began teaching me that I had a responsibility to confront the culture where it was failing morally and socially."

In 1979, Falwell was still "looking for a plan to mobilize people of faith in this country" when Tim LaHaye, then a pastor in San Diego, called him. LaHaye had just founded Californians for Biblical Morality, a coalition of right-wing pastors who fought against gay rights and even sought to ban the fantasy game Dungeons & Dragons in a Glendora community college on the grounds that it was an "occult" game.

When he visited San Diego, Falwell was impressed with how LaHaye had organized the pastors to confront the state government on moral and social issues. "When he told me how he did it, I wondered why we couldn't do it on a national basis," says Falwell.

And so, in 1979, Falwell launched the Moral Majority with LaHaye and other leading fundamentalist strategists to lobby for prayer and the teaching of creationism in public schools and against gay rights, abortion, and the Equal Rights Amendment. LaHaye's wife, Beverly, also entered the fray that year by founding Concerned Women for America, to "bring biblical principles into all levels of public policy" and oppose the "anti-marriage, anti-family, anti-children, anti-man" feminism put forth by the National Organization for Women.

Courtly, genteel, and soft-spoken, LaHaye hardly looks the part of a ferocious right-wing culture warrior. In public or in private, LaHaye is understated, the antithesis of the fire-and-brimstone preacher one might expect to deliver prophecies of the apocalypse and Armageddon. Yet even Falwell has said that LaHaye has done more than anyone to set the agenda for Evangelicalism in the U.S.

LaHaye's belief in the Rapture dates back to his father's funeral, in Detroit, when he was just nine years old. "The minister at the funeral said these words: 'This is not the end of Frank LaHaye,'" he told *The Christian Science Monitor.* "'Because he accepted Jesus, the day will come when the Lord will shout from heaven and descend, and the dead in Christ will rise first and then we'll be caught up together to meet him in the air.'"

Then the pastor pointed to the sky and the sun unexpectedly came out. "All of a sudden, there was hope in my heart I'd see my father again," LaHaye said.

From then on, LaHaye was entranced with Rapturist theology, which was popularized in the U.S. in the 19th century by a renegade Irish Anglican preacher named John Nelson Darby. A proponent of a prophetic branch of theology known as premillennial dispensationalism, Darby asserted that a series of signs—including wars, immorality, and the return of the Jews to Israel—signal the End of Days. Once the end is nigh, all true believers will be raptured to meet Christ. After that, Darby taught, the world will enter a horrifying seven-year period of Tribulation, during which a charismatic Antichrist will seize power. But in the end, he prophesied, the Antichrist will be vanquished by Christ at Armageddon, and Christ's 1,000-year reign of peace and justice will begin. This, in brief, is the theology taught by evangelists such as Jerry Falwell, John Hagee, and many others—including Tim LaHaye.

IN THE "LEFT BEHIND" BOOKS, THE ANTICHRIST IS NICOLAE CARPATHIA, THE DAZZLINGLY CHARMING SECRETARY GENERAL OF THE U.N. AND *PEOPLE*'S "SEXIEST MAN ALIVE."

After graduating from the ultra-conservative Bob Jones University, in Greenville, South Carolina, LaHaye began preaching in nearby Pumpkintown at a salary of $15 a week. For 25 years, he served as pastor at Scott Memorial Baptist Church, in San Diego, transforming it from a congregation of 275 into one with 3,000 members.

Along the way, LaHaye avidly read Francis Schaeffer. "Schaeffer taught me the difference between the Renaissance and the Reformation," he says during the tour of Israel. "And you know what the difference is? The Renaissance was all about the centrality of man. The Reformation was all about clearing up the ways the [Catholic] Church had mucked up Christianity—and getting back to the centrality of God."

In *The Battle for the Mind,* his 1980 homage to Schaeffer, LaHaye lays out his worldview far more forcefully than he does in person, depicting America as a Bible-based country under siege by an elite group of secular humanists conspiring to destroy the nuclear family, Christianity itself, and even "the entire world." There are no shades of gray in this Manichaean tract, which asserts that secular humanism is "not only the world's greatest evil but, until recently, the most deceptive of all religious philosophies."

Life, LaHaye argues, has always been a battle between good and evil. "The good way has always been called 'God's way,'" he writes, and evil has been the way of man—specifically, the post-Renaissance, post-Enlightenment world of art, science, and reason. And, in his view, nothing man has come up with is worse than secular humanism, which he defines as "a Godless, man-centered philosophy" that rejects traditional values and that has "a particular hatred toward Christianity."

"LaHaye writes as if there's a humanist brain trust sitting around reading [American philosopher and educational reformer] John Dewey, trying to figure out ways to destroy Christianity," says Chip Berlet, a senior analyst with Political Research Associates and the co-author of *Right-Wing Populism in America: Too Close for Comfort.*

In truth, while tens of millions of Americans might accurately be called secular humanists, very few characterize themselves as members of a humanist movement. But to LaHaye that only proves the deviousness of the humanist project. Instead of openly advocating their point of view, he writes, humanists have used the mass media and Hollywood, the government, academia, and organizations such as the A.C.L.U. and NOW to indoctrinate unsuspecting Christians.

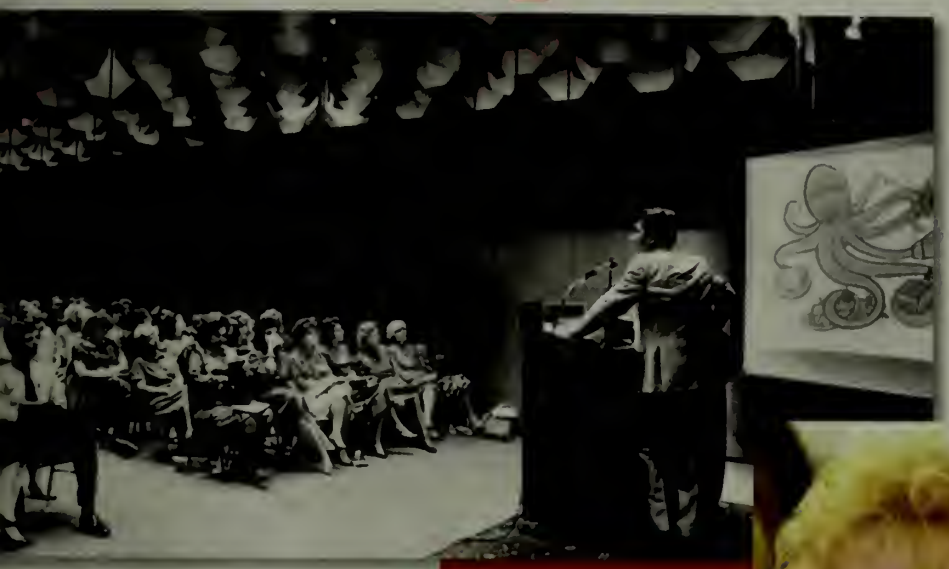
As a result, LaHaye argues, good Evangelicals should no longer think of humanists as harmless citizens who happen not to attend church. In *The Battle for the Mind,* he spells out his political goals: "We must remove all humanists from public office and replace them with pro-moral political leaders."

"In LaHaye's world, there are the godly people who are on their way to the Rapture," says Berlet. "And the rest of the world is either complicit with the Antichrist or, worse, actively assisting him. If you real-

ly believe in End Times, you are constantly looking for agents of Satan.... [And if] political conflicts are rooted in the idea that your opponent is an agent of the Devil, there is no compromise possible. What decent person would compromise with evil? So that removes it from the democratic process.

"Conservative think tanks like the Heritage Foundation want to roll back the New Deal. LaHaye wants to roll back the Enlightenment."

Like Schaeffer's writings, LaHaye's book went largely unnoticed by the secular world, but the Christian right heartily embraced its declaration of war against secularism. Presbyterian televangelist D. James Kennedy hailed *The Battle for the Mind* as "one of the most important books of our time." Falwell wrote that all Christians must follow its tenets if America is to be saved from becoming "another Sodom and Gomorrah."





CAUSE FOR CONCERN *Above,* Tim LaHaye addresses a 1996 workshop sponsored by Concerned Women for America, founded by his wife, Beverly (*inset*).

In 1981, LaHaye took up the challenge, resigning his pastorship to devote himself full-time to building the Christian right. He began by meeting with moneyed ultra-conservatives including Nelson Bunker Hunt, the right-wing oil billionaire from Dallas, and T. Cullen Davis, another wealthy Texas oilman who became a born-again Christian after being acquitted of charges of murdering his wife's lover and his stepdaughter.

Though still in its infancy, the Moral Majority had more than seven million people on its mailing list and had already played a key role in electing Ronald Reagan president. Beverly LaHaye's Concerned Women for America was on its way to building a membership of 500,000 people, making her "the most powerful woman in the new religious right," according to the *Houston Chronicle.* She and her husband also coauthored a best-selling marriage manual for Christians, *The Act of Marriage,* full of clinical advice such as the following: "Cunnilingus and fellatio have in recent years been given unwarranted publicity [but] the majority of couples do not regularly use it as a substitute for the beautiful and conventional interaction designed by our Creator to be an intimate expression of love." And in the mid-80s, LaHaye created the American Coalition for Traditional Values, which played an important role in reelecting Ronald Reagan, in 1984. He later became co-chairman of Jack Kemp's 1988 presidential campaign but was forced to resign when anti-Catholic statements he had written came to light.

With right-wing groups expanding at such a dizzying pace, LaHaye helped to found the Council for National Policy (C.N.P.) as a low-profile but powerful coalition of billionaire industrialists, fundamentalist preachers, and right-wing tacticians. Funded by Hunt and Davis, among others, the organization set out to create a coherent and disciplined strategy for the New Right.

Though its membership is secret, the rolls have reportedly included Falwell and Pat Robertson; top right-wing political strategists Richard Viguerie, Ralph Reed, and Paul Weyrich; Republican senators Jesse Helms and Lauch Faircloth (both of North Carolina), Don Nickles (Oklahoma), and Trent Lott (Mississippi); and Republican representatives Dick Armey and Tom DeLay (both of Texas). The late Rousas John Rushdoony, the right-wing theologian who hoped to reconfigure the American legal system in accordance with biblical law, was said to be a member, as was John Whitehead of the Rutherford Institute, who was co-counsel to Paula Jones in her lawsuit against Bill Clinton.

"Ronald Reagan, both George Bushes, senators and Cabinet members—you name it. There's nobody who hasn't been here at least once," says Falwell, who confirms that he is a member. "It is a group of four or five hundred of the biggest conservative guns in the country."

"CONSERVATIVE THINK TANKS LIKE THE HERITAGE FOUNDATION WANT TO ROLL BACK THE NEW DEAL. LAHAYE WANTS TO ROLL BACK THE ENLIGHTENMENT."

The C.N.P. has access to the highest powers in the land. In 1999, George W. Bush courted evangelical support for his presidential candidacy by giving a speech before the council, the transcript of which remains a highly guarded secret. And since the start of his presidency, Falwell says, the C.N.P. has enjoyed regular access to the Oval Office. "Within the council is a smaller group called the Arlington Group," says Falwell. "We talk to each other daily and meet in Washington probably twice a month. We often call the White House and talk to Karl Rove while we are meeting. Everyone takes our calls." According to *The Wall Street Journal,* two high-ranking Texas judges who spoke to the Arlington Group in October at the suggestion of Karl Rove allegedly assured its members that Supreme Court nominee Harriet Miers would vote to overturn *Roe* v. *Wade.*

Sometime in the mid-80s, Tim LaHaye was on an airplane when he noticed that the pilot, who happened to be wearing a wedding ring, was flirting with an attractive flight attendant, who was not. LaHaye asked himself what would happen to the poor unsaved man if the long-awaited Rapture were to transpire at that precise moment.

Soon, LaHaye's agent dug up Jerry Jenkins, a writer-at-large for the Moody Bible Institute and the author of more than 150 books, many on sports and religion. In exchange for shared billing, Jenkins signed on to do the actual writing of the "Left Behind" series—a multi-volume apocalyptic

fantasy thriller composed in the breezy, fast-paced style of airport bodice rippers but based on biblical prophecy.

The first volume, *Left Behind*, begins with a variation of what LaHaye observed in real life. While piloting his 747 to London's Heathrow Airport, Captain Rayford Steele decides he's had just about enough of his wife's infuriating religiosity. Thanks to Christian influences, she now believes in the Rapture. He puts the plane on autopilot and leaves the cockpit to flirt with a "drop-dead gorgeous" flight attendant named Hattie Durham.

But Hattie advises him that dozens of passengers have suddenly and mysteriously vanished. They have left behind their clothes, eyeglasses, jewelry, even their hearing aids.

The Rapture has come. Millions of Christians who have accepted Christ as their savior—including Rayford Steele's wife and young son—have been caught up into heaven to meet Him. Left behind are the vast armies of the Antichrist—those ungodly, evolutionist, pro-abortion secular humanists—and a smaller group of people like Steele, who are just beginning to see that Christ is the answer.

So begin the seven years of Tribulation forecast in the book of Revelation. Rayford Steele and his band of Tribulation warriors are mostly ordinary folks right out of the heartland—not unlike the participants in LaHaye and Frazier's tour of Israel. Doubters no more, they begin to form the Tribulation Force, to take on the armies of the Antichrist and win redemption.

Soon, the Force learns that the Antichrist is none other than Nicolae Carpathia, the dazzlingly charming secretary-general of the United Nations and *People* magazine's "Sexiest Man Alive." Carpathia turns the U.N. into a one-world government with one global currency and one religious order. Try as they might, the Force can't stop him from killing billions by bombing New York, Los Angeles, London, Washington, D.C., and several other cities, or from establishing himself as dictator and implanting biochips that scar millions of people with the number of the beast.

In fact, Carpathia and his Unity Army seem all but unstoppable until *Glorious Appearing*, the last volume in the series, when it becomes clear that God has another plan—the Second Coming of Jesus. The battles between the forces of Christ and of the Antichrist begin in Jordan, with Carpathia urging his troops to attack, only to be confronted with the ultimate deus ex machina: "Heaven opened and there, on a white horse, sat Jesus, the Christ, the Son of the living God. . . . Jesus' eyes shone with conviction like a flame of fire, and He held His majestic head high. . . . On His robe at the thigh a name was written: KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

LaHaye is not the first author to cash in on the apocalypse. Hal Lindsey's 1970 Christian End Times book, *The Late Great Planet Earth*, which predicted that the world would come to an end around 1988, was the No. 1 nonfiction best-seller of the 70s. Nevertheless, LaHaye, Jenkins, and their aptly named literary agent, Rick Christian, had a tough time interesting publishers in their concept. Finally, LaHaye's nonfiction publishing company, Tyndale House, put up $50,000, boasting that it could market the book well enough to sell half a million copies.

Kicking off the series in 1995, as the millennium clock ran down, provided a convenient marketing device. According to *The Washington Post*, by 2001, 27 million copies of "Left Behind" books had been sold, along with 10 million related products such as postcards and wallpa-



FAITHFUL ALLIES
(1) Tim LaHaye, who helped found the Council for National Policy. Its ranks are said to include: (2) Falwell, pictured with Ronald Reagan in 1980; (3) Jesse Helms, pictured with George H. W. Bush in 1990; (4) Tom DeLay; (5) Trent Lott; and (6) Rolph Reed and Pat Robertson.

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...r. Thanksgiving, president of Evangelical Outreach, when the uneventful passing of the millennium failed to dampen sales. Left Behind increased so greatly—to a pace of 15 million copies a month—that the series, originally planned to be 7 books, was extended to 12. By now, according to *BusinessWeek*, the "Left Behind" series has brought in more than $650 million to the Illinois-based Tyndale House, the largest privately owned Christian publisher in the country. Not surprisingly, LaHaye has sought to extend his brand with children's versions, a prequel (*The Rising*) written with Jenkins, and a new series, "Babylon Rising," about an Indiana Jones–like hero who uncovers the secrets of biblical prophecies.

When Jerry Falwell reflects on the past 25 years, even he is astounded at how far the Christian right has come. "I was not at all sure in 1979 when I started Moral Majority that we really could make a difference. But I knew we had to try," he says. "A quarter of a century later, I'm amazed at how a huge nation like America could be so affected and even turned around by the New Testament Church.

"We're gaining ground every time the sun shines. I don't think this phenomenon is cresting, because there is a spiritual awakening in America right now."

When he started out, Falwell recalls, he was thrilled if 35 people came to church and left more than $100 on his offering plate. Today, revenue at his Thomas Road Baptist Church tops $200 million a year—and is likely to exceed $400 million in the near future.

The evangelical market is so big now that mainstream corporate America doesn't dare ignore it. *The Purpose-Driven Life*, by California pastor Rick Warren, published in 2002, has already sold 23 million copies, making it the fastest-selling nonfiction book of all time. Now religion is the hottest category in publishing, bringing in more than $3 billion a year. Time Warner, Random House, and HarperCollins have all put together religious imprints. There are more than 2,000 Christian radio stations. Christian music now outsells all classical and jazz releases combined. The EMI Group and Sony BMG Music Entertainment have acquired religious labels.

And the peak is nowhere in sight. "This ...ning," says Tim LaHaye. "Now we have media like we've never had before—alternative media, the Internet, and Fox News."

Throughout America, especially the South, a massive, fully developed subculture has emerged. In Greenville, South Carolina, more than 700 churches serve just 56,000 people. On a highway not far from town, a billboard reads, LET'S MEET ON SUNDAY AT MY HOUSE BEFORE THE GAME. —GOD.

And it's not about just going to church. There are movie nights for Christians, summer camps for Christian kids, Christian "poker runs," Christian marriage-counseling sessions, Christian Caribbean vacations, Christian specialty stores, and Christian ministries for singles, seniors, and the divorced.

"It plays exactly the same role in shaping your beliefs that the counterculture of the 60s did for the left," says a former Evangelical. "Politically, you end up voting for that which reinforces your belief system. How you will appear in the eyes of the God you believe in—that's your anchor."

It is an insular world that is almost completely segregated from the secular world, including the mainstream media. "No one in our family read newspapers," says another former Evangelical, who left her church in Yuba City, California, and eventually moved to New York. "Growing up, our only source of information in my life was the pastor. We believed in what God had told him to say because we were children, and he was our shepherd, and he had been chosen by God."

LaHAYE BECAME CO-CHAIRMAN OF JACK KEMP'S 1988 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN BUT WAS FORCED TO RESIGN OVER ANTI-CATHOLIC STATEMENTS HE HAD WRITTEN.

A crucial part of that theology dictates a love for Israel, an affection based on faith more than on information. "When I grew up, I did not know Jews walked the face of the earth," she says. "I thought they lived only in biblical times. They were my brothers and sisters in the Lord, but I didn't know they still existed."

That love of Israel is sometimes accompanied by racist hatred of Arabs. On several occasions, an Israeli guide on LaHaye and Frazier's tour told the group that Arabs "breed like fleas" and would soon be forced into the desert. LaHaye's followers responded with warm laughter and applause.

From Israel's point of view, there are many reasons to welcome American Evangelicals, regardless of how well-informed they may be. Tourism is one. Last year, 400,000 Christian tourists visited Israel, where they spent more than $1.4 billion. "During the intifada, loyal Christians still came as tourists. We have to go to the grass roots. It is so important to make them lovers of Israel," says Benny Elon, Orthodox leader of the right-wing National Union, former tourism minister, and a frequent guest of the Christian Coalition's in the U.S.

And given that there are more than 10 times as many Evangelicals in America as Jews, it is understandable that Israel might seek their political support. "Israel's relationship with America can't be built only on the AIPAC [American Israel Public Affairs Committee] and the 2.5 percent of the population in America who are Jews," says Elon.

"When Israel enjoys support because it is the land of the Bible, why should we reject that?" adds Uzi Arad, who served as foreign-policy adviser to former prime minister Benjamin Netanyahu and now heads the Institute for Policy and Strategy, a think tank in Herzliya, Israel. "Whether it is because of expediency or because on some level we may be soulmates, each side offers the other something they want. And the Christian right is a political force to be reckoned with in America."

But Evangelicals have also played a role in disrupting the peace process. "I was ambassador for four years of the peace process, and the Christian fundamentalists were vehemently opposed to the peace process," says Itamar Rabinovich, who served as Israeli ambassador to the U.S. between 1993 and 1996, under the Labor governments of Rabin and Shimon Peres. "They believed that the land belonged to Israel as a matter of divine right. So they immediately became part of a campaign by the Israeli right to undermine the peace process."

No one played that card more forcefully than Benjamin "Bibi" Netanyahu, who as prime minister used the Christian right to fend off pressure from the Clinton administration to proceed with the peace process.

On a visit to Washington, D.C., in 1998, Netanyahu hooked up with Jerry Falwell at the Mayflower Hotel the night before his scheduled meeting with Clinton.

"I put together 1,000 people or so to meet with Bibi and he spoke to us that night," recalls Falwell. "It was all planned by Netanyahu as an affront to Mr. Clinton."

That evening, Falwell promised Netanyahu that he would mobilize pastors all over the country to resist the return of parts of the occupied West Bank territory to the Palestinians. Televangelist John Hagee, who gave $1 million to the United Jewish Appeal the following month, told the crowd that the Jewish return to the


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Holy Land signaled the rapidly approaching . . . final moments of history," then brought them to a frenzy chanting, "Not one inch!"—a reference to how much of the West Bank should be transferred to Palestinian control.

The next day, Netanyahu met with Clinton at the White House. "Bibi told me later," Falwell recalls, "that the next morning Bill Clinton said, 'I know where you were last night.' The pressure was really on Netanyahu to give away the farm in Israel. It was during the Monica Lewinsky scandal. . . . Clinton had to save himself, so he terminated the demands [to relinquish West Bank territory] that would have been forthcoming during that meeting, and would have been very bad for Israel."

In the end, no one played a bigger role in thwarting the prospect for peace than the Palestinian leader, Yasser Arafat, who rejected a deal with Netanyahu's successor, Ehud Barak, in 2000. In general, the Christian right has not gone to the mat to fight a two-state solution to the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. But when the peace process finally resumed during the Bush administration, the Christian right made certain its theology was not ignored. In March 2004, according to *The Village Voice*, a delegation from the Apostolic Congress, a religious group that believes in the Rapture, met with Elliott Abrams, then the National Security Council's senior director for Near East and North African affairs, to discuss its concern that Israel's disengagement from Gaza would violate God's covenant with Israel. As it happens, Netanyahu, for nontheological reasons, shared the Christian right's concern about the Gaza pullout to such an extent that he resigned from Sharon's cabinet last summer and has vowed to challenge him for the prime minister's post.

But this intrusion of End Times theology is of little concern to Israelis who are not as hawkish as Netanyahu. "This is incredibly dangerous to Israel," says Gershom Gorenberg, a Jerusalem-based journalist and the author of *The End of Days*, a chronicle of messianic Christians and Jews and their struggle with Muslim fundamentalists over the Temple Mount. "They're not interested in the survival of the State of Israel. They are interested in the Rapture, in bringing to fruition a cosmic myth of the End Times, proving that they are right with one big bang. We are merely actors in their dreams. LaHaye's vision is that Jews will convert or die and go to hell. If you read his books, he is looking forward to war. He is not an ally in the safety of Israel."

"I WAS AMBASSADOR FOR FOUR YEARS OF THE PEACE PROCESS, AND THE CHRISTIAN FUNDAMENTALISTS WERE VEHEMENTLY OPPOSED," SAYS ITAMAR RABINOVICH.





SENDING SIGNALS *Below*, in 1999, presidential hopeful George W. Bush addressed the Christian Coalition. *Right*, Benjamin Netanyahu (left) tweaked Bill Clinton by appearing with Jerry Falwell at this 1998 event.

Far from being a Prince of Peace, the Christ depicted in the "Left Behind" series is a vengeful Messiah—so vengeful that the death and destruction he causes to unconverted Jews, to secularists, to anyone who is not born again, is far, far greater than the crimes committed by the most brutal dictators in human history. When He arrives on the scene in *Glorious Appearing*, Christ merely has to speak and "men and women, soldiers and horses, seemed to explode where they stood. It was as if the very words of the Lord had superheated their blood, causing it to burst through their veins and skin." Soon, LaHaye and Jenkins write, tens of thousands of foot soldiers for the Antichrist are dying in the goriest manner imaginable, their internal organs oozing out, "their blood pooling and rising in the unforgiving brightness of the glory of Christ."

After the initial bloodletting, Nicolae Carpathia gathers his still-vast army, covering hundreds of square miles, and prepares for the conflict at Megiddo. As the battle for Armageddon is about to start, Rayford Steele climbs atop his Hummer to watch Christ harvest the grapes of wrath. Steele looks at the hordes of soldiers assembled by the Antichrist, and "tens of thousands burst open at the words of Jesus." They scream in pain and die before hitting the ground, their blood pouring forth. Soon, a massive river of blood is flowing throughout the Holy Land. Carpathia and the False Prophet are cast into the eternal lake of fire.

According to LaHaye and Jenkins, it is God's intent "that the millennium start with a clean slate." Committing mass murder hundreds of times greater than the Holocaust, the Lord—not the Antichrist, mind you—makes sure that "*all* unbelievers would soon die."

One of Steele's colleagues decides he'll have to talk to God about what to do next. After all, now that the secular humanists are gone and only believers remain, America is a very, very sparsely populated country. But if enough people are left, he wonders, isn't this the perfect opportunity "to start rebuilding the country as, finally for real, a Christian nation?" □


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THEY'LL ALWAYS HAVE SAIGON



Vietnam War press-corps veterans gathered in what used to be Saigon to mark the 30th anniversary of the U.S. withdrawal and the war's end. Among them, from left: Peter Arnett (who was an A.P. correspondent), Huynh Cong "Nick" Ut (A.P. photographer), Joe Galloway (U.P.I. correspondent), Richard Pyle (A.P. correspondent and bureau chief), George Esper (A.P. correspondent and bureau chief), Van Thanh Lim (U.P.I. photographer), Kurt Volkert (CBS cameraman), Horst Faas (A.P. photographer), and Dang Van Phuoc (A.P. photographer). They were photographed outside their old hangout the Givral Café on April 29, 2005.

With some of the correspondents now in their 70s, the reunion had all the trappings of a last hurrah. But don't bet on it. For many of us, so young and brash back then, Saigon—don't dare call it Ho Chi Minh City—had a narcotic quality that could hook for life. So the boys trooped back for the 30th anniversary of the end of "their" war and their youth. Life afterward was never the same. Peter Arnett mimicked it by chasing the world's endless wars, surely taking more fire than any other correspondent in history, only to be felled by his own words. In Baghdad in 2003 he said what a lot of Americans were thinking, but clearly chose the wrong forum—Iraqi-run television. NBC canned him flat. Arnett knew he had given the right wing one bull's-eye too many: "There's a small island in the South Pacific, uninhabited, which I'll try to swim to," he said and did a fade. But he showed up in Saigon. So did Joe Galloway, who went to war as a U.P.I. rookie armed with a pencil only to discover his choice would be a different weapon or death in a valley called Ia Drang (the ordeal was dramatized in the 2002 film We Were Soldiers), and Huynh Cong "Nick" Ut, an A.P. photographer who put the agonizing face on his own country's war with a Pulitzer Prize–winning 1972 photograph of a burned and naked girl who ran screaming from a napalm attack. Seventy-nine media veterans returned, close to the number of their colleagues who had died there. For all its "young man's allure," it was a hard war on reporters and photographers.

This reunion photograph has its own poignancy. Only days after it was taken, the great German war photographer Horst Faas was stricken by a rare ailment—a blood clot on his spinal column. Photographers are a conflict's easiest targets, their death toll highest, but Faas survived the war with only one wound. Now his illness has left him paralyzed from the chest down, the last casualty of Vietnam. He was airlifted to Bangkok and then to a Munich spinal clinic, where he undergoes daily therapy. But the last hurrah? Get a bet down, if you can find the sucker. Five years from now Arnett will be back if he has to swim, Faas if he has to zigzag his motorized wheelchair through Saigon's crazy scooter traffic. Odds-on.

—WILLIAM PROCHNAU

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YOUNG LOVE
Ben Goldsmith, 25, and Kate Rothschild, 23, photographed in their home, near the King's Road in London, on September 4, 2005.

The Goldsmith Standard

Like his father, the late Sir James Goldsmith, Ben Goldsmith gambles on his passions. At 25, he's already running his own Mayfair club, funding clean technology, and expecting a second baby with heiress Kate Rothschild

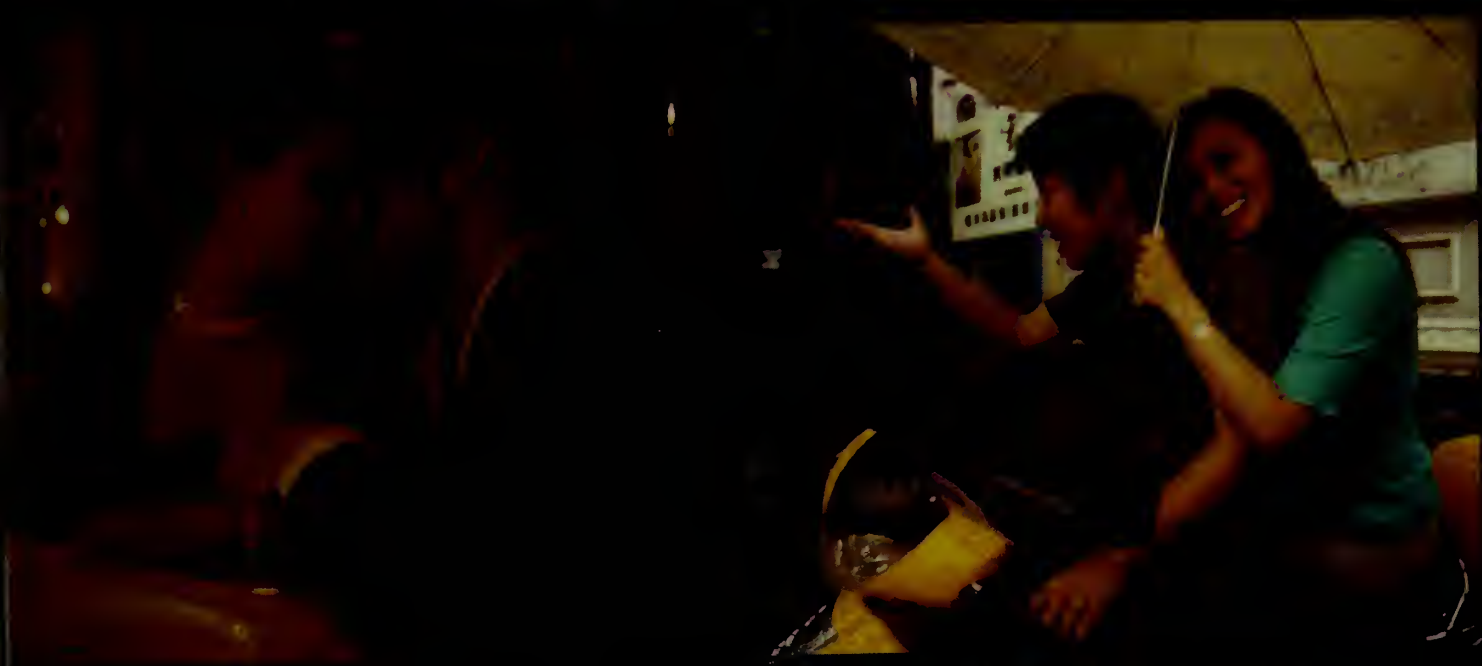
By Tamasin Day-Lewis

We are seated in the ground-floor sitting room of a discreetly pretty family home on a quiet street behind the eternally fashionable King's Road, in Chelsea, London. The room is large, airy, and furnished unpretentiously with beautiful things in a young, undesignery, shabby-chic way. It is comfortable, informal, understated.

Ben Goldsmith, the 25-year-old son of the late high-profile, high-roller billionaire businessman Sir James Goldsmith and his wife, Lady Annabel, after whom the most famous and enduring of London night-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS GRAYMER



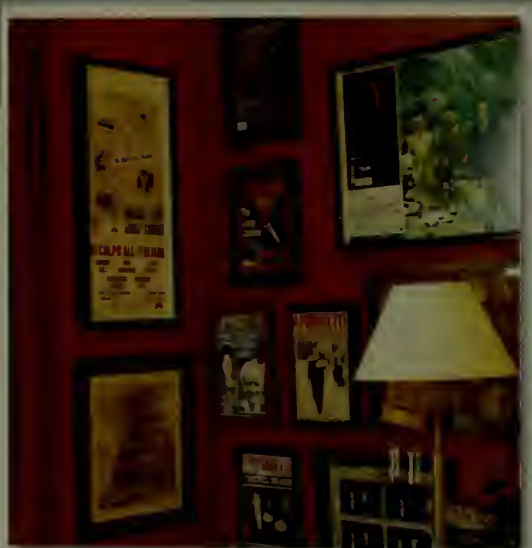


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STUDIED ELEGANCE
Clockwise from top: the study in Kate and Ben's home; Ben in the study; covers of *Private Eye* featuring his father.

clubs was named, is pacing the room like a caged animal, exuding the sort of high-frequency, restless energy of someone who can't sit still and can't stand confined spaces. He is telling me a story about his father, and obviously relishing the trait that the English bourgeoisie has always considered a little flash, somewhat suspect, the mark of a maverick, a risk-taker. Gambling, it appears, is as ingrained in the DNA of the son as it was in the father. The lore and language of the gaming tables, placing bets, taking a chance, winning and losing are, like the throw of the backgammon dice, second nature to the fledgling businessman across the room from me, speaking at a gallop, constantly unwinding his tall, elegant frame from the sofa before striding the floor, his pin-striped suit worn with bedroom slippers as casually as most people his age wear their T-shirts and combat pants.

"When my father was 16 and at Eton," Ben begins, "he took his first big risk. It was the 1940s, so it was a pretty big risk for a schoolboy. He bet £10 on a three-horse accumulator. He won. Eight thousand pounds. Imagine him carrying around £8,000 in used £5 notes in a suitcase. It would be worth about £100,000 now. He decided to leave Eton and go to Oxford to gamble. Not to the university. He didn't believe in going to university unless you had a clear picture of what you wanted to do in life, but all his friends were there. So he went to play chemin de fer, go racing, and play poker."

Ben, in his turn, decided that he would short-circuit conventional tertiary education, that it would prove a waste of time and merely stall his passage through the starting gate of a more important race. "I wanted to get out and do something useful. I wanted real life. My friends at 18 and 19 were all in limbo. I didn't want to postpone things until I was 22 or 23." He and a friend from Eton, Michael Radomir, the grandson of Lord Marks, son of one of the founders of Marks & Spencer, "rented a shoebox office in Victoria and started trying to find clean technologies for venture-capital investment for my uncle Teddy [Teddy Goldsmith, who founded the Green Party and *The Ecologist* magazine]. We looked at renewable energy, alternatives to chemicals, clean industrial processes, technologies that have less of a bad impact on the environment, things that help industry use less energy and water and materials and produce less waste. My passion is the environment. The only way I can get involved in business is where there is no negative effect on the environment." He decided to invest in "five or six of the businesses we had looked at, all of which had to stand on their own two feet. As well as being environmentally sound, the technologies have to be competitive."

"I wanted to get out and do something useful," says Ben. "I wanted real life."

Meanwhile, Ben took the biggest gamble of his life. At just 22 he married 21-year-old Kate Rothschild. The pair first met when Kate was a 16-year-old schoolgirl. "We fell in love from a distance," Ben begins. "We spent every day together on my gap year with friends and it slowly dawned on us that we were in love with each other. It was a long courtship, three or four years. I



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KITCHEN CONFIDENTIAL
From top: shelves filled with the couple's daughter Iris's toys; [illegible] kitchen; a mural painted by Annabelle King.

"We spent every day together and it slowly dawned on us we were in love."

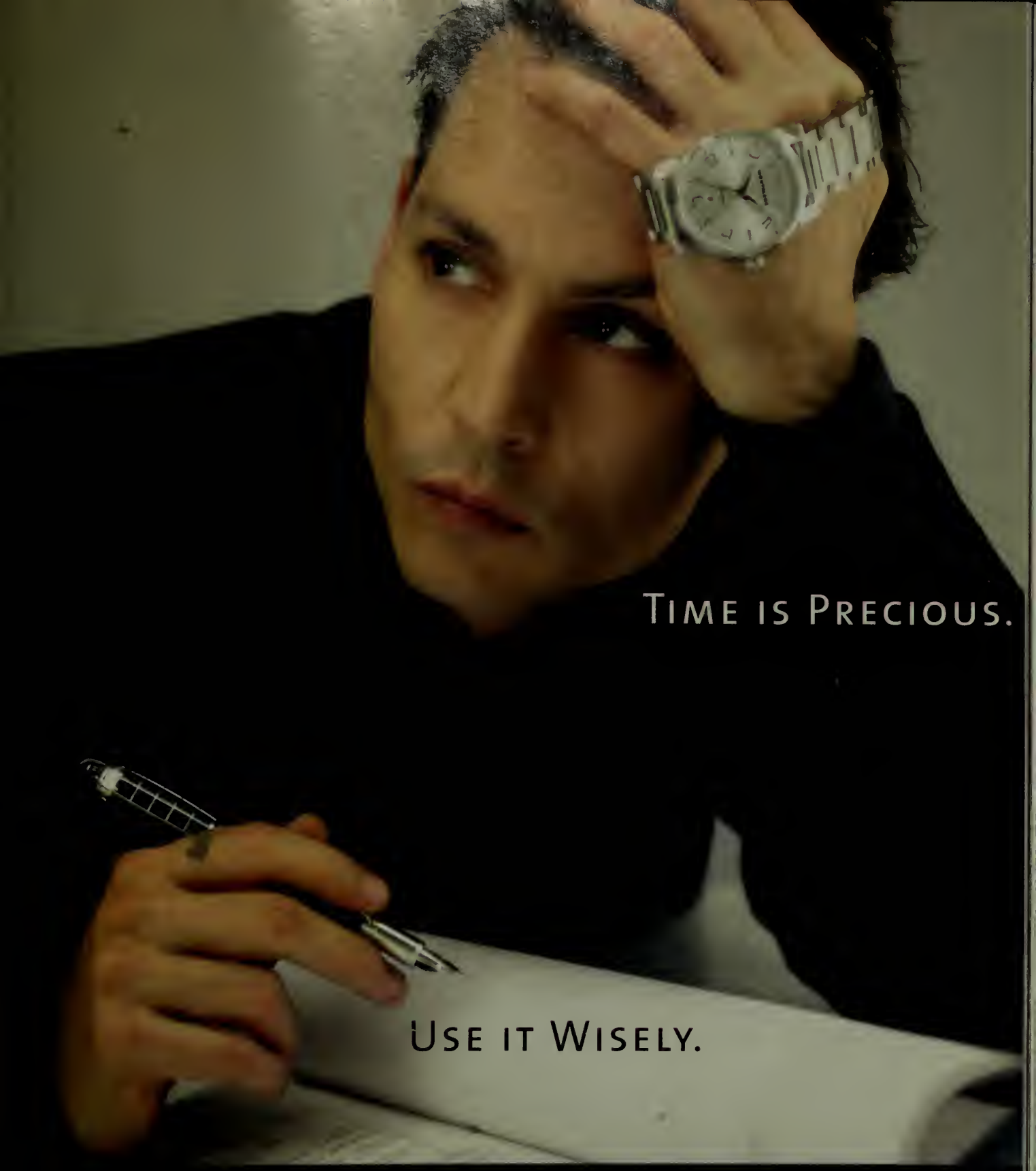


was slow off the mark, though I knew it was happening. One day I said, 'I love you.' I was always very square with girls."

Kate, the daughter of the late Amschel Rothschild, scion of the great banking family, and Anita Guinness, of the brewing family, is in the basement kitchen. Woody and spacious, it has the country-kitchen look with a huge old dresser, a range, shelves of good cookbooks lining the wall, squashy comfortable armchairs and sofas, and French windows opening onto an immaculately tended flowering courtyard. The feeling is lived-in and cooked-in, not showpiece-kitchen. Their 18-month-old, strawberry-blonde daughter, Iris, is picking at meat, mashed potatoes, and green beans in her high chair. "All organic," Kate claims. "She gets no processed food and she eats everything. Yesterday she had a grilled lemon sole and she loves homemade chicken-noodle soup and meatballs. I breast-fed her for nine months. Ben is vehemently anti–people who don't. He's very traditional. We don't know the long-term effect of not breast-feeding," she says.

She is a beguiling mix of sophistication and girlishness—way ahead of her generation. "None of my friends are even thinking of marrying and having children yet," she says. She has strong ideals and opinions and a charming, natural uncertainty when she knows her lack of experience is showing. At 23 she is pregnant with their second child. She and Ben could almost be brother and sister, with the same fine-boned elegance and height—Kate with long, harvest-colored hair semi-swept off her face, huge almond-shaped eyes, and a languid, watchful beauty that sparks easily into humor. Her tendency to blush causes her to worry "that boys think I fancy them when I don't!" She appears a little shy when she talks of falling in love with Ben. "We started going out when I was still at school. I didn't necessarily know from the beginning 'This is it.' With Ben it built up—we were close friends. I had a lot of male friends, though Ben said, 'They are never just friends—all boys just fancy you.' I'd had one other boyfriend for six months. When I went traveling to India with a girlfriend, Ben and I had only been together a short time, but I just wanted to come back and see him. I'd be searching for a telephone almost every night to call him."

"It was devastating when she went off to India," Ben tells me. "I remember being miserable. When she came home I asked her to live with me. It felt absolutely right,



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FAMILY BUSINESS
At the Drones Club in January 2005: Ben; his sister-in-law and brother, Sheherazade and Zac Goldsmith; and Kate and her brother, James Rothschild. Inset, inside the club.

and we moved into a little house in Bourne Street."

So why get married so young? Could it have anything to do with the fact that both Ben and Kate lost their fathers as young teenagers? Ben doesn't dismiss the idea, but does say that marrying young "is a family trait. Both our parents married young, and my brother, Zac, and sister, Jemima, did, too. It seemed an obvious thing to do. We were very happy and very much in love, and there was no real reason not to." He is also quick to admit that "it is much easier getting married having money.... It's a gamble, but I didn't look that far ahead. I'm not worried about responsibilities—the worry is not having the responsibilities." How many boys at his age are more worried about lack of responsibility than about responsibility? Perhaps a father's death prompts an urgency to get on with life, create your own family.

Kate appears to have been drawn to this quality in Ben as a teenager. "He seemed so grown-up so young," she says of him. "He asked me to marry him when I was 20. I couldn't imagine living without him, but I was a little nervous. I got pregnant four months after we got engaged, so we moved the marriage forward, thinking it would be more fun to have the wedding before the baby." In retrospect, Kate is not so sure. "I was overweight, had to wear an Empire-line, couldn't get pissed, and my feet hurt. I slightly wished I hadn't done it till afterwards! We went on our honeymoon to a cottage in the Camargue, in the South of France, and went all over to the most delicious restaurants. I forced Ben to eat fish soup and rouille. He loves good food, but he's happiest with things like spaghetti Bolognese!"

Kate's passion for food was instilled in her by her mother at an early age: "Mum always cooked organic food at home way before anyone else did, and I'm obsessed with cooking. I cook pretty much every day, hearty comfort food like chicken in a pot with all the vegetables, and shepherd's pie. Now that I'm pregnant again I'm starving all the time. All I want is bread and potatoes and spicy foods."

Kate's post-school career was brief. She worked for Vogue as an assistant to the designer Lady Puttnam, helping her with her drawings and samples. "There are a lot of people who don't have set goals of what they want to achieve, but I'd love to write in the future, and I've always wanted to help run a restaurant." Fortuitously, in 2003, Ben became involved in another major gamble. He was approached by renowned restaurateur Marco Pierre White, who had opened the Drones Club (from P. G. Wodehouse), a private club off Bond Street in Mayfair only a beat away from Annabel's, Ben's alma mater in Berkeley Square. Home turf and territory. "Annabel's is still the coolest place—I love it," Ben says. Invited to invest in the Drones Club for a small stake, "I took my share to 10 percent," he says. "It was a bit of a punt, but I liked Marco, and the first year it was a riproaring success. By September last year, it had started to quiet down, and I saw an opportunity to take it over, so I bought the place out this March."

When they took over, the menu was the sort of Italian-English hybrid you find all over London, which is where Kate came in. Ben admits it wasn't up to par.



Ben describes the Drones Club as "one of the most beautiful rooms in London."

Despite her self-confessed lack of experience, Kate is determined to "change the menus, the presentation, the flowers. I don't want to upset the chef, but by the fall I'm going to get a delicious shepherd's pie, eggs Benedict, chicken pie, and fish pie on the menu," which she has already succeeded in doing. "I want to do an English cheese plate and aim for more comfort food, things like bangers and mash, fish cakes, cold beef and horseradish. It really matters to me that we get the food right, that it's seasonal, organic. I don't want to make it trendy and soulless, but somewhere cozy you come with friends


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ALL GROWN UP Kate and Ben, photographed at the Drones Club on September 5, 2005.

for a good dinner. I instinctively know what would make people happy. I want to have a very strong client base of regulars and for it to be their favorite restaurant."

The Drones Club is Ben's first venture into the notoriously fickle world of clubs and restaurants, but clubs have been part of his family's business for decades. Mark Birley, Lady Annabel's first husband, founded Annabel's, Harry's Bar, Mark's Club, and George, and Ben's half-brother Robin, who has taken over the reins from his father, "has been very kind and helpful to Kate and me." Ben describes the Drones Club as "one of the most beautiful rooms in London." We arrive for lunch and the clientele in the long, narrow, wood-paneled room is largely business, the arts, politics—mostly men, mostly suited, mostly middle-aged. Ben works the room like a professional, delights in knowing everyone, has neither the languorous arrogance that peers from his background can cultivate so consummately, nor their lack of enthusiasm. He is working hard at getting younger new members and says, "More and more, people my age are starting jobs in Mayfair in hedge funds and Sotheby's, and the Condé Nast offices are down the road. I come for lunch most days. I'll use it seriously and take it seriously as an investment. We've got around 800 members now and 10 to 15 a week coming in proposed by friends. It's growing organically, and there's a great crowd in the evenings, when it feels more clubby."

I ask Ben whether his father would have masterminded his career differently had he been alive while Ben was growing up. Would he be doing what he's doing now? "I think he'd have wanted to direct how I started my career and I wouldn't have been as free to marry Kate and live in London. It would have been more stage-managed and my career would have taken a different path." For the first time, the thought of running the things he's involved in without his father's advice and influence seems to trigger a note of self-doubt, which throughout our conversations so far has been completely absent. "Maybe my things will come crashing down."

Ben and Kate feel they should do good in the world, make their mark.

When I walked into the Goldsmiths' kitchen the first day we met, it was Ben who said immediately, "I gather you used to go out with Kate's father." I had been about Kate's age at the time; her father, 21. Our respective parents already knew each other. "Our fathers died of the same thing," I said then to Ben, "cancer of the pancreas. I was 18 and my brother 15. How old were you?" "Sixteen," came his reply. "I didn't know my father was ill until the summer he died, although he had cancer for four years," Ben told me later. "He was busy fighting the Referendum Party campaign. I went back to Eton in the summer of '97, and he collapsed. It was only then I realized how ill he was. My mother told me to go to France and stay with him, which I did. After that he was flown to his house near Málaga to die."

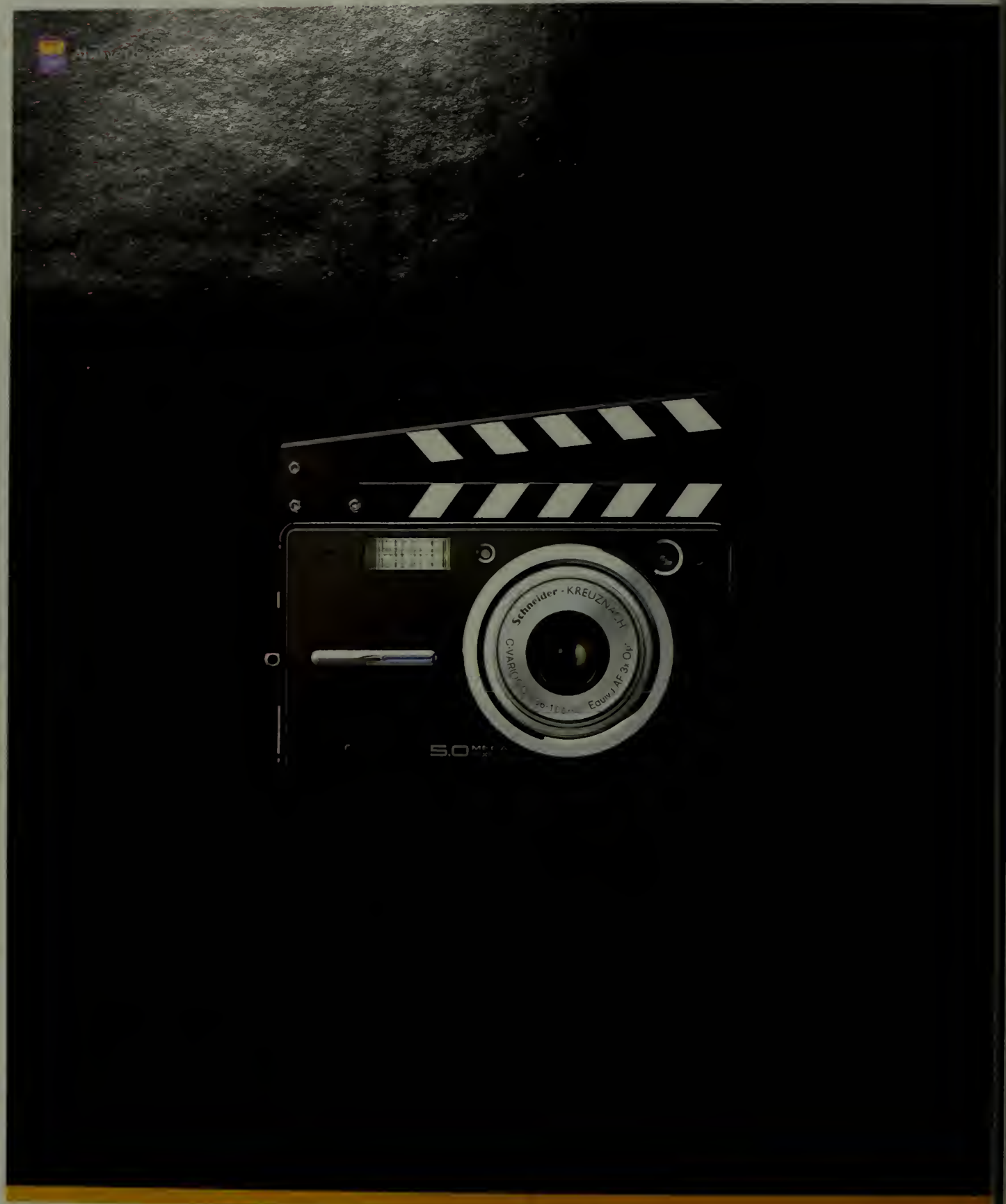
His father's death came six years after Ben's mother had told him that the reason his father was away a lot was that he had another family in France and that Ben had a little brother and sister, Jethro and Char-



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lotte. "I was too young to question it. I had no idea, but I was not particularly upset. My mother was always on top of the world. There were periods when my father would be at Ormeley [the family home, where Lady Annabel still lives, just outside of London], but when he wasn't, he was always there on the phone. The house was so full of energy with my mother, who makes everything fun and gives her entire life to her children and grandchildren. He was more of a grandfather than a father, but I adored him."

Ben is sure that, had his father lived long enough to see his son grow up, "my relationship with him would have grown as I started getting interested in politics and business and learned backgammon. I never got to play with him. I always listened to him. It was great fun when he was home. He would dominate the table, the whole house. When he died I read his book, *The Trap,* twice and understood how he looked at things. He was right about so many things: globalization, agriculture, religion, the environment. His worldview was that the world was going fundamentally wrong. I have been very influenced by him and my Uncle Teddy."

Gambling, it appears, is as ingrained in the DNA of the son as it was in the father.

The loss of Kate's father, when Kate was just 14, was even more unexpected. "It was the summer holidays. It was just horrible. I was at home. I just got told and it was a big shock. We were very close."

Amschel Rothschild had committed suicide in the bathroom of a hotel in Paris. It was only a matter of weeks since his mother had died. I ask Kate whether she was angry. "No, not angry, just shocked and sad. I was totally oblivious to him suffering from depression—it was totally a secret of his. I don't know if Mum knew, though I'm sure she did. It brought all of us very close [Kate has a brother, James, and sister, Alice], though there was no real fallout, no aftershock. I was a bit naughty afterwards, but all of us were the people we are now, much stronger, pretty tough, and very close. There's only so much you can say. It's not an in-depth journey to go on. I adored him; we were very close. I know it haunted other people in the family, though, because my great-grandfather killed himself. I don't remember my granny dying, because it was eclipsed by my father dying."

The young couple have put their early losses behind them, though they are in some way united through them. They also have, despite hugely supportive extended families on both sides, a strongly independent streak. Whatever the advantages of his unconventionally glamorous heritage and her more conventional yet still privileged upbringing, the world of clubs and restaurants, partying and traveling, does not appear to appeal to Ben and Kate as much as the idea that they should do something good in the world, make their mark.

Over the last year and a half, Ben and his colleagues have continued to concentrate on raising money to invest in clean technology. "We went to wealthy English, American, and European entrepreneurs looking for £25 million. We seeded it ourselves and had a large cornerstone commitment from our families. We closed our fund on May 19. We aim to grow substantially over the next three years and invest in more businesses."

The first company Ben invested in, Exosect, involved in controlling agricultural pests, had developed a way of "disrupting the mating cycle of the insects and artificially reproducing the natural pheromone produced by the female to attract the male, so the males couldn't find the females, and the population crashed. Unfortunately, it was more expensive than using pesticides." So what has it done since Ben's company invested in it? "Because every male insect carries a slight electrostatic charge on the surface of its body, Exosect developed a powder charged to the opposite polarity and impregnated the powder with the artificial pheromone and placed it in dishes in the area they wanted to protect." But is it as effective? "It's been proven in 70 field trials in 26 countries worldwide and it's as effective," Ben says instantly, excitedly.

Call it a gamble, a risk, a philosophy—Ben is determined to go on "investing in things that are not being supported by other people, things that make a difference." In his beliefs, his passions, his commitment, shared with Kate, he will, I suspect, make enemies, sail close to the wind, suffer losses and setbacks in the same way his father did, but his ideals and determination should turn the odds in his favor. He has a timely sense of how crucial it is to act: "At the moment only 3 percent of foundation giving in the U.K. is to change the environment, but it is the most important thing to give to. Giving to most other things is like re-arranging the deck chairs on the *Titanic*." □



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HER WAY

Michelle Williams was photographed in Los Angeles on May 18, 2005.

MOUNTAIN GIRL

Clearly, Michelle Williams has never aspired to be an "It girl," because the 25-year-old invariably gravitates toward unconventional roles. A Montana native, she was always an original, graduating from high school at 15, then legally emancipating herself from her parents. She landed a role on *Dawson's Creek* as a big-city blonde who teaches the kids of Capeside the facts of life. After taking a turn toward the commercial abyss with *Halloween H20: 20 Years Later*, she soon redeemed herself with a slew of art films, including *The Station Agent* and *Imaginary Heroes*. Williams validates her independent credo once again in *Brokeback Mountain*, the new film based on Annie Proulx's cult classic. Set in 1963 Wyoming, it concerns two cowboys—played by Heath Ledger and Jake Gyllenhaal—whose friendship, initially innocent and unassuming, develops into a romance they can never fully pursue or abandon. As Ledger's wife, Williams is racked when she uncovers the secret four years into their marriage. "Michelle was the first to audition for the role, but it was obvious," says director Ang Lee. "She is very special because of her ability to make you believe." In real life, however, Williams went for a happier ending. She and Ledger began dating on the set, and this month she is expecting their baby girl. "Heath kept asking about her schedule when we started filming," Lee says. "His caring went beyond that of a leading man." —CAROLYN BIELFELDT

PHOTOGRAPH BY PEGGY SIROTA



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The War Within the War

Returning to Baghdad, where he was embedded in 2003, the author finds the "Hellraisers" of the Third Infantry facing the challenge of training Iraq's new army. As the men of Camp Independence cope with culture clashes, clueless bureaucracies, and a porta-potty problem, they know one thing: the mission is crucial

By Jonathan Foreman



POINT AND SHOOT A U.S. soldier training Iraqi Army recruits at Camp Independence, on the Muthenna airfield, in Baghdad.

I first saw Baghdad on April 7, 2003, two days before the city fell, while embedded with the army's Third Infantry Division. What is now the Green Zone was recently a battleground, a post-apocalyptic wasteland. A wrecked Russian-made armored vehicle rusted silently under a clump of trees. Here and there were the remains of Iraqi soldiers, semi-preserved by the dry heat. The G.I.'s gave some of them nicknames: Headless Harry, Shoulder Sam, Puddle Pete. The only signs of life were the cats you would see gnawing on the corpses. The area included several palaces, all of them bombed except for the Presidential Palace, a ziggurat belonging to the Ministry of Defense, clusters of apartment blocks belonging to regime favorites, and the green residential area of Tashri

Its garish mansions, surrounded by flower gardens, ponds, and moats, had all been abandoned in the months leading up to the war—the dust, the lack of furniture, the doors left open, made that obvious. G.I.'s quickly moved in, installed VCRs and TVs, and wandered in wonder through the gardens. They toured in their Humvees past abandoned houses and offices, chased away looters, and occasionally brought in curious Iraqis who'd never seen the area that was reserved for Saddam and the Ba'thist elite.

Now the whole district is at least as off-limits to ordinary Iraqis as it was before. Its green loveliness has vanished behind the concrete blast walls that surround every building and every compound. And when I drove through the zone late last spring, with soldiers who had liberated it more than two years ago, everyone in the Humvee went silent, shocked at the transformation. "I can't even fucking find my way round here now, and I drove here every day," one sergeant said.

Back in 2003, I spent my first nights in

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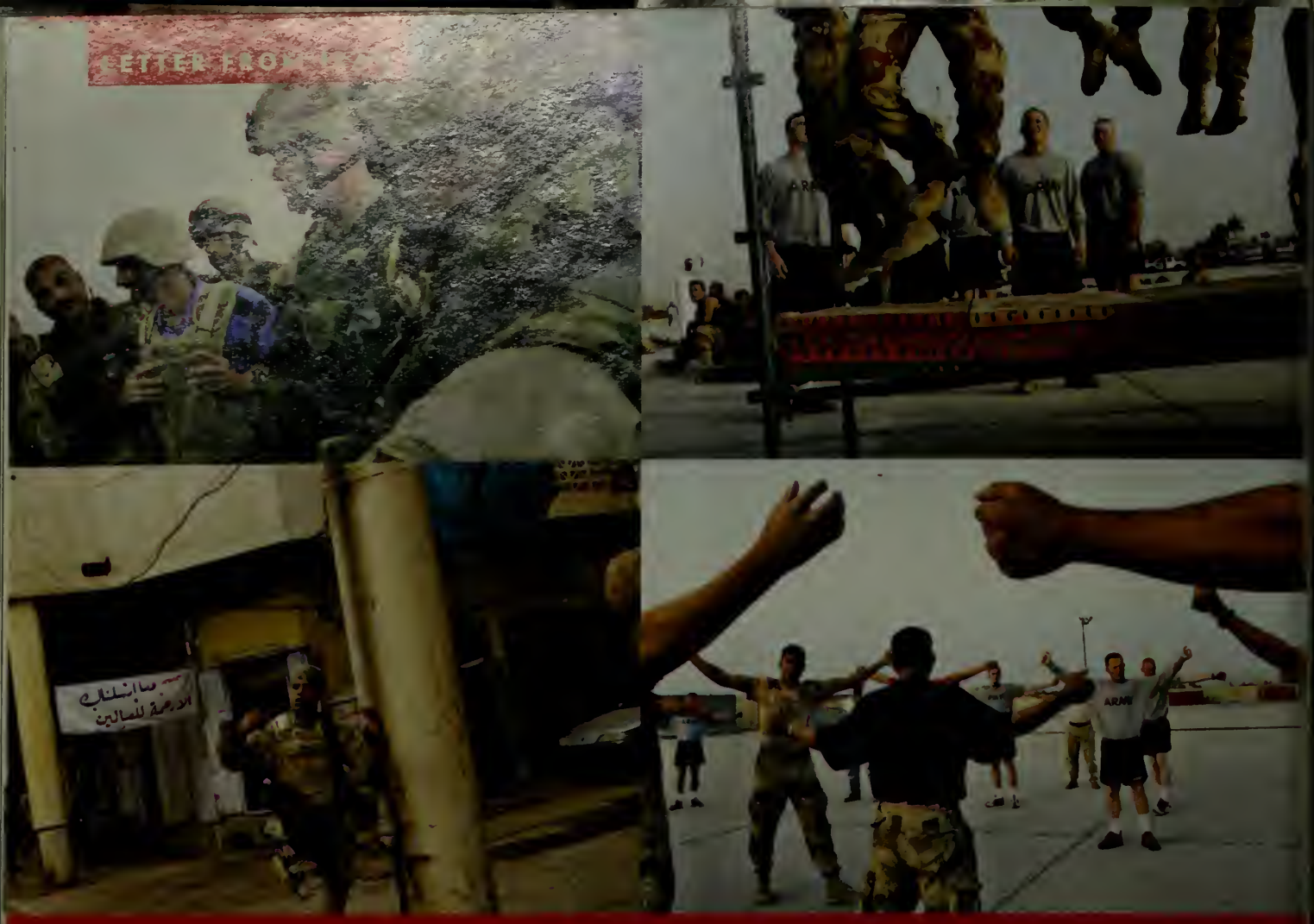
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BOOT CAMP *Top left,* Captain Ed Ballanco addresses Iraqi National Guard and Iraqi Army recruits; *right, top and bottom,* U.S. soldiers putting I.A. recruits through early-morning physical training; *bottom left,* an Iraqi soldier patrolling near Haifa Street, known to U.S. soldiers as "the Street of Death."

Baghdad on the floor of the Presidential Palace, the headquarters of the 4-64 Armor Battalion and now, shorn of the giant heads of Saddam that once adorned its roof, the embassy of the United States. Saddam's half-Olympic-size palace pool was then bone-dry. The scouts took showers in the deep end using buckets. Their pals in the mortar platoon pissed in it. Today it is full, and you can see its blue waters through the heat haze, like a mirage, as you land on the Green Zone helipad.

The 4-64 Armor returned to Baghdad with the rest of the Third Infantry Division just after the elections of January 2005, replacing the First Cavalry Division. The soldiers they relieved had seen some of the worst fighting since the invasion, battling the Mahdi militia of renegade Shia cleric Muqtada al-Sadr and Sunni insurgents from Iraq and elsewhere in the Middle East.

Some of the battalion's troops now provide security in the Green Zone, operating checkpoints alongside a legion of private security guards, allied soldiers (mostly Georgians), and Iraqi security forces. Others oversee infrastructure projects in their area of responsibility. Still others are engaged in training the new Iraqi Army and patrolling the streets adjacent to the Green Zone on both sides of the Tigris.

It's all vital work, but the task of training an effective Iraqi security force is now a top priority of the U.S. military. Though the economy manages to function despite the bombs that go off almost daily—indeed, the new cars jammed onto the streets make that all too clear—Iraqi civil society, the country's nascent democracy, and an eventual American departure without disgrace all depend on this. Though U.S. troops rarely find themselves in sustained combat (except where the Marines are fighting near the Syrian border), this past summer has been bloody, especially for the thousands of Iraqi civilians killed by the largely Sunni suicide bombers often referred to by Baghdadis as "Wahhabis."

The company I was with in 2003, and now again, has escaped the tedium and danger of checkpoint duty, much to the soldiers' delight. Nicknamed the "Hellraisers," they are finishing the training of one Iraqi Army unit that was begun by the departed First Cavalry and beginning the training of another. As a friend from my previous visit, Sergeant Richard MacDougal of the Hellraisers' mortar platoon, said to me, "It's the best gig going out here."

But the price of that gig is living out at FOB Independence, on the Muthenna airfield south of Baghdad, instead of in the comforts of the main battalion base at Prosperity Palace, in the Green Zone, with its gleaming shower and toilet trailers and luxurious chow-hall. (Almost all bases are now termed "FOBs," or Forward Operating Bases, even if they are in the rear. The big FOBs are essentially office parks, like camouflaged versions of a D.M.V. or post office.)

"Fobbit" has become the derogatory army slang for a soldier who lives in, works in, and rarely leaves the FOB. It is the rough equivalent of the epithet REMF (rear-echelon motherfucker) of Vietnam War fame. At FOB Prosperity, there are many soldiers for whom a trip out of the base and to the nearby PX convenience store is a huge, rare deal.

FOB Independence is something else entirely. It's a combat-and-training base out in "Indian" country. There's a fence around the airfield and several high-walled compounds within it. Before you get to the American area, you have to go through an Iraqi National Guard camp. There are gates, and your vehicle has to wind through a "serpentine"—a concrete obstacle course that denies a straight run to truck bombers—to get to each compound.

A few hundred American troops live there, and next door to them about a thousand troops from the 302nd Iraqi National

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BUCKLE UP

Guard. With its castellated walls, FOB Independence feels a bit like a French Foreign Legion base from an old movie. At night when you hear gunfire in the distance, it's hard not to wonder what would happen if the natives fled, or turned on their foreign advisers.

Iraqi soldiers man the watchtowers on the outer perimeter of the base. The Americans check every night to make sure they are not asleep. When the 4-64 moved in here, it found that the Iraqi troops had actually put bunk beds in the towers.

Nevertheless, none of the U.S. troops there seem nervous. They were expecting much more contact with the enemy that they refer to simply as "the bad guys," and that military publications refer to as "Anti-Iraqi Forces," or A.I.F.

The Hellraiser company is now commanded by Captain Ed Ballanco. An air-force brat who grew up in Germany and Florida, he's 30, married—as most officers are—and has a master's in international relations. Ballanco was in a tank battalion during the thrust into Baghdad when I got to know him. Now he has a baby girl at home and is in charge of the American compound on the Muthenna airfield.

The Hellraisers' shelter from the punishing heat and dust consists of three long, drab barracks that are kept at frigid temperatures by roaring air-conditioning units. Their world includes a cafeteria, a small garden, a makeshift gym in a hot and dusty tent, and a recreation area under a palm-frond roof that could have been transported from a Thai beach. Within the compound there are three little stores—a phone center and two Internet cafés—all Iraqi-owned.

The Muthenna airfield hasn't been used as an airfield since it was bombed during the Gulf War, in 1991. A control tower sits south of the U.S. compound and is occupied by an Iraqi Army unit. Near it are two giant cranes and the foundation pillars of [illegible]nfinished mosque—one of several begun by [illegible]n as he shook off the Ba'th Party's secular origins. The U.S. troops call it the MOAM, the Mother of All Mosques, and they use it for urban-warfare training.

The Iraqi Army recruits live in a giant airplane hangar. Apart from the MOAM, the dominant feature of this strange post-industrial landscape is a large mound of earth, a kind of artificial mountain. It is the core of Captain Ballanco's achievement: a range and training area for American and Iraqi troops. Ballanco's range is surrounded by HESCOs, big barrels filled with dirt and debris. They absorb bullets, shrapnel, mortar shells, and a huge amount of explosive force.

At the very edge of the airfield is another Iraqi Army compound, where recruiting is done. It is a frequent target of suicide bombers. Security is tight, though on my second-to-last day a bomber set off his charges as he was being searched in a concrete enclosure, reportedly killing at least 13 people.

Ed Ballanco is a soldier's soldier. One gets the impression he will dread the staff jobs that await him once he's done his tour and gets promoted. Like so many young officers in combat units, he's something of a fitness freak, as well as a history buff and a movie fan who makes his men watch films about leadership. (On my first day at Camp Independence he had them watch Gregory Peck play a broken World War II air-force officer in *Twelve O'Clock High*.) Above all, Ballanco loves going out on patrol, itching for contact. But these days he spends most of his time battling with recalcitrant bureaucracies—Iraqi and American—on behalf of his mission.

On my first day at FOB Independence, Ballanco was dealing with an Iraqi contractor who, instead of trucking the base's sewage to the main city sewer system, was merely dumping it in an abandoned yard in a nearby neighborhood. Ballanco was also yelling at the supply troops at his own battalion headquarters for their failure to truck up fresh food supplies and ice cream for his men. The Green Zone, where the supply troops are based, is only 10 minutes away. Ballanco and his men travel the route several times a day, and they despise the fearfulness of the Green Zone Fobbits, whose main exposure to the war is through the news, and who are terrified of going out into "the Red Zone"—military jargon for anywhere outside the Green Zone.

Every day a few Hellraisers go on patrol with the Iraqi National Guard, who have just completed a year of training by two different U.S. units here at Muthenna. The I.N.G.'s, as they are called, [illegible]eral times a day, clambering up onto old pickups, some of which have desk chairs strapped on the truck bed for a machine-gunner to sit on.

Though the I.N.G. troops took some time to be cured of their instinct to use the guard towers on the base as sleeping quarters, the Americans who patrol with them now deem them as good as any U.S. support unit. "They search the shit out of things now. They'll go down sewers if they have to. They leave on time every time. And they've got a lot of qualities you wouldn't expect," Captain Hunter Bowers, a 25-year-old Nashville native, told me. It's true; every time I joined them for a patrol, the I.N.G. soldiers were lined up, ready to hit the streets 10 minutes early. One day, when we were running a mere minute late, we found they had already left.

The I.N.G.'s weren't always this solid. According to First Sergeant Rob Hixson, a 39-year-old St. Louis native and veteran of Haiti and Somalia, they had a transforming moment last year. One of their companies got into a firefight with insurgents, "and they got the shit kicked out of them. One dead and 17 wounded. Then they got serious."

Hixson adds that it was easier to train the Iraqi National Guard troops well because when they were first formed the Americans were still in charge, not the Iraqi Ministry of Defense (M.O.D.). The Americans could hire, promote, and fire officers with impunity. Now it's hard to move people around, because Iraqi officers have apparently paid a lot for their positions. "I haven't seen it, but I've heard it costs $60 just to join the Iraqi Army," he tells me.

The I.N.G.'s technically are part of the Iraqi Army now, but everyone still calls them I.N.G. troops. They stand out from ordinary I.A. units because they have slightly different uniforms and vests.

Though the 302nd is one of the best Iraqi units in the whole country, with a proven battlefield record, it is a Cinderella unit unpopular at the M.O.D. and with the Saddam-era top brass who dominate the ministry.

For a long time the I.N.G. here at Independence suffered from inadequate and unclean food supplied by an M.O.D. contractor. Repeated complaints by the brigade's general and by Captain Ballanco had no effect. Then one night, before my arrival, 60 men were taken violently ill af

Knowing they are good, and feeling left out of the loop, the Iraqi National Guard brigade operates in a maverick fashion.



BEFORE SUNRISE Soldiers prepare for an early-morning workout. In the background looms an unfinished mosque now used for training Iraqi recruits.

ter their dinner. A couple of days later the food supplier was kidnapped. He was released later upon payment of a $10,000 ransom. The food improved markedly. (The I.N.G. deny they were involved.)

Knowing that they are good, and feeling left out of the loop, the I.N.G. brigade operates in a maverick fashion. Its commander, Lieutenant Colonel Alaa Talib Mohsine, an energetic and fearless man in early middle age who had enlisted in the I.N.G. as a private (though he'd been a colonel in Saddam's army), takes his men on raids outside of the sector, snatching insurgent suspects and bringing them back to the crowded trailer at Camp Independence that doubles as a jail. One day while I was there, I.N.G. soldiers, upon hearing of a big fire in Sadr City, mounted their pickups and drove over to help put it out.

The I.N.G.'s know that one reason they are looked upon with such disfavor by the Iraqi Army's new command is their more Western style of leadership—which gives responsibility to junior officers—here considered a subversive innovation. The regular Iraqi Army is heavy with colonels and generals, like a South American one, yet the Americans have found that in units like the one Captain Ballanco was training no one is willing to make even a minor decision.

The I.N.G. is kind of a platonic ideal of the new Iraqi Army. Not only does it include both Sunni and Shia (the battalion executive officer is a Sunni), it also contains men who had held positions in the Republican Guard and men who had been part of the Shia anti-Saddam underground.

It felt strange to walk down Haifa Street again. Since I had been there last, it had become known as "the Street of Death." There were more than 400 attacks against American and Iraqi security forces on the road or in the area around it in 2004 alone. The narrow warrens behind the tall buildings that line Haifa Street were christened with nicknames such as "Grenade Alley" and "Purple Heart Lane."

Yet it now seemed almost as unthreatening as it had been when the 4-64 and I were here two years ago. Walking through these medieval streets as they bustled with urban village life, I remembered how people streamed out of them in April 2003 to loot the apartment buildings and offices on Haifa Street. The apartment blocks where Saddam had housed members of his favored groups (party activists, Palestinians, Syrian exiles, et al.) had been a particular target.

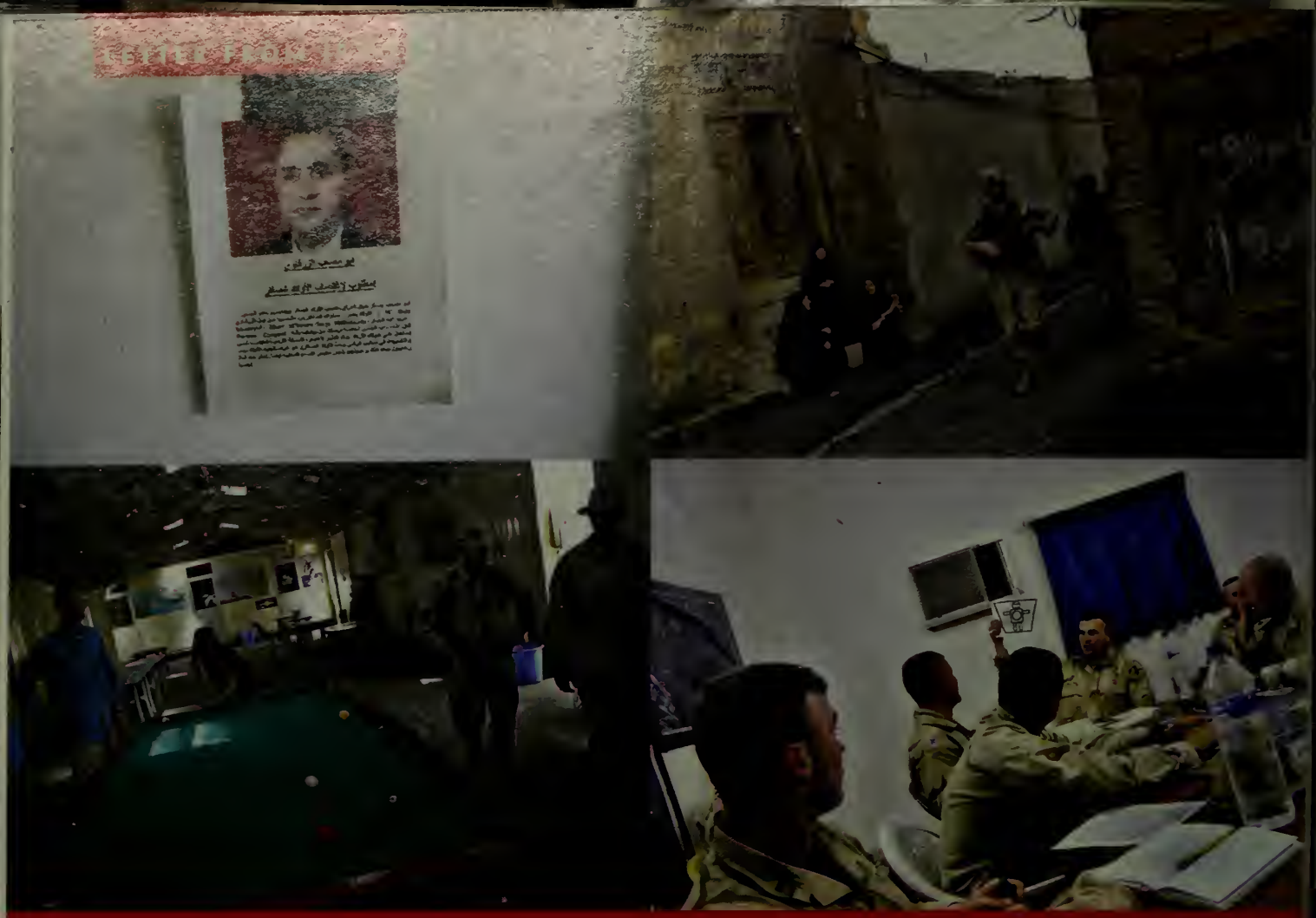
The lanes look the same now, except that there are air conditioners in a lot of the windows, and everywhere there are satellite dishes, which were banned by Saddam's regime. The three-foot disks cluster like fungus on rooftops and walls. Even the poorest hovels without running water or toilets seem to have satellite TV.

Some of the alleys in the mixed Shia-Sunni neighborhood are friendly; others feel distinctly hostile. In a friendly street, young women with scarves but uncovered faces giggled at the soldiers as they walked by.

The previous week, I.N.G. soldiers caught an insurgent when one of the *jundis*—the word used for a private—overheard him speaking with a Syrian accent. As Ed Ballanco pointed out, this is something that no American patrol would ever notice.

The patrol walked down both sides of the boulevard, each soldier keeping about 10 feet behind the man in front, staying about a foot from the wall, pointing weapons down side streets. But the general feeling was relaxed. The Hellraisers were attacked with grenades and by snipers here in February and March, but since then they have had minimal contacts.

The Hellraisers are particularly amazed when they're personally recognized on the street. Back in spring 2003 the company's mortar platoon was stationed outside the big looted bank on Haifa Street. Naturally they got to know some of the neighborhood kids. Specialist Chris Masters was there. "The other day we were staging behind Haifa Street for a patrol and this little kid runs up to me and says my name the way they always mispronounce it:



TAKING AIM *Clockwise from top left:* a wanted poster showing Abu Musab al-Zarkawi; Captain Ballanco in Baghdad on a joint I.N.G. and U.S. Army patrol; Ballanco at a daily officers' meeting, showing off a homemade target; Iraqi workers at Camp Independence playing pool while U.S. soldiers look o

'Chrace! Chrace!' I couldn't believe it. But I recognized him as one of the kids we used to let inside the bank compound to help clear it up. He pointed out another kid, and I realized it was the one we used to call Beaver because he looked like the *Leave It to Beaver* kid. We had nicknames for all of them because their names were so hard to pronounce."

I was here for the first day of U.S. training for a new Iraqi Army battalion. The Iraqi recruits had been on the airfield for almost three months, waiting for uniforms and weapons and learning how to march, with that slightly embarrassing goose step that the new Iraqi Army has inherited from the old, along with its venal, authoritarian officer corps.

To the gratified surprise of the Hellraiser G.I.'s, it turned out that the *jundis* can strip and re-assemble their weapons with impressive speed. But that was as far as their soldierly skills went.

The Iraqi troops carried their Romanian and Bulgarian AK-47s by the barrel, by the trigger guard, upside down over their shoulders, or trailing in the dirt, and often pointed them at their buddies and instructors. It was as if they had no concept that guns are dangerous.

Some 30 trainees were asked to fire three single shots at Captain Ballanco's makeshift targets. (Official army targets had been ordered months before but had yet to make it down the supply chain.) The instructions were given loudly and clearly—all the interpreters were experienced themselves, having spent the past months with the Iraqi National Guard.

The first line of I.A. soldiers stood on the firing line. "*Ready!*" "*Ai—!*" BRRRRRRAP! Before the final consonant, all the soldiers emptied their magazines on full auto. Grinning in joy and fear, they seemed to be awakening from a trance when the noise died down and they heard their own officers, the interpreters, and the Americans yelling at them to cease fire. In 10 weeks of basic training, these soldiers had rarely fired their weapons. In the old Iraqi Army, there was almost no live-fire training.

So the rest of the morning was spent teaching the Iraqi battalion how to behave on the range. Sergeant First Class Michael Brown's voice boomed out to the *jundis* sitting under camouflage nets to shelter them from the midday sun: "At no time will you point the weapon in the air, at your buddy, at your feet . . . " A translator in a U.S. Army uniform repeated his words in Arabic. Oblivious, the Iraqi lieutenant next to me had his rifle pointed at the navel of the man beside him. "This is how you will carry your weapon in training so you can avoid shooting somebody accidentally; finger off trigger, on safe, pointing down," shouted Sergeant Brown.

An Iraqi lieutenant's cell phone rang and he wandered away for a chat. When he strolled back and over to the range where soldiers were learning to sight their weapons, he moved the feet of a soldier lying in prone firing position, as if to show that he knew his stuff. He did not.

A U.S. Army colonel who had just trained a similar Iraqi Army unit told me that much of the early training is designed to avoid what he and his colleagues call "the death blossom"—when an untrained Iraqi unit makes contact and fires wildly in all directions. "It's why before we take them out on the streets we do so much training with live fire. We have them clear rooms with live fire. If they don't do it properly they'll shoot each other," he told me.

Another, rather different culture clash became apparent at the end of the day's training. The Americans began to pick up the used brass cartridges on the range and asked the Iraqis they were training to join in. The recruits and their officers seemed utterly baffled by this. Farther up the range Captain Mark McClellan, a 2001 West Point graduate from Macon, Georgia, han

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ed out plastic trash [illegible] pick up some of the water bottles that carpeted the area. It wasn't clear which confused the Iraqi recruits more: the idea of cleaning up trash or that of an officer joining in such a demeaning task.

Hygiene was the main topic of discussion at that evening's officers' meeting. Ballanco was worried about flies and disease as a result of Iraqi Army soldiers relieving themselves in the scrub near the training range. He asked Sergeant First Class Leon "Pete" Peters to order more porta-johns for the back of the range. But as First Sergeant Rob Hixson pointed out, the new porta-johns installed near the I.A.'s hangar hadn't been used. Apparently they were the Western type, with seats.

"Jesus, I got used to squatting in the desert during the war—why can't they get used to shitting on a toilet?" one of the officers asked. New, Asian-style porta-johns were ordered.

A couple of days later I went on a patrol with a squad from the 302nd Iraqi National Guard battalion, this one through the poor Sunni neighborhood just south of Haifa Street.

Ed Ballanco noted how part of the 40-man platoon had gone forward to ensure security from rooftops and high windows; that they kept their rifles down, fingers off but near the triggers; that they kept the right distance from one another as they walked. "These guys are studs," he said. Certainly, their discipline was in stark contrast to that of the rabble Ballanco and his men were trying to train that morning.

The I.N.G. men stopped to shoot the breeze with the local shopkeepers. One local man insisted on talking to Captain Ballanco as well as to the I.N.G. commander. A power line had broken nearby. It was obvious he believed that if the Americans knew about it it was more likely to get repaired. The truth is that all soldiers like Ballanco can do is pass the information up the chain of command. If the project is small enough the battalion may take it on. But if it involves something more substantial, the request gets passed to the relevant ministry, where it becomes subject to the mysterious and unedifying currents of Iraqi politics.

The I.N.G. troops are astonishingly good at spotting roadside bombs. Ballanco [illegible] at the way they can [illegible] of trash or section of curb just looks wrong. One day, a soldier on an I.N.G. patrol found a bomb stuffed into the gutter. Ballanco's men started to call a bomb squad but one of the I.N.G. soldiers walked over to the bomb, casually pulled some wires out of it, and lifted it up in triumph. According to Ballanco, he'd been in the old Iraqi Army and had been trained to make bombs out of artillery shells.

At six the following morning, the Hellraisers took the new Iraqi Army recruits through physical training. The Iraqis did about a tenth of the workout expected of U.S. troops: a short run, some calisthenics. Yet, it was too much for some of the *jundis*. Three of them quit on the spot, taking off their uniforms and boots and walking off through the gates in their underwear and bare feet.

The I.A. battalion commander, Lieutenant Colonel Mohamed Ubiasis Ridha, is a fit man in his 30s who kept up with the Americans—but many of the other officers couldn't. As they explained to Captain Mark McClellan, in the Iraqi Army, officers are supposed to be fat. They said it was humiliating to have to exercise with their men. McClellan informed them that in the American army officers are supposed to be fitter than the men they command and better at using every weapon system. They looked at him as if he were insane. Apparently, much of the point of being an officer in the Iraqi Army is to not have to do uncomfortable or difficult things.

Physical training took place in a concrete parade ground near the hangar where the 1,500 Iraqi Army trainees live. First Sergeant Hixson showed me the unbelievable squalor of those living quarters. There was no running water. To wash themselves and their one uniform they had to walk up the airfield to some rusting tanks containing fetid rainwater. They relieved themselves in a room at the back of the hangar. They ate on the bunks. The flies were thick. Although he had seen it before, the scene filled the American sergeant with fury.

Ballanco and his own commander, Lieutenant Colonel Robert Roth, had asked for funds to pay for showers, an eating area, and other improvements to the barracks. The 4-64 has been doing what it can, with limited funds, to help the Iraqi trainees. They were allocated $10,000 a month for training purposes, but that amount was cut to $2,500 last April—official U.S. policy is to slowly shift power to the Iraqi Ministry of Defense, which must fund such improvements itself. One colonel told me that the Ministry of Defense is not yet up to the job of provisioning and equipping an army. While the Americans have had success at training soldiers at the tactical level, there are few training efforts at the senior bureaucratic level. The ministry is widely said to be a basket case of nepotism, corruption, and incompetence.

U.S. officers like Ballanco say that now is not the time to let the M.O.D. learn from its mistakes. "Let's win the war first and then train the bureaucrats."

The next day it was reported that, although the new, Asian-style porta-johns had been delivered, the Iraqi soldiers still weren't using them. Sergeant Peters caught several soldiers relieving themselves in the scrub behind the range again. One of the *jundis* told him that he'd been told that the porta-johns were for officers only. Captain Ballanco said there must be an announcement that they are for everyone, and that soldiers who didn't use them would be fined. "I can't believe I'm even discussing this stuff," he said.

The senior Iraqi Army officers had asked Captain Ballanco not to let the Iraqi National Guard soldiers assist in the training of their troops. Ballanco eventually agreed to this despite the fact that having top-quality Iraqi soldiers helping on the range speeded training enormously.

> "The quicker I get these men trained, the sooner they get out on the street and win this war, and we can all go home."

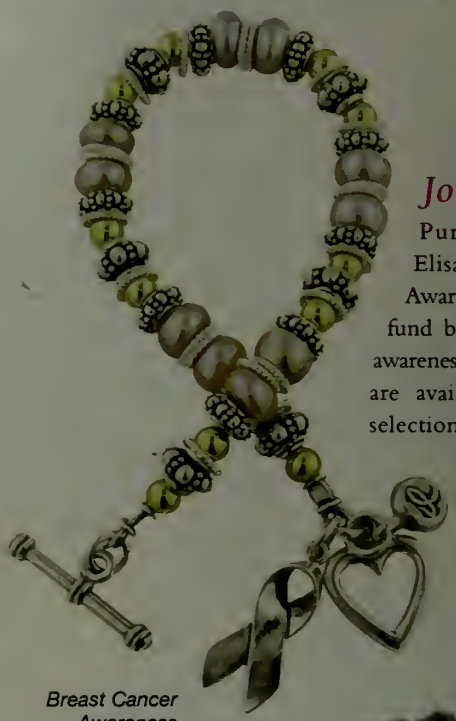
However, Captain Ballanco and his men refused to give in to the Iraqi officers' requests that they be allowed to skip physical training and eat separately from their own men. In the U.S. Army, not only do officers eat with their men, they eat last. That means that if there isn't enough food it's the people in charge who go hungry.

During an officer-training session, one of the Iraqi officers interrupted Captain McClellan's presentation about how to plan an operation to point out that "in the Iraqi Army we lead from the back, not the front." The American officers didn't know what to say. The interpreter, a former professor of CONTINUED ON PAGE 267


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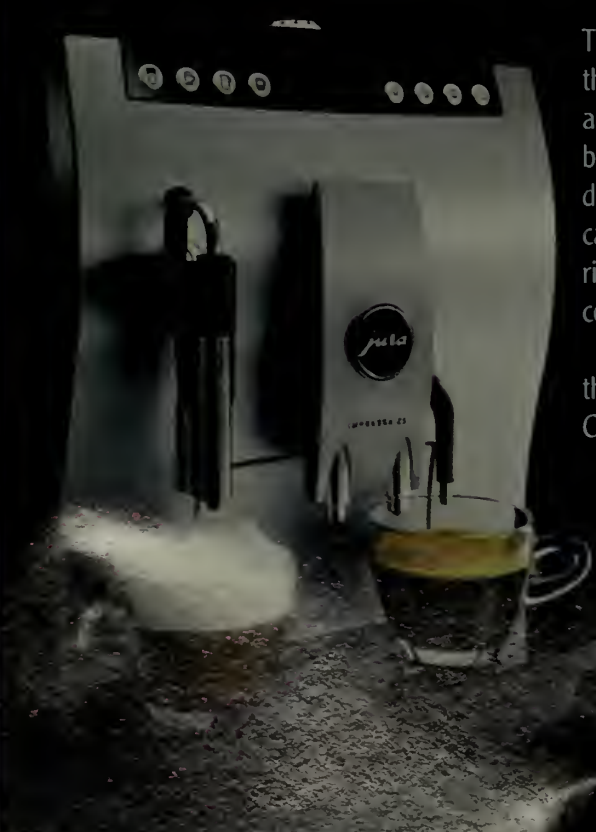


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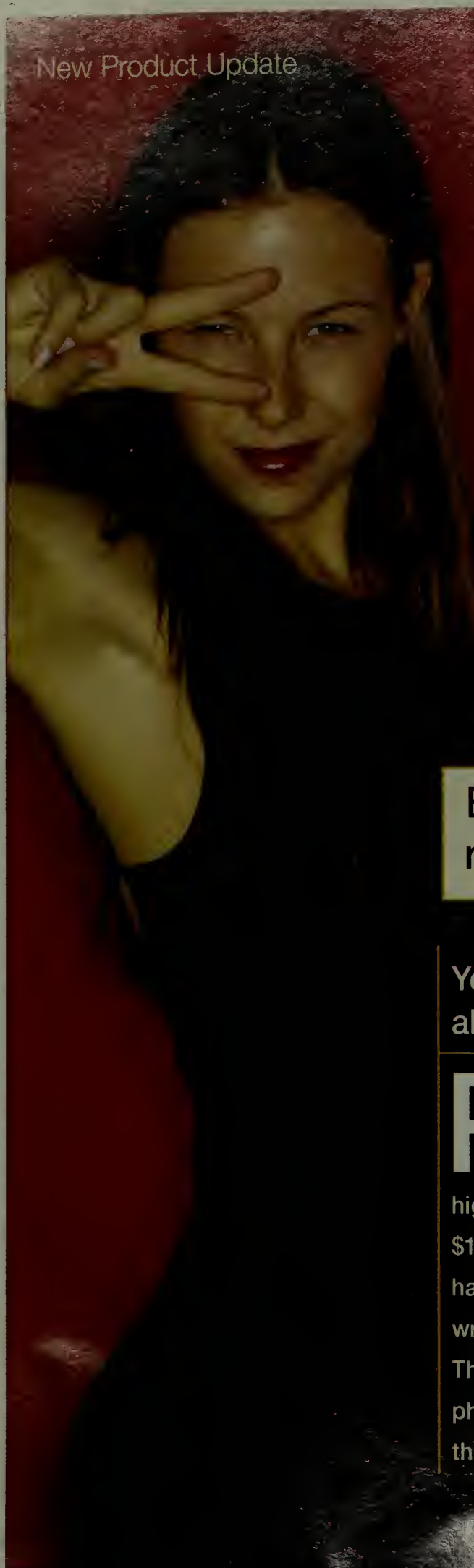
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If you have wrinkles, you've probably heard about... Idebenol (*e-deb-in-all*)

But can this new "miracle" cream really work as good as they say?

By Misty Bott

You've seen it on the news... you've read about it in magazines...

People who have used it not only love it but are buying it again and again and again... racking up huge repeat sales at the cosmetic counters of high-end department stores (and that's at a whopping $109 for a 3.4 ounce tube). The cosmetic industry hasn't been this excited about the debut of a new wrinkle cream since the introduction of that "Better Than Botox®?" "stretch mark cream turned anti-wrinkle phenomenon" StriVectin-SD. So what in the world is all the excitement about?

Advertisement

"I think any skin cream that can make a 67-year-old's skin renew itself with the efficiency of a 29-year-old is pretty amazing… don't you?"

'he new "wonder" potion is called Idebenol ronounced ***e-deb-in-all***), from prestige skin cream developer Sövage ermatologic Laboratories. But why are cosmetic "insiders" betting at Idebenol will not only make you look years younger but will eathe new life into a maturing (some would say "stagnant") smetic industry? Well, it's surely not Idebenol's less-than-ectacular (some would say rather plain) pale green and white ckaging. Nor is it the fact that Idebenol touts itself as a "Facial nti-Oxidant." Let's be real; anti-oxidants are nothing new. So ny is everyone so excited?

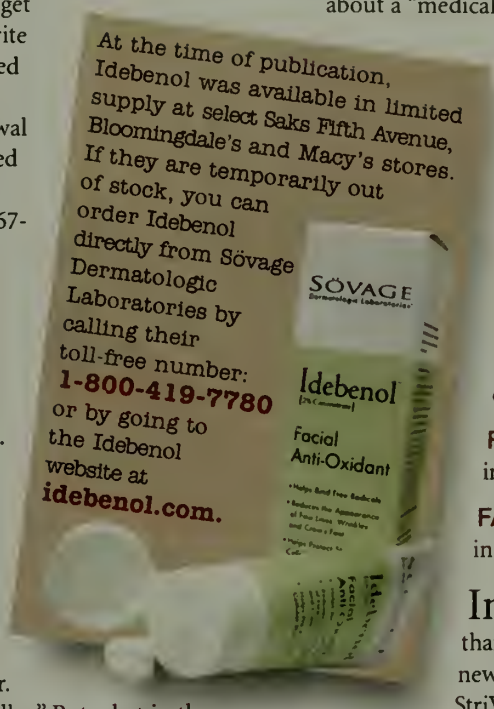
'he reason everybody is so excited about ebenol is that it can virtually reverse the hands of time. I know, everse the hands of time" sounds a wee bit te, but here's one juicy little fact that will get u off your butt and running to your favorite smetic counter: In a clinical trial conducted women with an average age of 67, these ature" women increased their Skin Renewal te, or "SR²," so dramatically that it matched skin renewal rate of women in their late s (29-year-olds to be exact). That's right. 67-r-old skin with a renewal rate of a -year-old. Amazing!

o what is a Skin Renewal Rate, u ask? Well, as it was explained to me, n Renewal Rates reflect the speed at ich new skin cells replace old skin cells… other words, it's a standardized measure entists use to determine the skin's ging" parameters… and one reason a -year-old always looks younger than a -year-old. Not quite there yet?

turns out that Idebenol es more than just make you look younger. ebenol is a highly selective "free radical killer." But what in the rld are "free radicals," and how does "killing" them help your skin k younger, tighter, and firmer?

an answer, we turned to Dr. B. Grant Bishop, M.D., noted rmatologist and Clinical Professor of Dermatology at the University Utah. Dr. Bishop told us, "Free radicals are highly reactive molecules t can severely damage skin cells," explaining, "For more than three ades, researchers have known that free radicals accelerate the skin's ng process. In scientific terms, free radicals initiate a destructive cade of events that cause the denaturation of structural cellular tein, a loss of enzyme function, the depletion of natural cellular tectants, a shift in cell membrane lipid oxidation, and ultimately aken the skin's immune protective system… damaging DNA and dictably resulting in 'mutational events'… like thinning skin, loss elasticity, age spots and, of course, wrinkles… the classic signs of mature aging."

s. Bott is Managing Editor of ePregnancy *magazine… "The New ge of Pregnancy"… and a certified skin-care junkie.*



I don't know about you, but any skin cream that can make 67-year-old skin renew itself with the efficiency of a 29-year-old… and "kill" free radicals (whatever they are) at the same time… sounds pretty amazing to me.

However, Dr. Bishop cautions, "Although the data from preliminary research and, concededly, the remarkable anecdotal reports from people who've used Idebenol suggest that this compound is highly effective, many more clinical trials must be conducted before a consensus regarding this novel skin cream emerges in the established medical community." [As a side note: even though Dr. Bishop tells us to wait for a "medical consensus," after our interview, he asked for a free tube of Idebenol for his own personal use… what does that tell ya?] Nevertheless, if you're like most of us, and don't give a flying fig about a "medical consensus," but just want to hear "all the facts"… try these facts on for size:

FACT: A 32% reduction in the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles and crow's feet after one month, increasing to a 57% reduction in the appearance of fine lines, wrinkles and crow's feet in just 3 months

FACT: A 34% improvement in the overall appearance of the skin after one month, increasing to a 45% improvement in just 3 months

FACT: A 33% reduction in wrinkle depth after one month, increasing to a 55% reduction in wrinkle depth in just 3 months

FACT: A 40% rise in skin hydration after one month, increasing to more than 50% in just 3 months

FACT: A 32% increase in skin firming and elasticity in only 14 days

In today's world, however, it takes more than science alone to turn an incredibly innovative new product into an international "phenomenon" like StriVectin. It takes "buzz" (what we used to call word-of-mouth)… the fact that "celebrities" use it… the ultra-chic swear by it… and beauty editors write about it. So why are "insiders" so sure that Idebenol is destined to become the anti-wrinkle phenomenon of this or any decade? "Because Idebenol is not only the most advanced wrinkle cream to hit the market in years," says Heather Brown, Public Relations Director of Sövage Dermatologic Laboratories, "but people use it, love the way it makes them look, and tell their friends. It's gotten to the point that just having a tube of Idebenol (because of its cost and limited availability) has become sort of a 'status symbol'… in other words, Idebenol has buzz… lots and lots and lots of buzz."

So will Idebenol overtake StriVectin as the world's #1 selling prestige wrinkle cream? Only time will tell… however, the "oddsmakers" are betting on Idebenol!

See you at the cosmetic counter…

P.S. In the interest of full disclosure you need to know that as part of this assignment I received a free tube of Idebenol… I love this stuff!

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ON GUARD A soldier from the Iraqi National Guard patrolling in a Shia neighborhood off Haifa Street in central Baghdad.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 254 English who came back to Iraq in 2003, said, "Yes, and that is why you lost twice to the Americans." The room erupted. The Iraqi officers were furious. "That's not true!" one of them shouted. "They only won because of their technology, because of their airplanes!"

Once the *jundis* had been taught basic marksmanship, the American trainers gave prizes to recruits who did best on the range. Ballanco and his men use high-status awards to motivate the Iraqis they are training, sometimes giving away watches and sunglasses. It works very well. ("What is it Napoleon said?" asked Sergeant Dan McDonald, one of the civil-affairs soldiers attached to the battalion. "I could conquer the world if I had enough ribbon?!") The most valued prizes are equipment that American troops themselves favor, such as G-Shock watches and the two favorite brands of ballistic or protective sunglasses, Wiley X and ESS.

One day Ballanco invited several of the Iraqi Army officers to have a go on the range with an M-4 carbine, the U.S. military's short rifle that's gradually replacing the M-16. He showed them how to use the red dot in the rifle's telescopic sight. They all took a few shots at a water bottle he had placed on a wooden post about 60 feet away. They all missed. One of them handed the rifle back, saying he was sure the sight was broken. Ballanco picked up the rifle, which was not even his but his sergeant's, knocked the bottle off the post with his first shot, and then bounced it up and down the range, hitting the bottle with every shot he fired. There was a thoughtful silence afterward. For the next few days, the Iraqi officers seemed less awkward about taking the advice of their trainers.

Sometimes the culture clashes on the range took on a comical tone. Captain McClellan was disconcerted when his Iraqi charges kept telling him he had a beautiful face. Some of them added their opinion that "women are for babies, men are for fun." "I just say, 'Thank you,' and keep back," McClellan said.

McClellan believes it's important to set a reasonable bar for the level of training. "We are not trying to make an army like the 82nd Airborne that can parachute into Tehran. We're trying to make an army that can support the government in what it needs. We will train them hard and we'll at least have an army that can see what good is. Certain things stick: they still parade like the British after 50 years. Now there's a generation of *jundis* and NCOs [non-commissioned officers] that will have been trained by Americans. They'll at least know what good soldiering looks like."

Given how much the training effort depends on the determination and skill of the U.S. officers involved, it was disconcerting to me to find out how little some of the top U.S. brass seemed to understand the challenge.

The MNSTC-I (Multi-National Security Transition Command–Iraq, or "Minsticky," as it's called) is based in the greenest, most luxurious part of the Green Zone, near the mansions I stayed in with the 4-64 back in 2003.

Minsticky was, until September, led by Lieutenant General David Petraeus, one of the most highly regarded officers in the U.S. Army. (Petraeus is now in command of Fort Leavenworth in Kansas.) His leadership in Mosul after its capture in 2003 by his 101st Airborne Division was wildly successful. Many people here believed that if only his methods had been duplicated elsewhere things would have gone very differently. Petraeus seduced and inspired otherwise intractable sheikhs with a combination of charm, money, and firepower.

But the PowerPoint briefing I was given by two colonels was a mere recitation of numbers: weapons distributed, training days completed, units fully trained. There was no sense of the vast variation in the quality of training among Iraqi units. I mentioned the terrible conditions on the air base, the failure of the Iraqi Ministry of Defense to supply its own troops with food and run-

ning water. The colonels told me that, according to their records, those problems had been dealt with.

When I got back to brigade headquarters I was questioned closely about the briefing. People were disappointed but not surprised by the cluelessness of the Minsticky staff. A colonel told me he wished there were still generals like Patton who came out to the field on unannounced visits, who knew that "you can't rely on staff officers who just tell you what you want to hear."

(In late September, General George Casey Jr., who oversees U.S. forces in Iraq, told Congress that the number of Iraqi Army battalions that can fight insurgents without U.S. and coalition help had fallen from three to one. That means out of 86 battalions, only one is battle ready.)

Meanwhile, the toilet saga continued. At the evening meeting Sergeant Peters reported that the Iraqi soldiers had been defecating next to, behind, and even on the outer walls of the porta-johns, but not in them. Apparently, the problem was that most of the recruits were rural men from Hilla, farm boys who simply didn't like to do their business in an enclosed space. Sergeant Steven Cotton, the medic, had reported two possible cases of typhoid, and Ballanco was at his wit's end.

In front of me he called the battalion doctor about getting vaccinations for the I.A. trainees. But the voice at the other end was already irritated with the Hellraisers for pressuring him to perform an operation on a local child suffering from hydrocephalus. "Typhoid vaccinations cost $10 to 20 per shot. With 1,500 I.A. that would cost $30,000. So, no way." Ballanco went red. "No way? What about the soldiers?" "I guess they'll all get typhoid," came the reply from the medical officer. "Goddammit!" Ballanco exploded. "Don't you fucking get it? The quicker I get these men trained, the sooner they can get out on the fucking street and [illegible] win this war, and we can all go hom[illegible]

Back in 2003 the Hellra[illegible] running water (they dre[illegible] flush toilets from the Tigris[illegible] PX, no fresh[illegible] made food, no DVDs or [illegible] Internet access, and [illegible] not been able to speak with their loved ones at home unless a passing reporter had lent them a satellite phone.

Life was very different when I returned, even on a small, relatively uncomfortable base such as Independence, which lacks a big Halliburton chow-hall, a fancy, air-conditioned gym, and large-screen TVs. These days there's relatively easy phone access on most bases, and Internet access ($2 an hour) provided by Iraqi entrepreneurs. At Independence, many of the soldiers had the Internet in their rooms. People I.M.'d their spouses back home and used Webcams to flirt with chat-room dates.

Though many of the FOBs still have sandbagged windows from the months when there were daily mortar attacks, there have been few significant attacks on any of the bases in Baghdad since 2004. That means many of the soldiers you see playing on their computers in dusty offices are really in serious danger only when they leave the confines of their brigade and battalion headquarters.

This time, everyone had a laptop. Digital cameras were everywhere. Several soldiers at Camp Independence made digital movies for their own amusement; many of them were quality documentaries. One soldier had spliced in footage from the unit's Raven, a small video-surveillance drone.

Pornography is technically forbidden by a general order—the same one that forbids alcohol. But the alcohol rule is strictly enforced. Ed Ballanco suspected that some of his men gave in to temptation when the Iraqi National Guard officers in the compound next door offered them beer. But you don't see any booze in the barracks themselves. Drugs are even more forbidden and, as far as I could tell, astonishingly rare.

Another huge difference between this army and its drafted predecessors from previous wars is that more than half of its soldiers are married. Marital problems are common in the army—a casualty of one-year deployments. (The Marines and the British are usually sent abroad for shorter periods of time.) At least one soldier I knew [illegible] 2003 got divorced when he went home [illegible] time.

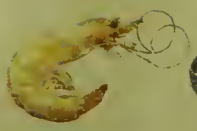
[illegible] their first week passes, the Iraqi Ar[illegible] units look more like soldiers and less [illegible] as s[illegible] mbling around a movie set. I watch them as they practice searching cars, setting up checkpoints, and moving under fire between the columns of the MOAM. Not only has the awkwardness of their first few days vanished, the *jundis* exhibit genuine enthusiasm. Sometimes they point out to the American trainers the corners where "Wahhabis" would be hiding if this were the real street. When I look surprised at the trainees' improvement, First Sergeant Hixson says to me, "You should see how bad American army recruits are at the beginning of basic training." Already the American trainers are spotting *jundis* with a knack for marksmanship or leadership. Soon they will have to try to persuade the Iraqi general—no one else has the authority—that these are men worth promoting.

In the chow-hall, Ballanco addressed his company: "I've never seen a group of guys work as hard as you have in the last week since I've been in the army. I've done basic training as an XO [executive officer], and what you are doing is harder than what drill sergeants do. You are teaching Arabs, not English speakers. You don't have the regular training plans.

"I know that you enjoyed being on Haifa Street with the I.N.G., having grenades thrown at you, people shooting at you. But what you are doing now is winning the war and helping to make Iraq stable and a democracy. These I.A., they have been sitting here for three months. If someone had put some passion into them, they would be out there like the I.N.G. You are here and you are making it happen. It's a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. Not one of these Fobbits who spend a year here and tell people at home, 'Oh, I was in Iraq in all the danger,' can say that."

This sort of un-ironic gung-ho attitude is remarkably common in combat units here. One civil-affairs sergeant told me after a long day dealing with sewage problems in a desperate slum, "You'd hate to walk out of here and not have done all you can." And Ballanco himself, despite frustrations battling Fobbits for supplies and money, the Iraqi M.O.D. for showers for the Iraqi Army recruits, or colleagues who don't get the importance of the mission, remains, above all else, dedicated. "We are winning here," he said, "but we are winning in spite of ourselves." □

"Now a generation of *jundis* will have been trained by Americans. They'll at least know what good soldiering looks like."



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FIVE LITTLE WORDS

The 13th-century wisdom of the mystic poet Rumi is now a go-to phrase for Donald Rumsfeld and Angelina Jolie, Trick Daddy, and Al Gore. In the jittery first decade of the 21st century, "It is what it is" may be America's favorite way of explaining almost anything

BY JIM WINDOLF

"It is what it is" has become the great American catchphrase, a mantra for an uneasy decade. Politicians like the sound of it. Hip-hoppers, businessmen, and movie stars say it all the time. It can be profound or meaningless, depending on the context. Poets use it and so do fools.

Dancer Kevin Federline uttered the phrase to express his love for his wife, Britney Spears, in an episode of the UPN reality show *Britney & Kevin: Chaotic.* New York Yankees star Alex Rodriguez said the same thing to reporters after making a costly error in a playoff game this fall. And Angelina Jolie said it on the *Today* show, when asked if she minded being branded the "other woman" in the Brad Pitt–Jennifer Aniston split.

Given its flexibility, it sits comfortably on both sides of the political aisle: Al Gore used it to show that he had accepted, to a degree, the fact that he had lost the protracted 2000 presidential election, and on Election Day 2004, George W. Bush reportedly told an aide, "I'm surprised, but it is what it is," when early exit-poll data erroneously suggested a John Kerry win.

Decades before its current vogue, "It is what it is" started popping up in the works of such writers as Holocaust survivor Erich Fried ("It is madness / says reason / It is what it is / says love"), the great 20th-century American poet Wallace Stevens ("The night knows nothing of the chants of the night / It is what it is as I am what I am"), and Beat novelist Jack Kerouac ("It Is What It Is and That's All It Is"). John Lennon sang it in his 1974 song "Scared."

The phrase has apparently been around, in some form, since the 13th century, when mystic Islamic poet and guru Jalal al-Din Rumi titled a collection of his lectures *Fihi ma Fihi,* a Persian expression loosely translated as *It Is What It Is* for a recent English-language edition. Roughly 700 years after Rumi, this tautological expression became a favorite of U.S. secretary of defense Donald Rumsfeld. Before the U.S. [illegible] Baghdad, Rummy said, "You can call [illegible]ense, as I do, or you can call it pre-emptive, but it is what it is."

But it's not just [illegible] tough-talking Republican administration. Foursquare hip-hoppers Tony Yayo, Lil' 40, D.M.X., Trick Daddy, and Ras Kass have rapped it. Country diva Wynonna Judd has belted it out, and sensitive singer-songwriter John Mayer has crooned it. R&B heartthrob Usher repeats "It is what it is" so many times in "It Is What It Is" that anyone hearing the song loses all concept of what it might mean in the first place.

Pro athletes positively rely on it, especially after losses. Sportswriters Gary Mihoces of *USA Today* and Adam Proteau of *The Hockey News* got so sick of "It is what it is" that they wrote columns decrying it. J. Daniel Janzen, of the online journal *Flak Magazine,* wrote a sharp 2003 piece focusing on its use by politicians (citing a few examples mentioned here).

If you're annoyed by this and other contagious phrases, you're not alone. "Americans have a tendency to have a negative attitude toward using set expressions," says Deborah Tannen, a professor of linguistics at Georgetown University and author of several books. "[But] language is fundamentally formulaic. We don't generate new sentences for every purpose. . . . I think the appeal of the phrase 'It is what it is,' the reason it can cut across such a wide range of users, is that the words are such basic words that it isn't marked for a particular social group. The usefulness of it is that it captures the existential acceptance that there are just some things in life you can't control."

Recent times have certainly demanded a lot in the way of existential acceptance, and the little phrase has followed eruptions of war and weather all across the globe. "It is what it is," a Saudi Arabia–based American man told *The New York Times* soon after Islamic terrorists killed 22 non-Saudi oil workers in the May 2004 siege at Khobar. More recently, a Mississippi woman identified as Mary Rose, who lost her home to Hurricane Katrina, told CBS News, "It is what it is. I don't even shed a tear."

Last year Paris Hilton thought she had come up with a pretty cool new catchphrase, "That's hot!" She even tried to trademark it. But she misjudged. After 9/11, 7/7, the South Asian tsunami, and Katrina, people seem more at ease with something more tentative and neutral-sounding. It just doesn't feel like a "That's hot!" kind of decade. □



QUAGMIRE?
Before the U.S. attack on Baghdad, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld explained, "It is what it is."


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The Plot Against Sugar

In 1957, a father-and-son team from Brooklyn kicked off America's love affair with artificial sweeteners when they began manufacturing a mix of saccharin, cyclamates, and lactose–Sweet'N Low. In an excerpt from his forthcoming book, a (disinherited) family member writes of the sugar substitute's creation, success, and subsequent dethroning by Equal and Splenda

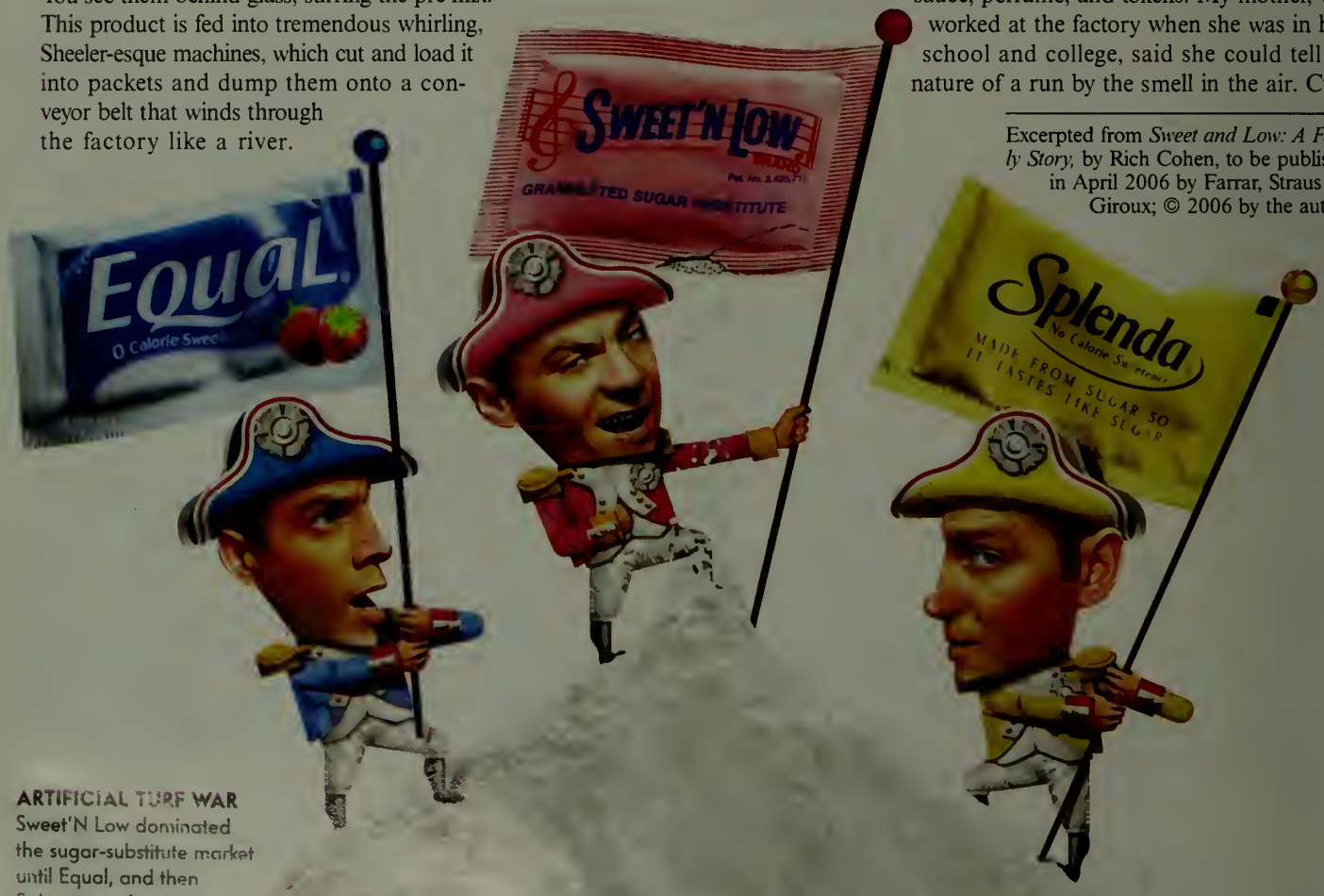
By Rich Cohen

Cumberland Packing, the company that manufactures Sweet'N Low, occupies a boxy building across the street from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It sits amid the factories of Fort Greene, the last of New York City's vanishing industrial base. The neighborhood is ringed by housing projects, dark windows looking out on the long skies over Williamsburg.

During peak hours at Cumberland, the packing machines rattle and the building vibrates and the workers shout over the racket, and all of this builds into a roar. As the packets are filled, saccharin dust drifts into the air, and you breathe it into your lungs. It flavors everything sickly sweet. To make Sweet'N Low, Cumberland uses tons of cream of tartar, dextrose, and saccharin each day. The ingredients are combined in a mixing room on the second floor, a lab where workers wear bathing caps and booties. You see them behind glass, stirring the pre-mix. This product is fed into tremendous whirling, Sheeler-esque machines, which cut and load it into packets and dump them onto a conveyor belt that winds through the factory like a river. Every packet is tested and weighed. On the factory floor, the conveyor belt breaks into tributaries, each headed for a different machine. Ladies in hairnets direct this flow into boxes, which totter off to the shipping bay, where they are loaded onto trucks that carry them all over the region.

In the 1950s, Cumberland Packing was a prosperous little factory, part of the belt of industry that stretched along the Brooklyn waterfront. My grandfather Benjamin Eisenstadt, who started Cumberland in 1946, employed a few dozen people. The company grossed perhaps a hundred thousand a year, most of it plowed right back into the factory: new machines, more workers. Ben brought home just enough money to buy a car, support a family, send his kids to summer camp. He was packing sugar, duck sauce, perfume, and tokens. My mother, who worked at the factory when she was in high school and college, said she could tell the nature of a run by the smell in the air. Cum-

Excerpted from *Sweet and Low: A Family Story,* by Rich Cohen, to be published in April 2006 by Farrar, Straus and Giroux; © 2006 by the author.



ARTIFICIAL TURF WAR Sweet'N Low dominated the sugar-substitute market until Equal, and then Splenda, took over.

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN CORBITT

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berland had become a transit station, a place where the raw material of the borough was given shape and sent into the market.

In 1956, Ben and his son Marvin, who would eventually take over the company, began the research that would culminate, later that year, in the invention of Sweet'N Low. There are legends about this discovery, as well there should be. It's the place where the stream goes under the rocks and emerges as a swift and dangerous river, where the needling problems of a middle-class Brooklyn family become the soap-opera stuff of the super-rich.

According to legend, the invention was an expression of character. That is, the nature of Sweet'N Low can tell you about the nature of Ben, is an extension of Ben, or is Ben himself in another form. Sweet'N Low as a sacrament. Sweet'N Low as the holy wafer. Take it onto your tongue and let it dissolve. The rush of sweetness is followed by a bitter aftertaste. That aftertaste is the soul of Ben. My mother said the spark came when Ben was on a diet. Ben was always on a diet because he was never happy with who he was—a psychosis that runs through the family. "Because of this diet, Grandpa Ben was not eating anything with sugar," said my mother. "In those days, the only substitute was Sucaryl.

Ben launched the product in 1957, at first positioning it as a medicine, an aid to diabetics.

It came in little pills that you carried in a vial. You put one into a cup of coffee. Or there was a liquid that came in an eyedropper. If you were having iced tea, you might add two drops. But the liquid was too sweet. And the pills never dissolved. My father loved grapefruit. He would crush the pills and spread it on the grapefruit, but that never really worked. It bothered him. It was a problem he wanted to solve."

For Ben, grapefruit is like the apple of Newton, that part of the material world that cracks him on the skull and jars loose the obstruction.

"I have no idea how he came up with it," my Aunt Gladys told me. "Yes, he was on a diet, but I don't know. People were dieting and using saccharin, so, O.K., I guess he decided, 'Let's invent a sugar substitute.'"

Is this what happened?

Well, Ben *was* on a diet and he *did* sprinkle mashed-up saccharin-and-cyclamate pills on his grapefruit, but he did not take the logical next step on his own. The idea for an artificial sweetener in powder form was in fact brought to him by the executives at a long-defunct pharmaceutical company. These men asked Ben if he could devise a sugar substitute that could be packed by Cumberland in the same way the company was packing sugar. Fake sugar, real packets. To these men, fake sugar was imagined less as a food than as a medicine. It would be sold to hospitals and drugstores. It would be used mostly by diabetics. With this simple idea, the pharmaceutical executives were offering a solution to a problem new in history, the American problem of plenty. Not the scarcity of food, but too much. Too many burgers, too many shakes, too many candy bars, too many calories.

"The drug company came to us," said Marvin. "They wanted us to make a sugar substitute. At that time, there was just Sucaryl, put out by Abbott Laboratories."

Even if they did not know it, Ben and Marvin were entering into a plot to overthrow sugar, which had been the king of the Western diet for 500 years.

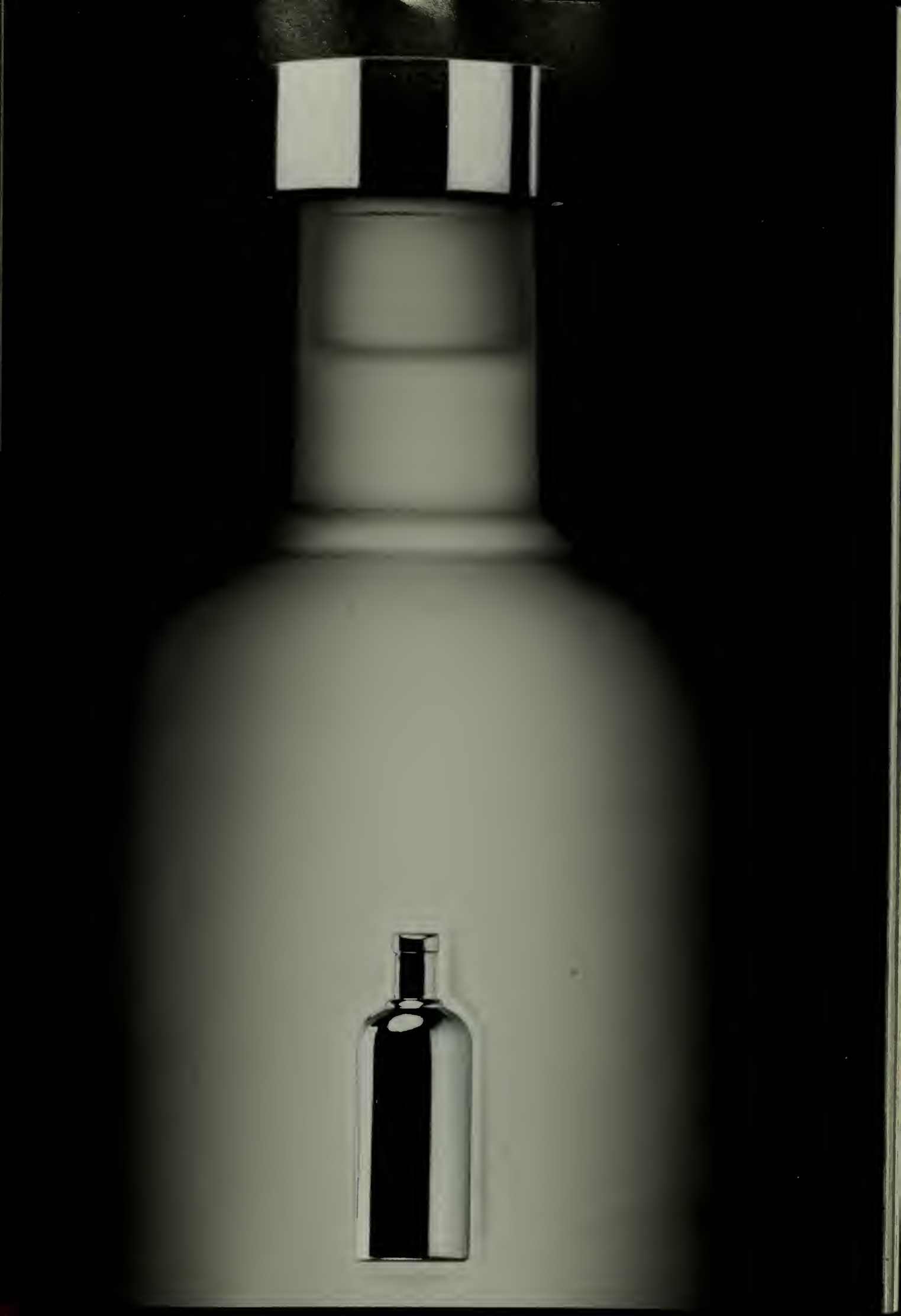
In 1957, Ben hired a chemist to help him devise a mixture that would approximate the look and feel of sugar. Much is made of Marvin's chemistry degree, but, in truth, Dr. Kracauer was the professional on the project. Paul Kracauer is like Pete Best, the first drummer of the Beatles, mostly expunged from lore, but the name endures on the patents. When my mother mentions his name, it's with drama, like the name of a villain in a silent movie: "Dr. Kracauer." I picture it written in wavy freak-show letters: DR. KRACAUER RETURNS! I guess this is because of the name itself, which has an Eastern European concentration-camp ring, but also because of my sense that here is the evil genius behind it all.

In devising the formula, Ben was especially wary of saccharin's aftertaste. "In many cases this bitter aftertaste actually makes the person nauseous," Ben wrote in his patent application. The saccharin would therefore have to be cut with a neutral substance. Several years before, the scientists at Abbott Labs had come up with a formula considered the industry gold standard. The 10-to-1 mix: 10 parts cyclamate, which is not as sweet as saccharin, but has no aftertaste, and 1 part saccharin. A perfect complement. When the cyclamate is combined with saccharin in an amount that equals the sweetness of one teaspoon of sugar, it yields a pill the size of a mini M&M. The aftertaste is there, but muted. If Ben wanted to fill an entire packet with the formula, he would need another ingredient to bulk up the mix and approximate the texture of sugar.



HEY THERE, SUGAR Sprite, Tab, Fresca, and Fanta Orange cans from the 60s. Diet sodas would eventually cross over from the diet-food industry into the mainstream market.

Marvin says he found the missing ingredient in a cookbook. According to an old recipe, lactose bulked up food and leached out taste. With the addition of lactose, Ben was able to perfect the formula that became Sweet'N Low. Whereas saccharin had been an artificial sweetener, this was fake sugar: a counterfeit, part of the postwar process whereby the world of our grandfathers would be replaced by a facsimile. But when Ben and Marvin returned to the pharmaceutical company, the executives hardly seemed to remember them, were not sure what Ben was talking about, and did not want to taste that cup of coffee, because they were no longer interested. "We had done all this work and they just



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didn't care," Marvin told me. "And we thought we had really accomplished something. Put it in a cup of coffee and it tastes like sugar. But they changed their mind. Maybe they thought the market was too small."

The big moment from which all the other moments flowed was therefore brought about not by an act of genius or will, but out of a first-generation determination not to let good work go to waste. "Well, my dad was angry, and so was I," said Marvin. "We had worked very hard and very long on this and hated to watch it go down the drain. So we decided, you know, let's just make it and pack it and distribute it ourselves."

By showing the government that this new saccharin formula, with lactose as its secret ingredient, was the closest fake thing to real sugar, Ben and Marvin won a "use patent." For 18 years, only Cumberland would be allowed to manufacture the formula. "Now, of course, those 18 years have gone by," Marvin told me. "But once you develop that magical brand name, nothing can touch you. If someone put out the exact same product without our name, we would outsell them eight to one."

From there, it was just a matter of marketing: What will the product be called? What will the packet look like? What color will it be? Where will it be sold? To whom will it be sold?

When I asked Marvin who had been responsible for what, he told me that he had made most of the big decisions, but Ben had been "an inspiration."

"The product was developed by Ben and Dr. Kracauer," said my father. "I watched it happen. Marvin kept the machines running. He was good at fixing things. He was like a mechanic. His job was to keep those things going."

When pressed for specifics, Marvin said, "Well, the name Sweet'N Low was [Ben's] invention. It was a phrase from his favorite Tennyson poem."

Marvin mentions this often, but it's not exactly true. As Huck Finn would say, it's a stretcher, a way to class up the joint. The name Sweet'N Low does not come from Ben's favorite Tennyson poem, but from a song written with the words of the poem—the sheet music credits Alfred Lord Tennyson and Joseph Barnby—that had been a hit in the early 1900s, when Ben was a kid. Up until a few years ago, if you called Cumberland and said, "This is Rich Cohen. I am trying to reach my Uncle Marvin," the hold music was "Sweet and Low," a melancholy dirge on a loop, what the military band plays as the boys march to hell.



SWEET CHILD O' MINE Benjamin Eisenstadt and his son Marvin, who together helped develop Sweet'N Low, at Cumberland Packing, in Brooklyn, December 1974.

Marvin said that he came up with the packet color, that he entertained and rejected blue because blue does not occur in nature. But this sounds to me like Marvin reading a criticism of Equal—which would not appear for more than 20 years—back into the historical record. I say this because (1) blueberries; (2) sky. Gladys told me that it had been Ben who chose pink because Ben thought pink would stand out among the white sugar packets on diner tables. The packet and the logo were designed by my Aunt Barbara, an amateur artist who, on family vacations, used to paint funny faces on tennis balls. Her work on the packet was just beautiful: the name of the product as notes on a musical staff. It has become a classic, as much a symbol of plastic America as the soup cans of Andy Warhol.

Ben launched the product in 1957, at first positioning it as a medicine, an aid to diabetics. He sold it to restaurants and hospitals, simply adding Sweet'N Low to the river of product already flowing out of the factory. Those first shipments were devoured. Packets were swiped from restaurants and stolen from hospitals. People called Cumberland. They wanted to buy boxes wholesale. Ben and Marvin had tapped into the *Zeitgeist;* they had boarded a bullet train called Fat but Still Hungry. The way you go to the airport and step on a moving walkway and it turns out that walkway is moving a thousand miles an hour. "Then it really happened," Marvin told me. "We got a call from the head buyer of the A&P, the supermarket chain with hundreds of stores across the nation. Manufacturers would kill to get their product in there. They told us they wanted to start stocking Sweet'N Low. That's when we knew this was really going to be something big."

Within a few months of the cyclamate ban, sales had tripled. Sweet'N Low was No. 1.

Ben bought billboards on buses. The first ads showed a woman holding a glass of iced tea over the words I CALL MY SUGAR SWEET'N LOW.

At the time of Ben's use of it in Sweet'N Low, cyclamate had long been of concern to the Food and Drug Administration. It had been discovered in 1937. While experimenting with anti-fever drugs, a University of Illinois chemistry student named Michael Sveda set down his cigarette on a lab bench. When he picked it up and took a drag, it tasted as if it had been dipped in syrup. In the course of tinkering, Sveda had freed a hydrogen molecule from a bond, which resulted in a compound 30 times sweeter than sugar. Though still not as sweet as saccharin (which was also discovered accidentally, in 1879), the compound was sweet enough to be used in quantities amounting to zero calories. Unlike saccharin, it had no aftertaste.

Sveda licensed his discovery to Abbott Laboratories, which within a few years was turning out great mountains of the stuff. By

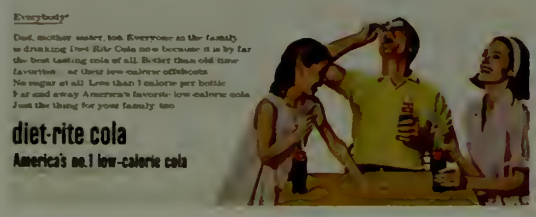
1953, scientists at Abbott had devised the cyclamate-saccharin mixture that was soon being used in Kirsch's No-Cal Cola, Diet-Rite, Tab, and Sweet'N Low. In 1959, after an extensive study, the F.D.A. added cyclamate to its list of approved preservatives. Because it was assumed that the use of cyclamate would be limited almost exclusively to diabetics, the approval was explained as a lesser of evils: better a diabetic use cyclamate than live in a world with no alternative to sugar and so be tempted into a wilderness of jelly doughnuts.

In the 1960s, however, the F.D.A. reconsidered: cyclamate was not being used exclusively or even mostly by diabetics, but, like saccharin, had crossed into the mainstream, where it was being ingested by millions of perfectly healthy calorie counters. To the chemists at the F.D.A., the trend seemed reminiscent of a long history of unnecessary disasters, most memorably the tragedy of thalidomide, a pill prescribed to women for insomnia and morning sickness. It was not approved for sale in the United States, because a medical officer of the F.D.A. at the time, Frances Kelsey (her name deserves to be remembered), said that it had not been tested nearly enough. Guilty until proven innocent. In the early 1960s, thalidomide was prescribed widely in Europe, South America, and Canada. When it was taken in the first months of pregnancy, the birth defects were to the parts of the body that develop early: fingers, arms, and legs. According to the F.D.A., even a single dose of thalidomide during early pregnancy could cause major defects. Ten thousand babies were born severely affected. They came to be known as thalidomide babies, as if the sedative had joined with the genetic code to create a new species. Babies were born with flippers instead of arms, or with long forearms and no hands, or with no arms and no ears. Or their eyes didn't work, or their nervous systems, or their hearts. As you get close to the border with Canada, where the pill was prescribed widely, you see them, almost middle-aged, paying for a few bad months in the 1960s. It was a sad triumph for the F.D.A., vindication of the "slow as molasses" style that had made it a target of the drug companies.

In the late 1960s, a series of experiments suggested that large intakes of cyclamate had coincided with an uptick in cases of cancer. The incidences were rare, the tests inconclusive, but the mere mention of the word "cancer" tripped the Delaney Clause, a rider to the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act that says that any food additive or preservative shown to cause cancer in any living thing must be banned. No questions. Zero tolerance.



Who's drinking all that Diet-Rite Cola?



¡HOLA, COLA! Diet-Rite Cola, seen here in an ad from 1965, was one of the first diet sodas on the market.

In late 1969, the F.D.A. announced its decision to remove cyclamate from its list of approved preservatives and ban its use in foods and nonprescription drugs. When the word "cancer" hit the newspapers, people panicked. Diet products were pulled from the shelves, a river of cola went hissing down the gutters. (It makes me think of the chapter in *A Tale of Two Cities* called "The Wine Shop," in which a mob kicks open a cask and wine runs in the streets, and in it you see the blood of the coming revolution.) With one stroke, entire product lines had been wiped out. Tab: gone. Diet-Rite: gone. Diet Crush: gone. The tabletop sweeteners that competed with Sweet'N Low (Wee Cal, Sweet Mate): gone. (The diet sodas would eventually come back; the sweeteners would not.) Factories closed, and hustling, Ben-like entrepreneurs accepted corporate positions. The term "job security" came to have a nice ring. Everyone was wounded, everyone bled. Everyone except Ben and Marvin. For Ben and Marvin, the cyclamate ban came as a blessing. "From every disaster we made a victory," Marvin told me. "Because we took advantage of it."

Because they were prepared.

Because they knew the ban was coming.

But how?

Cumberland Packing bought its cyclamate from Abbott Labs, which was headquartered in Abbott Park, Illinois, just a few miles from Libertyville, where my parents were living. My mother knew many of the company wives. From playground scuttlebutt (in such towns, the wives are like the astronaut wives in *The Right Stuff*) my mother learned that cyclamate would soon be banned and that Abbott would not fight the ban. If a company the size of Abbott chose to fight, the works could be gummed up for years, long enough for the Diet-Rites and Tabs to adjust and be ready.

"Abbott was supposed to fight the ban," my mother told me. "But I found out they wouldn't. I called my father and told him. Because of that, when the ban did come, he had a head start on the entire industry."

But according to Marvin, he was ready for the ban simply because he "had a gut feeling." It was because of this feeling and because of his cautious, plan-for-every-contingency style that, he said, "belt-and-suspenders Marvin developed a product without cyclamate."

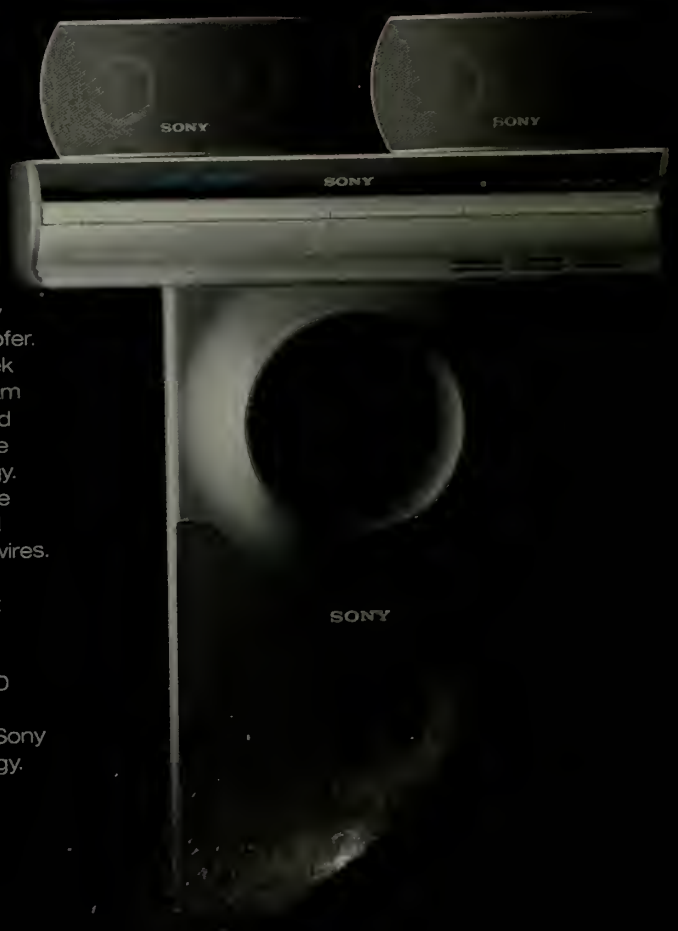
In fact, Ben and Marvin already had notes for an alternative formula which they had drawn up years before while searching for a perfectly kosher Sweet'N Low. (Because the original formula contained lactose, a dairy product, it could not be used by religious Jews during or just after meals—in a cup of coffee, say—that included meat.) Marvin dug out these plans, got together with his "key personnel," and went to work. Once they had stripped away the cyclamate, the saccharin aftertaste re-emerged like a repressed memory. Marvin tried everything, in the end finding the answer (once again) in a cookbook: cream of tartar, an ingredient that adds bulk without adding calories, and dextrose, an ingredient that leaches out aftertaste.

Immediately after the ban was announced, but before it was

When the word "cancer" hit, people panicked, entire product lines were wiped out.



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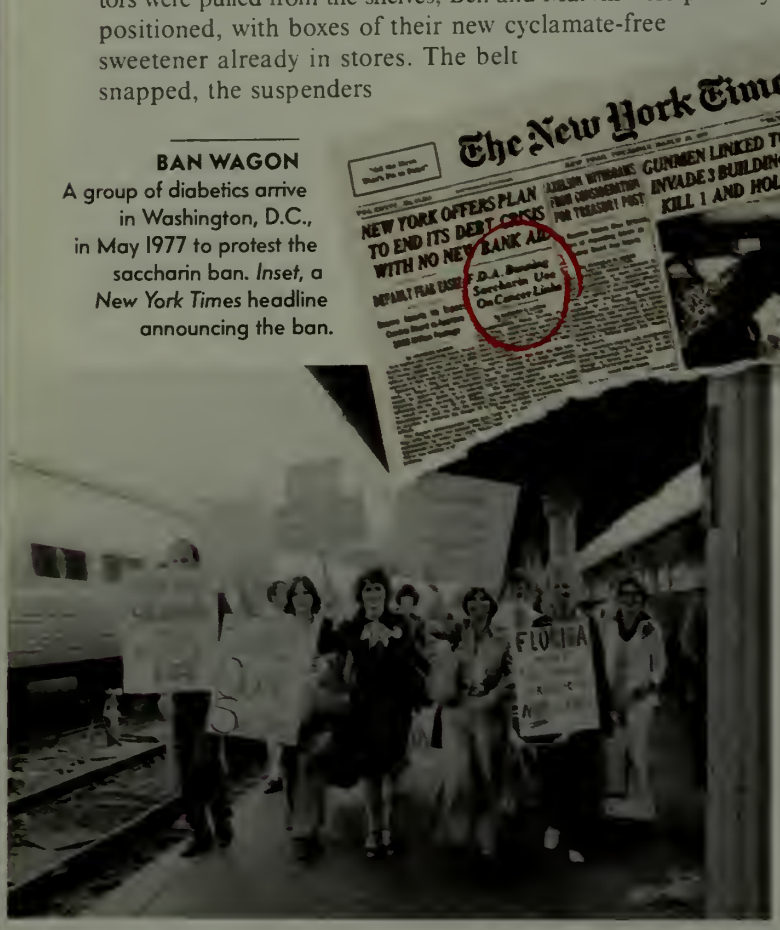
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enacted, Ben called his distributors and buyers and told them to junk the old product and he would send them boxes of Sweet'N Low made without cyclamate. "We got rid of all that stuff, and we didn't have to," Marvin said. "This was before the ban went into effect. Then we put out the new stuff. We borrowed over a million dollars to cover all the costs. There were headlines in the papers saying that Cumberland Packing, the makers of Sweet'N Low, have reformulated their product. They showed us in Chicago dumping old Sweet'N Low with cyclamate into a landfill."

If the cyclamate ban had not been enacted, Cumberland would have been out millions of dollars for research and junked product. But when the ban was enacted and all of Sweet'N Low's competitors were pulled from the shelves, Ben and Marvin were perfectly positioned, with boxes of their new cyclamate-free sweetener already in stores. The belt snapped, the suspenders held! In those weeks, when the vacuum left by Wee Cal and Diet Rite and Tab opened up, the pink packets swirled in. According to articles that ran in *The New York Times* on October 20 and 21, 1985, General Foods, Pillsbury, Pepsi-Cola, Coca-Cola, and Royal Crown were all ready with cyclamate-free products within a few weeks of the ban—but those few weeks made all the difference. Cumberland Packing went from being a midsize company in a competitive field to being virtually the only company in a major industry. Within a few months sales had tripled. Sweet'N Low became No. 1.



BAN WAGON
A group of diabetics arrive in Washington, D.C., in May 1977 to protest the saccharin ban. *Inset*, a *New York Times* headline announcing the ban.

In 1985, Equal outsold Sweet'N Low. NutraSweet had become the No. 1 brand.

In the 1970s, the F.D.A. turned its attention to saccharin, which had long been an obsession of the fake-food cops. With the banning of cyclamate, these officials had shown that it was possible to take on the pharmaceutical industry, even with big money at stake. (A saccharin ban would mean the loss of $1.9 billion a year to the diet and pharmaceutical companies.) During the early 70s, several saccharin studies were under way. The most damning of these was done in Canada, where 100 rats were fed monster doses of the artificial sweetener. It was shot directly into their bodies—the equivalent of 800 cans of Diet Coke a day. Among the second generation of rats, exposed to saccharin in utero as well as during their lifetime, 14 developed bladder tumors. Twelve of them were male. A mega-dose of saccharin, it was concluded, results in bladder tumors in male rats.

If it causes cancer in male rats, will it do the same in men?

The Canadians removed saccharin from the market in early 1977. Once a link to cancer had been established, the Delaney Clause kicked in and Sherwin Gardner, the commissioner of the F.D.A., really had no choice. In March 1977, saccharin was banned in the United States.

On March 10, 1977, *The New York Times* ran the story on the front page: F.D.A. BANNING SACCHARIN USE ON CANCER LINKS. In that moment, it was Cumberland's turn to teeter on the edge of the abyss. In the ensuing weeks, Marvin argued, pontificated, wisecracked, shouted his head off, and complained. He went on TV and radio. He talked to anyone who would listen. He became the champion of the diet economy. In a *New York Times* story headlined INDUSTRY RESPONDS TO BAN OF SACCHARIN, Marvin said that to equal the amount of saccharin given those rats "an individual would have to drink diet soft drinks at the impossible rate of more than 1,000 bottles a day." In another story, he said, "Your organs would have to be bathed in the stuff." Reading these articles today, you can feel the panicky energy of my handsome uncle. The Calorie Control Council, a lobbying group then headed by Marvin, took out a full-page ad in national newspapers that showed my uncle buried neck-deep in pink packets. According to the copy, this was the amount of Sweet'N Low a person would have to eat every day to approach the intake of the study rats.

The letters poured into Congress: doctors worried about diabetics; dentists worried about tooth decay. For the first time in our history, the ugly word "gingivitis" was whispered in the corridors of power. More than the gap-toothed or the insulin-starved, it was the calorie counters who made the difference. When weighing the possibility of a future tumor against the here and now of a skinny life, the consumers chose the here and now. In the week after the ban, Congress received more than a hundred thousand letters, more than received in any comparable period during the Vietnam War.

When the politicians finally weighed in, the bureaucrats were relieved: the F.D.A. had strayed beyond its depth. It did not understand the crazed nature of its own time. On March 18, 1977, a week after the ban was announced, Ted Kennedy, the chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Health and Scientific Research, moved for a delay. That June, Senator Kennedy pushed through a moratorium: the ban would remain on the books but would not be enforced. The effects of saccharin would be studied further. In the meantime, all saccharin products would carry a warning. The entire matter would come back before Congress in two years, at which time either the ban would be enforced, or saccharin would be cleared, or the moratorium would be extended. In November 1977, Jimmy Carter signed the Saccharin Study and Labeling Act into law.

The Sweet'N Low packet would now carry the label: "Use

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Actor, The Sopranos

Michael Imperioli knows a choice role when he sees one. "You have to look for a character who has a serious inner conflict. That's when it gets interesting." Though best known as an actor, he's also a writer, producer, director, and recently founder of Studio Dante, a Manhattan theater company for progressive new plays. Michael turns to freshly brewed coffee to kick-start his creativity. He enjoys a rich cup from the TASSIMO system, which offers endless variety, including tea, hot chocolate, latte and cappuccino.



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r Katrina Markoff, chocolate is not just a tasty at, but a way of life. "People think it's far-fetched think I can spread peace through chocolate. But en you expose them to ingredients from around world through such a universally loved medium, open their minds to new ideas and new people." trina believes that nothing complements the vor of chocolate like espresso. Here, she indulges bold brew from TASSIMO. Its patented T-DISC® tem assures optimal conditions for one perfect after another.



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of this product may be hazardous to your health. This product contains saccharin, which has been determined to cause cancer in laboratory animals."

"Ted Kennedy proposed that," Marvin told me. "And it was unfair. Because it said the product causes cancer in animals. But it was only rats."

The warning would appear on all saccharin products until Congress voted to remove the label in 2000 after a joint study by the National Cancer Institute and the F.D.A. found that saccharin was safe for humans. In January 2001, in the last days of his presidency, Clinton signed the bill, and the saccharin ban officially ended.

Following the announcement of the saccharin ban, there was no F.D.A.-approved artificial sweetener, no "safe" alternative to sugar. The result was a race like the race to the moon. Who will find the alternative to the alternatives? Who will plant the flag? Because they had long been the market leader and the owner of the most famous brand, Ben and Marvin would have had a great advantage in this race. They would not have been starting at zero. They would have been building on their existing dominance. Nor would they have had to devise a clever way to introduce a strange product from the laboratory. They could instead have sold any sweetener as new and improved Sweet'N Low, in the same way that Coca-Cola introduced its new formula as New Coke. But Cumberland ducked out of the race, or did not even realize that a race was under way, and instead directed its time and resources to saving saccharin. But the market opened and the conglomerates flowed in.

In 1977, GD Searle, an Illinois-based chemical manufacturer, brought in squinty-eyed Donald Rumsfeld to re-structure the company and presumably get its chemical sweetener, aspartame, approved by the F.D.A. The company had been founded by Gideon Daniel Searle, who, in the years just after the Civil War (he was a twice-wounded, shell-shocked veteran), built a chain of pharmacies in Omaha, Nebraska, then opened an elixir factory in Illinois, where he made his first fortune with Dramamine, a motion-sickness pill perfectly suited for the new, footloose, travel-happy American middle class. In 1925, Searle moved his company to McHenry County, Illinois, then to Skokie, where, in 1965, aspartame was discovered by accident.

A chemist named James Schlatter had been searching for a formula to treat ulcers and heartburn when the potion bubbled onto his hands. He licked his fingers: *Eureka!* It was 200 times sweeter than sugar and could be used in quantities so small as to amount to no calories. Aspartame is made of two amino acids: phenylalanine and aspartic acid. When they enter your system, they produce methanol, which, according to *Merriam-Webster's Collegiate Dictionary,* is "a light volatile flammable poisonous liquid alcohol." Aspartic acid is sometimes classified by critics as an excitotoxin, a family of chemicals that excite the nerves and pathways in your brain—think of the old footage of a carpet of cluster bombs lighting up the jungles of Vietnam. In 1966 the *Journal of the American Chemical Society* described the new formula as a result of "an accidental discovery of an organic compound with a profound sucrose (table sugar) like taste. Preliminary tasting showed this compound to have a potency of 100–200 times sucrose depending on concentration and on what other flavors are present and to be devoid of unpleasant aftertaste."

Sweeter than saccharin; no aftertaste.

The executives at Searle saw the commercial implications immediately; these were hard to miss. Yet they had a terrifically hard time getting their new compound approved by the F.D.A. In every test, something came out wrong. Over time, a sinister aura grew up around aspartame, rumors which have never entirely disappeared. Just go to the Internet and look up all the freelance nutters who have attached the compound to a conspiracy that traces a line from Donald Rumsfeld to Ronald Reagan to airplane crashes to early death. They say it does freaky things to your brain, knocks you for a loop, blows a hole in the cortex. They sing of headaches, seizures, blackouts, memory loss, lesions, slurred speech, mood swings, anxiety attacks, coma, extremity numbness, and loss of limb control.

The NutraSweet Company responds to these rumors and complaints on its Web site: "The overwhelming body of scientific evidence clearly demonstrates that aspartame, even in amounts many times what people typically consume, is safe and not associated with adverse health effects. The FDA has investigated alleged complaints since 1982 and states that there is no 'reasonable evidence of possible public health harm' and 'no consistent or unique patterns of symptoms reported with respect to aspartame that can be causally linked to its use.'"

"We were running [an aspartame] test product here, and the girls, some of the girls, just couldn't run it because they would get hives," Marvin told me. "The dust. Some people are allergic to it, and it affects their vision, and they don't want to take a chance with an airline pilot. [Pilots] are not allowed to drink diet sodas, they're not supposed to, two hours before their flights."

Over time, a sinister aura grew up around aspartame, rumors which have never entirely disappeared.

The F.D.A. rejected aspartame in the 1960s and again in the 1970s. Because of certain discrepancies. Because of certain worrisome patterns in the tests. Since the market at the time was already well served by cyclamate and saccharin, there was no reason to introduce a questionable new compound into the food supply. Then cyclamate was banned. Then saccharin.

It was a scientific study commissioned in the late 1970s that finally convinced regulators that aspartame was safe. According to the study, the compound is indeed a danger, but only for the tiny sliver of the population that suffers from a hereditary disease called phenylketonuria (PKU), an enzyme deficiency in the brain that, if acted on by phenylalanine, can send a sufferer into seizures and damage the brain. Babies with PKU, if exposed to aspartame, can suffer mental retardation. (Diet Coke cans carry a warning for those with PKU.) With this new study, the results from early tests had been explained: it was just a few people with a disease you've never heard of. In 1981, after 20 years of controversy, aspartame was approved.

There tend to be two explanations for this approval: (1) executives at Searle, knowing their product was good and true, pressed on, searching for and then finding the reason for the occasional seizure; and (2) executives at Searle surely suspected that their wonder chemical left a wake of blinded, jittery, panicky amnesiacs, but pressed on anyway, because that's corporate America, until just the right cards were dealt—a cyclamate ban, a saccharin ban, a fat-obsessed nation, a market without an un-

banned artificial sweetener, and, most important, a Republican administration. For two decades, aspartame had failed to win approval. Then Ronald Reagan was elected president, and Donald Rumsfeld, while keeping his position at Searle, worked on the president-elect's interim foreign-policy team. Soon after Reagan was inaugurated, Searle re-applied for approval of aspartame. Within a few months, Reagan had named a new head of the F.D.A. and the chemical got the green light. Rumsfeld had correctly recognized that Searle's problem was not scientific; it was political.

Searle created a new division, the NutraSweet Company, to market aspartame, the first new sweetener on the market in 25 years. The company registered two trademarks: Equal, the tabletop sweetener (fake sugar) it would introduce in 1981, and NutraSweet, the food-and-drink additive it would introduce in 1983.

"I was told we were going to lose our business," Marvin said. "I was not panicked, for two reasons. One, I felt that we'd been in the market for such a long time people would not desert us. Two, there were questions about Equal, health things. Three, taste. For people used to Sweet'N Low, [Equal] wasn't sweet enough."

Splenda is sugar remade, a molecule stolen from God, painted, and thrown back on the market.

The launch of Equal and NutraSweet was brilliant; not Harvard Business School or Wharton brilliant, but Sun Tzu or Von Clausewitz brilliant. It was a military campaign. It was a slaughter. Searle, not content with just a good debut, wanted to overwhelm the field.

In 1983, Searle sent a gumball sweetened with NutraSweet to millions of homes. It was like the drug dealer giving the kid on the playground a taste of cocaine, saying, "Pass it around, let 'em all try it. You know where I am if you want more." That summer, kids talked about the new miracle product the way Columbus once spoke of the antipodes. Here I speak not as a historian or scholar but as one who was lucky enough to be young at the time, who went to the mailbox expecting to find bills and flyers and instead found a gumball in a clear envelope. The gumballs came in red, yellow, green, blue. Some kids tried to collect them all, lining them up like trophies, eating them all at once, then, through all that gum, pontificating on the mysteries of taste. By introducing aspartame in a gumball, Searle was not presenting itself as the lesser of evils. The people who eat gumballs are not, after all, the same people who count calories. Searle was taking on sugar itself.



In 1984, Searle made deals with Coca-Cola and Pepsi and many other companies that sold diet foods. These companies would be sold NutraSweet at a tremendous discount. In exchange, they would carry the NutraSweet trademark (a red-and-white swirl) on their labels. The swirl became part of the Diet Coke can. Aspartame, long troubled by its bad reputation, remade itself in the trusted image of Coke and Pepsi. In December 1984, Robert Shapiro, then president of the NutraSweet Group, told *The New York Times,* "Sugar is in trouble. The industry will have to adjust to that reality. They can't do anything to improve the product."

RUM'N COKE
Below, Donald Rumsfeld in 1976, five years before he helped get aspartame approved; *bottom,* a Sweet'N Low ad from 1985, the year Equal became No. 1.



By the time NutraSweet was introduced as a sweetener, the ground had been well prepared. The mothers had been targeted. The kids who ride backward through the supermarkets and make all the decisions had been brainwashed. It was called Equal. It carried the swirl. It was sold in a light-blue packet because white is nothing and pink is for girls but blue is rational, blue you remember, blue stands out, blue is progress, blue is ocean, blue is sky. Nothing was accidental. Unlike Sweet'N Low, Equal was marketed not as a "sugar substitute" but as an "alternative sweetener." Executives at Searle had determined that, when attached to a food, the word "substitute" (why were they the first to realize this?) is like poison. Also, as sugar is among the most beloved products of the earth, consumers are skeptical of vainglorious efforts to create a facsimile. With "sugar substitute," you get people who want to be thin and don't care how. With "alternative sweetener," you get everyone.

In 1985, Equal outsold Sweet'N Low. NutraSweet had become the No. 1 brand in America. Aspartame sweetened the majority of all diet drinks. Searle reported annual sales of $132 million. Cumberland's were half that, around $67 million. Sweet'N Low had been pushed out of the top spot it had occupied since the early 1970s. By the end of the year, Searle and its NutraSweet subsidiary had been sold to the agro-giant Monsanto for an astounding $2.7 billion. (In 2000, Monsanto sold its NutraSweet business and now Merisant manufactures the tabletop sweetener.)

Sweet'N Low, the industry leader for decades, eventually dropped to a distant third behind Equal and Splenda, an artificial tabletop sweetener (it comes in a yellow packet) introduced by Johnson & Johnson in 2000. Yet, amazingly, Cumberland has made almost twice as much money annually in recent years as it did 30 years ago, when Sweet'N Low was the top brand. By bringing artificial sweeteners into the mainstream—many people drink Diet Coke not because they are on a diet but because they prefer the taste—Monsanto supersized the market. In

2004, U.S. manufacturers of artificial sweeteners generated sales of $343 million (compared with $911 million of "real" sugar), of which Cumberland products represented 19.4 percent, or about $66.5 million. "Equal opened up the market," Marvin told me. "And though our share went down, the market got much bigger. Let's say, for example, someone that would never use saccharin decides, because he is bombarded by their sales pitch, to try Equal. He tastes it and says, 'Well, it's O.K.' Then he goes to a restaurant and they only have Sweet'N Low, so he says, 'O.K., I'll try it.' And it tastes even sweeter. So he begins to buy Sweet'N Low."

The artificial-sweetener market is currently dominated by Splenda, the only product I've talked about not discovered by accident. Splenda is part of the scary effort to get into the toy box and tinker with the grains and spices of the earth. We are in the age of the genome and the genetic code, the double helix twisting toward the sun. The age of the accidental discovery is over. Known in the lab as sucralose, Splenda is the result of a holy-grail-like search for a sugar that behaves like saccharin, that leaves no trace in the gut, ass, or hips. It was discovered in 1976 when a scientist at the British sugar company Tate & Lyle re-arranged a sugar molecule, replacing its three hydrogen-oxygen molecules with three chlorine atoms, resulting in a compound that is something like a mirror image of sugar; it looks and tastes like the real thing, yet, because it's so strange, goes unrecognized by the body. It slips right past the turnoffs and checkpoints on its way to the toilet. As if it had never been there. As if that Weight Watchers cake never existed. Splenda is not just another sweetener. It is sugar remade, a molecule stolen from God, put up on blocks, painted, and thrown back on the market.

In 1998, sucralose was introduced in diet foods and soft drinks. Within two years of its release, Splenda had passed Sweet'N Low as the No.-2-selling brand. By the summer of 2003, Splenda had passed Equal. By the winter of 2004, Splenda had reached $173 million in annual sales. According to Information Resources, a market-research group in Chicago, Splenda then had 51 percent of the market, Equal 19 percent, and Sweet'N Low 15 percent.

In the beginning, sugar was valued because it offered a treasure of calories and energy in a small dose. Sugar accordingly fueled the growth of the modern city, the modern workforce, and the modern nation. It powered the slave trade and made possible the rise of the mercantile class that overthrew the kings. It fueled the revolutions that gave birth to modern democracies and modern wars. The spread of sugar led to the plagues of obesity and diabetes and tooth decay that generated a need for alternative sweeteners realized with saccharin and cyclamate and aspartame, which, by their success and the resulting health problems, created a need for a new kind of sugar. As NutraSweet's Robert Shapiro said, "Sugar is in trouble. They can't do anything to improve the product." But that's exactly what happened. By scrambling molecules, the scientists replaced an ancient food, valued because a little gives you a lot, with a designer spice, valued because a lot gives you nothing—no calories, no energy. A wooden nickel, a check on an overdrawn account. An old friend returned to us lobotomized, a big fat zero, millions spent to unmake sugar, or remake it with no value. It's the story of the age. Taste without content. Food without value. By the late 1990s, sugar had lost 70 percent of its market to high-fructose corn syrup, saccharin, aspartame, and sucralose. With the invention of sucralose, the story of sugar comes to an end. □





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WILLIAM MOSELEY

AGE AND OCCUPATION: 18, actor. **PROVENANCE:** Gloucestershire, England. **GOOD WILL:** Moseley stars in the big-screen adaptation of C. S. Lewis's *The Chronicles of Narnia: The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe.* What's it like spending seven months on set in New Zealand? "You're 17, you love the independence, but you still want Mum to cook for you and wash your clothes, if you know what I mean." **O BROTHER:** Moseley stars as the oldest of four siblings who enter Narnia through the wardrobe. In real life, however, he is the oldest of three and has no magical powers. **AGENT ZERO:** At first, Moseley's U.K. agent didn't put him up for the part: "She thought the acting world had been a bit harsh on me, and if I got rejected for anything else, there might be fatal consequences." Thankfully, he got the role. **GROUNDED FOR LIFE:** Moseley says the only effect of his success on his family is that "they just try to ground me a lot more. They're just trying to keep me on the earth rather than up in the sky." —KRISTA SMITH

The COASTER CORRESPONDENCE

More of the very expensive words of Edwin John Coaster, contributing editor

VANITY FAIR

BETH KSENIAK
EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC RELATIONS

October 27, 2005

Graydon:

F.Y.I., the VH1 folks sent me this pitch they received from Ed Coaster. Something tells me he didn't run it by you before sending it off.

They told me they passed on it, but that, in light of the recent death of Bob Denver, they have an opening for an older white man on *The Surreal Life 7*. (?!?!)

ATTACHMENT INCLUDED

SACK O' COASTER PRODUCTIONS
81 Pearl Street Brooklyn, NY 11201

TO: VH1, MTV Networks
RE: New "Celebreality" program: *The Lit King and the Club Queen*

What happens when America's greatest living man of letters hooks up with New York's sultry, statuesque queen of the night? Edwin John Coaster and Amy Sacco, who are engaged to be married, intend to let the world into their glamorous lives on their new reality program, *The Lit King and the Club Queen*. He is the PEN Faulkner Award winner and fearless journalist behind such best-sellers as *In a Green Pink Country*, *Prosky's Prostate*, and *Requiem for Ellsberg*. She is the delicious diva behind the clubs Lot 61 and Bungalow 8 and the red-hot boîte Bette.

And *nothing* in their improbable new life together is off-limits, not ev

. . . Ed's disastrous first visit to *la famiglia Sacco* in New Jersey. The *vino rosso* flows, Ed gets the itch to do impersonations, and two din rolls become Brando jowls—but no one at the Sacco table is laughing

. . . Amy's disastrous first visit to Ed's Maine compound with her entourage of Euro go-go boys in tow. The flinty New Englanders of Penobscot Bay have never seen anyone like Hans, Miguel, and Ulu!

. . . the tense moment when Ed and Amy's relationship is put to the test. Upset at rumors that Ed's summertime visit to Judy Miller in prison turned "conjugal" (grainy security-cam footage furnished on request), Amy threatens to retaliate by showering her meat supplier with more than professional attention. But will she?

. . . the glam, glitzy 2006 edition of *Vanity Fair*'s Oscars dinner at Mortons, where Ed and Amy will sit at Table One and rub elbows with such bigwigs as editor in chief Gradyon Carter, *Über*-photographer Fran Lebowitz, and Revlon mogul Ron Pearlman!

The Lit King and the Club Queen is destined to be VH1's next "Celebreality" hit!

Sack O' Coaster Productions is a New York–based production company newly formed by Amy Sacco and Edwin John Coaster to oversee their television, film, hospitality, mail-order, literary, new-media, and intimate-apparel endeavors. *The Lit King and the Club Queen* is being produced in association with Brookline Boys Associates, a new management company. For information, contact Josh Freelantzovitz (New York office) at josh@brooklineboys.com or Joel Freelantzovitz (L.A. office) at joel@brooklineboys.com.

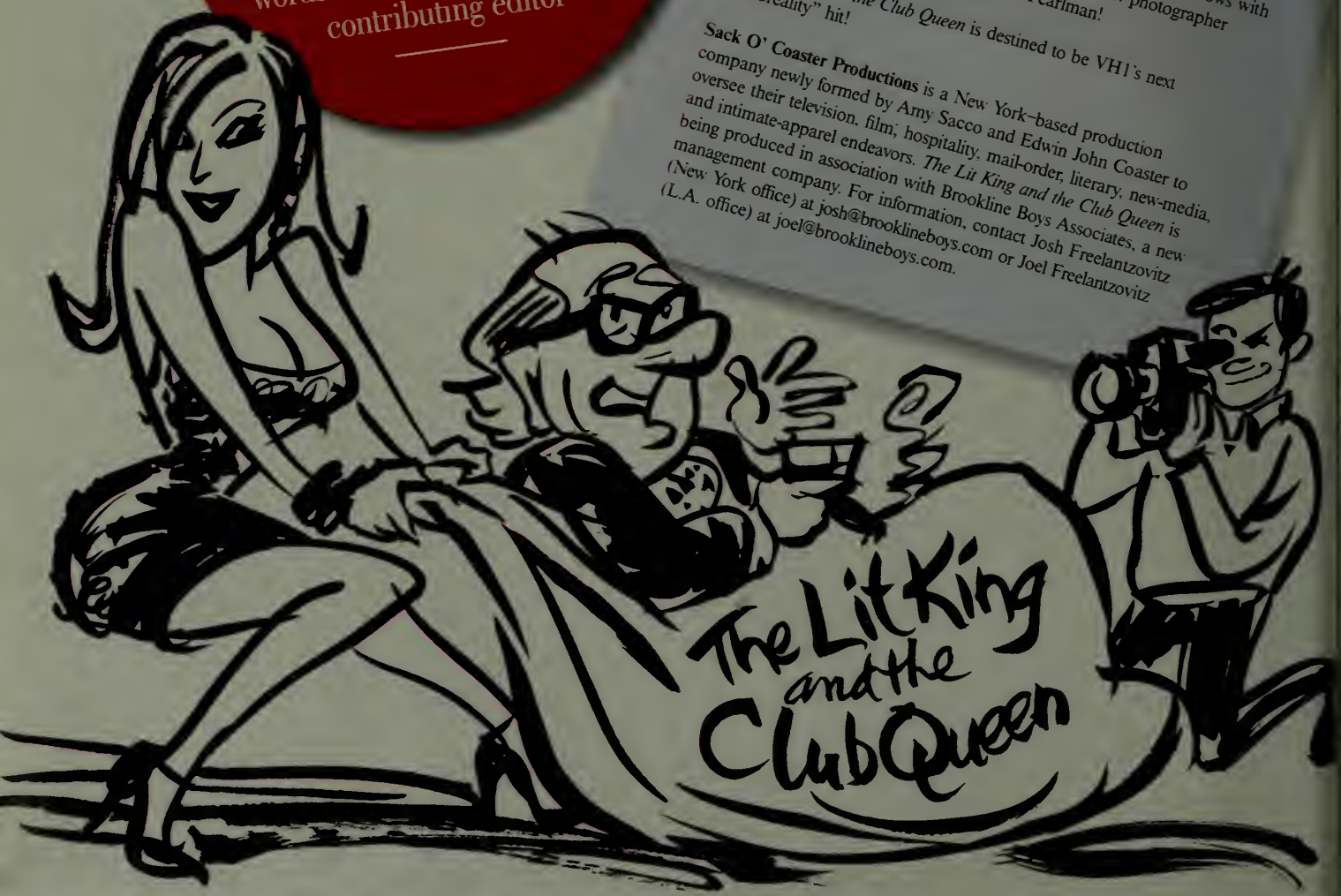
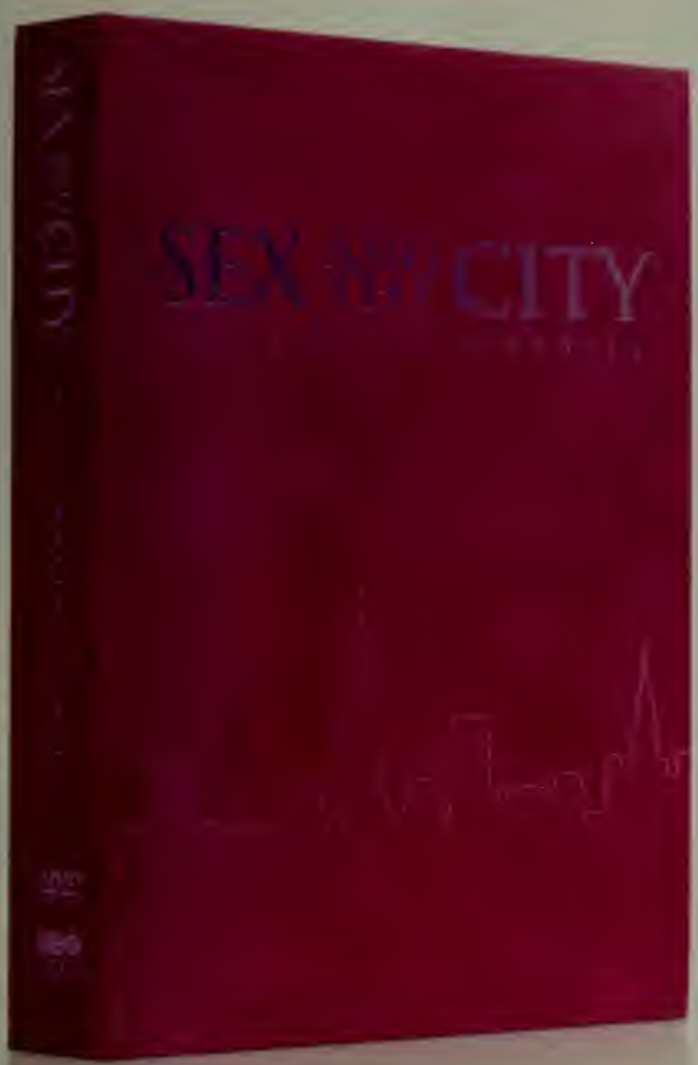


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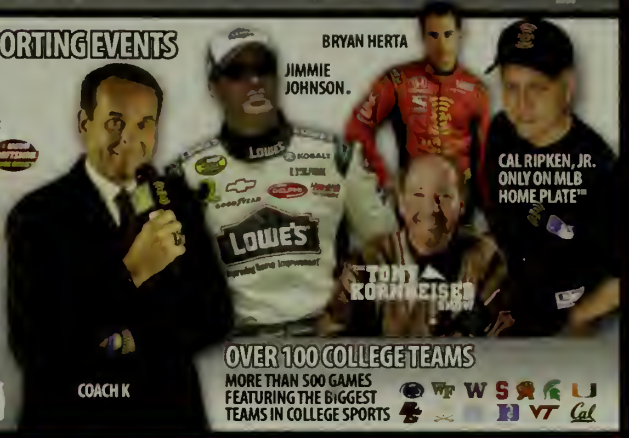
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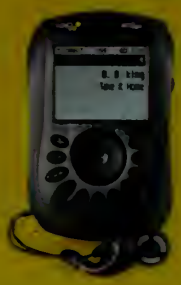
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GEORGE WAYNE

Q&A

On the stand with Nancy Grace

After her fiancé was brutally slain 23 years ago, Nancy Grace laid aside her dreams of being an English professor and enrolled in law school. The take-no-prisoners former Atlanta prosecutor continues her crusade on Court TV's *Closing Arguments* and on CNN Headline News's *Nancy Grace*. Our correspondent presses her buttons on the subjects of her bark versus her bite, Michael Jackson's acquittal, and the new chief justice's tan.



George Wayne: *A lot of people will be pleasantly surprised to hear that Nancy Grace is rather petite and nice. Behind all that vitriol, she seems to have a heart of gold.*

Nancy Grace: Anything to do with the law or Lady Justice I feel very strongly about, especially having been a crime victim myself.

G.W. *Were you a crime victim?*

N.G. Why is it, when a woman has her pocketbook snatched, she is a crime victim, but when my fiancé is murdered, I am not a crime victim?

G.W. *Your fiancé was the victim of a rather heinous crime. He was shot five times. Did you have to identify his body?*

N.G. No, I wasn't with him. But I was a witness at his killer's trial.

G.W. *And you still haven't gotten over it?*

N.G. I've done a lot with my life since Keith was murdered. I chose the life of a prosecutor.

G.W. *Is your bark worse than your bite, Nancy Grace?*

N.G. I don't know. Ask the guys I've put in jail. Why bark if you are not going to bite?

G.W. *Do you consider yourself shrill?*

N.G. I don't think of myself as shrill now.

G.W. *Bellicose?*

N.G. No.

G.W. *Combative?*

N.G. No. I am simply speaking the truth. Telling it like it is. Now, if that offends people, and they don't like it, there is nothing I can do about that.

G.W. *So what's it like for you at CNN? I know there is a lot of Nancy envy there.*

N.G. There is? I did not know that.

G.W. *And the CNN snobs say: Just as long as they keep her over there at Headline News, and not CNN.*

N.G. You know, I have not been subjected to that, and you know why? I am so focused on trying to do the right thing. I am so happy, sometimes I just hug myself on the elevator. Because I get to give a voice to victims.

G.W. *What do you think of the new chief justice?*

N.G. Well, I am very suspicious of his obvious self-tanning—number one. And we know so little about him! And you know what? All my years through law school, and all my years as a prosecutor, I revered the Supreme Court until . . . *Bush* v. *Gore*. You know what? Regardless of who won or lost, the justices always voted down party lines—whether they were appointed by a Republican or Democrat.

G.W. *That's a brilliant point.*

N.G. They are supposed to be above politics. So that was a rude awakening for me, to realize that they *so* were not above politics.

G.W. *So you are enjoying life at CNN. What do you think of Anderson Cooper getting blown away by these hurricanes? It's the funniest thing ever.*

N.G. I like Anderson's stories. He is on my show practically every night, and he knows what he's talking about. And I admire his coverage and like him personally.

G.W. *So do you think Michael Jackson has a fatwa out for your beheading?*

N.G. Maybe. It's amazing to me that he walks, after these paper trails of young boys. And then that boy's mother goes down for welfare fraud!

G.W. *Do you think Jackson moved to Bahrain to join al-Qaeda?*

N.G. I think he went to Bahrain for a shopping spree.

G.W. *Little-boy shopping sprees. Do you think he's doing young boys in Bahrain?*

N.G. I think Michael Jackson is an incredible talent, and unfortunately that talent got him off the hook. And I hate to see a miscarriage of justice.

G.W. *Do you have Tom Mesereau's e-mail address?*

N.G. I don't think Tom Mesereau would want to hear from me.

G.W. *You are dismissed, Nancy Grace. Thank you.*

ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO

VANITIES



O.M.B. Approved No. 934-5910
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2005 Employee-Satisfaction Survey

Well, here we are again. You're doing a heck of a job! It seems like only yesterday we were celebrating the beginning of the second term. As part of our continuing mandate to offer the best government possible, it's time for our annual Employee Satisfaction Survey. And remember, be honest. And no peekin'!

PART I: PERSONAL INFORMATION

Nickname: Department:

Are you satisfied with your nickname? ◯ Yes ◯ No

If no, choose from the following list of available nicknames *Please indicate by circling*
(A) Scooter **(B)** Stretch **(C)** Pedro **(D)** Pancho **(E)** Guru **(F)** Big Time **(G)** Action Man

PART II

Primary area of responsibility: *Please indicate by circling* **(A)** Fighting evil doers **(B)** Cleaning up the U.N. **(C)** Waging war against the press **(D)** Bringing democracy to the Middle East **(E)** Overturning *Roe* v. *Wade* **(F)** Curbing civil rights **(G)** Getting even with Democrats, C.I.A. operatives, and anyone else who doesn't agree with us **(H)** Disaster relief

Are there any areas in which you feel we could be doing a better job? ◯ No ◯ Not really

How would you describe your immediate supervisor? *Please indicate by circling* **(A)** Genius **(B)** Brilliant **(C)** Dedicated **(D)** Hardworking **(E)** Family man **(F)** Cool

In rating the President, would you describe his performance as: *Please indicate by circling* **(A)** Excellent **(B)** Outstanding **(C)** Terrific **(D)** Heaven sent

In the past year, I have been: *Please check all that apply* ◯ Promoted ◯ Indicted ◯ Both

Were you called to testify before a Grand Jury in the past year? ◯ Yes ◯ No

Do you mind if we look at all your phone records and e-mails? ◯ Of course not

PART III

In the coming year I would like to see the administration focus on: *Please indicate by circling* **(A)** Tax cutting **(B)** Intelligent Design **(C)** Faith-based initiatives **(D)** Drilling for oil in Alaska **(E)** Tort reform **(F)** School vouchers **(G)** Defending the Patriot Act **(H)** Staying the course in Iraq **(I)** Dismantling the Department of Education **(J)** Mars **(K)** Maintaining Enemy Combatant status for terrorists **(L)** Bringin' it on **(M)** Overturning *Roe* v. *Wade*

If there are any openings at a senior level, I would be very interested in pursuing: *Please indicate by circling* **(A)** Chief of Staff to the Vice President **(B)** Chief Political Adviser to the President **(C)** Supreme Court Justice **(D)** Prime Minister of Iraq

Are there any items you would like added to the cafeteria menu? *Please check all that apply* ◯ Yes, chalupas

Would you be interested in making the weekly Employee Bible Study Group daily? ◯ Yes ◯ Of course

Thanks for your time! We look forward to another successful year. Bring it on!

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—BRUCE FEIR


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The Oprah Factor

A mini-novel of international intrigue



CHAPTER 1: BLACKBERRY BLUES

Producers and producers' assistants searched frantically for Oprah, but they didn't think to look in the boiler room beneath the packed Chicago television studio. That's where she was—squatting in a dank corner, a BlackBerry held to one cheek. "All right," she said. "I'm alone now. Tell me what this is about."

At the other end of the call was Sonny Mehta, the suave editor in chief of the Alfred A. Knopf publishing house in New York. "It's time," he said. "Time to start Oprah's Book Club again. Like it used to be, with current authors."

"Oh, no. Not that, Sonny. I'm through with it."

"Before we get into this further, may I just say it's wonderful to be hearing your voice again? It reminds me of how I feel about you. Simply put—I like you, Oprah. Very much. Have I ever told you that?"

"You used to tell me all the time . . . in Prague. You said other things, too . . . unspeakable things."

"Ah, Prague. We made forbidden love to the sound of rioting."

Oprah's tears were flowing. He still had her in his grip.

"When can I expect the announcement, my dear?"

"I told you—I won't do it."

"We both know that when Sonny calls the tune, Oprah dances. When shall it be?"

"Today," she whispered. "Today, goddamn you . . . "

CHAPTER 2: CAROUSEL OF SHAME

Mehta strolled toward the famous old carousel in Central Park. A pale fellow dressed in black emerged from the shadows. This was the emissary from Knopf's parent company, Bertelsmann AG, the German media monstrosity.

"So glad you made it, Herr Mehta. Now ve take horsey ride, *ja?*"

They paid the fee and mounted garishly painted steeds. The band organ wheezed and thundered. The carousel turned.

"Vell? Did Oprah agree?"

"That she did—albeit reluctantly, I must say."

"*Sehr gut.* Rest assured, you haff done a good deed."

"Then why do I feel so damned dirty about it all?"

The German laughed. The carousel spun faster. Mehta clutched the pole, feeling more like a corporate lackey than Manhattan's most glittering man of letters.

CHAPTER 3: SCOTCH-'N'-STEADMAN

On the penthouse balcony, Oprah gazed out at Lake Michigan and took a swig from a bottle of Johnnie Walker. Steadman, wearing a purple silk bathrobe, sidled up to her.

"How was the show today, baby?"

"Don't make me laugh. Bunch of schoolteachers got brand-new Acuras. Silly bitches."

"Man on CNN said you're doing that book club again. The way it used to be. No more Faulkner, no more Tolstoy, no more Hurston."

Oprah lit a Merit. "What's your point, Steadman?"

"Is he back? Just tell me, baby. Is Mehta back?"

"He never went away, Steadman. He never went away."

CHAPTER 4: THE RED FOX

The pale German waited in a Maryland field. A helicopter appeared overhead. Climbing down its rope ladder was a woman in a red jumpsuit and matching helmet. She let go suddenly and landed on her feet. She whipped off the helmet and shook out her sensible hair.

The German clicked his heels together. "*Guten Tag,* Frau Bush."

"The name is Red Fox. You got news for me?"

"*Ja.* Oprah has agreed. Are you pleased?"

"Oh, yes, very much so. The United States thanks you."

"May ve now expect that your great nation vill allow our suffering nation to have a full-strength military once again?"

"You'll be hearing from Cheney on that."

"*Cheney?* You double-crosser!"

Arms outstretched, Red Fox grabbed the rope ladder. She scampered up pliant rungs as the copter zoomed off into the blue.

CHAPTER 5: ON THE BEACH

In his Cambridge days Mehta had associated Chicago, that somb city, with Bellow. Now, as he approached its skyline in a Gulfstream he saw only Oprah . . . saw her in every smokestack and slaughterhouse.

On a moonlit beach he held her. Smelly Lake Michigan water lapped their ankles. They kissed, making loud smooching noises—until Oprah wit drew, saying, "Easy, tiger. There's something you should know: you m hate me for it, but I won't be choosing a Knopf book as our first selectio Slap me, if you must."

"Such trifles are of no concern to me."

"Then why'd you make me do it? Why, Sonny, why?"

He pressed his lips to hers. That shut her up. Shut her up good.

CHAPTER 6: LAST CALL

In the not-so-rugged hills of New Jersey, an armed minion placed a call He was using a cellular telephone with a Pakistan area code. Re Fox answered. The minion passed the phone to his boss.

"Ah, Red Fox, we speak again. Is it accomplished?"

"It's all over the news. I'm sure you've heard by now, wherever you are."

"It would give me ever so much more pleasure to hear it from your lips."

"Oprah's Book Club is back. You happy? Now you had better live up t your end of the bargain: no more of your . . . *antics* . . . for a good lon while."

"Certainly. But first, let me clarify something: no more classics, correct?"

"It's all new books, just like it used to be."

"What a relief. That Faulkner gave me a headache. Thank you, Red Fox."

With that he ended the call. His minion brought him a Ring Ding. Osama unwrapped the foil and ate it slowly, savoring each bite under the Bergen County moon.

—JIM WINDOLF

ILLUSTRATION BY ROSS MacDONALD

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[Baristas]
Fig. 1



[Penguins]
Fig. 2



[Lobbyists]
Fig. 3



[George W. Bush]
Fig. 4



Common Grounds

The world as a series of sets and subsets

BY HENRY ALFORD



[Reality-TV stars]
Fig. 5



[Victorians]
Fig. 6



[Artisanal tofu]
Fig. 7



[Homosexuals]
Fig. 8

"THE HOUSEKEEPER ATE MY LEFTOVERS!"

And other actual complaints from the ru



"The waves are so loud at the beach house that I have trouble falling asleep."

"No, I can't turn the A.C. It. The remote to the home-control system is too confusing."

"I spend all my time planning vacations."

"Biden does *not* last six months—it's three months, maybe four. Tops."

"There's no Balenciaga store in L.A. It's crazy!"

"The shirt I want is always at the other house."



"My cell phone doesn't work on the back nine."

"There was nothing in the gift bag worth keeping and grabbed three of them."

"Between the housekeeper and two nannies, I can't find anything in my house!"

"You're kidding. How can you take reservations?"

"By the time we booked, the de and ocean rooms were all sold and they only had garden vie

"In lieu of a gift, a generous donation has been made in your name . . ."



"Tuition is 25 grand a year and they still need a fund-raiser?"

"My landscaper and interior designer are at each other's throats."




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VANITY FAIR
DECEMBER 2005

THAT DAY WITH DIANA

Just months before Princess Diana's death, she sat for a now famous photo shoot that would forever change her coiffed and guarded image. Along with never-before-published portraits from his new exhibition and book about the session, MARIO TESTINO, the talent who wielded the camera, discusses the fun and intimacy of that day as he coaxed his royal subject to let go, imitated top runway models to make her laugh, and got an indelible glimpse of the girl behind the myth



I SAID, "LET'S SIT AS IF WE'RE JUST TALKING, THE TWO OF US, ON THE SOFA," AND SO SHE LEANED BACK AND THAT'S HOW THE SHOOT STARTED.

BUTTONED UP

Diana arrived at the studio quite "done up," but allowed the makeup artist and hairstylist to give her a more natural look.

Since 1979, the year that I moved to London from Peru, it had been my ambition to become a fashion photographer. I had always liked fashion. I guess I acquired this sense of clothes from my mother—a great dresser—this sense of chic, proportions, and the right lengths.

At the time, I was drawn to the photographers David Bailey, Oliviero Toscani, and Chris von Wangenheim as well as to Richard Avedon, Irving Penn, and Helmut Newton. And I have been hugely influenced by Cecil Beaton. He represented everything that I didn't know when I went to England, and that I felt I needed to learn.

After nearly a decade of working in London, and a short-lived stint in New York, I began to spend more time in Paris. I realized that, much as I adored London, it was a great place to start, but if you wanted to become something other than the latest trend you had to go somewhere else. In Paris, I met the fashion stylist Carine Roitfeld (now editor in chief of French *Vogue*). We had the same sense of aesthetics. Our reference was the 70s—the hedonistic period when we were both young and loved dressing up. I started opening my eyes. Carine encouraged me to bring the personality of a personal project—for example, the black-and-white nude photographs that I had been taking using natural daylight—and apply that freedom to my fashion work. You've got to be adaptable with fashion. I started being noticed, and one day I got a call saying that Madonna wanted to meet me. She asked me to do an advertising campaign for Versace with her. I really had never thought of doing celebrities or personalities, because I was so obsessed with fashion and models and perfection. So when I photographed Madonna it was like a mixture of fashion and portraiture that was a new type of fashion photography for me. At the time it was somehow very fresh. It's only now that celebrities are put on every cover of every magazine.

Then I started working for a lot of the fashion houses and doing their campaigns. In the 90s, I joined forces with Tom Ford at Gucci, which was really the beginning of establishing my sort of photography. It was the period when I felt for the first time, This feels like a Mario Testino photograph, because for many years I had tried to emulate the English. I was so inspired and amazed by them and their style and their sense of reference and their Gainsboroughs and their Reynoldses! Now I wanted to give the girls a fresh vision, a fresh look—to make them look as beautiful as possible and of today. And that was the time, in September of 1996, when Meredith Etherington-Smith, who was then marketing director at Christie's, called, asking me to photograph Princess Diana to promote the New York sale of her dresses (which was Prince William's idea). The photographs were to run in *Vanity Fair.*

At the time, they also asked Lord Snowdon to do the photographs of Diana for American *Vogue,* and Snowdon did the really classical royal photograph of her. I didn't have access to any palace or anything to make it look like that. I just had a studio, and I had one day to photograph her. So, in discussion with the stylist, Charlotte Pilcher, we decided that it would be a good idea to do Diana in a completely bare, simple way. Charlotte said, "You should do her with no jewels, without shoes—make her fresher and more modern rather than portraying her in the usual way."

We worked with the French hairdresser Marc Lopez and the makeup artist Tom Pecheux, my team for many years, and I said to them, "We have to make Diana look incredible and we should do a really natural feeling."

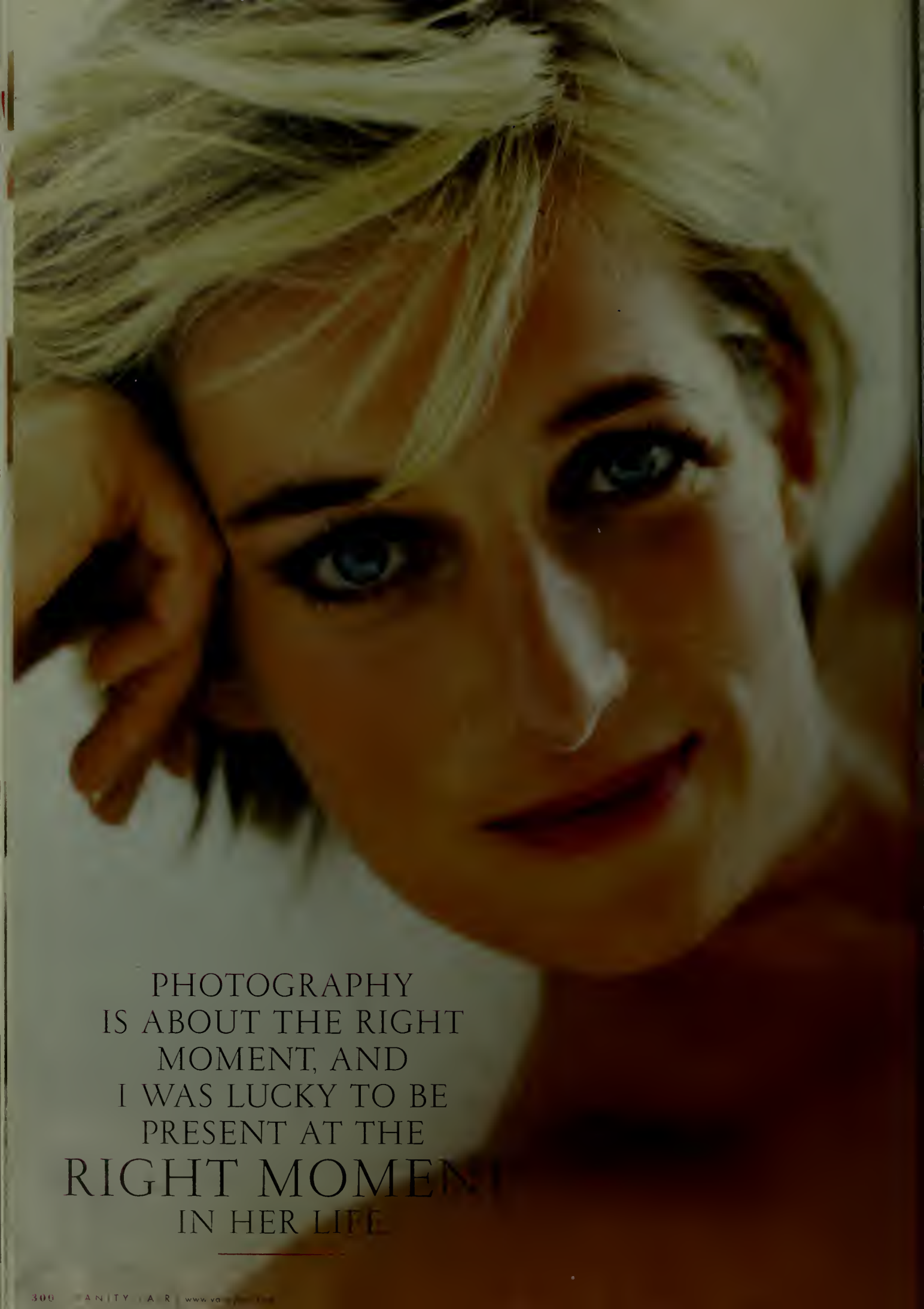
The actual day of photographing Diana, I was nervous at first because I didn't really know how to approach her. I first said to her, "It's really hard for me to call you 'ma'am' because I call my mother 'ma'am,' but she's a lot older than you!" So she said, "Just call me Diana." It might sound disrespectful, but for a photographer to get contact with somebody you need intimacy. In this case, just that name meant intimacy, and it created a huge difference, because it made me feel that this person was putting herself in my hands, trusting me a hundred percent.

I was quite amazed that she was so open about us doing anything we wanted to. When I introduced her to Tom and Marc she said to us, "I respect your work and I'll follow your opinion." Which was amazing because she'd created an iconic image of herself. When Diana arrived for the shoot she was dressed informally, wearing a shirt and a pair of trousers, but she had a "hairdo." I realized that she was quite "done up" for her age, but then, she had to fit into a role. From being a little girl she had had to become a woman. And what's a way of making somebody become a woman? Do a hairdo, you know. We just wanted to treat her like a young woman, in these evening dresses.

I had been doing a lot of these photographs where the environment had become obsolete. After having been drawn to the funky, alternative world of London, which I couldn't have found in Lima, and which I had expressed in "out there" work for *The Face* and for Franca Sozzani at *Per Lui* and *Lei* in Italy, I later went into a more cinematographic world. I started telling stories. I used to produce all these very staged, complicated sittings, full of extras, and props, and sets. I remember Manolo Blahnik once saying to me, "My God, I love the floor in that house in Peru you photographed!" And I realized all of a sudden that the girl had become just one more thing in the photograph—a prop, like a table or a lamp! When I started working with Carine she hated

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Excerpted from *Diana, Princess of Wales by Mario Testino at Kensington Palace,* to be published this month by Taschen TBC;
© 2005 by the author.
An exhibition of the same name will open at Kensington Palace on November 24.



PHOTOGRAPHY
IS ABOUT THE RIGHT
MOMENT, AND
I WAS LUCKY TO BE
PRESENT AT THE
RIGHT MOMENT
IN HER LIFE

HT
D LAUGHTER

ey were dresses she
letting go," says Testino.
e was entering a new
od in her life."



props. She liked things simple, and I guess that made me focus on the girl, which is the approach we wanted to take with Diana too.

So David Collins made a white sofa for me, and I just put some white panels behind it and used available light. I wanted just her, just Diana. It was about the dresses, but as all the dresses were different, they didn't have a real fashion connection between them. They were dresses she was letting go. She was entering a new period in her life. She had just been made Princess Diana, rather than Her Royal Highness Princess Diana.

We straightened her hair and did the simplest makeup. I think she felt she looked great. I said to her, "Would you kindly sit here?" on the white sofa. And she sat in a very proper way. Quite stiff. And I said to her, "You sit so properly, and if somebody told me to sit on that sofa, this is how I would sit." And I threw myself on the sofa! I guess that loungy, beachy lifestyle that I had for many years growing up in Peru helped in that instant, because she immediately burst out laughing. I said, "Let's sit as if we're just talking, the two of us, on the sofa," and so she leaned back and that's how the shoot started.

At the time, supermodels were the biggest, hottest thing around. I was going to all the fashion shows, and I could almost walk like each of the girls: they each have their own step, their own way of walking, like a dance. And if you're Peruvian you love to dance! I put on this CD of a disco version of the 70s French singer Dalida, and I said to Diana, "I'm really into the catwalk." She said, "What do you mean?" So I "did" each of the girls for her—Kate, Naomi, Claudia, Linda, and Nadja. Growing up in Peru, anything that was slightly effeminate was unacceptable. So for me it was liberating to be able to copy these girls—and I do it quite well! Diana couldn't believe it—she roared with laughter! I said, "Look, you can do it, too!" So we started doing the catwalk together—it was a really funny little moment. People become vulnerable in front of a camera and she had kept something back, but that broke the ice and helped her to relax.

I had done work for *Harper's Bazaar* when it was being revamped by Liz Tilberis, and I learned a lot from the magazine's creative director, Fabien Baron. Fabien said to me, "Whenever you do a picture, the girl is really serious, but if one ever has dinner with you, one does not stop laughing." So I started evolving this idea that photography didn't need to be detached from me, that it could be related to my life and to what made me enjoy life. I started embracing the idea that people could have a good time in my pictures. I guess that is what I wanted to capture with Diana. An intimate moment. Because I realized that, although people the world over were obsessed with her, not many could find themselves next to her. So I thought, If I'm going to be that person next to her, let's try and get something that she would give only to me at that moment.

You try to do various things. So I photographed her on the sofa, and later I sat her on the floor. I've always liked the end of the evening, when girls are in their evening dresses but they've thrown their shoes off and they can sit or lie down on the floor. I wanted Diana dressed in eveningwear but in her mind to be wearing jeans.

At one moment I was dancing around, and I said, "Oh, I just want you to move and dance and laugh," and there I am moving and she was . . . static! So I said, "Oh yes, but do you think it would be possible . . . " and she said, "I know what you w but I can't deliver; I'm not Peruvian!" It was a very endea thing, because the English can be very reserved. And she very proper. She was hugely proper. Not for nothing did marry the future King of England. She asked me something has always stayed with me: "When you were young, did think you were going to have a big thing happen in your l Because I always felt that something big was going to hap in my life."

When I first edited the images, my fri Patrick Kinmonth, who's been my co orator for the past 25 years, said to "You've chosen everything laughing." A he picked an image of her in repose; was just soft and pensive. He said, "It's such a beautiful ment of her," and I realized that sometimes I dismiss th moments for the happy moments, because I know it is har to get someone to laugh from the inside, real laughter. In so images I can see her insecurity—a sense of whether to just go or not.

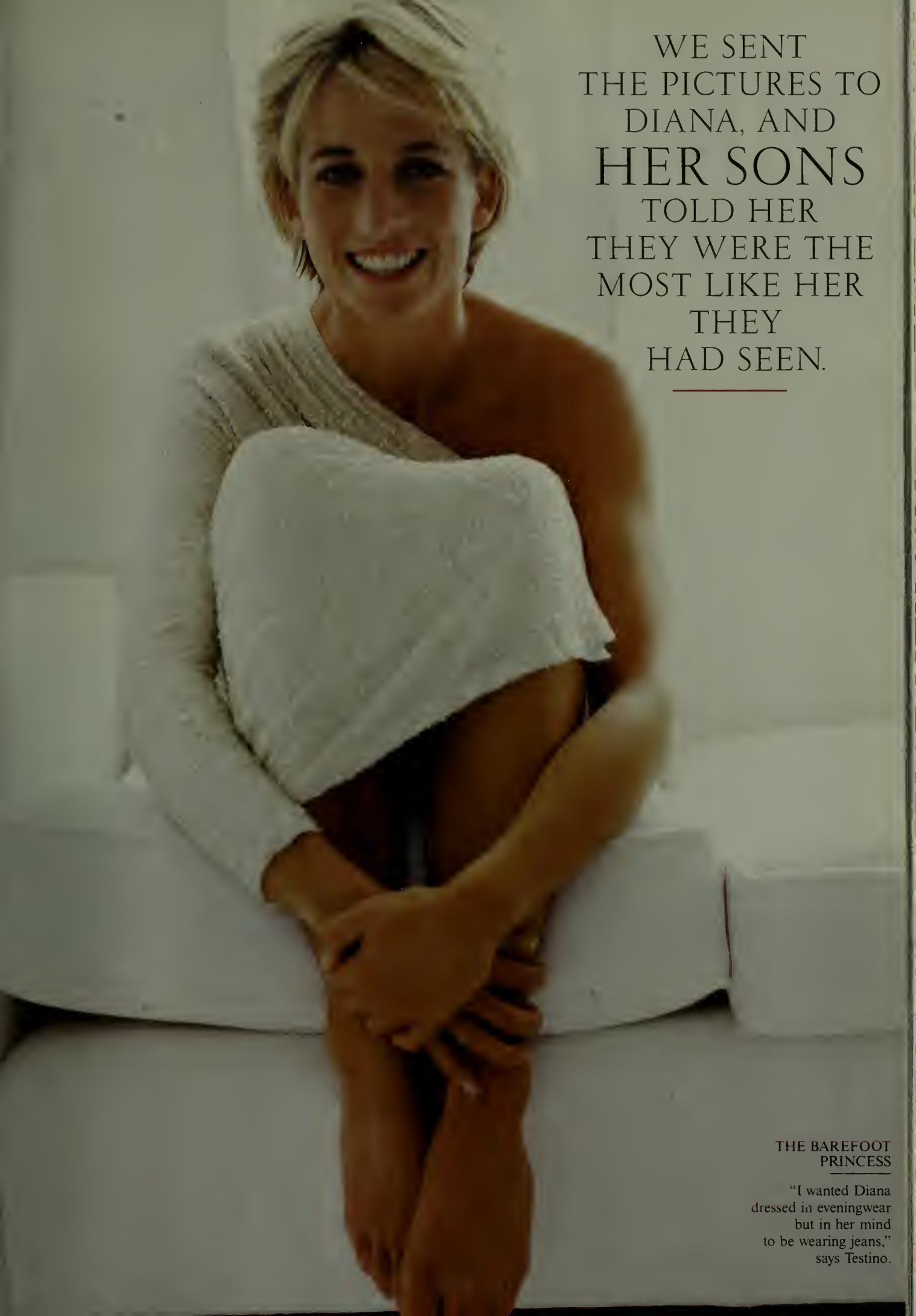
When we had edited the pictures and sent them to Diana her approval, she said to me that her sons had told her th were the most like her that they had seen. This was a gr compliment because, of course, I didn't know her. I just tr to grasp something on the spur of the moment. Photograph have to be intuitive about their work and less reflective a more proactive. I guess there are people that you meet in l people that just have a very nice feeling to them, and you j hit it off with them. And that was the feeling I got from he she was a sensitive, beautiful, kind person.

People said, "You changed her," but I don't think I chang her that much, apart from the hair and a bit of the makeup, a maybe used the right light for her, but really I was more of documenter who happened to be there in the right time a place. Later, I went back and looked at the clippings, the p parazzi photographs of Diana, and I thought, She does lo different. All those photographs were taken of her in a very d tached way by people who managed to get a glimpse of her at certain distance. But what we were doing was obviously a mu more intimate experience. It was influenced by the fact that liked her, so I wanted to make her have a good time, make h laugh, make her enjoy that day. And I wanted the results to b worthwhile for her cause, to raise funds to donate to people wi AIDS and cancer, two diseases that have been very close to m Cancer through my family, AIDS through my friends.

The reaction after the pictures came out was pretty amazing The "Diana" *Vanity Fair* became one of the top-selling issues i the magazine's history. I never imagined the shoot would hav the repercussions that it did. It was odd, really; you've slave for 15 years to get your pictures right and suddenly the worl knows you for this one thing.

Diana died two months after the pictures were published I never think of her any other way than how she looked i them.

I guess photography is so much about the right moment, an I was lucky to be present at the right moment in her life. I think am so privileged to have been able to document her like tha She was really divine that day. She looked so happy and fresh an sure of herself. It was just laughter and laughter and laughter an laughter and laughter. □



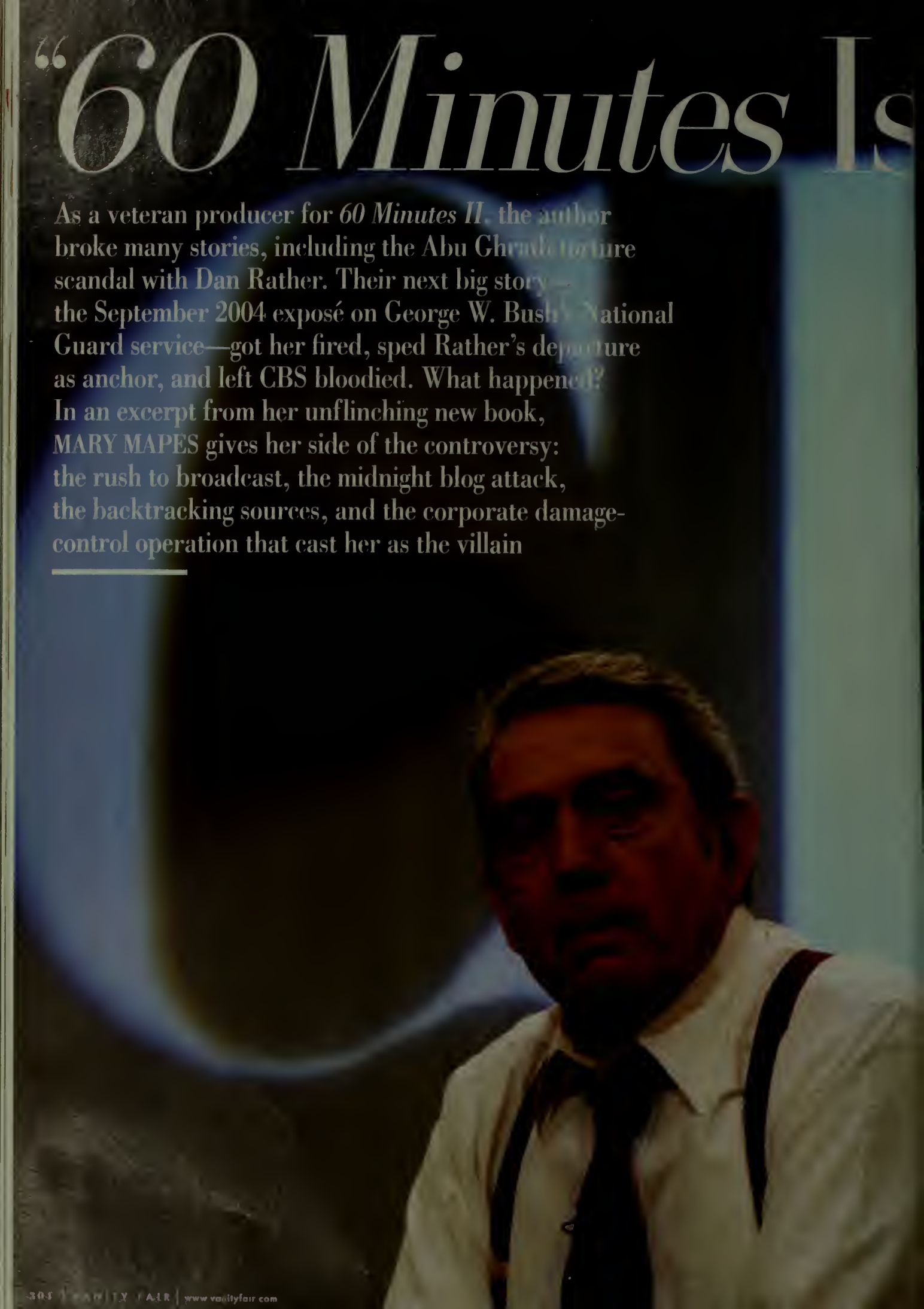
WE SENT THE PICTURES TO DIANA, AND HER SONS TOLD HER THEY WERE THE MOST LIKE HER THEY HAD SEEN.

THE BAREFOOT PRINCESS

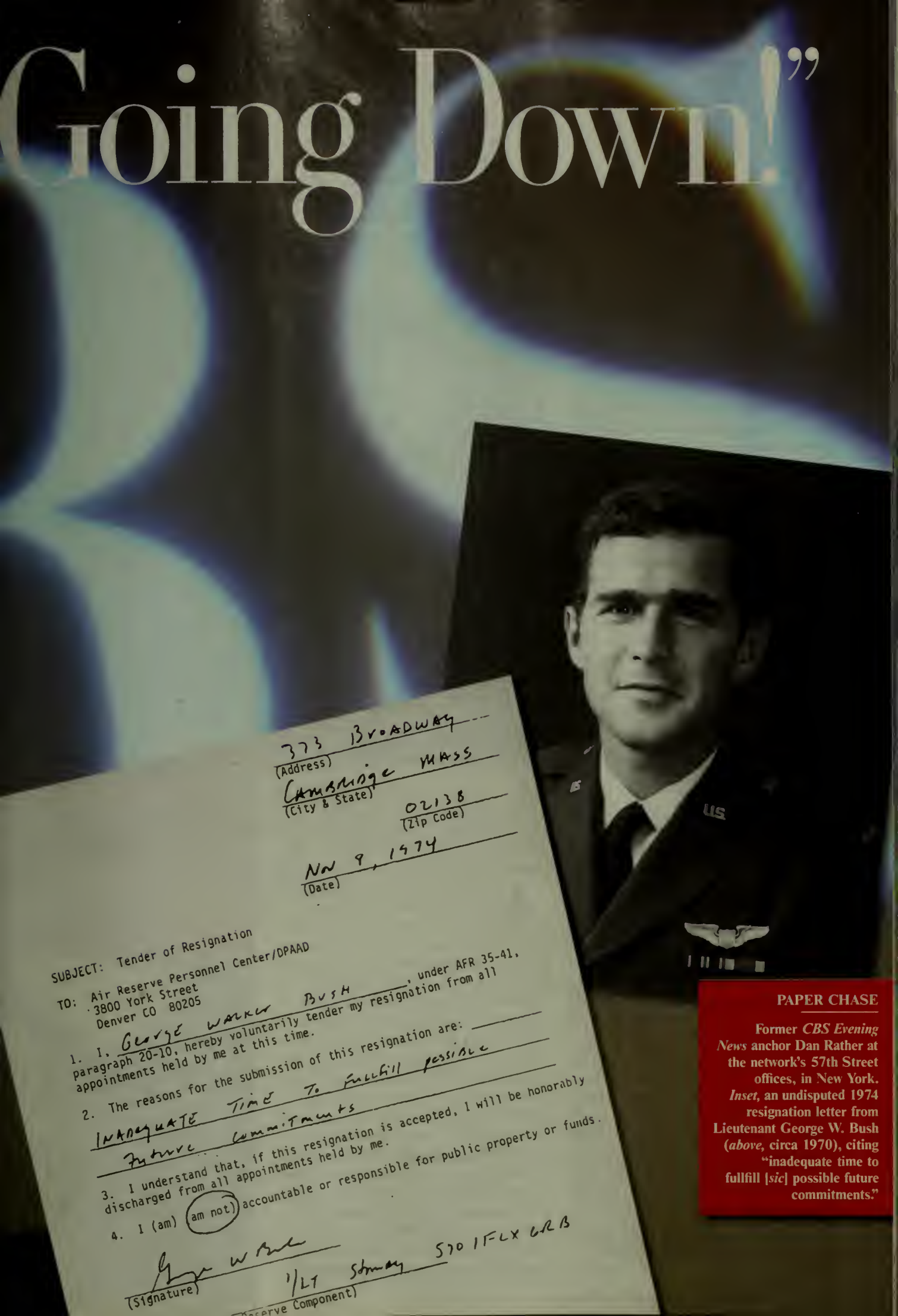
"I wanted Diana dressed in eveningwear but in her mind to be wearing jeans," says Testino.

"60 Minutes Is

As a veteran producer for *60 Minutes II*, the author broke many stories, including the Abu Ghraib torture scandal with Dan Rather. Their next big story—the September 2004 exposé on George W. Bush's National Guard service—got her fired, sped Rather's departure as anchor, and left CBS bloodied. What happened? In an excerpt from her unflinching new book, MARY MAPES gives her side of the controversy: the rush to broadcast, the midnight blog attack, the backtracking sources, and the corporate damage-control operation that cast her as the villain



Going Down!"



373 Broadway
(Address)
Cambridge Mass
(City & State)
02138
(Zip Code)
Nov 9, 1974
(Date)

SUBJECT: Tender of Resignation

TO: Air Reserve Personnel Center/DPAAD
3800 York Street
Denver CO 80205

1. I, George Walker Bush, under AFR 35-41, paragraph 20-10, hereby voluntarily tender my resignation from all appointments held by me at this time.

2. The reasons for the submission of this resignation are: Inadequate Time To Fullfill possible future commitments

3. I understand that, if this resignation is accepted, I will be honorably discharged from all appointments held by me.

4. I (am) (am not) accountable or responsible for public property or funds.

G W Bush
(Signature)

1/Lt Sqdn 570 IFLX ORB
(Reserve Component)

PAPER CHASE

Former *CBS Evening News* anchor Dan Rather at the network's 57th Street offices, in New York. *Inset,* an undisputed 1974 resignation letter from Lieutenant George W. Bush (*above,* circa 1970), citing "inadequate time to fullfill [*sic*] possible future commitments."

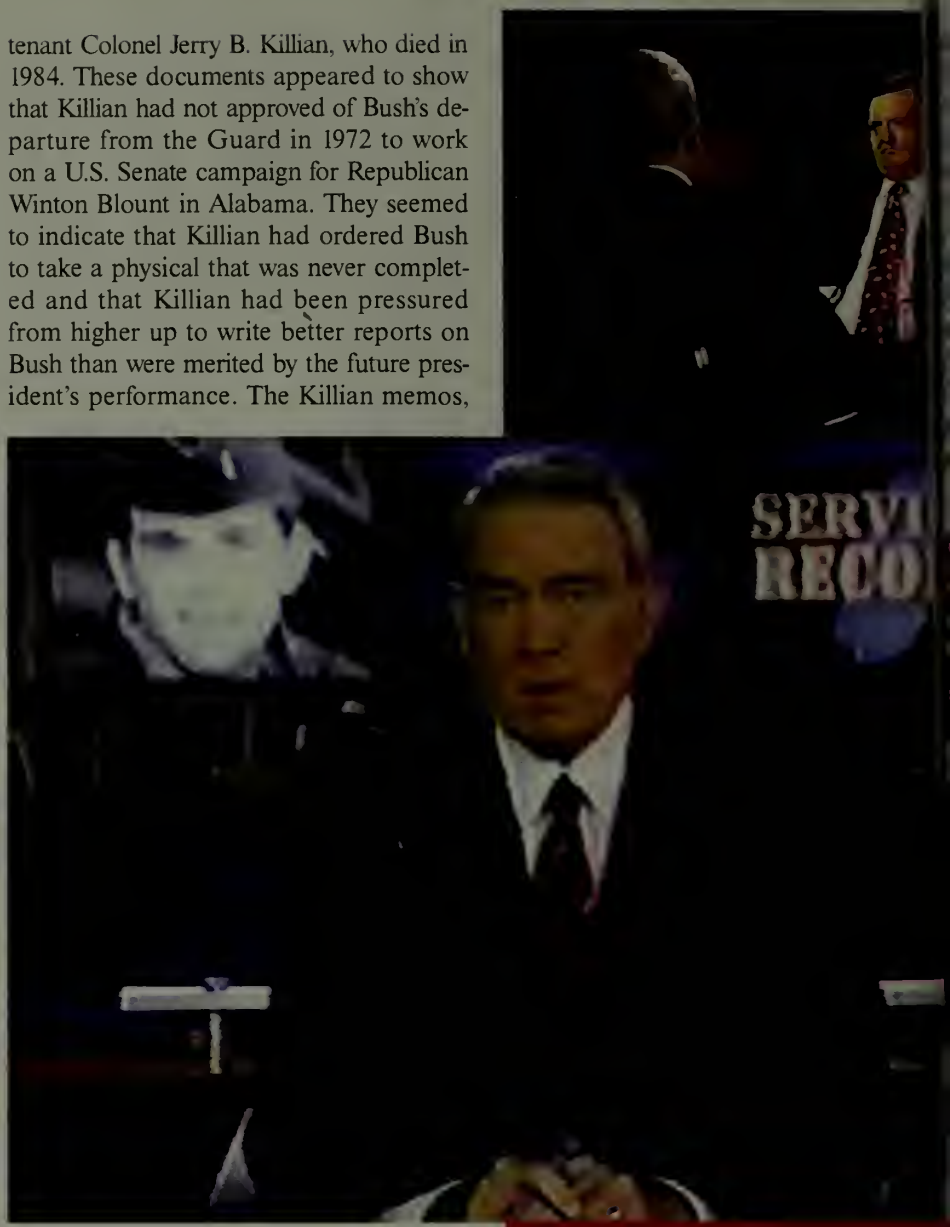
When CBS's Wednesday-night news program 60 Minutes II *was accused of airing falsified documents pertaining to George W. Bush's Vietnam War–era service in the Texas Air National Guard, the resulting scandal effectively shifted the country's focus, at the height of the presidential-campaign season, away from Bush's lackluster military record and toward the shortcomings of the mainstream news media. In an effort to contain the damage, CBS commissioned an independent panel, which published a harshly critical report on January 10, 2005, 10 days before Bush's inauguration for his second term. In response to the report, three network employees were asked to resign, and one—Mary Mapes, the segment's producer, who had worked at CBS News for 15 years—was fired. In these pages, she answers her critics.*

I woke up smiling on September 9, 2004.

My story on George W. Bush's National Guard service had run on *60 Minutes II* the night before and I felt it had been a solid piece. We had worked under tremendous pressure because of the short time frame and the explosive content, but we'd made our deadline, and, most important, we'd made news.

Dan Rather and I had aired the first-ever interview with former Texas speaker of the house and lieutenant governor Ben Barnes on his role in helping Bush get into the Texas Air National Guard. Getting Barnes to say yes had taken five years, and I thought his interview was a home run. Finally, there were on-the-record, honest, straight-ahead answers from a man who intimately knew the ins and outs of the way Texas politics and privilege worked in the state National Guard units during the Vietnam War.

Our story also presented never-before-seen documents purportedly written in 1972 and 1973 by Bush's then commander, Lieutenant Colonel Jerry B. Killian, who died in 1984. These documents appeared to show that Killian had not approved of Bush's departure from the Guard in 1972 to work on a U.S. Senate campaign for Republican Winton Blount in Alabama. They seemed to indicate that Killian had ordered Bush to take a physical that was never completed and that Killian had been pressured from higher up to write better reports on Bush than were merited by the future president's performance. The Killian memos, as they came to be called, challenged the version of George W. Bush's Guard career that the White House had presented.



I had spent weeks trying to get these pieces of paper and every waking hour since I had received them vetting each document for factual errors or red flags. I compared the new memos with Bush's official records, which I had been collecting since 1999, when it first became apparent that he would be running for president. They meshed in ways large and small.

Furthermore, the essential truth of the story contained in the memos had been corroborated by Killian's commander Major General Bobby Hodges in a phone conversation two days before the story aired. He said the memos reflected what he remembered about how Killian had handled Bush's departure from the Guard.

We had a senior document analyst named Marcel Matley fly to New York to look at all the documents we had, the official records that had been previously released by the White House as well as the "new" ones. After examining them for hours, blowing up

DON'T MESS WITH TEXAS

Clockwise from above: **a still from the September 8 report that started it all. Rather interviewing Bill Burkett about the origin of the contested documents; Rather and Mary Mapes flying to Afghanistan, January 2002; Lieutenant Bush, circa 1970.**



Excerpted from *Truth and Duty: The Press, the President, and the Privilege of Power,* by Mary Mapes; © 2005 by the author; reprinted with permission from St. Martin's Press, LLC.

atures and comparing curves, strokes, dots, he said he saw nothing to indi- that the memos had been doctored or not been produced in the early 1970s. cond analyst, James Pierce, agreed. felt that I was in the clear, that I had e my job, and that the story met the standards demanded by *60 Minutes II.* When I got to work, I ran into other pro- ers and correspondents and collected s and kisses and congratulations. There e jokes about what we would do as a w-up. Dan and I had broken the Abu raib prison-abuse story in late April, a days before Seymour Hersh of *The New Yorker* came out with his story on the subject. All of us at *60 Minutes II* felt like we were on a roll.

Things began to change at about 11 A.M., when I started hearing rumbles from some producers at CBS News that a handful of far-right Web sites were saying the documents had been forged.

I was incredulous. That couldn't be possible. When we'd shown the president's people the memos, the White House hadn't attempted to deny the truth of the documents. In fact, the president's communications director, Dan Bartlett, had claimed that the documents supported their version of events: that then Lieutenant Bush had asked for permission to leave the unit.



Within a few minutes, I was visiting Web sites I had never heard of: Free Republic, Little Green Footballs, Power Line. They were hard-core, politically angry, hyperconservative sites loaded with vitriol about Dan Rather and CBS. People posted their questionable rec-

I told Burkett my greatest fear was that this was a political dirty trick by one side or the other.



ollections that electric typewriters in the 1970s did not do "superscripts," the small "th" or "st" suffixes following a number and lifted higher than the other letters. This was important because, in the Killian memos, "111th" was sometimes typed as "111th." Other bloggers claimed there was no proportional spacing on old typewriters—using different widths for different characters—even though some of the old official documents had proportional spacing. The claims snowballed.

I remember staring, disheartened and angry, at one posting. "60 Minutes is going down," the writer crowed.

I phoned Matley, who said he had seen some of the comments and dismissed them out of hand. He disdained the anonymity of the postings, saying that any real analysts would use their names and credentials. And he pointed out that, in the process of downloading, scanning, faxing, and photocopying, some computers, copiers, and faxes changed spacing and altered the appearance and detail of fonts. He thought that a basic misunderstanding of how documents changed through electronic transmittal was behind the unfounded certainty and ferocity of the attack on the documents.

I thought Matley's belief that a technical misunderstanding was all that was behind the ferocious attack was too good to be true. He knew a great deal about documents and signatures. But I knew attack politics.

I remember looking at the Drudge Report at about three P.M. and seeing that the lead was a huge picture of Dan with a headline that read something like SHAKEN AND STUNNED, RATHER HIDING IN OFFICE.

The phone rang and it was Dan. "Mary, someone has just handed me something from the Drudge Report saying that I am all shook up and hiding in my office. I just want you to know that's not true. I'm not worried and I'm not even *in* my goddamned office."

I knew I could count on Dan. He told me that he had confidence in the story and that he was lucky to work with me. He signed off by saying something that had become a shorthand for us over the years: "F-E-A." That was code for "F— 'Em All," a sentiment that needs to be expressed from time to time in any newsroom. Dan was too much of a gentleman to say the real thing—at least most of the time. [Rather could not be reached for comment on this story.]

The day continued to deteriorate. I got a stream of phone calls from Betsy West, a CBS News senior vice president, and Josh Howard, the new executive producer of *60 Minutes II.* Their calls all began with the same ominous words: "Mary, we've gotten a call from [fill in the blank]." It could be *The Washington Post, The New York Times,* the *New York Post,* the *Los Angeles Times.* It felt as though the whole world were reading the blogs and repeating their talking points without questioning them.

We put our heads down and aired a strong and reasoned defense on the *CBS Evening News* the next night. Dan ended the report by asking that the president answer the long-standing questions about his National Guard service. But no one listened. Everyone in the media wanted to cover CBS, not the National Guard story.

On the night of Friday, September 10, we found we had a new problem. General

Bobby Hodges, the man who had corroborated the content of the documents before we aired our story, called to say that he had seen all the coverage and he, too, thought the documents were forgeries.

With horror, I realized I had no recording of his earlier corroboration. I felt sick. I read him the notes I had taken during our previous conversation, on Labor Day, September 6. He admitted he had indeed said all those things but insisted that now he didn't think the memos were real. [Hodges later told the CBS panel he did not confirm the contents of the memos.]

Late that night, CBS News president Andrew Heyward showed up at the *60 Minutes* building, something that I didn't see happen very often. I joined him, along with Josh Howard, in Betsy West's office. Andrew asked how many document analysts we could summon for a news conference on Monday. He visualized a sea of analysts who would literally "stand behind the documents." I reminded him that they were photocopies, not original documents. There was no ink or paper to test. No reputable analyst would give 100 percent assurance of authenticity or of fabrication, a point I had made clear from the beginning.

"But they have people who are doing that, Mary," Andrew said, "and it's killing us. If the blogs are using people that are lousy analysts to make their case, then let's get some lousy analysts of our own." I couldn't believe it. That's not what reporting is supposed to be.

[In an e-mailed response from CBS News, Heyward denied asking how many analysts could be summoned for a news conference or suggesting that CBS find "lousy analysts." CBS News also claimed that Mapes "insisted that the story and the documents were 100% reliable and that there was absolutely no problem."]

I had a conference call at nine the next morning with our public-relations people and Josh, Betsy, and Andrew. We agreed we were in deep trouble and tried to brainstorm ways to begin digging out of the mess. Near the end of the call, Andrew yelled into the phone that "if someone fucked this up, they'll be phoning in from Alcatraz." Nothing like a vote of no confidence to help build your stamina for a long campaign.

[According to CBS News, "Mr. Heyward never raised his voice. He did say, in a normal tone of voice, 'If we're wrong about this, we'll be apologizing from Alcatraz.'"]

There was a great deal I didn't know back in September 2004. I didn't know that the attack on CBS News and the story we aired was just another part of the Bush supporters' aggressive pattern of sliming anyone and everyone who raised questions about the president.

In the months before the 2004 election, the White House certainly didn't want the country talking about the choices young Lieutenant Bush made during the Vietnam War. I thought it was a good time to talk about it. But then, I didn't see our story as an attack on the president. We were simply reporting what we had found. But to the defenders of George W. Bush, our story was a declaration of war.

I didn't know that the attack on our story was going to be as effective as a brilliantly run national political campaign, because that is what it was: a political campaign. I didn't know that we were being bombarded by an army of Bush backers with different divisions, different weapons, and different techniques, but always the same agenda: Kill the messenger.

I didn't know that, when it came to CBS News, Viacom co-president Les Moonves was telling friends half-jokingly that he wanted to "bomb the whole building," according to *The New York Times Magazine*. It turned out that Moonves wanted CBS News to be more entertaining, more upbeat, more fun.

Caught between political and corporate interests, I ended up fired—cast out of the news clubhouse, tagged by many as a person whose politics drove her journ ism. Journalists should do their best to aside personal views when doing th jobs, but I can no longer stay silen must answer the bloggers, the babb and blabbers, and the true believers w have called me everything from a "fe nazi" to an "elitist" liberal to an "idi

If I was an idiot, it was for believin a free press that is able to do its job w out fear or favor.

If I am an elitist liberal, I have to bla it on my privileged background. I grew in an elitist-liberal hothouse, a tiny farm Washington State, where for generati my family worked from daylight to d ness, feeding cattle, raising crops, a watching the skies obsessively, hoping good weather. Like most elitist liberal learned to drive a tractor, rake hay, a harrow pastures long before I sat behi the wheel of a car.

When I stepped in shit—literally, some days—nobody bailed me out. In family, we learned quickly we had to cle up after ourselves. I did not have weal parents or influential family friends help me. I still know manure when I it. And I know the people who attack my story are more gifted at working w fertilizer than facts.

I made my first round of phone c on George W. Bush's military servi in the summer of 1999. By then was working full-time at *60 Minu II,* the newly launched Wednesd night offshoot of the long-running Sund program. I had lived in Dallas since 19 and had covered Bush for the *CBS Even News,* so I was familiar with the simm ing controversy over his National Gua service.

President Bush entered the Texas A National Guard in May 1968, the bloo iest month for American soldiers in Vi nam. He had just finished college, a graduate-school deferments were no lon available. Because his father was a Te congressman, Bush was able to meet t Texas Guard officials who ran a unit bas in Houston, part of his father's distri and tell them in person that he wanted join the Guard and be a fighter pilot li his dad. Although Bush scored only a out of 100 on his pilot aptitude test, h was awarded a coveted training spot.

The young airman trained at Moody A Force Base, in Georgia, where he may b best remembered for the time in 1969 wh then President Nixon sent a governmen plane to pick him up for a date in Was ington with First Daughter Tricia.

After completing CONTINUED ON PAGE

> "Wouldn't you say it's true," Boccardi said, "that most of the people that you work with think you are a liberal?"



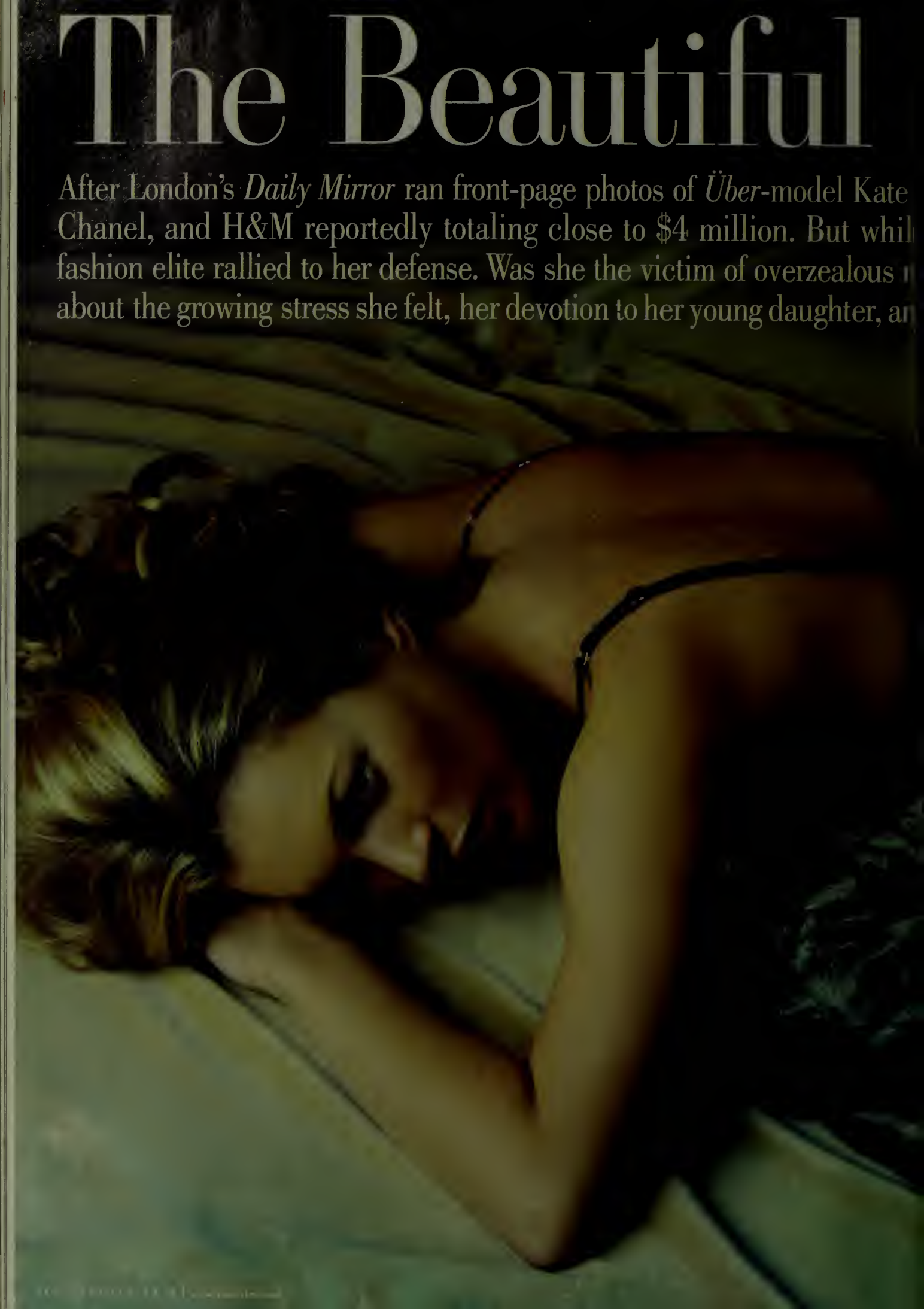
CBS SURVIVOR

Former CBS producer Mary Mapes outside her Dallas home with her Labrador retriever, Honey, October 4, 2005.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONAS KARLSSON

The Beautiful

After London's *Daily Mirror* ran front-page photos of *Über*-model Kate
Chanel, and H&M reportedly totaling close to $4 million. But whil
fashion elite rallied to her defense. Was she the victim of overzealous
about the growing stress she felt, her devotion to her young daughter, a



nd the Damned

ing cocaine, the 31-year-old style icon lost contracts with Burberry, bloids screeched about her decadent image and damaged career, the of her own edgy lifestyle? Talking to Moss's friends, VICKY WARD learns ngerous influence of her hard-partying boyfriend, rocker Pete Doherty



HIGHS AND LOWS

Kate Moss, photographed at Milk Studios in New York City, November 23, 2004.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CRAIG McDEAN • STYLED BY SARAJANE HOARE

"I don't know whether I can manage to kee

For Kate Moss, an evening in early September spent at the side of boyfriend Pete Doherty, the front man of the rock group Babyshambles, must have felt like just any other jam session. The 31-year-old model sat in a corner of a recording studio in West London, looking impossibly glamorous in knee-high black boots and shorts, her 100-pound, five-foot-seven-inch frame as ethereal as ever, her hair wavy, with a golden tinge, falling just below her shoulders. Doherty, 26, was sitting nearby, exposing his somewhat meaty upper torso.

Quiet and friendly, cracking jokes, as she likes to, Moss, according to the *Daily Mirror,* cut lines of cocaine, passing them round to the people present. Holding a cigarette and drinking shots of vodka and whiskey, she snorted five lines in the 40 minutes recorded in a grainy video by a hidden camera. Those images subsequently made their way onto the front page of the British tabloid. Its sister paper, the *Sunday Mirror,* was successfully sued by Moss last summer after it alleged back in January that she had passed out in a cocaine-induced stupor following a charitable event in Barcelona in 2001. (Moss sought between $25,000 and $350,000 in damages.)

According to the *Daily Mirror,* in one scene of the video—circulated on television and on the Internet since then—Moss teasingly withholds some of the drug from Doherty, saying, "It's just gone now. You've missed it." The vignette, an acquaintance feels, sums up the dynamic of the couple's relationship—a desperate struggle on her part to control Doherty's open use of crack cocaine and alcohol. Until he met Moss, in January of this year, at her 31st-birthday party, it was also heroin.

"The fatal attraction for Kate—a woman who is always told she is beautiful, wonderful, and has everything—was that she could never completely control him," says this person, adding that he thinks Moss has always known that she had a lot to lose because of the relationship, characterized as a hopeless love affair for her. Right from the start friends of Doherty's, described by one of the inner sanctum as "hangers-on," sold pictures of the two to the tabloids.

Moss told Doherty at the beginning of their romance that he had to quit he in, the acquaintance says. "She knew t there was a tightrope she mustn't cro and she did have in the back of her mi Courtney Love, and she said to him, 'Y must get [naltrexone—either inserted ir the abdomen as an implant or worn a patch—which nullifies the effects of o ates]. I can't have you around if you're t out of control because it's going to get r into trouble.'"

It did, and that is something Moss is n accustomed to. Since she shot to fame, age 18, when Calvin Klein first put h waif-like figure in his underwear ads alon side singer turned actor Mark Wahlber Moss has been given the benefit of t doubt by both her colleagues and the con panies that hired her. She has rarely gi en interviews—and then usually only to to magazines, such as American *Vogue,* whic focused on her unusual style, mixing bo hemian and classic.

When stills from the fuzzy video fir appeared, a defiant Moss, working in Ne York with photographer Mario Sorren on a shoot for *W* magazine's November i sue, wondered who could have taken th video. She was shocked at the invasion o her privacy. "Fuck off! Fuck off!" she al legedly told a reporter who followed he and Doherty to the Mercer hotel one af ternoon.

On another occasion she tried to have dinner with Sorrenti, a close friend, a



SoHo's Omen restaurant. Sorrenti, whose own brother died of a drug overdose eight years ago, was appalled at how they were hassled by the press as they tried to get into a car. "It was like rats over the garbage," he says. "She got pushed and shoved. So did I."

Doherty stayed in New York with Moss for a few days and then flew back to England for a concert, reportedly causing a disturbance on the plane. A week later, following a performance in a music hall in Shrewsbury, in central England, he was arrested on suspicion of drug possession. He claimed that the police had mistaken the patch for narcotics, and he was released. Meanwhile, Moss stayed in the Mercer hotel, receiving calls and text messages from friends around the world—many of whom were in London for that city's Fashion Week. Her mood, people say, shifted from shock and fury to devastation as the significance of what had happened slowly settled in. Magazine publisher Jefferson Hack, 34, an ex-boyfriend and the father of her young child,

NG AND RESTLESS

at age 18, photographed
trick Demarchelier at
tria Superstudio in New
City, 1992. *Opposite,*
sifting cocaine at a
ding studio in London.
photograph made the
of the *Daily Mirror* on
mber 15, 2005.



ll going," Mos confided to people at a photo shoot.



"What did I learn in rehab?" Moss sai

FAST LA

Moss in Manhatt
SoHo neighborhood in 20
Opposite, Pete Doh
and Moss in New York C
September 14, 20

Grace, was on the phone offering his
ort. So were such friends as artists Sam
or-Wood and Tracey Emin, fashion de-
er Bella Freud, designer Fabien Baron,
many others on the creative side of the
ion world.

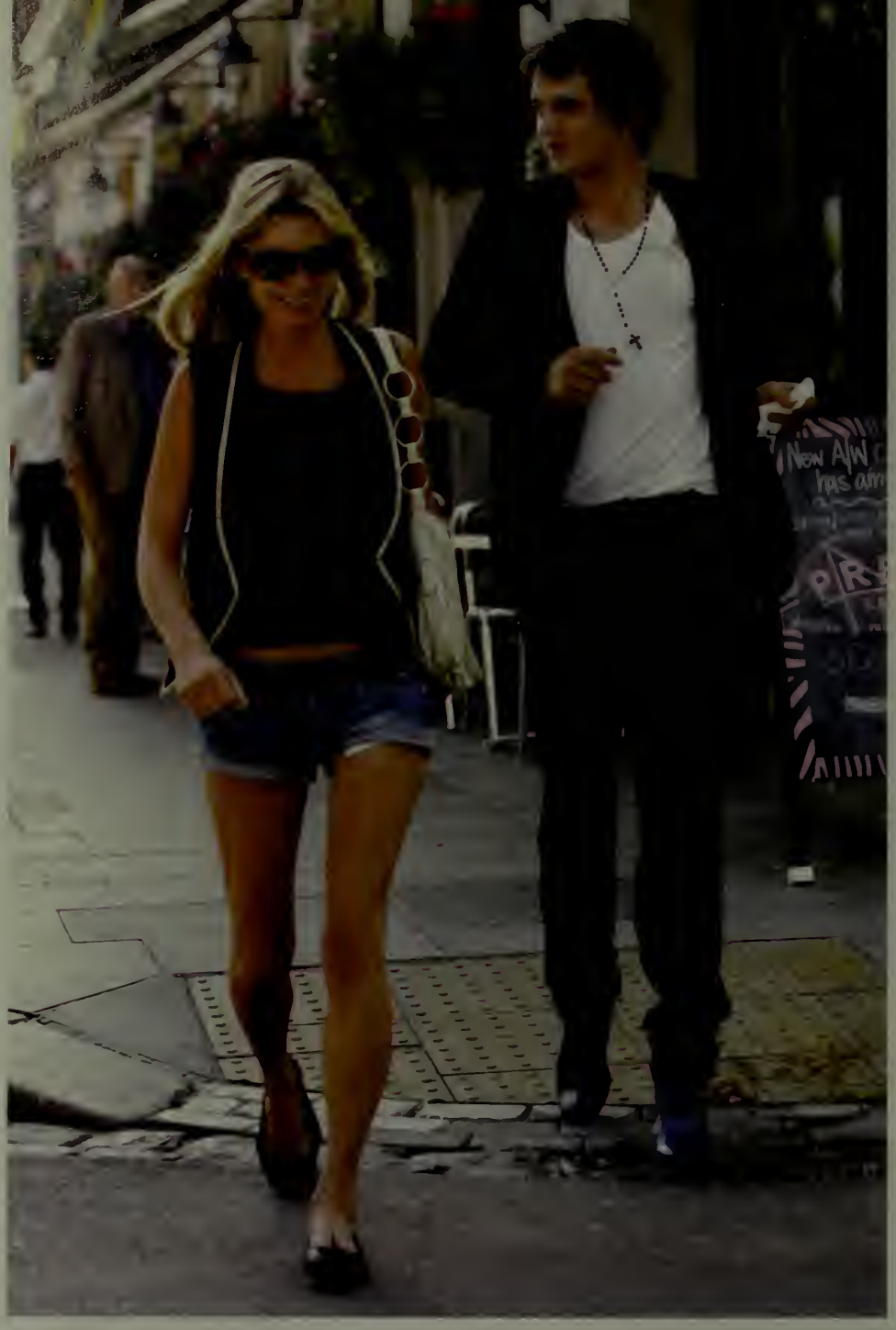
The night the story broke, David Lipman, the advertising guru, went to her hotel suite, hugged her, and said, "Kate, this is going to be a storm. You are going to need to stand strong and
d tough. This is not going away." He
now, "I knew that the English media
e going to be brutal."
ure enough, as if according to a script, London newspapers began to question
ther Moss was an appropriate role
del for 17-year-old girls. Reporters were
to various stores that carried prod-
s she endorsed to survey young shop-
s on their views about her. *The In-
endent* reported that the head of the
tropolitan Police, Sir Ian Blair, who has
n leading a campaign against a bur-
ning cocaine epidemic in Britain, said
horities would be questioning Moss. In
ensuing weeks the *Evening Standard*
orted that traces of cocaine had been
nd in the bathrooms of hotels where
British Labour and Conservative Par-
had held conferences. Journalists
ted to write columns about their own
eriences with the drug. The Kate Moss
y took on a life of its own.
t was, says one of Moss's closest friends,
London hairdresser Sam McKnight,
iniscent of what had happened to the
Princess Diana, whose hair he styled.
is singling someone out, we haven't seen



o a friend with a wink. "A lot about alcohol."

for a long time. I guess it's because
owerful, strong woman is a bit of an
gma, aren't they?"
here were false reports that social ser-
es would consider taking away Moss's
ghter, pictured in the press attending
third-birthday party, dressed as a fairy,
he arms of a nanny. Around the same
, it was reported that once she returned
England Moss would be arrested for
g use. (The veracity of both rumors was
ied by her lawyer Gerrard Tyrrell.) Ac-
ding to reports, the recording studio
re Moss had been videotaped using co-
e was raided for drugs.
Moss met in New York with a repre-
tative of the fashion retailer H&M—the company declines to say who it was—and, by now having realized the enormity of what had happened and having abandoned her defiance, she gave a heartfelt apology. Sorrenti says that only a "few days before H&M was begging for her to design a new line of clothing for them." ("H&M never comments on speculations or rumors," the company says.) Lisa Sandberg, a spokesperson for H&M, says, "We thought we were going to go in one direction. After looking at it more closely, the management team in Sweden took time over the weekend to analyze the situation and decided after meeting with each other that it was better to cancel the campaign at this point." But, according to Sandberg, the store has not ruled out working with Moss again. "The statement we released a couple of weeks back is more or less the same stand that we have right now. We haven't announced any changes to the planned campaign either, publicly, so right now we're kind of sitting between decisions and actions, and more or less still standing by our original statements," she says. Asked why H&M hired Moss in the first place, given the fact that she has long been associated with an edgy lifestyle, Sandberg replies, "We believe in people."

The British media reported that Moss has been dropped by Burberry, H. Stern, Chanel, and others, but, comments Alexandra Shulman, the editor of British *Vogue,*



is running as planned, with "some chan
according to Baron, "due exclusively t
availability, and not to her current situat

Over at Chanel, a private company w
changes its model every season, "the
utives were initially shocked," says one
son close to the company. "Then, or
them, the only one who was talking s
to me, was saying, 'Well, it doesn't r
matter.'" Ultimately, though, the comp
announced that her contract was du
expire in October, and it had no plar
renew it. Taking a quiet line is Dio
spokesman for Rimmel, the Coty-ow
cosmetics brand, said they were pre
ing a statement announcing their sup
of Moss and their intention to continu
work with her. Fortuitously, the comp
had shot a campaign labeled "Recov
showing Moss looking like her tradem
self—beautiful after a hard night's party
If Moss emerges clean and restored f
the Meadows clinic, in Arizona, to w
she reportedly retreated for one mo
Rimmel, most people think, will hav
marketing coup. "How fucking brilliant
they going to look?" comments one of
industry's senior fashion editors. Mo
friend Marc Quinn, the British sculp
comments, "She'll come out a more
turally complex figure."

According to someone close to M
all the big talk shows in the U.K. and
U.S. have put in requests to interview
but she has refused them all. Celebri
such as Sharon Stone, Naomi Campb
and Robbie Williams have publicly co
out in support of her. *W* magazine's
vember issue appeared with Moss on
cover. The British papers have already st
ed declaring a "comeback."

Quinn recently did an ice sculpture

"The dangerous-Kate vibe has been pa

"everybody knew that they were buying into the Kate Moss bad-girl thing, and then suddenly it's like, 'Actually, we can't be seen doing this.'"

At his show, during the weekend finale of the Paris collections, the designer Alexander McQueen took a bow wearing a T-shirt that read, WE LOVE YOU KATE. And some in the notoriously inbred and blinkered world of fashion are dismissing the entire incident as "ludicrous."

Burberry, a public company, did not have an exclusive contract with Moss, but has worked with her in 9 out of its last 15 advertising campaigns, going back seven or eight years. It was scheduled to shoot a new campaign in the fall featuring Moss, but decided to drop it. The company put out a statement that said, "We wish Kate all the best," but it did not rule out using her again. Fabien Baron (who, as creative director for *Harper's Bazaar* in 1992, introduced Moss to Calvin Klein) spoke to Rose Marie Bravo, Burberry's C.E.O., and suggested the company keep her. He was hopeful, he says, because Bravo had "always adored Moss. . . . My personal advice to the company was: Stay on." Baron was upset with their decision to cancel the campaign, but told Moss not to worry. "They will bring her back," he says of the British press. "And the fashion business will support her." The December edition of French *Vogue,* of which Moss is the guest editor,

Moss which slowly melted. "Quite liter
ly," he says, "we consume her." The t
of the work is *Beauty.*

For years people everywhere
and not just in the fashi
industry—have marveled
Kate Moss's constitutio
"The dangerous-Kate vi
has been part of her my
tique, but she has done no
ing to promote it," says Shulman. She h
occasionally talked about the loneliness an
hardship of becoming one of the world
top models while in her teens—and als
about the remarkable feat of maintai
ing that position CONTINUED ON PAGE



her mystique," says British *Vogue*'s Shulman.

SILK STOCKINGS

Moss, photographed by Craig McDean in New York, November 23, 2004. *Opposite,* Moss and Doherty walk to a North London restaurant for a late lunch, summer 2005.

AFRICA IN THEIR EYES



THE CONTINENTAL

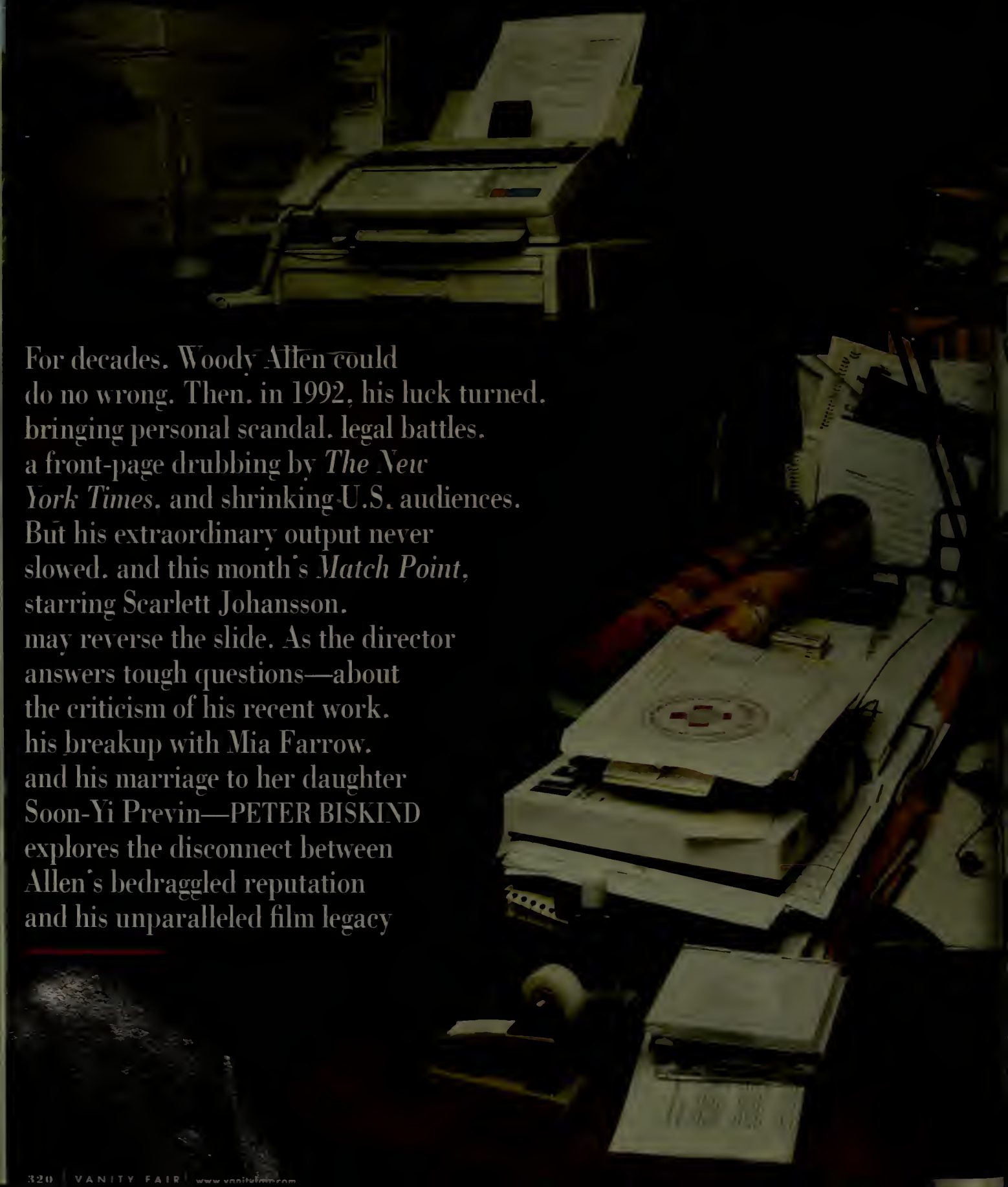
Jean Pigozzi (center, in notably vivid shirt), photographed in Juan-les-Pins, France, on July 16, 2005, with (less three exceptions) artists represented in his collection of contemporary African art. Back row: Rigobert Nimi, Abu Bakarr Mansaray, Calixte Dakpogan, curator André Magnin, artist's assistant Elias Mahlangu, Ivory Coast cultural official Yaya Savané. Seated: Philip Kwame Apagya, Malick Sidibé, Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Esther Mahlangu, J. D. 'Okhai Ojeikere, Chéri Samba, Bodo. On ground: Romuald Hazoumé, Richard Onyango.

...ed that so many giants of 20th-century Western art, ...cluded, can thank for inspiration the citizens of Africa ...e objects they have been making for hundreds of years—...ctional, some spiritual, some for adornment. What has been ...less acknowledged by the West is Africa's contemporary art ...began to change about 20 years ago when a long-needed ...e erupted over the colonialist treatment (or ignorance) of art ...de the European tradition. Since then, exhibitions attempting ...o present the enormous continent of Africa have been plentiful ...any of these shows, well intentioned though they may have ...suffered from heavy ideological baggage. "African Art Now," ...opens at the National Museum of African Art, in Washington, D.C., on November 16 (after originating at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston), offers a much more spontaneous and personal view: all the pieces come from the massive private collection of Jean Pigozzi. The heir to a European car fortune, and a canny investor in his own right, Pigozzi has been buying art from the continent for 17 years with the help of curator André Magnin. They set three rules for themselves: the artists must be black, breathing, and still living in Africa. The works shown in Washington, which include paintings, sculptures, and photographs by 28 artists from 15 countries, defy easy categorization. There's sophistication, naïveté, and everything in between. There's hokeyness and the presence of genius—for which there is no explanation and no color bar. —INGRID SISCHY



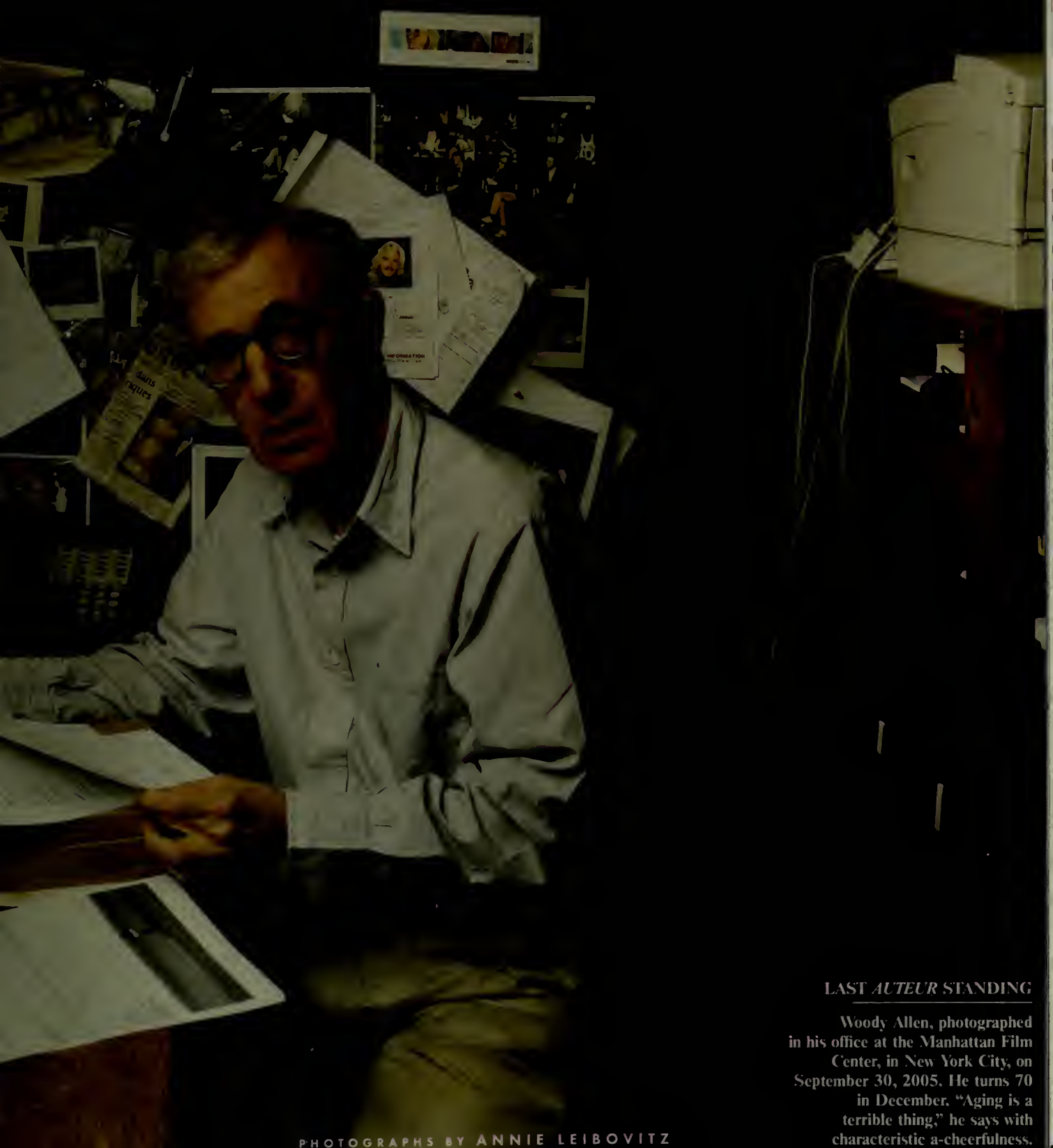
PHOTOGRAPH BY TODD EBERLE

Reconstruc



For decades, Woody Allen could do no wrong. Then, in 1992, his luck turned, bringing personal scandal, legal battles, a front-page drubbing by *The New York Times*, and shrinking U.S. audiences. But his extraordinary output never slowed, and this month's *Match Point*, starring Scarlett Johansson, may reverse the slide. As the director answers tough questions—about the criticism of his recent work, his breakup with Mia Farrow, and his marriage to her daughter Soon-Yi Previn—PETER BISKIND explores the disconnect between Allen's bedraggled reputation and his unparalleled film legacy

ng Woody



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

LAST *AUTEUR* STANDING

Woody Allen, photographed in his office at the Manhattan Film Center, in New York City, on September 30, 2005. He turns 70 in December. "Aging is a terrible thing," he says with characteristic a-cheerfulness.

It's been a long time since Alvy Singer wooed Annie Hall: on December 1, Woody Allen will be 70. But while that may make his boomer audience feel old, he himself isn't giving much ground to the Grim Reaper. You can still set your watch by his production schedule: almost every year for nearly four decades he has written and directed a new picture—the Joyce Carol Oates of the movies—and this year has been no different. He is set to release his latest in December, the excellent *Match Point,* a moral thriller, featuring Scarlett Johansson, Emily Mortimer, and Jonathan Rhys-Meyers, which he shot in London during the summer of 2004.

And on a dull August morning in 2005, he is in London again, on Craven Terrace in Bayswater, reshooting a scene from *Scoop,* his 36th feature as a writer-director, which will be released sometime next year. It's a newspaper comedy, also starring Johansson, along with Hugh Jackman, Ian McShane, of *Deadwood* fame, and Allen himself. (He won't divulge the plot, but says it's not based on the Evelyn Waugh novel of the same name.) The scene in question, first attempted some days earlier, was marred by a sentence of dialogue Allen doesn't like, and so the crew has returned to the street for another try. It's an extended walking-talking shot in which Allen is caught in animated conversation with Johansson, who is wearing an open white shirt over a gray tank top. The scene ends up inside a launderette. Switching back to director mode, Allen says "Cut!" and then, "Good take, but the mike popped out of her cleavage, so we didn't get sound. We have to do it again."

Dressed down and wearing spectacles, Johansson looks like an altogether different person from the bombshell she plays in *Match Point.* At the end of their second collaboration, she and Allen have achieved an easy camaraderie. Full of energy, she bounces up and down in front of him. He steps backward in mock alarm, muttering, "Watch it—I'm fragile." She even has an array of affectionate nicknames for him, variations on "Woody," like "Woodrow," and "Woodness." Despite his attempts to make her look like a normal human being, she radiates beauty and youth. Under a slate sky, her blond hair fairly shimmers and throbs; she looks like a visitor from another, better world, plopped down into this drab London neighborhood populated mostly by Middle Eastern immigrants. Allen blends into the street scene rather more easily, but that doesn't stop a considerable number of locals from recognizing him. They flock around him, requesting autographs and photo ops, which he grants with considerable grace. It is clear his appeal extends well beyond the borders of Manhattan, famously his natural habitat.

There are financial reasons this quintessential New York filmmaker has been shooting in London, but the move also feels karmically apt, a kind of symbolic exile. His American audience has dwindled over the last decade, the Hollywood studios that once treated him like a prince have turned cold, and even New York film critics, heretofore his staunchest allies—the hometown fans—seem to greet each new picture with a collective yawn. It's as if this filmmaker, who in the 1970s and 80s and well into the 90s seemed to connect effortlessly with an influential if rarefied slice of urban America, has slid into irrelevancy.

All of this was dramatized in an extraordinary and venomous front-page piece printed three years ago by *The New York Times.* The paper's culture pages had once functioned as a virtual Allen house organ, but on June 5, 2002, under the headline CURSE OF THE JADED AUDIENCE: WOODY ALLEN, IN ART AND LIFE, two *Times* reporters with no particular expertise in film drew readers' attention to the fact that "a grand total of eight people showed up yesterday for the matinee of Woody Allen's latest movie, 'Hollywood Ending,' one month out of the box and now playing in exactly one theater in Manhattan, a $4.95-a-ticket discount house in Times Square." The ostensible occasion for the piece was a lawsuit Allen had filed against his former longtime friend and producer, Jean Doumanian, for an alleged $12 million owed him. But the article's prominence and snarky, gloves-off tone seemed to suggest a larger agenda: to take Allen down. The reporters quoted the opinions of various


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TARDUST MEMORIES

) Woody Allen poses with wife Soon-Yi Previn t the screening of *Match Point* at the Cannes Film Festival, 2005. (2) Allen, 1997. (3) Allen and Scarlett Johansson on the set of *Scoop*, in London, 2005. (4) Allen, circa 1960. (5) Allen, Soon-Yi, and daughters Bechet and Manzie Allen having Christmas lunch in Paris, 2004. (6) Allen in his studio, September 1, 1983. (7) Soon-Yi and her mother, Mia Farrow, 1991. (8) Allen in his dressing room before a show with his New Orleans Jazz Band, in Bilbao, Spain, 2004. (9) Allen, Farrow, and Soon-Yi leaving Farrow's apartment, 1987.







HE NEEDS THE EGGS?

Allen in his screening room. He has written and directed 35 films at the rate of roughly one a year, since 1969. Despite numerous offers, none of those pictures is *Annie Hall II*.


"I've gained no wisdom,
no insight, no mellowing. I would make
all the same mistakes again, today."

courthouse hangers-on—"His sense of humor is sort of frozen in the 70's. He appeals to an older crowd"—and even made fun of his physical infirmities. They concluded that "for Mr. Allen ... after more than 30 years as the on-screen embodiment of angst-ridden, urbane New York, his long moment as cultural icon may be over." Within Manhattan's hothouse film and media circles—the world which Allen both lives in and often skewers in his films—this was the equivalent of a stoning in the public square.

Allen has become an artist without honor in his own country—not, unfortunately, an anomalous situation. Many of his heroes have shared this fate. Akira Kurosawa found it nearly impossible to obtain Japanese financing in the twilight of his career; feeling himself shabbily treated by the Swedish government for a few years in the 1970s, Ingmar Bergman refused to make pictures in his homeland; and in two of the most egregious American examples, Charlie Chaplin found it expedient to leave the country altogether in the early 1950s, one step ahead of Red-hunting squads baying at his heels, while Orson Welles in his later years was reduced to shilling for Gallo wine. Still, one would hope that in most countries a national treasure like Allen, especially one who toils in a profession wherein selling or burning out is an all too common occupational hazard, would be showered with distinctions, lionized, and fêted.

After all, Allen's body of work is without precedent in quality and quantity, not measured against just other American filmmakers but worldwide. At the risk of hyperbole, or of sounding like a lunatic, it could be said that there is no such thing as a bad Woody Allen film—weaker ones, certainly, pictures that do not work consistently from beginning to end, comedies that aren't quite funny enough, dramas that are solemn and lugubrious, but never a stupid picture, one that is begging to be walked out on. Even his aesthetically unsuccessful films are better than most of the pictures that come out of Hollywood. If you play the parlor game How Few Outstanding Films Are Necessary to Create the Reputation for Being a Great Director, you arrive at a surprisingly low number. Look at some of Allen's contemporaries: Bob Rafelson, one (*Five Easy Pieces*); Peter Bogdanovich, two (*The Last Picture Show, Paper Moon*); William Friedkin, two (*The French Connection, The Exorcist*); Robert Altman, four (*M*A*S*H, McCabe & Mrs. Miller, Nashville, The Player*); and so on. Even Allen's beloved François Truffaut directed only three masterpieces, all early in his career: *The 400 Blows, Jules and Jim,* and *Shoot the Piano Player.* By this standard, Allen is an *auteur* among *auteurs.* Among his 35 films, there are a good 10 that can hold their own against any of those just mentioned: *Annie Hall, Manhattan, The Purple Rose of Cairo, Broadway Danny Rose, Zelig, Hannah and Her Sisters, Crimes and Misdemeanors, Husbands and Wives, Bullets over Broadway, Deconstructing Harry,* and now *Match Point,* not to mention a slew of very good second-tier films and one-offs, such as "Oedipus Wrecks," the only true gem in the anthology film *New York Stories.*

But perhaps it's all for the best that Allen hasn't been embalmed by the Kennedy Center or dubbed an American Master on PBS. He insists that although he doesn't read his reviews, good, bad, or indifferent, he's aware the ardor that once burned hot in the breasts of the *Times* and the national critics has at best cooled, and at worst been extinguished, but that he doesn't care: "All you can say about that is, when you're in the public eye, that's what happens. And you know, there's nothing you can do." Except, in his case, make another movie.

If Woody Allen is philosophical about the vagaries of his reputation, he's not so happy about getting old. His 70th birthday weighs heavily upon him, although it's impossible to guess his age from looking at him. His once red hair is graying, and he has a bald spot on the crown of his head, growing, I imagine, like the hole in the ozone layer, but his face is unlined, and he looks a good 10 years younger than he is, maybe more. In the early evening, after a day on the set of *Scoop,* he is sitting on a sofa in the living room of his rented home in tony Belgravia, just south of Hyde Park. It's an odd-looking place on the outside, perhaps originally a carriage house for an estate that no longer exists, a wide, low, white stuccoed building with a flat roof topped by a balustrade that looks as if it was supplied by one of those American roadside garden emporiums with plaster-of-Paris fountains and pink flamingos out front. It wouldn't be out of place on a back lot—some hack studio designer's idea of a Spanish or Italianate villa. Inside, though, it's light and spacious, with a swimming pool in the basement, an obvious draw for Allen and his wife Soon-Yi's two daughters, Bechet, 6, and Manzie, 5.

"Aging is a terrible thing," he says, dourly. "The diminution of options and opportunities. It's all just bad news. You deteriorate physically and die! I was an extremely good athlete as a child. I can maintain that. I mean, my eyesight's not anywhere near as good. I've lost some my hearing. All the crap that they tell you about—you know, dandling your grandchildren on your knee, and getting joy, and having a kind of wisdom in your golden years—it's all tripe. I've gained no wisdom, no insight, no mellowing. I would make the same mistakes again, today."

Allen's own judgment of his films is probably tougher than his detractors would imagine. "I've made, oh, perfectly decent films," he says. "But not *8½,* not *The Seventh Seal, The 400 Blows,* or *L'Avventura*—ones that make me really proclaim cinema as art, on the highest level. If I was the teacher, I'd give myself a B." As late as 1992, Allen expressed the hope that he might still make a film that could hold its own with those of the great *auteur* directors. "One of the things that happens as I get older is that I realize that I'm not going to do it," he says. "That real, real genius is in very few people in any art form, in any business, in any area. Whether you're a surgeon, or a painter, or whatever. When you're younger, you've got decades to make films, and so you strive for greatness, because you haven't proven, yet, that it's not going to happen; the final results are not in. I'm going to be 70, and maybe I'll get lucky, maybe something will come up that's really extraordinary. But I feel that level of greatness is just not in me. Because I see no evidence of it, after a very, very fair try. It may just be not in the genes, or I just don't have the humanity to do it—the depth of humanity to do that. But I'm resigned to the fact that it's not going to happen. And I can live with it because, you know, what can I do?"

"That's a depressing thought," I say.

"No, it's not a depressing thought. What happens is that—let's say I'm in a room with Bergman or Kurosawa, and they have achieved this [greatness], but ultimately they're going to the same place I'm going to. You understand that art doesn't save you. It doesn't save me. So then I think to myself, What's the value? After Kurosawa sits back and says, 'Yes, *Rashomon*—I did a very fine job there,' what happens? He still has to come home, you know, and eat his bowl of rice, and down the line, they bury him. It's not that I'm losing my passport to paradise. I'm not. There are a lot of things in life I'm not going to have. I'm not going to play like Michael Jordan. I also will not make films like Kurosawa or Bergman."

There was a time, which lasted a good two decades, when it seemed as if there were no limit to his talent. His success was aided and abetted by friends in high places

group of studio executives—including egendary Arthur Krim—who gave him plete creative freedom, first at United sts, then at Orion Pictures; his agent Cohn, once one of the most powerful e business; and the influential New film critics who used to dominate the onal media and who framed the re-on of Allen's early work. They squab- about everything—except Woody n. Pauline Kael and Andrew Sarris, ell as the *Time* and *Newsweek* review- all agreed that he was a comic genius, they helped bring his brand of ur- humor out of the New York art-house o to places such as Toledo and Okla- a City.

hief among Allen's admirers was Vin- Canby, the influential lead critic of *New York Times.* Unstinting in his e, he never met a Woody Allen pic- he didn't like. In fact, it's no exagger- to say that Canby played a key role e beginning of Allen's film career by ing the first picture Allen directed by elf, the mock caper movie *Take the ey and Run,* into a modest hit with a ing review. From that point on, Can- ave the filmmaker unblinking support. n *The Purple Rose of Cairo* came out, 985, Canby wrote that it "again dem- rates that Woody Allen is our premier maker . . . I'd even go so far as to rank th two acknowledged classics, Luis uel's *The Discreet Charm of the Bour- ie* and Buster Keaton's *Sherlock Ju-* " Two years later, on the release of *o Days,* he added, "I can't think of any maker of Mr. Allen's generation with m he can be compared," and when *ands and Wives* opened, in 1992, af- racketing him with Bergman, Truffaut, Fellini, Canby wrote, "The entire Allen n . . . represents a kind of personal cin- for which there is no precedent in ern American movies."

anby's enthusiasm was buoyed by Al- romance with New York, expressed t lyrically in his valentine to the city, *hattan,* with its iconic shot of Allen and e Keaton sitting on a bench by the East r just south of the 59th Street Bridge, present to one degree or another in al- all his movies. New Yorkers loved him . Not only had he captured the ner- rhythms of late-20th-century urban life, ad portrayed the city as New Yorkers ed it were, invested with the glow of algia for a time that passed so quickly s over before it really happened, leav- n ache of sadness in its stead.

ew cities—Fellini's Rome?—have ever nged to a filmmaker as fully as New has to Allen. To find a comparable relationship between place and artist, we have to look to the great 19th-century novelists: the London of Dickens, the Paris of Balzac, the St. Petersburg of Dostoyevsky. Allen was the closest thing New York City ever had to a poet laureate.

But in 1992 he abruptly fell to earth. His longtime companion and lead actress, Mia Farrow, found his nude Polaroids of 21-year-old Soon-Yi Farrow Previn, one of her adopted children (with former husband André Previn), on the mantelpiece in his living room, and the subsequent scandal burst into the headlines like a nuclear fireball. Farrow accused Allen of sexually abusing their adopted daughter, Dylan, then seven. Allen indignantly denied her charges. "I never did anything. I would never molest a child," he said during a hearing. He was cleared by a panel of doctors from Yale New Haven Hospital, but Farrow eventually won full custody of Dylan as well as the couple's biological son, Satchel, then 4, and their adopted son, Moses, 14. The judge in the case accused Allen of being "self-absorbed" and decried what he saw as Allen's inability to comprehend the negative impact on his children of his and Soon-Yi's relationship. Allen was ultimately denied visitation rights with Dylan and allowed to see Satchel only under supervision; Moses, being older, was given a choice and declined to see his father.

"You understand that art doesn't save you. It doesn't save me. So I think to myself, What's the value?"

Amid the scandalous headlines and the flurry of suits and countersuits, Allen, whose worst sin up to that point had been shunning the Oscar ceremony, was reviled and pilloried on all sides, although most of his close friends stood beside him. ("I love him. He's a very important person in my life," says his old friend and occasional collaborator Marshall Brickman.) He gave an interview to *Time* magazine in which he didn't help his cause, declaring, with seeming cold-bloodedness, that "the heart wants what the heart wants." Pundits predicted that his career was over. After all, for most of his films to work, audiences had to love him, and now they didn't.

Recalling his assertion that he would make the same mistakes all over again, I ask if this is true regarding Farrow. "I'm sure there are things that I might have done differently," he replies, soberly. "Probably in retrospect I should have bowed out of that relationship much earlier than I did."

"You must have discussed your problems with the relationship in your therapy."

"I did. I was a chronic whiner in therapy about everything in my life. I did certainly whine about that. I did."

"What do you think would have happened had you not left those pictures of Soon-Yi on the mantel?"

"I don't know. But it was just one of the fortuitous events, one of the great pieces of luck in my life."

"Didn't Freud say there's no such thing as luck? It was either intentional or one of the most flagrant Freudian slips in the history of the world."

"Right. Although Freud also said that sometimes a cigar is just a cigar."

"Or sometimes nude pictures are just nude pictures?"

"I feel this is a case of a cigar being a cigar. It was a turning point in my life for the better."

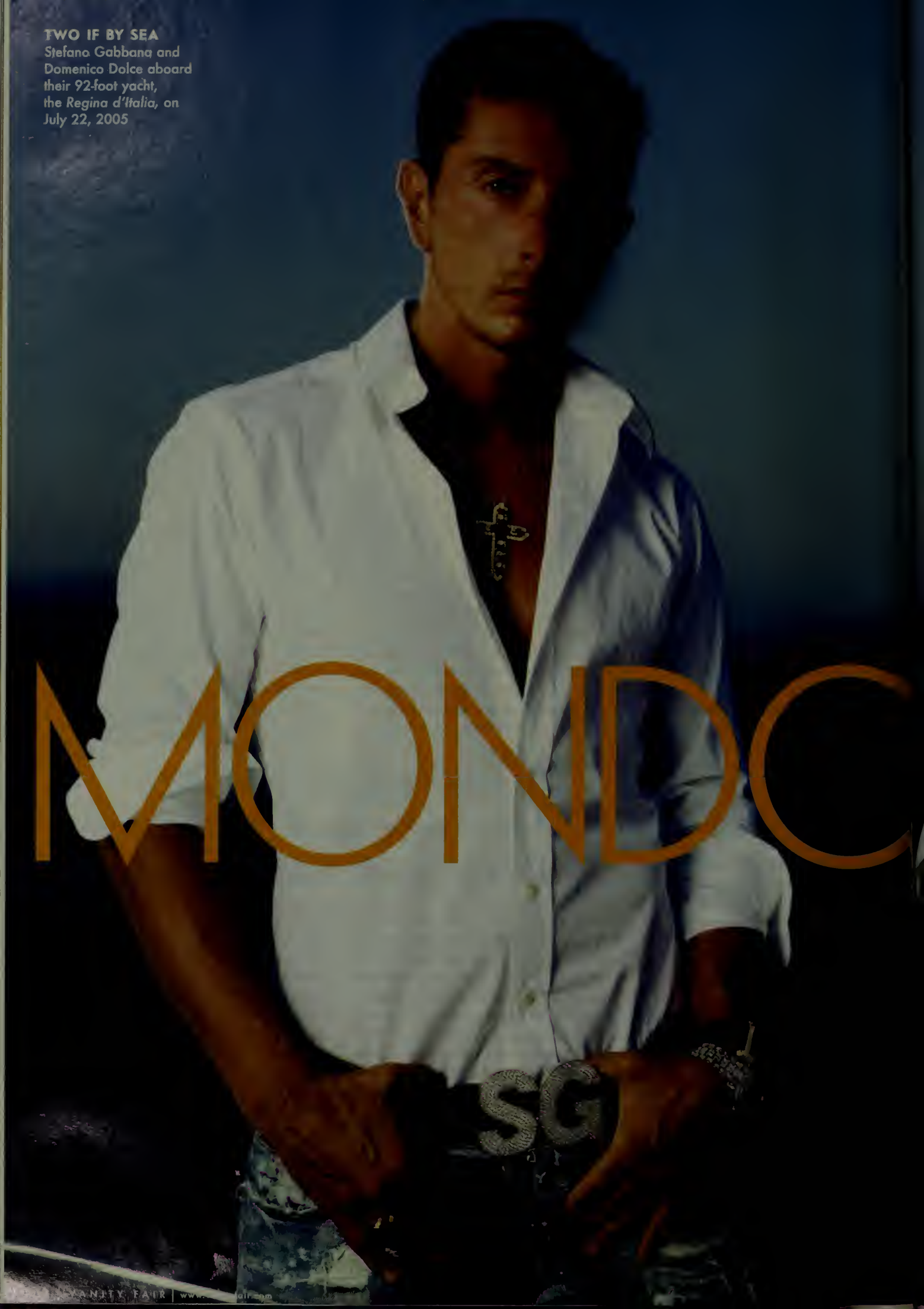
He answers every question readily, without blinking or dodging, his eyes unwavering behind his trademark glasses with their emphatic black frames. I ask if he ever sees his and Farrow's children.

"No, no."

"How do you feel about that?"

"Well, I feel terrible about it. I spent millions of dollars and fought in court for years to do it, but could not swing it."

Despite the Sturm und Drang in the tabloid press, the lurid accusations against him and so forth, in the scandal's immediate wake Allen carried on, professionally speaking, as if nothing had happened, which is to say that over the next year, he made two films, wrote a play, and never skipped his Monday-night gig playing his clarinet at Michael's Pub. "Having a stable family life is very nice," he says, "but I can work under unstable conditions, too, because—this is not a skill, this is probably a shortcoming—I'm a compartmentalizer. [While writing a screenplay] I'm thinking, Oh, this is a great joke, and God, if I bring [a character] in here, I screwed up the first act—I've gotta go CONTINUED ON PAGE 365



TWO IF BY SEA
Stefano Gabbana and Domenico Dolce aboard their 92-foot yacht, the *Regina d'Italia*, on July 22, 2005



DOLCE

On their 20th anniversary, the Milan fashion team of Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana let TODD EBERLE board their yacht to photograph them celebrating the global expansion of their Mediterranean style



"THEY TOOK THE THINGS W
ITALIANS WERE EMBARRASSE
ABOUT AND MADE
THEM GLAMOROUS," SAYS
ISABELLA ROSSELLINI.



ESIGNER SAIL *Clockwise from opposite*: the interior of the *Regina d'Italia;* Dolce d Gabbana with their yellow Labradors, Lola and Dalí, on the yacht; crew members e the launch to Dolce and Gabbana's house, just off the Portofino harbor.



"Molto sexy!" is the unofficial mantra of Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana, who use it to spur on their runway models from backstage. This year marks the 20th anniversary of Dolce & Gabbana, their innovative Milan fashion house, known for bringing *la dolce vita* to haute couture and for dressing such celebrities as Madonna, Jennifer Lopez, Angelina Jolie, Tom Cruise, and Colin Farrell.

Dolce, 47, and Gabbana, 43, met in 1980 at a club in Milan, and they began collaborating in 1982. Their first collection, for women, debuted in 1986 to international acclaim. A men's-wear line and a showroom in Manhattan's SoHo neighborhood followed in 1990. Over the next decade the two designers developed a signature style, daring and ever evolving, yet always unmistakably Mediterranean, as their company expanded into a global operation that includes D&G, the dressed-down-chic label found on jeans of the MTV generation everywhere.

Their 20th-anniversary show in Milan in September featured a Sicilian pastoral fantasy, complete with haystack and straw-strewn models bursting out of gingham and wheatsheaf and poppy prints. There was also plenty of red lace and lingerie of the kind you won't find down on the farm.

"I have always loved the work of Dolce and Gabbana," says actress Isabella Rossellini. "It's a sort of homage to the Sicilian widow, that severe woman dressed in black you see in the cinema of Italian neo-realism. They glorified her and made her sexy. They took the things we Italians were embarrassed about and made them glamorous, and later on, when they started using Hollywood references, it was always from the point of view of a person in the provinces imagining Hollywood with more shimmer and sparkle than the real thing." □

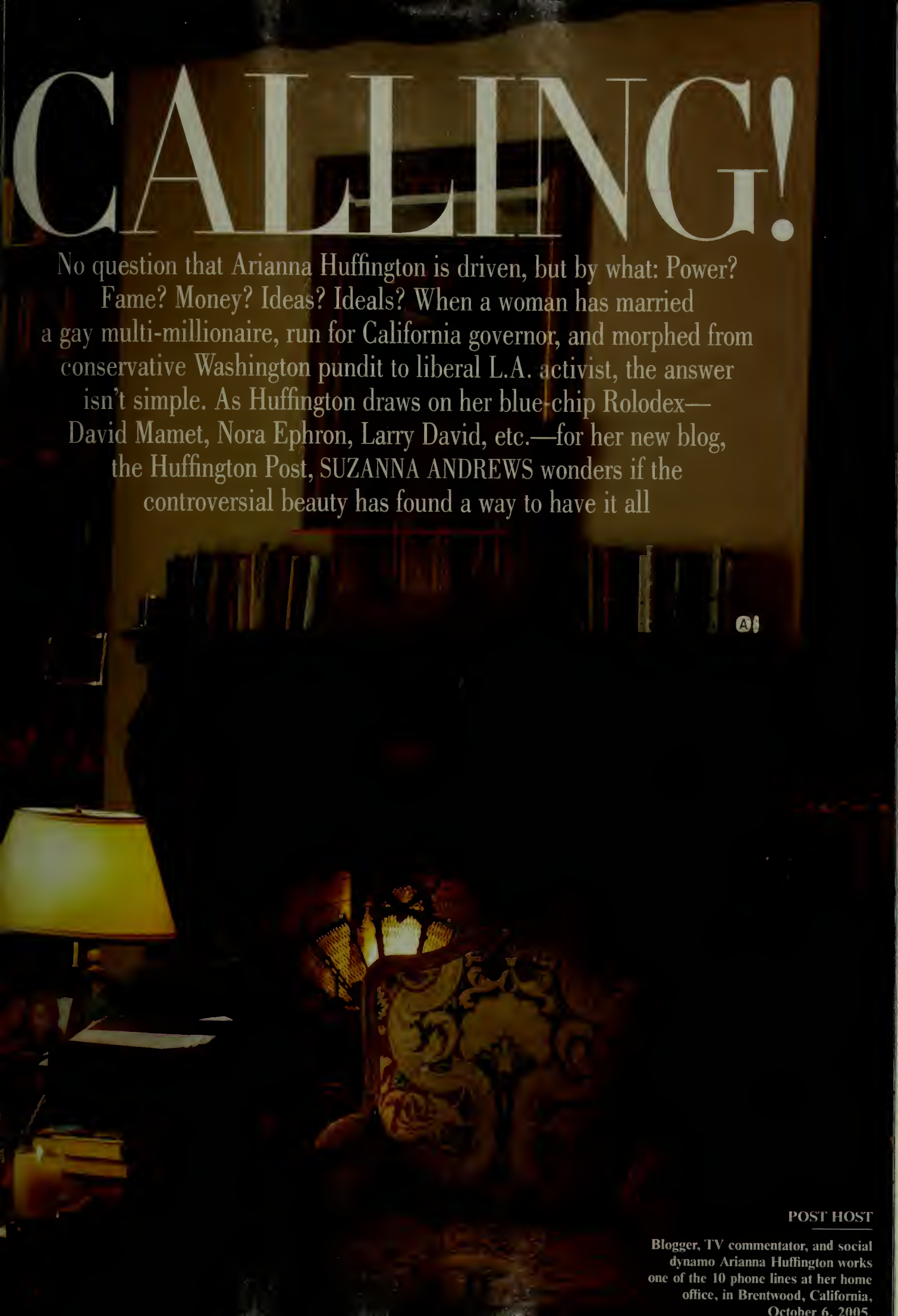
ARIANNA



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ART STREIBER

CALLING!

No question that Arianna Huffington is driven, but by what: Power? Fame? Money? Ideas? Ideals? When a woman has married a gay multi-millionaire, run for California governor, and morphed from conservative Washington pundit to liberal L.A. activist, the answer isn't simple. As Huffington draws on her blue-chip Rolodex—David Mamet, Nora Ephron, Larry David, etc.—for her new blog, the Huffington Post, SUZANNA ANDREWS wonders if the controversial beauty has found a way to have it all



POST HOST

Blogger, TV commentator, and social dynamo Arianna Huffington works one of the 10 phone lines at her home office, in Brentwood, California, October 6, 2005

It is another busy day at the end of another busy week for Arianna Huffington. She has been up since five A.M. on this Friday in late August, returning phone calls to the East Coast, reading the papers, and knocking off the first of several columns she writes each day for her new online venture, the Huffington Post. At eight, a car from CNN arrived at her mansion, in Brentwood, as it does most Fridays, to shuttle Huffington to the taping of its weekly show *Reliable Sources;* after that, she was driven to Santa Monica for her weekly appearance on the public-radio political talk show *Left, Right & Center.* Back home shortly after noon, she has no time for lunch. There are calls to return, the phone rings nonstop, and her staff is lining up with questions. Settled on the couch in her book-lined study, Huffington calls out to her housekeeper in that soft, Zsa Zsa Gabor purr so well known to the millions who have seen her on TV over the years: "Daaahling, more tea!"

The tea arrives—"Thank you, sweetheaaarrrt"—and Huffington turns back to the matters at hand. An assistant wants to know which columns to include in the "blast"—a weekly digest of Huffington's writings that is e-mailed to 80,000 subscribers. Another staffer wants to know whether a posting on today's HuffPost that includes the phrase "fucked up" can be sent to Yahoo, which has just begun to run portions of the blog. The Hollywood mogul David Geffen has called, three times. The son of the former presidential candidate Gary Hart has called to say he wants to write a piece for the HuffPost about his father's blogs on the HuffPost. Someone from the anti-war protester Cindy Sheehan's entourage has called from Crawford, Texas. The 10 phone lines keep ringing, and the intercom goes off again and again: "Arianna, for you" . . . "Arianna, pick up" . . . "*Ariaaanna.*"

And so life has been for Arianna Huffington ever since May, when she and her business partner, Kenneth Lerer, a former AOL Time Warner executive, launched the Huffington Post. Part daily online newspaper—billed as the liberal answer to the Drudge Report—and part Internet salon, featuring cultural and political commentary, the HuffPost was also, on the day it launched, the biggest burst of star power ever to hit the blogosphere. Until recently, the prototypical blogger was an outsider, a lone voice at the computer, one of millions in a vast and ever more powerful conversation that has challenged the conventional wisdom as expressed by the mainstream media and, increasingly, affected national politics. With the HuffPost, however, Arianna Huffington was creating a site that would showcase the opinions of dozens of bloggers, all of them ultimate insiders.

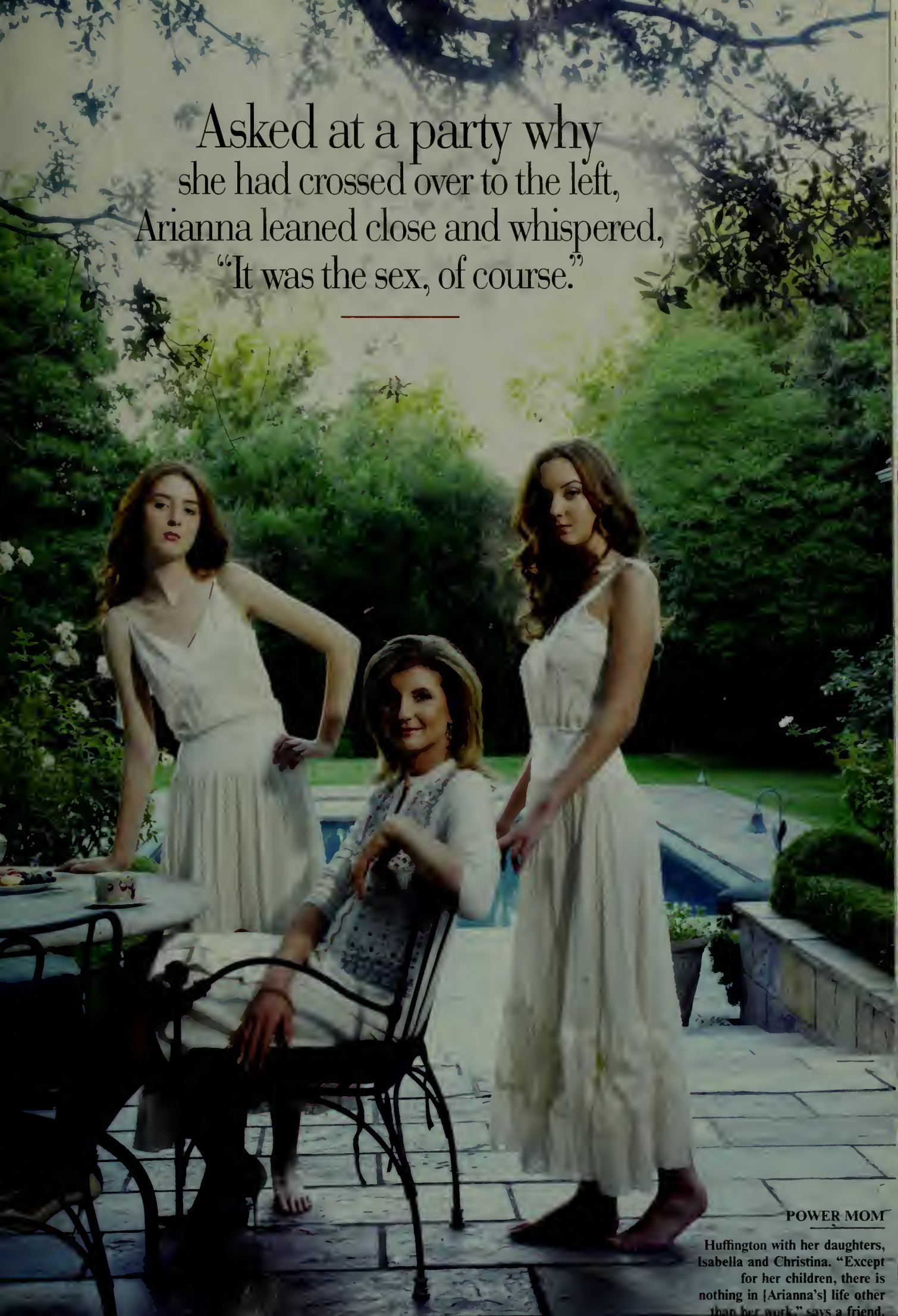
A woman who has become famous for her gold-plated Rolodex, Huffington put out the calls to her friends last spring, asking them to contribute to her site. And because they "adore Arianna," or owe her a favor, or "could not resist her," about 300 of them said yes, including Pulitzer Prize winners Norman Mailer and David Mamet, political comedians Al Franken and Bill Maher, and the writer Nora Ephron. Walter Cronkite also signed on, as did Deepak Chopra and Huffington's Hollywood friends—Warren Beatty, Rob Reiner, John Cusack, Mike Nichols, Norman Lear, and Gwyneth Paltrow. From Huffington's political circle came Gary Hart, New Jersey politician Jon Corzine, former California governor Jerry Brown, and the activist Tom Hayden, among others. Robert F. Kennedy Jr. said yes, as did the Democratic power broker Vernon Jordan and a host of political columnists, mainly liberals but a few from the right, including Tony Blankley, the *Washington Times* columnist who used to be Newt Gingrich's press secretary. (Note: Huffington also approached the editor of this magazine about contributing to the site.)

And there many of them were on May 9, the day of the Huffington Post's debut. Like nearly everything Arianna Huffington has ever done, the event attracted much press attention—but the initial reaction was harsh. Although there was praise for the HuffPost's sleek layout and for its news section, which is overseen by Lerer, the verdicts on the blog side ran the gamut from "a sick hoax" to "a floundering vanity blog." For Huffington, the writer who called it "nothing new" probably delivered the biggest put-down, unless one counts the review from *LA Weekly:* "Her blog is such a bomb that it's the movie equiva of *Gigli, Ishtar,* and *Heaven's Gate* ro into one." And that was from the pr sional media. In the blogosphere, Web sites sprang up with such name huffingtonisfullofcrap.com and huffingt toast.com. There were, to be sure, asp of the new HuffPost that invited ridic incoherent blogs from celebrities inclu *Seinfeld* star Julia Louis-Dreyfus; Dee Chopra's cryptic admonition that death not to be feared, because "you are dea ready"; and Huffington's own post on female orgasm, which she declared t "so complex and strange it could only h come from God." Wouldn't it be " cious," she wrote, "if the female org were the thing that tips the scales in f of the Intelligent Design crowd?"

But as silly as some of the blogs w the attacks on the HuffPost seemed to based less on objections to the site's con than on a general distaste for Huffing herself. She was, the *Boston Herald* snip in the middle of a review of the site woman who changes her politics like J nifer Lopez switches husbands"; who, " like most bloggers," said the Baltimore *S* "hasn't spent more than two days of adult life out of the media spotlight." T mockery was not surprising, perhaps, during her 25 years in the U.S. the Gre born Huffington has stirred up more th her share of controversy. A Cambrid educated scholar and socialite, the auth of 10 books (on subjects ranging from casso and Maria Callas to corporate gre and Greek mythology, to politics and sp tuality), a television commentator, syn cated columnist, political wife, activ and, most recently, in 2003, candidate governor of California, Huffington h had many lives, all of them conduct very much in the public eye. And all them involving a considerable amount drama—from the allegations of plagiaris that followed the publication of two of h books to the gossip about the promine men in her life, and the stories abo her membership in a controversial c headed by a former high-school teach who woke up from a coma believing th he was an emissary of God.

Along the way, there w her marriage in 1986 Michael Huffington, a co servative Republican m millionaire who served Congress. There was al in 1994, before his divo from Arianna and his announcement th he was gay, Michael Huffington's run f the U.S. Senate, in CONTINUED ON PAGE

Asked at a party why she had crossed over to the left, Arianna leaned close and whispered, "It was the sex, of course."



POWER MOM

Huffington with her daughters, Isabella and Christina. "Except for her children, there is nothing in [Arianna's] life other than her work," says a friend.

Charles and Cam

Long the silent butt of tabloid brickbats, Palace snubs,
and popular derision, Camilla Parker Bowles always refused to defend herself.
But now, finally married to the man she has loved for 34 years,
the new Duchess of Cornwall has allowed friends to speak to BOB COLACELLO,
who gets an unprecedented look at the hurt and heartbreak,
the campaign for acceptance, and the blossoming glamour and
philanthropy at Prince Charles's side



SOUL MATES

Charles with Camilla Parker Bowles in 1976, three years after the end of her first marriage; *opposite*, the royal couple today, on an official visit to Norfolk to launch the new Caister lifeboat, July 2005.

..., Together at Last



Along with three or four thousand residents of Richmond, North Yorkshire, I am standing in the town square awaiting the arrival of the Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Cornwall, who are spending one of their typical working days helping the town celebrate the 850th anniversary of its first market charter. It's a bright mid-September afternoon, the slate-roofed shops around the square sport window boxes bursting with pink and white geraniums, and a special farmers' market has been set up in the square itself, with stands selling everything from fresh-killed partridge to handcrafted organic soap. Trash bins have been sealed in heavy-duty plastic, and the local police are out in force, as well as Beefeaters armed with automatic rifles.

Their Royal Highnesses made the 250-mile trip up from London on the Royal Train, which has eight deep-purple coaches adorned with the crest of the House of Windsor and interiors decorated in dark-green velvet; they spent the night on a siding outside the train station in Darlington, the largest nearby city. A half-dozen photographers from the Royal Rota (or press rotation) greeted them as their train pulled in this morning, as did Lord Crathorne, the lord-lieutenant of North Yorkshire, Her Majesty's representative for the county, erect and spiffy in his full-dress black uniform, complete with epaulets, medals, and sword. ("Brilliantly! Brilliantly!" he bellowed when I asked how he thought the Duchess was taking to her new royal duties.)

Prince Charles stepped off the train first, followed by Camilla. He wore one of his customary double-breasted bespoke suits with a light-blue shirt, a navy-blue-and-yellow rep tie, and brown leather shoes so old but well maintained that they gleamed like agate. The Duchess, too, has adopted a kind of public uniform since acquiring her title. The look is stylish but understated: pale-pink bouclé jacket, beige straight-cut skirt, three strands of modest pearls, beige medium heels, and a slim caramel-colored alligator handbag. Her hair is blonder now, her makeup more expertly done, her once tentative smile broad and welcoming. The couple paused a moment for the cameras, then were whisked off by a quartet of officers from Royalty Protection, the British equivalent of the Secret Service.

Their first stop in Richmond was the Georgian Theatre Royal, where they watched a short play on the history of the town put on by the local youth theater. Accompanied by the mayor, Stuart Parsons, wearing his ceremonial "fur-trimmed" velvet robe ("This is actually a politically correct fake," he confides later, adding, "The original, which is mink, is back in Town Hall"), they then walked to the square,



LASTING LOVE

Camilla and Charles after a fox hunt in Gloucestershire, 1979. *Insets: left,* the Duchess and the Prince greeting locals at Sandringham, 2005; *right,* Camilla and Andrew Parker Bowles and Charles leaving a London theater, 1976.



"With all the intensity of first love, Charles lost his heart to Camilla almost at once."

where they were greeted by a few chants of "Charlie! Charlie!" and general applause.

Women far outnumber men in the well-behaved crowd, which is polite and curious but not adulatory. One can sense the townspeople warming up, however, as the Prince and the Duchess immediately start reaching out and shaking hands. "Hello, how are you?," I can hear her saying. "Lovely, just been to the theater . . . Yes, lovely . . . Hello, how are you?" As the wife of the market's organizer, Felicity Davy, has explained to me while we were waiting, "people have mixed feelings," even though "it's pretty royalist around here out in the sticks." But she, too, visibly brightens as she curtsies to the Duchess and presents her with a bouquet of white hydrangeas, calla lilies, and lilies of the valley.

As planned, Charles and Camilla then separate, so that he can work one side of the market and she the other. As instructed, I stand waiting in her path, and when she sees me, she greets me like an old acquaintance, even though we have been briefly introduced only the day before, at a St. James's Palace reception for recipients of the Victoria Cross and George Cross, honors given for war heroism.

"Oh," she says, "here you are again." I've heard that she has a deep voice, but I'm surprised at just how husky it really is, apparently from decades of chain-smoking.

"Yes, Your Royal Highness," I reply, trying not to trip over the honorific.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" she asks.

"Well, it's a beautiful day, and it's great to see some of the English countryside."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"A roast-pork sandwich with applesauce and sage-and-onion chutney, ma'am."

"Oh, delicious. I hope I'm offered one of those." Then she rolls her eyes playfully.

For the next hour, I follow the Duchess as she slowly makes her way around the market, displaying her familiarity with country life and putting in a good word for her husband as she goes. While the photographers snap away, she takes a careful bite from a cheddar-cheese twist at the Swaledale Cheese stand, then moves on to the Broom Mill Farm stand (AWARD-WINNING BACON & SPECIALTY SAUSAGES), where she samples a piece of sausage as delicately as possible. She inquires about buffalo's milk at the buffalo-burger stand ("It's very creamy, ma'am"), asks for a seed catalogue at the plant stand, and strikes up a conversation with the young woman running the Bluebell Organics stand. "You're doing well, are you?" "We're doing very well, ma'am." "I bet you are." "Well, more and more people demand organic, ma'am." "More and more are, aren't they? So what are you selling? The tomatoes look lovely. It's been a very good tomato year. Did you know the Prince of Wales is patron of the organic Soil Association?" "Well, Prince Charles is *all* organic, isn't he, ma'am?"

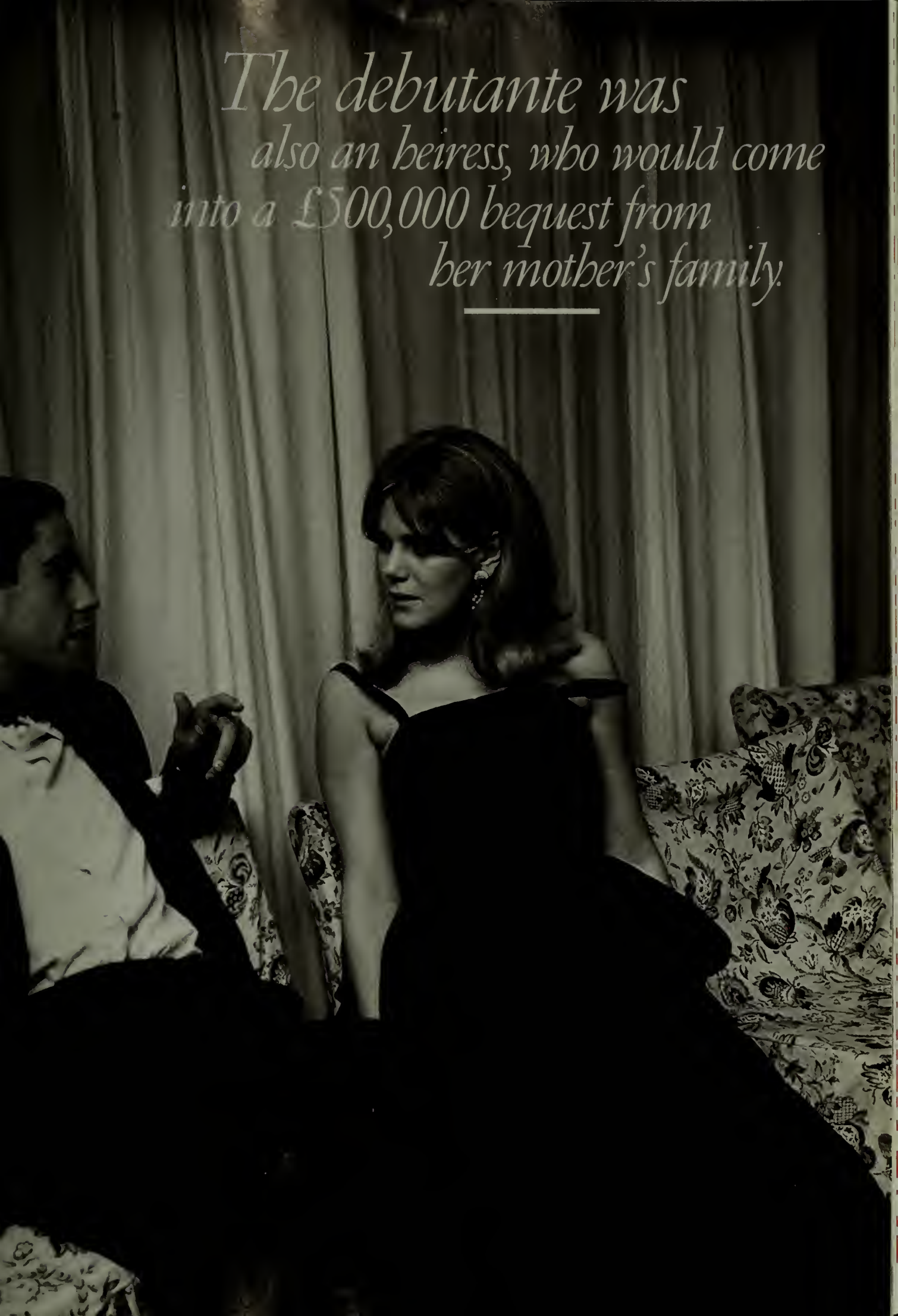
"I'm still eating," she says, rolling her eyes at me again and accepting a dab of Yorkshire clotted cream on a cracker. She and Charles are re-united at the soup stand (ALL OF OUR SOUPS ARE GLUTEN-FREE, says the sign) and, at the last stand in the market, finally get to taste the "Hog Roast" sandwich I told her about. After taking a few bites, the Prince calls out to the photographers, "You've all got to get one of these when we're gone."

As the royal couple heads toward the town hall to unveil a plaque commemorating their visit, the Beefeaters click their heels, raise their rifles, and stand at attention: a military band strikes up a patriotic anthem; schoolboys wave Union Jacks; and little girls line up to hand the Duchess roses and carnations. The initially sedate



DEB TO DUCHESS

Camilla Shand as a glamorous debutante of 18 with her beau Rupert Hambro, 1965. *Inset,* Charles and Camilla—wearing a Philip Treacy hat and a Robinson Valentine outfit—at the wedding of her son, Tom Parker Bowles, to Sara Buys, September 2005.


The debutante was
also an heiress, who would come
into a £500,000 bequest from
her mother's family.


"There were ponies,
dogs, picnics. There was
no pomp, no snobbery.
The Shands were
a happy clan."



FUNNY GIRL

Camilla Shand and Charles Peel pulling open a party favor at a Christmas dance in London, 1965. *Inset,* Charles and Camilla Parker Bowles three years after Diana's death, venturing out to a charity gala, 2000.

crowd is now quite enthusiastic and has to be gently held back by the police as white-haired ladies and middle-aged mothers thrust out their hands to be shaken and plead, "Your Highnesses, over here, please!" Everyone seems to be having a good time, not least the principals and their Clarence House handlers, who have done their advance work effectively. The scene is like something out of a 1950s Hollywood movie, perfectly staged, beautifully lit, innocently exuberant.

Obviously, there's a serious purpose to this country street party. Watching Charles and Camilla press the flesh in North Yorkshire, one soon realizes, is not all that different from watching Bill and Hillary or George and Laura in action on the campaign trail. And though the royals inherit—or marry into—their positions, in a very real sense they have to campaign constantly to keep them, never more so than in this age of tabloid aggression and demographic upheaval. In Camilla's case, how well she does on the trail will ultimately affect whether she becomes Queen, and since their marriage Charles's future is irrevocably bound up in hers. The new Duchess's old friends are certain that she is up to the task. They are also convinced that she will be a great support to the Prince of Wales in facing whatever challenges fortune brings while he waits to succeed his mother as England's 39th monarch in a direct line that goes all the way back to Egbert in 827.



It has been 34 years since Camilla Shand met Prince Charles, 32 years since she married Andrew Parker Bowles and 24 since Charles married Lady Diana Spencer, nearly a decade since both marriages ended in divorce, 8 years since the death of Princess Diana, and seven months since Charles took Camilla as his second wife. "There was a real sense of triumph at Saint George's Chapel when they came in, these two people who had gone through so much to get there," says the Prince's goddaughter, Santa Sebag Montefiore, of the wedding. "Everybody was so pleased for them—filled with this feeling that they're together at last, and without any doubt about Camilla's position, *finally.*" The decorator Jane Churchill, whose family and Camilla's have always been close, adds, "I really do think that Charles has ended up with his soul mate. Obviously there had been tremendous sadness—anything's sad where people get hurt. Unfortunately, today marriages do go wrong.... But if you're going to go through all that heartache, well, at least if *two* people end up happy, at least something comes out of it."

"To see Tom and Laura and William and Harry all together like a real happy, modern family was fantastic," says Camilla's nephew Ben Elliot of the couple's children. "Everybody respects everybody, and it's very warm and loving, which is what really matters when you come down to it. Prince Charles wanted this for a very long time, and you can tell he's very happy by just seeing him. And I think his happiness can only mean good things for his sons and for the country."

This month the pair will make their first trip to the United States together, on a 10-day tour of Washington, New York, and San Francisco, which includes a rare black-tie dinner at the Bush White House, a visit to Ground Zero, and the 11,800th performance of the camp musical *Beach Blanket Babylon.* When I heard about the trip, I requested a meeting with Prince Charles's communications secretary, Paddy Harverson, at Clarence House to see if I could do the first authorized profile of the

Duchess. I was well aware that Camilla had sworn to go to her grave without ever having given an interview. But since I have been a friend of her brother, the dashing adventurer and author Mark Shand, for years, I thought that if I could have access to her close friends and family—none of the friends I talked to had ever uttered a word on the record about her to the press—I might be able to discover what this brutally criticized and largely unknown figure was all about.

One by one, some of her friends came around, but only after double-checking with Camilla. Even then, their interviews were full of cautious pauses and carefully chosen words. Jane Churchill went as far as to ask me to make it clear that this was the first and last interview she would give about her friend. Over dinner at the Drones Club, Mark and I reminisced about his Bianca Jagger–dating days, in New York in the 70s, but in the end he told me, "I spoke to Camilla. None of the family have ever talked, and she would like to keep it that way. I think she's right."

The picture that emerged from a score of conversations was of a woman who is exceptional because of her "innate ordinariness," in the phrase of one friend. The words I heard over and over were "normal," "solid," "comfortable in her own skin," "a typical upper-class English lady." Everyone went on about what seems to be her most outstanding quality, a self-deprecating sense of humor that draws people to her and gets her through anything. Her friends were reluctant to criticize Princess Diana, but it seems clear that Camilla is almost the antithesis of Charles's first wife. If Diana was a high-strung glamour girl from a grand but broken home, with a withdrawn father, a boozy mother, and a jet-setting stepmother, Camilla is a down-to-earth country lass whose father was a war hero and whose wellborn mother lived for her children and her garden.

"Diana and Charles did not bring out the best side in each other," observes Santa Sebag Montefiore, who grew up around both of Charles's wives. "They were like two magnets that repelled each other, or one of those children's train sets where the engine and coach don't click together. Then you turn the coach around and it fits. That's Camilla and Charles—they click. They fit like two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. They like all the same things. They love the countryside and countryside pursuits. They love Scotland, which is his *big* passion. They love the ballet, theater, and opera. She's not an airhead who just thinks about clothes or the next party. She's a deeply intelligent woman. The dynamic between them is perfect."

Camilla Rosemary Shand was born at King's College Hospital, in London, on July 17, 1947, which makes her 16 months older than Prince Charles. Her mother, the Honorable Rosalind Shand, was the daughter of Roland Cubitt, the third Lord Ashcombe, whose great-grandfather had made a fortune developing Mayfair and Belgravia. Rosalind's mother, Sonia Cubitt, was a daughter of Alice Keppel, the official mistress and great love of King Edward VII—the sharp-witted Alice was famous for saying, "My job is to



ROYAL COUPLE

Charles and Camilla have a laugh at a Prince's Trust event in Richmond, North Yorkshire, September 2005. *Insets*, the Prince and the Duchess getting off the Royal Train in Darlington at the start of a day of royal duties, September 2005.


"Prince Charles wanted
this for a very long time, and you can
tell he's very happy by just seeing him."
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECK

curtsy first . . . and then jump into bed." Sonia's older sister, Violet Trefusis, also achieved notoriety, as a lover of Vita Sackville-West, the Bloomsbury writer who was married to the diplomat Harold Nicolson and had an affair with Virginia Woolf. Growing up, Camilla was well aware of these glamorous associations, and, according to gossipy biographies by Caroline Graham and Rebecca Tyrrel, would brag to school chums about her great-grandmother Alice's annual visits to Biarritz with the King.

Camilla's father, Major Bruce Shand, came from a family that had made its money importing calico from India. His father, P. Morton Shand, an authority on architecture, food, and wine, took four wives. Bruce grew up barely knowing him, which perhaps explains why he himself would become such a devoted family man. Raised by a military stepfather, Bruce served as an officer in the 12th Royal Lancers during World War II and fought at Dunkirk and in North Africa. He spent two years as a German prisoner of war and was twice awarded the Military Cross for bravery. "Bruce is a remarkable man," says Robin Birley, who runs Harry's Bar and Annabel's, the exclusive London watering holes established by his father, Mark. "He really is what English gentlemen aspire to be."

When Robin Birley was 12, he was mauled by a tiger at the private zoo of family friend John Aspinall and had half of his face torn off. After his first major reconstructive operation, he was sent to recover at his grandmother's house in East Sussex. "I must say, I looked horrendous," he recalls. "After a morning, my grandmother decided she couldn't look after me, so she sent me over to stay with Bruce and Rosalind Shand. I've never forgotten how uniquely sweet and patient Rosalind was with me. I have rarely encountered a kinder person, so I would imagine that to be brought up by her would be a great blessing."

Camilla, her younger sister, Annabel, and their brother, Mark, grew up in rural East Sussex, about 50 miles south of London and 10 miles from Brighton and the English Channel. "The house was called the Laines, in a little village called Plumpton," says the historian and biographer William Shawcross, who has been a friend of Camilla's since they were children. "There are these wonderful hills that go through Sussex that are called the South Downs. It's now a national park. In those days it was just open, common land and very lovely, gentle hills rising out of the sea. Rosalind used to let Camilla and Annabel go on riding-and-camping nights. They slept on the downs in sleeping bags. Camilla and Annabel were mad keen on the ponies, as was my sister, Joanna, and they'd go off to Pony Club events together. There's always a risk of being too nostalgic about one's own youth. But we were very lucky, growing up in the 50s in the countryside in England."

Camilla and her sister were enrolled at Dumbrells school, three miles away in the village of Ditchling, where they received a strict, old-fashioned English education. One teacher remembered Camilla as "a nice, polite little girl [who] didn't really stand out in any way from the other children." According to Shawcross, "Rosalind would pick the girls up at the end of the day and, in summer, take them to the beach in Hove. . . . Most families had nannies, but there were no nannies in the Shand family. Rosalind was fully with the kids all the time. . . . Fun was one of the main things I remember about the Shand household. There were ponies, dogs, picnics. There was no pomp, no snobbery, but a lot of fun for all ages. The Shands were a happy clan."

Like most Sussex gentry, Major Shand was a supporter of the Conservative Party. He was also a master of the Southdown Hunt. "My mother used to hunt with him," recalls Shawcross. "He was very glamorous on his horse, dressed up in his full rig as master of fox hunts. Bruce was a very good-looking man, and Rosalind was a beautiful woman. They both were tall, slim, and elegant."

Duncan McLaren, a private art dealer and old family friend, says of the Shands, "They're all very uncluttered. They're not impressed by things. And they're all incredibly close. Rosalind was hugely witty and very forthright, very clear with what she thought of you and things. She was a great gardener, as was her mother. Both old Mrs. Cubitt's garden and Rosalind Shand's garden were laid out by [the famous landscape gardener] Russell Page."

The Shands also had a house in London, where the major was a partner in a fancy wineshop on South Audley Street, on the site of what is now Harry's Bar. When Camilla was 10, she was sent to Queen's Gate, a weekly boarding school in South Kensington which, according to Graham's biography, was known for "providing wives for half the foreign office and most of the nobility." Daughters of the squirearchy usually went to full boarding schools, but Camilla took the train home to Sussex every weekend so that she could indulge in her passion for riding horses and foxhunting. At 16 she left Queen's Gate, where by all accounts she had excelled mainly in fencing. After a year at a finishing school near Geneva, she returned to London for her coming-out party, which was held at Searcy's, in Knightsbridge, on March 25, 1965, and photographed for "Jennifer's Diary" in *Harpers & Queen*. The debutante was also an heiress, who would soon come into a £500,000 bequest from her mother's family.

Camilla took her first and only job, as a receptionist at Colefax & Fowler, the posh decorating firm, and shared a small flat in Kensington with her old friend Jane Wyndham, who also worked at Colefax. Jane, a niece of the first great English decorator, Nancy caster, who was an owner of Colefax, w soon become Lady Spencer-Churchill with marriage to Lord Charles Spencer-Chur a great-grandnephew of Winston Chur "Camilla had this big fat Pekingese c Chang," Jane recalls, "and she was al drawing pictures of Chang. Then she r got into it and took proper drawing cla Camilla is artistic and likes to paint l scapes, which is another interest she sh with Prince Charles."

A couple of years later Camilla t a larger apartment, on Ebury Street, Sloane Square, with Virginia Carrington daughter of Lord Carrington, who w become foreign secretary under Marg Thatcher. Virginia went on to marry an vorce Camilla's rich uncle Lord Ashco and revert to using her maiden name. cording to one report, Camilla's bedroon Ebury Street usually looked as if a b had hit it, which the much neater and n organized Virginia tolerated because Can was so much fun to be around.

Camilla's first boyfriend, Kevin Burke, the son of Sir Aubrey Burke, dep chairman of Hawker Siddeley aircraft ma facturers. They dated for about a year, then she started going out with Rupert H bro, the banking scion. In 1966, when was 19, she was introduced to Andrew Pa Bowles, whose brother worked in her fath wine business. He was 27, a Sandhurst gra ate and a lieutenant in the Blues and Ro regiment of the Royal Horse Guards. Athl and handsome, he was extremely popular w the girls. His parents lived in Donnington tle, in Berkshire. His father was a close fri of the Queen Mother's, his mother was c commissioner of the Girl Guides (Brita Girl Scouts), and Andrew had been a p at Queen Elizabeth II's coronation, in 19

Camilla and Andrew went out for se years before marrying, and their relations had its rocky moments. Andrew was quently away on duty and evidently not ready to settle down as Camilla was. In Ju 1970 he was Princess Anne's date during cot Week and stayed at Windsor Castle. though he was Catholic and Anne would h had to renounce her right to the throne marry him, there was much talk of a grow romance between the winning lieutenant a the Queen's only daughter. Coincidentally not, the next summer Camilla met Anne's c er brother and immediately hit it off with hi

According to one version, Camilla int duced herself after a polo match at Winds Great Park by complimenting Prince Char on one of his ponies: "That's a fine anim sir." A second version sets the meeting Annabel's and gives Camilla a more sen tional opening line: "My great-grandmoth and your great-great-grandfather were love

, how about it?" A more probable version
n be found in Jonathan Dimbleby's autho-
ed biography of Prince Charles, which has
e couple being introduced by the Chilean
ıbassador's daughter, Lucia Santa Cruz,
ıo was said to have been Charles's first ro-
antic partner at Cambridge University, and
ıo later, as the wife of the Brazilian ambas-
dor Paulo-Tarso Flecha de Lima, would
come an intimate friend of Princess Di-
a's. In arranging the meeting, Lucia told
ıarles that she had found "just the girl" for
m. According to Dimbleby, Camilla "was
ectionate, she was unassuming, and—with
the intensity of first love—he lost his heart
her almost at once."

At 23, though Charles was billed as the most eligible bachelor in the world, he ıs actually a shy, introspective, and awk-ırd young man beginning a career as an ting sub-lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy. uch has been written about the cold and ff way the Queen and Prince Philip raised e heir to the throne. Graham Turner, in a ofile for the *Daily Telegraph* published on e occasion of the Queen's Golden Jubilee. 2002, summed it up nicely:

ı a monarch, the Queen's performance has en well-nigh flawless. As a mother, however, e has often been less than adequate, accord-g to many who know her well. For much of e time, they say, she has been so detached ɔm the lives of her children that she has emed more like a distant figurehead.

"Utterly, utterly lacking, I'm afraid," said one cently retired courtier sadly. Far from giving r children the firmness and guidance they dly needed at crucial moments in their lives, felt, she had done absolutely nothing. And by ling to take Prince Charles under her wing, as ɔth son and heir, according to former courtiers blameless loyalty, she has arguably made the ture of the monarchy less secure—an astonish-g piece of negligence in a woman so inspired a sense of her own divine calling. . . .

"At the beginning," Lord Charteris, her vourite private secretary, once told me, "she ıs learning the job and simply had too much ı her plate to enjoy Charles and Anne. She ent off on a six-month tour just 18 months ter her accession in 1952, leaving the children hind." Charles was three, Anne not yet two.

Even in private, the children had to bow to eir mother, and as they grew older, palace siders disclosed to Turner, she refused to lk to them on the phone, requiring them to ake an appointment to see her. To a large egree, she delegated the upbringing of the ildren to Prince Philip, a hectoring disciplı-arian who was relentlessly hard on Charles r not being tough enough. Philip clearly fa-ɔred his naturally athletic daughter, Anne, hile the Queen apparently reserved her soft de for her youngest son, Prince Edward.

An upper-class Englishman whose par-ıts were close to Elizabeth and Philip told e, "We all had dysfunctional families. All that stiff-upper-lip crap was a terrible way to grow up. It wasn't that our parents were terrible people. That's the way *they* were brought up. The previous two generations had wars to fight—that's when the stiff-upper-lip ethic made sense. But in our generation it created a lot of anxiety."

For guidance, Prince Charles turned more and more to his father's uncle, Lord Louis Mountbatten, formerly viceroy of India, then First Sea Lord, and one of the few people allowed to refer to Her Majesty by her childhood nickname, Lilibet. The charismatic and domineering Mountbatten, known as Dickie, had been a constant companion to King Edward VIII before he abdicated to marry Wallis Simpson, and was fond of calling Charles his "honorary grandson."

During his university and navy years, Charles was a regular weekend guest at Broadlands, the Mountbatten family estate in Hampshire, where his great-uncle took it upon himself to invite suitable young women whom the Prince could get to know away from the prying eyes of the gossip columnists. Mountbatten firmly believed that a young man should sow his wild oats but marry a virgin. From the first, he had a candidate for Charles's ultimate pedestal wife: his teenage granddaughter, Lady Amanda Knatchbull. In the meantime, he was quite happy to receive Camilla at Broadlands, and it soon became evident that Charles blossomed in her company.

By the fall of 1972, Charles was completely taken with Camilla but evidently not ready to take the giant step of asking her to commit to a royal marriage. He was also due to depart on an eight-month tour of duty in the Caribbean at the beginning of the new year. That spring Charles, who had been faithfully writing to Camilla and receiving reassuring replies, received a double shock: Princess Anne was going to marry Captain Mark Phillips, and her sometime beau, Andrew Parker Bowles, had finally proposed to Camilla, who had accepted. Charles was at a loss to understand how Camilla could so abruptly put aside what he described in a letter as "such a blissful peaceful and mutually happy relationship."

To make matters worse, while Charles languished in the West Indies, his first true love and his erstwhile rival were united in what the papers called the "wedding of the year." The ceremony took place at the Guards Chapel, in London, on July 4, 1973, with the Queen Mother and Princess Anne sitting in the front pew.

"Everything in life is timing, and so often time deals you the wrong hand," says Jane Churchill. "Charles and Camilla were both quite young when they met, and she was going out with Andrew, and Charles was abroad and away, and she probably didn't know him as well then, and so she married Andrew."

"Andrew and Camilla were a very popular couple," says John Bowes-Lyon, a third cousin of Parker Bowles's. "They're both characters, you know, and she's a wonderful mother. They always lived in Wiltshire, and Andrew was in the army for a long time, so he was away a certain amount. Camilla coped very well."

The Parker Bowleses' first child, Thomas, was born in December 1974, and they asked Prince Charles to be a godfather. Charles had resumed writing letters to Camilla six months after her marriage, and soon he was joining the large house parties the Parker Bowleses gave on weekends at Bolehyde Manor. Andrew had been promoted to major, and he and Camilla were occasionally guests of the royal family at Sandringham and Balmoral. The apparently golden couple had their second child, Laura, in 1978.

After six years in the navy, Charles decided to move on, and for the remainder of the decade would be in search of both a meaningful role as a modern Prince of Wales and a wife. In 1978, in a speech at Cambridge, he admitted, "My great problem in life is that I do not know what my role in life is. At the moment I do not have one. But somehow I must find one." There was some talk between the Palace and the government of appointing Charles governor-general of Australia or ambassador to France. In the end, according to a December 1977 memo from his private secretary to the Queen's private secretary, the conclusion was reached "that his Royal Highness has a far more important role to play by continuing to expand his activities as Prince of Wales in the interests of service to society as a whole and not to one particular segment of it." By that time Charles had already set up his main charity, the Prince's Trust, which was designed to help underprivileged young people advance their education and start careers.

He also became increasingly involved in the management of the Duchy of Cornwall, which comprises 130,000 acres in Cornwall, Devon, and 20 other counties. The duchy was established by Edward III in 1337 to provide an income for the heir to the throne, and Charles automatically became the Duke of Cornwall at age three, when his mother became Queen. Under his direction, the duchy was turned into a profitable brand name, with products ranging from garden furniture to bottled water.

In the late 70s, Charles cut a wide swath through London's young aristo set. Among those he dated were Georgina Russell, whose father was ambassador to Spain; Lady Jane Wellesley, the Duke of Wellington's daughter; and the hip brewery heiress Sabrina Guinness. By then Mountbatten's granddaughter was of marriageable age, and she and Charles had grown fond of each other during time spent at Broadlands and at her parents' house on

Camilla Parker Bowles

Eleuthera, in the Bahamas. After much thought he raised the question of marriage to her, and she reluctantly turned him down, explaining that she was not enough in love to take on the sacrifices involved in becoming the Princess of Wales. Charles had an on-again, off-again courtship with Lady Sarah Spencer, an older sister of the woman he would soon marry, but he eventually found her "too flighty." He later became involved with Anna Wallace, a Scottish heiress, but their relationship came to an abrupt end at a polo ball in 1980 when Charles completely ignored her and danced all night with Camilla Parker Bowles.

On August 27, 1979, Lord Mountbatten was killed when his fishing boat was blown up by the I.R.A. off the west coast of Ireland, and a devastated Charles turned to Camilla, whom, he told Dimbleby, he had come to consider his "touchstone" and "sounding board." By then many of those close to him, including his mother, who had been told by Lord Charteris, were aware that Charles and Camilla had resumed their affair. Desperate over the loss of his honorary grandfather, Charles reportedly went as far as to ask Camilla to leave Andrew and marry him. According to Graham's book, she pointed out that she could not, because the resulting scandal would force him to renounce the throne, but she promised to be there for him always.

Andrew Parker Bowles was in Rhodesia helping the newly appointed governor-general, Lord Christopher Soames, oversee the country's transition to independence as Zimbabwe. While there, Andrew was reportedly involved with both Lord Soames's daughter, Charlotte, who was estranged from her banker husband, Richard Hambro, and a pretty blonde photographer.

In 1980, Charles bought Highgrove, a 350-acre estate in Gloucestershire, only a 15-minute drive over the county line from Bolehyde. Camilla helped him find the house, believing that the handsome, three-story Georgian mansion was perfect for a future King. The only thing missing, she told Charles, was a future Queen.

According to David Wynn-Morgan, a former royal correspondent and the doyen of London P.R. men, "The Duke of Edinburgh is supposed to have said to Charles, 'You're in this world for two reasons. One, to be King of England. Two, to produce the next King of England. The first thing won't go away, and you're not making very much progress on the second.' There was great pressure on him to get married, and Diana was chosen. This was the closest thing to an arranged marriage in our time. What they had to do was find a bride for Charles who had no history, which in this day and age is very difficult. It was a very planned operation. I personally think even her father was in on it. The only person who wasn't in on it was Diana, who was in love with Charles."

One of the principal advocates for the adorable 19-year-old Lady Diana Spencer was the Queen Mother, whom Charles felt closest to in his immediate family, and whose lady-in-waiting was Diana's grandmother Ruth, Lady Fermoy. The Queen herself was receiving favorable reports about Diana from her assistant private secretary, Robert Fellowes, who was married to Diana's sister Lady Jane. Charles had met Diana at her family home, Althorp, in Northamptonshire, three years earlier, when he was dating her other sister, Lady Sarah, and had found her sweet and unaffected. A year after Mountbatten's death, he sat next to her at a country barbecue and was touched by how understanding she was about his great loss. Most important, however, Camilla approved. Everyone was convinced that Diana, as Dimbleby writes, "was young enough to be moulded to the role of wife and mother according to the special needs of the institution."

Their courtship took place mainly at Balmoral and Sandringham during the autumn of 1980, and when the press got wind of it, "Lady Di" was besieged at the apartment in Chelsea she shared with three friends and at the school where she taught kindergarten. Charles dithered, fearful of making a mistake, until Prince Philip laid down the law and told him he had to marry Diana or break off with her before he ruined her reputation. Charles proposed to her in Bolehyde's garden in February 1981, and a pleased Camilla was the first to be told the news after the Queen and Prince Philip. The fairy-tale wedding took place on July 29 of that year in St. Paul's Cathedral with the whole world applauding.

With the birth of the heir, Prince William, in 1982, and the spare, Prince Harry, in 1984, everything seemed to be well and good in the House of Windsor.

In reality, the tragic soap opera that would be revealed to the public in 1992 by Andrew Morton's book *Diana: Her True Story* began even before the wedding, when Diana discovered a bracelet inscribed "GF"—reportedly for Girl Friday—that Charles was planning to give Camilla as a farewell present. From that moment, Diana was obsessed by the thought that Charles and Camilla were continuing their relationship. Charles and his friends, however, have always maintained that he was faithful to Diana for the first five years of their marriage, until dealing with his wife's emotional problems, including bulimia and several suicide attempts, drove him to seek consolation with his former inamorata.

By then Diana, whom most of the royal family, including the Queen, dismissed as "mad," had decided that if she couldn't beat them she would beat them. In Wynn-Morgan's words, "She said, 'We'll find out who has greater command of the affection of the British people.' Diana, whatever else she was, was not, was street-wise, and she ran rings around her husband. The thing about Diana was that whenever she was with the sick or the old or the poor she was genuine, and the camera picked up on that. When afterwards it came out how contrived she was, and how many lovers she had, that did her damage."

In May 1991, the British press first took note of Camilla's presence on the scene when she and Charles both vacationed without their spouses in nearby villas outside Florence. As the *Sunday Mail* declared, "The gulf between the 42-year-old heir to the throne and the mother of his two boisterous sons has become all too apparent in recent months. And into the brink has stepped the Prince's old flame Camilla." In early 1992, the year the Queen would come to call her *annus horribilis*, Diana flaunted her predicament by posing alone and forlorn in front of the Taj Mahal rather than accompanying her husband to a speech he delivered to the Indo-British Industrialists' Forum.

Rupert Murdoch's *Sunday Times* began serializing the Morton book that spring. In one of those coincidences that show how small the royal circle is, the Parker Bowleses were among the Queen's guests in the Royal Enclosure for the polo match at Windsor Great Park the day the first installment ran. From then on, the royal bombshells just kept coming: Princess Anne's divorce, paparazzi photos of the Duchess of York having her toes sucked by an American boyfriend, a fire at Windsor Castle, and, on December 9, the announcement in the House of Commons by Prime Minister John Major that the Prince and Princess of Wales had separated.

As if all that weren't enough, a pair of tapes of bugged phone calls made in 1989 suddenly and mysteriously surfaced. The first came to be known as "Squidgygate," after the nickname given Diana by the man she is talking to on the tape, James Gilbey, of the gin family. A stunned nation read about the discussion of everything from the joys of masturbation to the ingratitude of the royal family for all the Princess felt she had done for them. The second, known as "Camillagate," a conversation between Charles and Camilla, contains equally embarrassing exchanges but in places it also portrays the sincerity of their love:

CAMILLA: I do love you and I'm so proud of you.
CHARLES: Oh, I'm so proud of you.
CAMILLA: Don't be silly. I've never achieved anything.
CHARLES: Your greatest achievement is to love me.

ıILLA: Oh, darling, easier than falling off ı chair.
\RLES: You suffer all these indignities and ortures and calumnies.
ıILLA: Oh, darling, don't be so silly. I'd suf- er anything for you. That's love. It's the strength of love. Night, night.

In June 1994, to counteract the tapes and Morton book, Charles gave a television erview to Jonathan Dimbleby, his official grapher. Interestingly, Camilla was re- tedly against the idea, but Charles was er to promote his charities. In the most ing moment, when Dimbleby asked ı if he had been faithful to Diana, he wered, "Yes ... until it became irretriev- y broken down, us both having tried." is family and friends—particularly his fa- r and Camilla's husband—were mortified his admission of adultery, the greater t of the public seemed to appreciate his iesty.

Diana made the next move. A close friend he Princess's who asked not to be named ailed, "I had lunch with her the day the amous Martin Bashir interview ran on vision. She told me she wasn't worried, t there wasn't anything in it. Then I ched it and I thought, She's either out ier mind or she deliberately lied to me, ood friend."

In that interview, which aired in Novem- 1995 on the BBC, Diana asserted, "There e three of us in this marriage, so it was a crowded." Four weeks later, prodded by isgusted Prince Philip and a weary Rob- Fellowes, the Queen sent a letter to her and daughter-in-law ordering them to di- ce. The Parker Bowleses' divorce had been alized almost a year earlier, and by the e of Diana's shocking death, in August 97, Andrew had already been married in, to Rosemary Pitman, an old friend of nilla's whose ex-husband was in the Horse ards with Andrew.

Through it all, Camilla Parker Bowles intained her equilibrium and sense of hu- r, even as the tabloids gleefully picked up ana's nickname for her—the Rottweiler— l reported that she had been pelted with ls at a supermarket, an incident her nds told me had never taken place. As liam Shawcross points out, "Camilla has en absolutely constant and unflinching. has never attempted to defend herself or cumbed to the temptation to set the rec- straight." He adds, "I think it's been one her great strengths, and for that dignity has earned a lot of quiet praise. People e said, 'My God, she's put up with a lot,' l she did."

ven before the royal divorce was final- ized, on August 28, 1996, Charles had ought in Mark Bolland, a young, high- vered communications expert, to help win public acceptance of the Prince's controversial relationship with Camilla and to deal with the ongoing War of the Waleses. This was not an easy task, given the ever growing popularity of Diana, whose stardom seemed to become more saint-like with every embrace of an AIDS patient and every speech to ban land mines. The so-called Camilla Campaign began cautiously, with Charles and Camilla walking together from St. James's Palace to his staff's Christmas party at the Ritz and with leaks from unnamed senior advisers quoted as saying that "while the Prince is anxious to improve his public standing, the question of Mrs. Parker Bowles is nonnegotiable."

Although Camilla bought Ray Mill, a house in Wiltshire, for a reported $1.3 million, after her divorce, she often spent weekends at Highgrove, which had been redecorated by her favorite designer, Robert Kime. She and Charles took part in the exclusive Beaufort Hunt, but, as Rebecca Tyrrel points out, they were never on the field together, and when they went to Balmoral, Charles would fly to Glasgow on a royal plane while Camilla went on a commercial flight. In April 1997, Camilla raised her profile significantly by becoming a patron of the National Osteoporosis Society, a charity she had been working for since her mother's death from the bone disease three years earlier at age 73. In July, Charles threw Camilla a 50th-birthday party at Highgrove with 80 friends, and the paparazzi at the gates photographed her wearing a diamond necklace he had given her.

That May, the Labour government of Tony Blair took office, and soon Charles was fretting over reports that Diana was becoming friendly with the prime minister's wife, Cherie. At Camilla's request, Bolland arranged a secret lunch at Highgrove with Peter Mandelson, Blair's image-maker and confidant, who advised the Prince on how to deal with the media and win back the affection of the British people. According to an article Bolland published this year in the *Evening Standard,* three days before the wedding of Charles and Camilla, "This was the advice that helped form the plan culminating this Saturday with the royal marriage."

Princess Diana's death and the outpouring of grief that followed, however, drove Camilla underground again. Indeed, the public anger directed not only at Charles and Camilla but also at the Queen herself—who remained holed up at Balmoral and stubbornly refused to allow the flag to be flown at half-mast outside Buckingham Palace (because, according to tradition, no flag flew when Her Majesty was not in residence)—threatened to undo the entire monarchy.

In the following months, Charles, like his great-uncle the Duke of Windsor before him, seemed to have a bitter choice to make: get rid of his mistress or give up his right to the throne. According to Turner's article, the heaviest pressure came from a faction within the palace itself, led by the Queen's top aide, Robert Fellowes, Diana's brother-in-law. As one courtier said, Fellowes "took a very strong line, because he believed that, at that time, Charles's association with Mrs. Parker Bowles was endangering the future of the monarchy, and that it was therefore his duty to give her up. His view, I believe, had a considerable influence on the Queen."

Camilla was not seen publicly for eight months, until she was spotted hurrying into the May 1998 wedding of her godson Henry Dent Brocklehurst. Her situation took a turn for the better when Prince William agreed to meet her at St. James's Palace in July. The headline in *The Sun* announced, CAMILLA MEETS WILLS, and the newspaper reported that Camilla said afterward, "I really need a gin and tonic." Prince William and Prince Harry invited her to the comedy revue they put together to celebrate their father's 50th birthday, but she was excluded from his official birthday party at Buckingham Palace.

That summer, as he had several times before, the Greek billionaire John Latsis lent his yacht to Charles for a cruise of the Aegean. The Prince put together a party including the Queen's cousin Princess Alexandra of Kent and her husband, Sir Angus Ogilvy, and Mountbatten's daughter and son-in-law, Patricia and John Brabourne, with their son, Norton Romsey, and his wife, Penny. Santa Sebag Montefiore, who was there with her parents, Charles and Patty Palmer-Tomkinson, recalls how miserable Charles was because he could not invite Camilla: "We were sitting on the beach, and he said to me, 'I just so wish she could be here with me.' It was so sad to see him like that, so longing for her to be at his side." One year later she *was* on the yacht, and the Camilla Campaign was back on track.

In January 1999, more than 200 photographers recorded Charles and Camilla's first public appearance since Diana's death, on the steps of the Ritz, leaving her sister Annabel Elliot's 50th-birthday party. That May, when Camilla hosted a dinner at the Ritz for the National Osteoporosis Society, she was wearing a brooch in the shape of the Prince of Wales's feathers, and in July she was Charles's guest at a grand Buckingham Palace dinner for American contributors to his Prince of Wales Foundation. Two years later, at the same event, Camilla was his hostess in all but name, and *Vanity Fair* was allowed to photograph the couple, sitting across from each other at dinner in the Queen's Picture Gallery. Five days after

that, Charles publicly kissed her for the first time, as she stood in a receiving line at a charity event with Lord Jacob Rothschild.

By then she was also at the Prince's side for his cultural weekends at Sandringham, regular gatherings of writers, artists, and theater people. Penny Mortimer, the wife of the writer John Mortimer, recalled a weekend in 1998 that included the historian Antony Beevor, the acting couple Edward Fox and Joanna David, and Lady Harrod, "a great expert on Norfolk churches." She told me, "I think John and I were invited because a friend and I started an organization called Leave Country Sports Alone, which was for members and supporters of the Labour Party who were against the ban on foxhunting."

In 1999, Camilla made a high-profile visit to New York with Mark Bolland. The main event was a lunch given by the city's queen of philanthropy, Brooke Astor, for a select group that included U.N. secretary-general Kofi Annan, media tycoons Michael Bloomberg and Mortimer Zuckerman, designer Oscar de la Renta, and *Vogue* editor Anna Wintour.

In London, she started having clothes made by the Chelsea couturier Antony Price, as well as by Antonia Robinson and Anna Valentine, whose made-to-order suits and evening gowns have a fresh but classic feeling. For a garden party she attended with Charles at Holyroodhouse, the Queen's palace in Edinburgh, she had her first hat made by the hot young milliner Philip Treacy, whose clients include "everybody from the royal family to Marilyn Manson." He told me, "I expected her to have highly conservative taste, and I was astonished that she actually wanted a very glamorous hat. I had a very difficult Jack Russell terrier called Mr. Pig. He only liked me and a very few other people, but over a 12-year period of having him, I totally trusted his opinion. When I got to the shop, she was already there, and he was kneeling adoringly at her feet. I thought, I like her already, and I hadn't even met her."

By then, Robert Fellowes had left Buckingham Palace for a position with Barclay's Bank, and he was replaced by his deputy, Robin Janvrin, who had always been more sympathetic to Charles and Camilla's cause. Janvrin asked the Queen for permission to meet with Camilla, and he eventually persuaded the Queen to do the same. Her decision was bolstered by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had already paid several visits to Camilla at Ray Mill House and St. James's Palace. In June 2001, Charles was stunned to learn that his mother was planning to attend the 60th-birthday party he was giving for former king Constantine of Greece at Highgrove, knowing full well that Camilla would be there. As one former Palace official said, "Since [the Queen] feels that the succession to the throne must take its natural course, she had to find a way of becoming closer to her son." The encounter between the two women was brief and very formal, "merely a cracking of the ice rather than a breaking of it," in the words of one of Charles's aides.

Where the Queen led, the press followed. In August, *The Spectator* ran a lengthy article called "The Next Royal Wedding," saying that after the Queen's Golden Jubilee was commemorated, in 2002, the next major event on the royal agenda would be the wedding of Prince Charles and Camilla. "It is both cruel and absurd that the Prince and Mrs. Parker Bowles should be forced to contemplate old age deprived of the benefits and comforts of marriage," wrote Peter Oborne, but he also noted that some officials at both Buckingham and St. James's Palaces seemed to agree that Charles's wife should never become Princess of Wales or, ultimately, Queen. "She can just be called Camilla Windsor."

When Prince Charles himself was asked if he and Camilla were planning to wed in the near future, he answered philosophically, "Will I be alive tomorrow? Who knows what the good Lord has planned? You can't be certain about anything."

It would be another three and a half years before Charles proposed to Camilla, just before New Year's Eve in 2004, having secured the approval of his mother, father, and sons during the family's Christmas holiday at Sandringham. According to a report in *The Observer,* the 56-year-old heir to the throne "sank to one knee in front of the woman he loved and popped the question" at Birkhall, the house in Scotland he had inherited from his grandmother. Ironically, the Queen Mother had been adamantly opposed to their marriage, and her death, in March 2002 at age 101, effectively removed the last obstacle to Camilla's acceptance by the royal family. Two months later, at the Buckingham Palace ceremony marking the Queen's Golden Jubilee, Camilla was seated directly behind the monarch, and a month after that the General Synod of the Church of England voted to lift the ban on divorced persons remarrying in the church if a former spouse was still living. Perhaps of equal weight in the court of public opinion, Camilla was warmly embraced by Elton John, who had been a great friend of Princess Diana's, at a Somerset House gala co-chaired by Lord Rothschild and London's newest billionaire philanthropist, Lily Safra. According to *Hello!,* which ran the photograph Elton John kissing and hugging Camilla, percent of the British people were now in vor of Charles's marrying her.

With the Queen Mother's passing, Cha moved into her London residence, Clare House, which, like the much smaller Y House, his residence since his separation f Diana, adjoins St. James's Palace. Ro Kime was brought in to redecorate the quarters at a reported cost of $7.7 mill shared by the Crown Estate and the Pri out of his annual income of more than $ million from the Duchy of Cornwall. (Cha was removed from the Civil List in 1993, therefore no longer receives an annual gov ment stipend; his private income is taxed rate of 40 percent.) Camilla was given her two-room suite, and she was included at dinner Charles hosted there in June 2003 his parents and other family members to h celebrate the 50th anniversary of the Que coronation. She was also personally invitec the Queen to the Westminster Abbey serv commemorating that historic occasion.

But even as the once antagonistic relati between the offices of the Queen a the Prince of Wales warmed—a process fa itated by the departure of hotshot Mark F land and the arrival of Sir Michael Peat former aide and favorite of Her Majest as Charles's private secretary—new scand rocked the royal family. Most distressing the young princes in particular was the arr in January 2001, of Diana's butler, Paul B rell, for the alleged theft of some 300 ite belonging to their mother. Two years la Burrell's trial collapsed when the Queen, a a discussion with Philip and Charles, came his defense. Her good deed was rewarde year later by the publication of Burrell's t all memoir, *A Royal Duty,* which includ a letter from Diana expressing her fears th her ex-husband was plotting to have her assassinated in a car crash. As if that were enough, revelations during Burrell's trial h led to accusations that an alleged gay ra involving two men in Prince Charles's e ploy in the 1980s had been covered up by James's Palace. Both Burrell and the se declared rape victim, George Smith, howev were in the pay of the tabloids that headlin their stories, the *Daily Mirror* and the *Mail Sunday,* respectively, which cast some dou on the veracity of their claims.

There was little Charles and Camilla cou do but go on with their lives and wait. Y the limbo of living together without offic status for her began to chafe on him. In o well-publicized incident Charles refused attend the wedding of his godson Edwa van Cutsem to the Duke of Westminste daughter because Camilla, not being his wi was to be seated at the back of the churc She could not accompany him on his of

tours either, though by last year she frequently beside him at the scores of nts he attends annually in support of the charitable organizations and cultural itutions of which he is the patron or sident.

t greatly annoys the Prince's friends and f that he gets so little credit in the press his good works. Charles probably raises nuch money for charity as any other in- dual in Great Britain, if not more; in 2004 he he raised $191 million for the 16 char- he directly runs, including $47.3 million the Prince's Trust. When I mentioned v impressed I was by these figures to one is cousins, the response was immediate l snappish: "I'd like to see someone else his job."

Richmond, I followed the Prince and Duchess from the farmers' market to the n station, where they met with five fledg- entrepreneurs from the region who had their start with the help of ROSE (Rural portunities for Self Employment), a proj- of the Prince's Trust that makes loans of to $7,000 and grants of up to $2,600 to needy youngsters "turn their hobbies into inesses." Martina Milburn, the chief ex- tive of the Prince's Trust, told me, "Last , through our various programs, we helped ut 42,000 people between the ages of 14 30 who tend to be near the bottom of heap to achieve something better." Rich- Nesling, a 27-year-old craftsman who kes jet jewelry, was impressed that Charles w jet was actually fossilized monkey- zle tree. He said, "It felt really great just ay, 'Thank you, sir, for your help.'"

The Prince's Trust was making these ro-loans even before the World Bank, just Charles himself was ahead of the curve promoting organic farming, alternative complementary medicine, architectural servation, environmental protection, and ditional arts and crafts, all causes once n as New Age, reactionary, or nerdy, and v considered respectably mainstream.

Camilla has also taken on more causes ner own, including the Unicorn Theatre, ildren's theater on London's South Bank. nna David says Camilla has done every- ng from attending lunches with potential ors from the City to "coming to the site hard hat." For several years she has been rustee of the Wiltshire Bobby Van Trust, ich, as its former director, Colonel Bob hardson-Aitken, explains, "sends modi- l police vehicles to visit elderly, vulnera- , or disadvantaged victims of burglaries other crimes and helps them secure their mes." The colonel adds, "The Prince of les has been enormously kind in that he given us a dinner at Highgrove each r, which does have a startling effect on ple who go there. People who meet him may start out being republicans but end up being royalists. He wins them over—he's bloody good at it. They are both very caring people, and they are very affectionate with each other. She had to make a little speech at the first dinner at Highgrove welcoming us all, and I made a point of watching his face whilst she made the speech. He was almost *willing* her to do well and was elated when she did."

On February 10, 2005, Clarence House announced that Prince Charles would marry Camilla Parker Bowles on April 8 in a civil ceremony at Windsor Castle. The announcement declared that Charles's wife would not assume the title of Princess of Wales but instead would be known as Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Cornwall. Furthermore, when Charles became King, she would be the Prince's Consort, not Queen.

The following day Buckingham Palace issued a statement from the Queen and Prince Philip saying, "We have given them our warmest good wishes for their future together." Congratulations were also extended by Princes William and Harry, Prime Minister Tony Blair, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. Earl Spencer, Diana's brother, and Mohamed Al Fayed, whose son, Dodi, had died with Diana, refused to comment.

And then the problems began. First, the venue had to be switched, from Windsor Castle to the nearby Guildhall, because of an obscure statute that said, in effect, that if Charles were married in a civil ceremony in the castle, the general public would automatically be entitled to be married there for the next three years. Then Labour M.P. Andrew MacKinlay set off weeks of debate in Parliament and the press by accusing Clarence House of hiding the fact that constitutionally Camilla would be Princess of Wales and eventually Queen no matter what she chose to call herself. A founder of the Diana Circle, Joan Berry, told the *Mail on Sunday* that Camilla was not fit to become a member of the royal family and called on the Queen to cancel the wedding "even at this late stage." Vivienne Parry, a former trustee of Diana's memorial fund, chimed in: "There is only one Princess of Wales in people's minds. And only when Prince William gets married, perhaps many years from now, will it be time for another one."

With Pope John Paul II's death the week before the wedding, even the date had to be changed. Clarence House first announced that the wedding would go forward as planned, even if it conflicted with the papal funeral. The following day, however, it was announced that Charles, sans Camilla, would go to Rome with Tony Blair, and the wedding would be postponed from Friday to Saturday.

"Apparently Camilla woke up feeling absolutely awful that day, with a high temperature and flu," recalls William Shawcross. "But she looked terrific at the wedding."

Anna Valentine told me she had six weeks to make the two outfits for Camilla, the oyster-colored coat and dress she wore to the Guildhall and the porcelain-blue coat and gown she changed into for the blessing and reception that followed in Windsor Castle. "The coat was made of silk shantung that we had hand-painted with a design taken from a piece of jewelry that had belonged to the Duchess's mother. We overembroidered it with gold thread to finish it off." Philip Treacy's hat, he says, was "a half-halo of baby-ostrich feathers—nothing was killed—that slightly defies gravity when it sits on the head. It's a sort of 21st-century headdress."

Only two dozen family members attended the civil ceremony, including Princess Anne, Prince Andrew, and Prince Edward; the late Princess Margaret's children, Viscount Linley and Lady Sarah Chatto; and Camilla's father, sister, and brother. Prince William and Tom Parker Bowles were their parents' witnesses, and Prince Harry gave a thumbs-up sign to the photographers outside.

The newlyweds were then driven through

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(Signed) John W. Bellando, Executive Vice President/Chief Operating Officer

Camilla Parker Bowles

the town, where a crowd of 20,000 had gathered, to Windsor Castle. Anna Valentine helped the bride change outfits while they watched TV and saw guests arriving at St. George's Chapel. The Queen and Prince Philip, along with the whole royal family, sat to the right of the altar for the 45-minute Service of Prayer and Dedication, conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Just behind Camilla's family on the other side of the altar were about 20 of her friends, including the Palmer-Tomkinsons, John Bowes-Lyon, and two longtime intimates who are now her unofficial ladies-in-waiting, Virginia Carrington and Carolyn Benson. "I've never, ever seen Camilla look so happy as she did when she walked down the aisle," Jane Churchill told me. "But, you know, when they walk past you must curtsy. And, I tell you, it's just sort of surreal to curtsy to your former flatmate."

"The most surreal thing for *me,*" said another insider, "was seeing Cherie Blair embrace Camilla."

The reception for 800 was, in the words of one guest, like a great big country wedding. Prince Charles had invited his entire staff as well as the employees of his charities, who mingled with King Constantine and Queen Anne-Marie of Greece, Crown Prince Haakon and Crown Princess Mette-Marit of Norway, King Hamad of Bahrain, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Sir David Frost, the designer Valentino, the rock star Phil Collins, actors Kenneth Branagh, Stephen Fry, and Joanna Lumley, the comedian Joan Rivers, and Andrew Parker Bowles with his wife, Rosemary.

By all accounts, the afternoon's highlight was the amusing speech given by a jubilant Queen Elizabeth. "I have two important announcements to make," she began. "The first is that Hedgehunter has won the Grand National." After this reference to the most important race of the year, which was greeted with hilarity, the Queen continued to use the language of the horse world. "My son is home and dry with the woman he loves. They have been over difficult jumps—Bechers Brook and the Chair—and all kinds of other terrible obstacles. And now they're in the winner's enclosure."

They spent their 10-day honeymoon in Scotland, at Birkhall, which sits on the edge of Balmoral's 50,000 acres along the river Dee. Annabel and Simon Elliot flew up to join them for a few days of fly-fishing, and Charles and Camilla spent time sketching and painting. They also carried out their first royal engagement as a couple, the opening of a children's playground in the area. As always in Scotland, Charles wore a kilt, and Camilla tried out her new Scottish title, Duchess of Rothesay.

While I was in London, Clarence House announced that the Duchess of Cornwall had agreed to become a patron of five additional charities, including the London Chamber Orchestra and the Animal Care Trust. It was also announced that Prince William, at 23, would become patron of a charity for the first time. He chose one associated with both of his parents, Centrepoint, which runs shelters for homeless young people in London. It was after a visit to Centrepoint that Charles decided to start the Prince's Trust, and Diana was the organization's royal patron from 1992 until her death.

On September 15, Prince Harry turned 21, and Sky TV ran a half-hour interview. He said of Camilla, "She's a wonderful woman and she's made our father very, very happy, which is the most important thing. Will and I love her to bits."

"They really do love her," confirms Sa Sebag Montefiore. "They've come a l way, and it's all due to Prince Charles Camilla, who must have been very tactfu the seven years since Diana died. I kr Charles didn't in any way push Camill them—they would have come to her. I that at the wedding, when William and H ry kissed her very affectionately at the en the reception. It was a real moment. It wa for the cameras."

A few days before Prince Harry's in view, he and William were at the weddin Camilla's son, Tom Parker Bowles, to S Buys, in Oxfordshire. Tom writes a food umn for *Tatler;* his bride's a fashion ed at *Harpers & Queen.* The trendy crowd cluded Sir Mick Jagger, Hugh Grant Jemima Khan, and Zac and Sheheraz Goldsmith. One of the couple's you friends, *V.F.* contributing editor Kate Re don, told me, "I watched Camilla dis dancing. Not only did she not look activ ridiculous, she looked sexy. It wasn't Sop Loren tits-and-teeth-in-your-face sexines not vulgar. It was just honest sexiness. A for the first time I could see why Prin Charles fell for her."

John Bowes-Lyon, who was also at Tor wedding, told me that Camilla reminds h of the Queen Mother, who was a first co in of his father's. "The Queen Mother h such a sense of humor about herself a about everything that happened in her l She was also totally foot-on-the-ground. S hated any pomposity. Camilla's got the sa sort of sense of humor and a very indiv ual character. I'm sure as time goes on t British people will take her to their hear I'm not a clairvoyant, but I suppose, in t natural course of events, there's nothing stop her from becoming Queen." □

Kate Moss

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 316 at an age when most of her contemporaries have long since faded.

Her story is now legend. Only 14 at the time, she was spotted at J.F.K. Airport, on her way back home to the London suburb of Croydon, by Sarah Doukas, the founder of the British modeling agency Storm. Gangly and tiny, she had, according to an unauthorized biography, *Kate Moss: Model of Imperfection,* just lost her virginity, while on vacation.

The daughter of a U.K. travel agent, Pe and a housewife, Linda, Moss was repeatedly turned down by fashion editors because she was considered too short for the runway, and her skinny, schoolgirl looks seemed absurdly out of place in a world dominated by the Amazonian curves of Christy Turlington and Linda Evangelista. "I remember seeing her come into the offices of British *Vogue,*" says *Vanity Fair* contributing stylist Sarajane Hoare. "She had this amazing face, but her body just wasn't what we were into in the late 80s."

Undeterred, Moss came to America with Sorrenti and met Fabien Baron, who knew that Calvin Klein was looking for someone resembling the diminutive French model and singer Vanessa Paradis, who had just turned him down for an advertising campaign. "And then I brought him Kate Moss," Baron says. (Ironically, Moss would, in the mid-90s, start seeing Johnny Depp, who would later become Paradis's longtime partner.) Klein took one look and decided to hire Moss on th spot. His images of the child-woman becan fashion legend, introducing the controversi look known as "heroin chic."

"She became the iconic model for grunge says Hoare. And she stayed that way, th year becoming the first-ever model to be c British *Vogue*'s cover 10 times. That mag zine's September issue, with her on the co er, was its best-selling issue in five years. It r mains to be seen how much money Mos who reportedly makes between $5 millio and $9 million a year and whose net wort has recently been estimated at $55 millio will lose from the scandal. The H&M co tract, reported to be for $1.7 million, and th Burberry contract, worth about $700,000 a nually, were both terminated, while Chan opted simply to let its $1.3 million contra

Moss expire in October. The canceled tern ad campaign was said to pay about ,000. Impossible to determine is how the dal will affect Moss's future income.

oss's staying power was attributed to both her distinctiveness and her original onal style. Columns everywhere were de- d to her skinniness and hollow look. Was anorexic? Stylists and fashion photogra- s say emphatically not. Hoare recalls ng French fries with her at McDon- . Nick Knight, the English photographer, that for lunch she eats fish-and-chips. lso much commented on was Moss's ction to rock 'n' roll boys: ny Depp in his wild phase, n he'd trash hotel rooms: e Wood, son of Rolling es guitarist Ronnie; the he aristocrat Dan Macmil- Antony Langdon of Space- ; *Jackass* prankster John- noxville; to name just a few. ly added to her appeal as wan face showed both re- nce and vulnerability. "This e world's most beautiful an," said Nick Buckley, ty news editor of the *Sun- Mirror,* to reporter Edward more, for his story on Do- y in the July 2005 issue of *ty Fair.* She "likes to party . Yet she always manages to like Snow White the next ning."

t the turn of the millenni- she said she had spent much he 90s drunk. "Most peo- did," remembers photogra- and *Vanity Fair* contribut- editor Patrick McMullan. at's how we got through the s." He adds, "But I don't ember Kate as being excep- ally wild—and certainly not ublic."

n 1998, Moss spent a peri- n rehab in London's Priory ic, supposedly for "exhaus- ." During her stay she accidentally set to her room when a meditation candle too close to a scarf. "What did I learn ehab?" she said later to a friend with a k. It was 11 A.M. She'd just ordered glasses of champagne—both for her- "A lot about alcohol."

Was she addicted, or was she just hav- fun? With Moss it was hard to know, ticularly as she never let up on her fu- sly driven work ethic. "I do know if e says, 'Come out tonight,' or whatever, Meet here,' or 'Come out, I'm doing ... I'm doing that,' I do know that I'm going to be going home at 12 o'clock at night," says Tracey Emin. "I do know that it's going to be a good three or four o'clock in the morning. I do know there's going to be a lot of dancing. I do know it's going to be a lot of fun. I do know it's going to be related to music. I know this." Emin adds, however, that "I have never done a line of coke in my life, and there's no need to in her presence."

In recent years Moss has shown signs of maturing, choosing as the father of her child not one of the wilder men she dated but Jefferson Hack, the editorial director of the British magazine *Dazed & Confused.* He is reputed to be a stable, clever man—"a sort of academic," according to Emin, and he is universally described as "nice."

Even though Moss and Hack dated for several years, it was not a relationship destined to last. "He fell in love with her, and I think he [thought] the habits of that person will change ... and I don't think that's what she's about," says someone who knows the couple. This person says Hack is more likely to settle down to watch TV with Lila Grace while Moss is getting ready to go out partying. "It was clearly doomed," the person says.

Bella Freud (the daughter of the artist Lucian, who painted Moss's portrait in 2002) says Moss has a voracious appetite for life. "She really does pay attention to art.... She's really interested in everything. She somehow amazingly just doesn't miss stuff. Being her, people will invite her to check things out, so you'll find that she's actually seen all these amazing performances of some incredible ballet.... I think, God, how the hell did she think of doing that, but then, she's really clever in checking things out." Freud adds that her 83-year-old father hit it off famously with Moss, "largely because of Kate's intelligence and the fact that she's not afraid to say exactly what she thinks."

Moss's range of acquaintances is far broader than one might imagine. Last year she went with artist Sam Taylor-Wood to Buckingham Palace to meet the Queen, who was greeting Britain's "women of achievement." "She is always pitch-perfect in these things," recalls Taylor-Wood. "She wore a kind of vintage royal-blue dress. I think it was the same color as the Queen's.... She pushed me in first. I felt a sharp hand in my back as I was thrust forward by her."

At the christening Moss held two years ago for Lila Grace in the countryside, with around 50 guests, "she had on something like a pale-yellow or white kind of 50s-style dress, you know, with a strapless bodice and then a chiffon skirt, like to just below the knee ... like a real lady dress," remembers Freud, who marvels that Moss looked so "fresh" one afternoon soon after she had given birth to Lila Grace.



I'M WITH THE BAND
Kate Moss and Pete Doherty stroll backstage at the Glastonbury music festival at Worthy Farm, Pilton, Somerset, England, June 25, 2005. Doherty was the co-leader of the Libertines before founding Babyshambles.

Once again, however, the image belied the reality. Although Moss is not the type to pound a treadmill, according to Hoare, she was forced to work to regain her figure following the birth of Lila Grace, ultimately accompanying Hong Kong businessman David Tang and his wife, Lucy, to Thailand, where they worked out and ate healthily. "We had a really great time," says Tang, who notes that Moss "has a great sense of style—if she goes into a room she doesn't like, she'll change the furniture

around or drape fabric over a lamp." Lucy Tang adds, "She certainly wasn't doing drugs then."

Tracey Emin recalls a peaceful time spent recently with Moss and her daughter in Italy. "She sat there reading the novel *Poor Cow,* by Nell Dunn—about a woman who falls in love with a young criminal while her husband is in jail. I jokingly said to her, 'I'm not sure I agree with your choice of reading.'"

Photographers and stylists say that working with Moss is a pleasure. Some swear she is on time; others say that she isn't. "But you forgive her for being hours late," says one, "because when she's in front of a camera she gives it her all." In fact, many say she often ends up subtly directing the shoot. "She'll say, 'Why don't I wear this silver belt, because it's just so cool'—and usually she's right.... It's not that the clothes dominate her. She dominates the clothes," says Hoare.

One of the secrets of Moss's success is that fashion editors are awed by her personal style—an effortless mix of punk with classic or retro or avant-garde; it's always unexpected and always looks completely unforced. This year the Council of Fashion Designers of America (C.F.D.A.) gave her an award for fashion influence. The only flaw in the evening was that when Moss got to the podium to accept the award she was so wasted, according to one designer, she could barely say "C.F.D.A." To some of her friends, this was one more sign that the previous year had finally taken Moss over the edge.

In fall 2004, Moss sat in the corner of a room, following a photo shoot. "I just can't handle it all," she confided to people there, people she has known for years. "I don't know whether I can manage to keep it all going." She added that she felt terribly alone: not, of course, in the physical sense, since Kate Moss is seldom literally alone—whatever town she is in, there are always photographers, friends to call up, and handlers to manage her.

But continually re-inventing herself to keep her career on track was tough, and there was now her daughter. Friends were concerned for her. Tracey Emin puts it bluntly: "Kate was holding every bloody thing together until that stupid film came out, until the *Daily Mirror* showed those photos. Kate is fantastic. She not only has a fantastic career—and it's really professional what she does—she also has fantastic business acumen. She's also really, really a bloody good mother.... Kate is hands-on.... She had one mad, lovely party, on her birthday, and, of course, that gets all in the press. You're allowed to have a birthday party. It's ridiculous."

The party Emin is referring to occurred in January 2004, beginning at Sam Taylor-Wood's house, in Central London, and finishing at Claridge's hotel the next morning. It was themed "The Beautiful and the Damned," after F. Scott Fitzgerald's 1922 novel, a fictional version of his and his wife Zelda's decadent life. In the wake of the *Daily Mirror*'s photographs this September, reports emerged chronicling orgiastic sex taking place in one of the Claridge's suites. Yet, Emin, who attended the party, says she saw no orgy.

It is possible that other people had an entirely different experience—a reflection of Moss's complex personality. "Kate is an overtly sexual person," says a journalist who has interviewed her. "She used to have one pair of shoes with spikes at the back that she called her sex boots—because she said she wore them when she had sex."

Moss herself has been portrayed in the British newspapers and by some acquaintances as quite the libertine. Tabloid reports of a threesome with Jude Law and Sadie Frost drove another wedge between Law and his ex-fiancée, actress Sienna Miller, the allegation coming after Miller had learned Law cheated on her with their nanny, Daisy Wright.

The bad-girl reputation was enhanced when Moss met and was drawn to Britain's most notorious rock 'n' roll bad boy, Pete Doherty, who had co-headed a band known as the Libertines. Following two months in prison for stealing from a bandmate, and after a second Libertines album, he formed the group known as Babyshambles. Its forthcoming album is reportedly to be produced by Mick Jones. Doherty has a notoriously out-of-control lifestyle, but, as a former choirboy who, according to a friend, got into Oxford, he professes to be inspired by the mysticism of Blake.

To Moss, he was irresistible. "She thought he was like Byron or something," says an acquaintance of hers. Mostly, though, some friends saw very quickly that the relationship spelled trouble for Moss. Even loyal Mario Sorrenti says, "Maybe that is not the best relationship that she has ever been in." Jefferson Hack's parents told the *Daily Mail* that when they first heard about the relationship they thought it so incredible it must be a joke. Sam Taylor-Wood, on the other hand, says that Doherty, in person, is not like his public image. "He's much taller than you imagine, and he has buckets of charisma," she says. "She was probably attracted to that, because she's not a dumb model."

The relationship with Doherty was obvious fodder for the British tabloids—in particular *The Sun* and the *Daily Mirror,* which ran photograph after photograph of the couple, making them seem like the modern incarnation of rockers Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen or Keith Richards and Anita Pallenberg. Doherty's hangers-on would, according to one person, alert the photographers when the couple was likely to show up—in particular at the Boogaloo, a pub in North London—and get paid handsomely for their efforts.

Moss, who is used to the attention, took it in stride. According to Gerrard Tyrrell, she has always had a "pretty frank relationship with the *Daily Mirror,*" particularly when it was run by Piers Morgan, who was fired when he unwittingly printed fake photographs of British soldiers abusing Iraqi detainees.

In January—against the advice of Dame Tang, who told her not to bother—she sued the *Sunday Mirror,* which printed allegations that she had passed out on cocaine. Tyrrell says that Moss was actually with Nelson Mandela at the time she was supposed to be lying in a drug-induced stupor—and that there were many witnesses to prove it.

Who did shoot the infamous video? Moss's legal team would surely like to find out. James Mullord, Doherty's former manager, says he became a suspect after he was fired because he questioned Mick Jones's production style. "I said, 'Mick, clearly you like a very raw and natural production style, whereas your albums, as a member of the Clash, other than the first one, were nicely and relatively well produced and refined. How did you resolve that at the time?' He [Jones] just looked at me and walked off and the next day said, 'How the fuck do you dare question me? Who do you think you are?' I said, 'Mick, I'm just asking a question ...' " (Jones did not respond to requests for comment.)

Mullord, who was in the recording studio that night, claims he was initially blamed by Doherty and Moss. He says he pointed out to Mick Jones's wife, Miranda, that the video must have been shot by whomever Kate was talking to, because the camera was pointed directly at her face. According to the *Evening Standard,* the culprits may be two drug dealers who came to the studio that night.

Sources close to Moss's legal team say they are still working on discovering who provided the *Daily Mirror* with the stills and the figure—rumored to be anywhere from $80,000 to upwards of $1 million—paid for them. Tyrrell says he heard that the newspaper paid $306,319, whereas the *Daily Mirror* has said the figure is $87,000. One thing that interests the legal team is tha

the pictures been open to bidders, then *News of the World,* the Sunday tabloid ed by Rupert Murdoch, would proba- ıave outbid everyone else. But a source ıe *News of the World* says they were r offered them.

Which raises the question: Was there e kind of setup? The *Daily Mirror* has ed that it had a vendetta against Moss was trying to nail her drug habit.

Moss, at the time of this writing, is mid- way through her stay at the Meadows c, where former celebrities such as Elle cpherson (who says she was treated e for postpartum depression), British girl" Tara Palmer-Tomkinson, and oth- ıave found help. One of the program's itects, Pia Mellody, is said to be an expert in dealing with co-dependency issues. Cell phones are forbidden, and communication with the outside world is limited; however, Jefferson Hack brought Lila Grace over to see her mother briefly before returning to England with their daughter. Some of Moss's friends say some good might actually come out of the entire unfortunate incident. "She needed a break," says Emin. "We all do—at times—need to stand back and look at our lives."

Someone who saw Moss this summer was concerned she was out of control: "Her looks were starting to go.... She was so out of it, although unlike most drug users, who tend to be consistent, Kate is unusual. She can be utterly charming when she wants, and one day she'd be charming and another day out of it."

When Moss was at the Mercer hotel, her older friends, most of whom are married with children, gave her advice which they say she listened to with good grace. David Tang says he told her that "she shouldn't worry too much about the business [because] you have to accept up and down, this is down.... I also said to her, never lose your sense of humor. The moment you lose your sense of humor, you lose a sense of proportion." He adds, "Kate is a very sensible girl."

And David Lipman says he hugged her and said something to her that made her emotional: "Whatever you do, don't ever weigh what I say or don't think you owe anybody anything but yourself. When you make that decision, do me one favor—see Lila Grace in your eyes." □

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60 Minutes"

TINUED FROM PAGE 308 his initial in- ction, Lieutenant Bush signed papers ıising to fly for five more years, until 1974. He was then sent to Ellington Air e Base, near Houston, to serve with the ı Fighter Interceptor Squadron. There, ı trained on and flew the F-102, a fight- t not much in use in Vietnam. But then already signed papers saying he didn't to go overseas.

or a little more than two years, he con- ed to fly the F-102. His assessments ap- to have been good. Then, in April 1972, rding to Bush's flight records, the future ident climbed out of the cockpit and ed away.

eorge W. Bush says that during his ab- e from Houston he was working on a ıte campaign in Alabama and pulling end drills at a nearby Guard base. Scant ence has been found to support his ı of serving in Alabama, however, and idn't return to his unit in Houston until May 1973, six months after his candi- lost the election.

hat fall, Bush was released to go back and attend Harvard Business School. r breaking a promise to join a reserve in that area, he sought and won a final ration from duty.

ought this was a significant story, an in- ght into who George W. Bush was and kind of life he had led. It became even e important when Bush made National rd troops such a central part of the fight- orce in Iraq. This was just the kind of ac- luty the president had managed to avoid. y midsummer of 2004, as Bush was run- for re-election, the Texas gossip grape- was beginning to reverberate with word that someone had new documents involving his Guard service. Eventually, the rumors led me to Bill Burkett, a former cattle rancher who lived in the wilds of West Texas. In February 2004, Burkett had gone public with a tale about witnessing what he called a "cleansing" of Bush documents at Texas National Guard headquarters in Austin in 1997, while Bush was governor. One of the people Burkett relied on to back him up had denied all knowledge, leaving Burkett to twist in the wind. He was generally viewed by the press as an anti-Bush zealot. That is how I regarded him, too.

Burkett had left the Guard in the late 1990s, in what appeared to be one of the organization's seemingly constant personnel purges. I knew Burkett didn't like Bush. As governor, Bush didn't do what Burkett thought was needed to clean up the Guard's endemic corruption. And I knew Burkett was bitter over what he felt was unfair treatment with regard to medical problems he said he developed while stationed in Panama for the Guard.

But bitterness, medical problems, political differences, and an angry departure from a workplace don't disqualify someone from serving as a source. In fact, those are often defining elements for a whistle-blower. I decided to keep talking to Burkett.

Finally, late in August, Burkett agreed to get together with an experienced Austin-based researcher named Mike Smith and myself. On Thursday, September 2, we met Burkett and his wife, Nicki, at a family-owned pizza place in Clyde, Texas, a small town not far from their home. Inside, Bill Burkett reached into a blue folder and pulled out a white sheet of paper with a few paragraphs typed on it. I saw the heading "111th Fighter Interceptor Squadron" and the date "01 August 1972." I knew that was the date referred to in the official record as the day Bush's commander suspended the young first lieutenant's flight status.

The memo said that Bush was being suspended not just for "failure to meet annual physical examination (flight) as ordered," but also for "failure to perform to USAF/TexANG standards." That was new. And it was big.

The document said that Bush "has made no attempt to meet his training certification or flight physical" and that he "expresses desire to transfer out of state including assignment to non-flying billets." The statement about Bush making "no attempt" to meet his certification or to get his physical sounded bad. It sounded as if, instead of arranging for an orderly transfer to Alabama, he'd ducked his duty.

I looked up and told Burkett my greatest fear was that this was a political dirty trick, something one side or the other might pull to hurt either the president or the newspeople who ran with the document. Burkett looked hurt and genuinely shocked. "I can't believe someone would hate me that much," he said. Then Burkett handed over another document. This one also contained information that was damning to the president. I didn't grill Burkett on where he had gotten them. I knew him well enough to worry that, if I gave him time to take the documents back, he was fully capable of doing just that.

The first thing we found out from the document analysts was that without originals there was no way we could ever date the documents physically. The memos we had were copies or, more likely, copies of copies. But we had no reason to think that this factor, in itself, should bring our story to a screeching halt. Most news reports involving documents—whether the Pentagon Papers or garden-variety court records—are based on copies of documents, not the originals. What was most

important to us was finding information that would validate or negate the documents and what they contained. Scientific proof isn't the journalistic standard in such a case. Solid, compelling evidence is.

Analyzing the content of the memos, comparing each detail of information with the official records, getting corroboration from anyone else associated with Bush's unit—those were the things that could give us a sense of whether these memos were the real thing. This became even more urgent when Burkett produced four additional memos, including one in which Killian complained of pressure to "sugar coat" Bush's annual review.

I did not find the kinds of telltale flaws that give away forgeries. The addresses were right, the dates were right, the references to the 1972 Air Force Manual cited the right page and the right paragraph. Even Bush's service number, which had been blacked out on many officially released documents, was correct. When Bush's former commander confirmed to me that Killian had been miffed at Bush's departure for Alabama, that Killian had complained about it, and that the sentiments in the memos were familiar to him, I felt we were home free. The clear preponderance of evidence supported the idea that these memos were real. We had to go with the report.

I had envisioned running the story in mid- to late September, but Josh Howard explained that there were some stumbling blocks. Our time slot on September 15 would be taken over by a Billy Graham crusade in about a third of the country, Josh said, and *60 Minutes II* would be pre-empted on September 22 because of an hour-long Dr. Phil special. So our choices were really the 8th—just six days after our meeting with the Burketts—or the 29th.

We already knew that many news organizations were chasing the president's National Guard documents. In sizing up our Bush-Guard story—Josh's very first as executive producer on *60 Minutes II*—Josh wanted us to push as hard as we could and get it on the air as soon as possible.

We worked like demons, and at about two in the afternoon on September 8 we had our first screening of the piece, which was set to run that night. It was a few minutes too long, and when the lights went up, Josh made it clear he wanted to leave out the section quoting from the new and old documents and showing how they folded together. He thought it was too confusing, too inside-baseball.

Josh also wanted to remove a section from the script where we reported that General Hodges, Colonel Killian's direct commander, had corroborated the memos' contents. We were now excluding altogether two of our strongest reasons for believing that the memos were real. Two of the three sturdy legs supporting our story were knocked aside in haste. [Josh Howard told the CBS panel that it was Mapes who requested taking out the reference to General Hodges.]

The piece we were left with made it look as though our trust in the new memos rested entirely on the word of Marcel Matley, who had examined all six memos, and James Pierce, who had seen the original two. Two other analysts had seen the first two memos as well: Linda James told me she needed to see originals in order to determine their authenticity, and Emily Will raised questions about the superscript "th." [Will says she called CBS before the segment aired, warning that the documents were problematic.]

I was uncomfortable with the script, and in retrospect I should have done something I'd never done at CBS before. I should have said, "No." Instead, I went back to work.

Dan came in and quickly recorded changes in narration. We all watched the story one more time, and then Josh said he had to take it. I was later told that the tape of the story was shown to Andrew Heyward. By then I had collapsed on a colleague's couch.

The story aired at eight, and on the broadcast it looked solid. I began to beat myself up for being so worried. Friends and colleagues called to congratulate me. Dan was pleased. By the barest of margins, it seemed we had pulled it off.

I didn't know the exact chronology of our demise until long after the shouting and the shrieking had died down.

Just before midnight eastern time, a few hours after the broadcast, an anonymous writer calling himself Buckhead posted a long analysis of our memos based on what he claimed were facts about typography. His screed appeared first on the conservative Free Republic Web site. Whoever he was, Buckhead wrote like he really knew his way around the history of type, typewriters, and computer printing:

> Every single one of these memos to file is in a proportionally spaced font, probably Palatino or Times New Roman. In 1972 people used typewriters for this sort of thing, and typewriters used monospaced fonts. The use of proportionally spaced fonts did not come into common use for office memos until the introduction of laser printers, word processing software, and personal computers. . . . I am saying these documents are forgeries, run through a copier for 15 generations to make them look old.

Buckhead's conclusions and accusations were immediately echoed on a bouquet of other far-right Web sites—particularly Power Line and Little Green Footballs—places that most of the mainstream media had never heard of but would learn about in the hours, days, and weeks ahead. Their claims, unsubstantiated as they were, went virtually unchallenged by mainstream journalists, who didn't know a damned thing about typeface kerning, or proportional spacing, either. They tried hard to appear as if they did. Skepticism, a supposed hallmark of journalism, was largely forgotten.

As it turns out, Buckhead is no stranger to conservative causes. The *Los Angeles Times* revealed that his name is Harry W. MacDougald, and he is an Atlanta lawyer with years of experience working on right-wing issues. In his day job as a litigator—where MacDougald presumably uses his real name—he is affiliated with two conservative legal groups, the Southeastern Legal Foundation and the Federalist Society.

MacDougald was also a key player in drafting the petition that eventually won a five-year suspension of Bill Clinton's Arkansas law license after Clinton's misleading testimony in the Paula Jones sexual-harassment case.

Within CBS, we were approaching full panic. Part of the problem was that we suddenly found ourselves in a war and the network didn't know how to fight wars. We didn't have a war room. It didn't have a wartime mentality. The CBS press office was used to creating timeless blurbs such as: "Hear from Jennifer, the morning after she lost the Tri-Council tiebreaker."

One CBS P.R. man was brought in specifically to help, a confidant of Les Moonves named Gil Schwartz. On September 13, two days after our story ran, Gil sent me an e-mail. "If we can destroy the 'th' issue, we're way ahead," it said.

He meant that he wanted to address the subject of the superscript. Critics said that it didn't exist on typewriters at the time the memos were supposed to have been written. But it did exist. We would report this on the *CBS Evening News* that night.

A number of us had stayed up half the night on September 9, going through Bush documents released by the government until we found contemporaneous examples of the small superscript "th." One example that we found in Bush's official record appeared to have been typed as early as 1968, and we planned to put it on the air and release it online. Although the "th" in the official document was not identical to those in the Killian memos, it demonstrated that typewriters of the period were equipped to create superscripts.

I was terribly frustrated, and I barked back at Gil in an e-mail: "FOR THE 1000TH TIME, THE 'TH' ISSUE IS GONE. WE HAVE EXAMPLES FROM THE 'OFFICIAL' WHITE HOUSE DOCS. WE'RE SET." Gil decided to lecture his dim-witted colleague:

> The problem, Mary, is one of perception. As far as the press is concerned, the "th" issue is NOT gone. It's very much alive, and they have

ple crawling all over it. If we wait to address the issue until tonight's news, we will DIE he press tomorrow. Die. As in ... dead. tell me. How do I get the message out HT NOW, as in RIGHT THIS VERY MINUTE, the "th" thing is no longer an issue?

What could I do? I was a journalist. I n't have a clue how to launch or win a . war.

On September 15, we aired an interview with Marian Carr Knox, an 86-year-old mer secretary to Jerry Killian. She said had seen how then Lieutenant Bush got orable treatment and how he had avoided ing his physical, upsetting Colonel Killian d creating resentment among the other ots. The only problem was that she said also thought the memos were fakes beuse she hadn't typed them.

The next morning, Andrew called me d tersely asked me to set up a conference l with Bill Burkett for later that day. I anged the phone call, and at the appointtime Betsy, Dan, and I were shown into drew's office.

A couple of days after I got the Killian cuments from Burkett, I had begun hound- him about how he had gotten them. Fily, Burkett broke down and grumbled t he had gotten the papers from George nn, a former National Guard colleague his. Burkett said Conn would never con- n his story, but I began trying to reach nn anyway.

In the call with Andrew, however, Burt said he had created the story about nn to get me to back off. Burkett said he d promised his real source to keep the th a secret.

Now Burkett poured it out on the speakphone to our shell-shocked group. He d he had received a phone call in late bruary of 2004 from a woman named cy Ramirez who wanted to speak with n. Burkett said he was told to call her ck at a Houston Holiday Inn a few days er. Burkett said Ramirez told him she s supposed to deliver a package of documents to him.

Burkett told us that Ramirez made him mise that he would handle the package in ery specific way. He agreed to copy the cuments inside, then burn the papers themves, which were also photocopies, together h the envelope. Burkett said that he agreed this, assuming that Lucy or whoever she s wanted to destroy any DNA evidence.

Burkett said that Ramirez asked him if d when he would be in Houston, and he d her he would be at the Houston Livestock Show and Rodeo within a couple of eks, working a breed booth. Burkett said t on his first day working the booth he was nded the papers by a "dark-complected" n. An acquaintance of Burkett's confirmed to *USA Today* that he was at a Houston livestock show in early March and that, as Burkett told CBS, he asked her to hold papers for him in a box she had at the show.

While Burkett's tale unwound in Andrew's office, I looked around the room and saw that Betsy and Andrew were openmouthed, blinking, blinded by their sudden exposure to the weirdness that is and always will be Texas. Dan, having been born and raised in Texas, took the colorful story more in stride.

Before hanging up with Bill Burkett, Andrew asked if he would be willing to go public and do an interview laying out his whole story. Burkett agreed. We settled on doing the shoot in Dallas that Saturday, September 18. I thought it was possible that his stepping forward would actually help the story when viewers saw that Burkett wasn't a slick political operative or a fire-breathing three-headed ideologue.

Betsy and Dan were the last to arrive at the Dallas hotel, and they looked tired. I took Betsy to the Burketts' room first. The Burketts told Betsy that this story could end up costing them everything. Nicki stood in her shapeless cotton shift and told Betsy, "Here I stand dressed like a little peasant, hoping and praying that you're going to treat us fairly."

The room was quiet by the time Dan came in to greet the Burketts. Dan told Burkett that he was going to ask him why he had misled us about where the memos had come from. Burkett said he expected that and he very much wanted to set matters straight.

Dan told the Burketts that he had to go get his "war paint" on, and I went with him across the hall to his room. Once inside, he said, "You know, Mary, I think he is a truth teller." I thought so, too. But Bill Burkett's version of the truth could get pretty convoluted. It could be hard to see clearly. It could be self-serving. However, I didn't think for a moment that Burkett was capable of doing anything like forging documents, faking old memos, or giving anyone in the media something that he knew had been faked.

As we talked, Dan's door burst open and Betsy flew in, declaring, "Something very odd is happening in there." She nodded toward the Burketts' room, across the hall. She said that when she opened the door to their room, she saw that they were "on the ground, on their knees, at the side of the bed," mumbling. "For God's sake, Betsy, this is Texas," I told her. "They're praying."

Finally, Burkett and Dan took their seats under the great arc of lights at the front of the big room and the interview began.

Betsy stayed focused on trying to get the most self-incriminating comments possible out of Burkett. In her defense, I strongly believe that's what she had been ordered to do to protect the company and separate CBS News from Burkett as much as possible. Again and again, Betsy handed me notes that I would read and take to Dan during a break. The notes hit over and over on one thing: Ask him why he lied about where the memos came from.

Burkett, after putting the best face he could on his imperfections, said flat out that he had not told the entire truth in order to protect others. Betsy wanted more. I could see Nicki pacing off to the side and growing angrier and angrier. Dan was unhappy, and eventually he cut off the questioning.

We went back to our rooms. No one felt good. Dan packed up quickly and headed for the airport to catch a plane to Austin so he could visit his daughter. Betsy, Mike Smith, and I were sitting in Dan's abandoned room when there was a light knock on the door.

It was Nicki, a small figure in that plain dress, her eyes glistening and her lips pursed. Betsy made the mistake of asking, "Why is Bill so upset?"

Nicki erupted. "You asked Bill the same question over and over and over again trying to trip him up and catch him in a lie, but you couldn't because he didn't lie. You may think I am just some hick that doesn't know any better. But I am smart enough to know what you just did. You put a knife in Bill's back. And I'm damned sure smart enough to know that." Nicki turned with a whoosh and marched out, slamming the door behind her.

On Sunday, I had barely made it to baggage claim at New York's LaGuardia Airport when my cell phone rang. It was Dan calling from Austin.

"Mary," he said, "Andrew has decided to make an announcement tomorrow, apologizing for the story and saying that we cannot authenticate the documents." He let that sink in, then went on: "Furthermore, he tells me that he is going to appoint an independent panel to investigate the way the story was put together. Andrew thinks, he is not sure, but he thinks the panel is going to be headed up by Dick Thornburgh, the former attorney general."

I was reeling. I leaned against a wall and listened, my heart in my throat. "Now, Mary, this is very bad, and this is going to be very hard. And I am calling to tell you this, not just to give you a heads-up that this is what's coming, but because I want you to get yourself a lawyer as fast as you can." He took a deep breath. "You need to start protecting yourself. We all do."

I told Dan that I appreciated his tip. I told him good-bye. And I went to the ladies' room at LaGuardia and cried my eyes out. Jesus Christ, I was finished.

CBS News soon issued a statement that it could no longer stand by the Bush-Guard

story, and announced that it would select an independent panel to investigate what had gone wrong on the story. Burkett's confession as to misleading us about where he had gotten the documents gave Andrew Heyward and corporate CBS the cover they needed. They were looking for a way out, and Burkett's changing his story must have seemed heaven-sent. I don't know what would have happened if Burkett had stuck to his original story.

It was late October and New York's weather had become chilly. My lawyer, Dick Hibey, law associate Dan Lewis, and I turned up our collars as we walked through the wind toward Black Rock, CBS's famously imposing corporate headquarters. Lewis struggled to pull along his spindly metal cart stacked high with boxes and black notebooks—copies of my notes on phone calls and conversations with sources, my e-mails, some of my phone records, my journalistic secrets. They all had been requested by the panel, and my bosses told me I had to comply. The network had already downloaded all my e-mails from the past who-knew-how-many months and given them to the panel.

The panel members were lawyers from the massive law firm of Kirkpatrick & Lockhart Nicholson Graham, a Washington powerhouse—with the exception of former Associated Press C.E.O. Louis D. Boccardi, who had participated in the *New York Times* investigation of the Jayson Blair case.

Dick Thornburgh, the Republican former governor of Pennsylvania and attorney general under President George H. W. Bush, is also known to television viewers as one of the first American victims of comedian Sacha Baron Cohen's obtuse alter ego Ali G, who asked Thornburgh, "What is legal?," "What is illegal?," and "What is *Barely Legal*?" Thornburgh, who apparently did not catch the joke in this line of questioning, was asked by CBS News to assess the investigative work of the *60 Minutes II* team.

I knew that the panel had been asking whether I had been obsessed by the story or by President Bush himself. I knew they wondered if I was a liberal, a Bush-basher, or maybe a hothead. At least one person had been asked whether I had tried to physically intimidate people. Good Lord. I didn't know whether to laugh or cry at such a twisted line of inquiry.

I met the panel in a large boardroom. They were very mannerly and very corporate. Dick Thornburgh was quite tall. Lou Boccardi, quite short. In fact, he was tiny. I wondered if he was afraid I might turn over the table and put up my dukes.

The panel wanted to know if I had questioned Burkett that day in Clyde, Texas, on the "provenance" of the documents. I hadn't done that. I just wanted to get the papers and get out of there and start working to see if the documents were real. It seemed to me that the panel felt I should have single-handedly put Burkett under oath and then grilled him on the details of his story.

I had to laugh to myself at some of the panel's rigid, legalistic ideas of how reporting should work. With these guys running the newsroom, the details of Watergate would have stayed with Deep Throat in the parking garage. Based on their questioning, I'm convinced that Dick Thornburgh would have found Mark Felt an inadequate source, clearly a person with an agenda or political and personal motivations, something he and the panel thought was inappropriate.

On the second day of hearings, the panel began picking apart countless e-mails that had been dashed off months earlier without a second thought. At one point, Thornburgh motioned that he had something to say. "You'll have to pardon my language here," he droned.

"You mean *my* language, right?," I answered, trying to make light of whatever was to come.

"Yes, it is your language," he said flatly. Oh, shit. What had I said?

"You've written here, 'I am so sick of all of this horseshit.' What did you mean by that?" he asked. I looked at the offending e-mail and saw that it had been sent to Betsy West back in September in the context of complaining about the bloggers and their attacks. I told him I had been talking about bloggers and the bad information they were putting out.

"No, that's not what I mean," he went on. "Why did you have to use *that* word? What did you mean by 'horseshit'?"

What could I say? That "bullshit" is overused and "chickenshit" has an entirely different connotation? I was dumbfounded and finally stammered my way to a conclusion, confessing that I had used the word "horseshit" because I had a horse as a kid and it seemed to suit the situation.

Thornburgh leaned back, looked triumphantly around the table, then finished with "I'm O.K. Who's next?"

I thought back to how Thornburgh had been described to me as an "empty suit," the perfect person for politics, a blank slate ready to carry out whatever orders he got from headquarters. Now I knew differently. He wasn't an empty suit at all. He was completely full of it. Horseshit, that is.

I returned for another round of questioning on December 8. This time, we convened in Washington, where the lawyers took turns trying to ask questions that I couldn't answer. Time and again, they swung and missed.

I knew they had asked everyone about my politics, and I couldn't bel that they wouldn't hit me up for what k of card I carried, too. When it appea we were wrapping for the day and the t ic still hadn't come up, I finally said so thing. "Aren't you guys going to ask ab my politics?"

I could see Dick Hibey glaring at m though I had gone mad. But Lou Bocc jumped at the chance. "Well," he s "wouldn't you say it's true that most of people that you work with think you ar liberal?"

"You mean, are you asking me, 'A now or have I ever been a liberal?,'" I sai joking reference to the 1950s U.S. Sen hearings where Senator Joseph McCar grilled people as to whether they had e been members of the Communist Party.

Lou pressed on. "Wouldn't you descr yourself as a liberal?"

I began talking about my beliefs, ab how life is complicated and how labels not one-size-fits-all. I told them I didn't s port the death penalty. I told them that, an adoptive mother, I had complicated fe ings about abortion. My lawyer was giv me the "Shut up, you idiot" look.

Finally, I did shut up, but only after u panel had made it clear, or so it seem to me, that they thought I was a liberal a that, moreover, they felt they had strong pro I was a liberal.

I couldn't help but reflect sadly on wh had become of CBS News. The once pro network whose anchorman had bravely call out Joseph McCarthy and denounced witch hunts in Washington now had return its agents to the capital with a differe agenda. This time, the network hired hi powered lawyers to do some hunting of th own among the news division's journalis Suspected "liberals" had become the n Communists. People who'd had long a successful careers at CBS, whose work h never before been questioned or criticize were suddenly grilled as though they we strangers under investigation for committin unspeakable crimes. The network had eag ly handed over to the panel my notes, pho records, and e-mails to be used against m What in the world would Edward R. Mur row think of his network now?

This time, however, politics was only par of the equation. Money was at the center o this inquisition. I am convinced that CB and Viacom did not want an angry admin istration making vindictive decisions th would cost them a single dollar. Viacom h spent millions lobbying Washington, askin for leniency on issues ranging from decen standards to the limits on ownership of m dia outlets. Nothing that could impact th company financially was left to chance.

So the executives decided to stage th

de-down, inside-out re-enactment of famous face-off between Murrow and Carthy. At this new CBS, the journalists the bad guys. The corporate fat cats ld cloak themselves as seekers of truth. the American public and its right to nformed? Well, who gave a damn about ? It never even came up.

ll of this didn't just break my heart. It breaking CBS.

nally, on the morning of January 10, after weeks and weeks of excruciating y, I got an early call from a friend in- CBS in New York saying the report was ing out that day. This was it.

y nine A.M., my wait was over. The ne rang. It was Andrew Heyward. He e quickly and without emotion. "Mary," aid, "the report is out and it's very bad. going to put [CBS executive] Jonathan chell on the line. Jon, get on." I knew in- ly what would happen next. CBS policy ires a witness to any firing, even on the ne.

Mary? Jonathan? Can you hear me?" rew's voice had gotten more hollow, e distant. I was going to be fired on a king speakerphone. Nice touch.

Mary, as I said, the report is out. It's bad. You're being terminated."

ick Hibey called and told me he was y. He also gave me some information Andrew hadn't bothered sharing. Josh ard, Betsy West, and Mary Murphy, the senior broadcast producer under Josh, were being asked to resign. I had been fired. I was the clear villain. They were being asked to step down. They must have been sort of subvillains. Frankly, I was shocked at this.

Ironically, the panel did not find conclusive evidence that the documents were not real. But then it seemed to me that the Thornburgh-Boccardi group did virtually no investigative work of its own to catalog the wide disparity of styles and typing techniques I found displayed in Texas National Guard memos. More recently, a private researcher who went to the Texas National Guard headquarters, as well as various archives and libraries across the U.S., has unearthed new documents. I have reviewed them and found that they include right-hand signature blocks, proportional spacing, odd abbreviations, a lack of letterheads, and other characteristics that were used to dismiss the Killian memos as being forgeries. [According to CBS News, "The Panel was not charged with investigating the authenticity of the documents." In e-mailed statements, CBS News drew attention to the panel's criticisms of Mapes, including its findings that "only the most cursory effort . . . was made to establish the chain of custody" of the documents and that "no one said that Mapes gave any indication of the level of controversy in her source's background."]

In the end, the panel prepared a document that read more like a prosecutorial brief than an independent investigation. And I think no one was happier to receive this condemnation of its employees than the executives at Viacom. Now they could present themselves to the Bush administration as victims of irresponsible, out-of-control journalists, not as an operation that was actually doing some tough reporting. Gosh, it had all been a terrible accident. [A Viacom spokesman says the panel and its findings "didn't have anything to do with Viacom. It happened at the CBS News level. Who are these executives and how does she know what they were thinking?"]

In early January, before the panel's damning report came out, *Broadcasting & Cable* magazine reported that CBS News president Andrew Heyward had met with White House communications director Dan Bartlett "in part to repair chilly relations with the Bush administration." According to the story, "Heyward was 'working overtime to convince Bartlett that neither CBS News nor Rather had a vendetta against the White House,' our source says, 'and from here on out would do everything it could to be fair and balanced.'" [According to CBS News, Heyward and Bartlett have met regularly over the years and "discussed a range of topics, as they always have, one of which was the National Guard story."]

I had to laugh at the use of the Fox News slogan by the magazine's source in describing the kind of coverage CBS supposedly promised the White House. Was that a slip of the tongue or a change in CBS's approach to coverage? □

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ianna Huffington

TINUED FROM PAGE 334 a campaign that nna was perceived to have masterminded. ounced as a "right-wing Lady Macbeth" excoriated for her "viciousness," Arianna savaged even by her husband's campaign ager, who described her in his memoirs eautiful" but "evil." The phrase would be- e a national joke, picked up in the 1990s er friends Bill Maher and Al Franken, would introduce her on their shows as beautiful but evil Arianna Huffington."

hat was when Arianna was a conserva- tive Republican, one of Newt Gingrich's ted acolytes, and a noted right-wing col- ist and television pundit—before she made is probably the most baffling move of ife. In the late 90s, she re-invented her- as a liberal—and not a lukewarm liberal as the famously left-wing Al Franken it, "some strange, liberal, green kind of to *my* left." Shutting the door on the hington chapter of her life, Huffington ed to Los Angeles, where suddenly she seen in the company of the Reverend Jesse Jackson. She began hosting fund-raisers in her mansion for environmental and anti-poverty causes and denouncing Republicans and conservative policies in her books, columns, and television appearances. In Los Angeles, as she has always done, Huffington befriended everyone who was anyone, and began marshaling her wealthy and influential new friends behind her causes: her provocative and much-publicized 2003 ad campaign against gas-guzzling S.U.V.'s, and her unsuccessful run for governor as an independent in the California recall race.

For many observers, the defining image of that campaign, and of Arianna, was the one of her knocking over a bank of press microphones as she elbowed her way through the crowd to stand next to Arnold Schwarzenegger and his wife, Maria Shriver, as they posed for the cameras in front of the Los Angeles County registrar's office. That photograph, displayed in the pages of newspapers across the country, seemed to confirm what had been whispered about Arianna Huffington for years: that she would do, and say, just about anything to get attention. Privately, people called her everything from "an intellectual lap dancer" to a woman who, as one writer puts it, "doesn't have any commitment to any core values, only to prominence," and "doesn't give a shit what people say about her, as long as they say it." And as the Huffington Post debuted, this was the criticism that was heard all over again—that the site, as this man says, was just another "media play" in a life in which "every waking moment" has been about "getting visibility."

Even some of the HuffPost's contributors feared the worst early on: one was certain "the whole thing would implode"; another thought it was "too grandiose." But then things began to change. David Mamet's posting on the firing of *New York* magazine theater critic John Simon was picked up by the mainstream media, as was Nora Ephron's witty post on how, during the years she was married to Carl Bernstein, she always suspected that Mark Felt was "Deep Throat." In July, the HuffPost scored its first major newsbreak with an item by the journalist Laurence O'Donnell reporting that Karl Rove had been the source who leaked the identity of the C.I.A. agent Valerie Plame to Matt Cooper of *Time*.

Meanwhile, Huffington's own blogs were

Arianna Huffington

becoming Topic A at dinner parties in New York and Washington. Her "Russert Watch" offered tough critiques of Tim Russert's weekly performance as host of NBC's *Meet the Press,* and her "Judy File" raised uncomfortable questions about the *New York Times* reporter Judith Miller, who was jailed for contempt in the Valerie Plame leak case. Huffington called attention to Miller's controversial pre-war reporting from Iraq, and she published the summer's widespread rumor that Miller had been one of the administration's sources on Valerie Plame—meaning that she had gone to jail to protect her career, not her sources. "She came out and wrote what a lot of people were talking about, but not writing," says Victor Navasky, publisher of *The Nation.*

Huffington also made waves with her wall-to-wall coverage of Cindy Sheehan (who blogged on the HuffPost), her lacerating denunciation of the Bush administration's handling of the catastrophic flooding in New Orleans, and her continuing criticism of *The New York Times* and Judy Miller following the reporter's release from prison in September—most notably Arianna's eviscer-ation of the *Times*'s October 16 *mea culpa.* As advertisers signed up for space on the HuffPost, and its content was featured by AOL and Yahoo, its audience began to grow—to some 1.5 million site visits in September and climbing. The numbers fell short of the Drudge Report's three million, but they were enough to give Huffington's critics—those who regard her as the intellectual equivalent of Paris Hilton—a reason to think again.

"It's very brave to take on *The New York Times,*" says Maher, host of the HBO political comedy show *Real Time with Bill Maher.* "And Arianna is very brave. There's nothing she feels she can't say. She's not beholden to anybody and she doesn't worry about where the chips fall. There aren't that many people in this country who say things and aren't afraid to get booed." According to Gary Hart, Huffington's "detractors" have always tried to dismiss her as a "non-serious person," but, he says, "she is very serious, and when she gets focused on something, there's usually something very interesting there. She digs around, she works on instinct, until it's clear." Arianna, says one prominent media critic and friend, "has always been searching for something. Like Madonna, there's been all this reinvention. She has worked so hard and she's tried everything—television, marrying a rich man, right and left—and now, with the HuffPost, finally, it may all be coming together for her."

Which would be something, considering that all the aspects of Arianna Huffington have never quite come together in the past.

Huffington is 55, but she looks at least 10 years younger—and not at all evil. She's definitely beautiful, though. There are the high cheekbones and strong jaw, which play so well to the TV cameras, and her perfect posture, which has given some people the impression that she's more than six feet tall, when in fact she is just five feet eight. Even in bell-bottom jeans, flats, and a simple white sleeveless blouse, she has a slightly regal mien. When she was a Republican, Huffington teased and sprayed her hair into a formidable red helmet, but these days she just blow-dries it and lets it hang loose to her shoulders. She seems, indeed, altogether relaxed as she sits at the table in her dining room, picking at the grilled salmon and vegetables that her housekeeper has prepared for our lunch.

The dining room is impressive—vast, and sun-filled, with polished white limestone floors that extend into a two-story rotunda at the center of the house and, toward the back, past a sunken, wood-paneled living room, to a wall of French doors that look out on the swimming pool. It is a cozy home, despite the miles of stone floors, gilt wrought-iron chandeliers, and Florentine furniture. The grand piano and side tables are crowded with framed photographs of family and friends, and the walls are hung with paintings by friends, including Picasso's lover Françoise Gilot, and art by Huffington's two daughters, Christina, 16, and Isabella, 14. Huffington bought the $7 million house seven years ago, after her divorce. "It is the longest I've lived anywhere," she says.

Huffington's smile is warm and easy, except for the eyes, which stare straight into yours and don't let go—as if she is commanding not just your attention but your whole being. This intensity of focus has led friends to describe her as "spellbinding," "incredibly seductive," and "like a radiant heat wave." And it's not just the "Arianna gaze" that draws people in, but her total concentration on the person she's with. No matter how many important people are in the room, says Huffington's friend the art consultant Barbara Guggenheim, "when Arianna's talking to you there's not that sense of social panic. When she's with you, she is with you."

Huffington's conversation overflows with flattery and solicitous inquiries, and there is an almost hypnotic quality to her silken voice and her sultry accent—"which," she has said, "makes everything I say sound vaguely naughty." But it is when she starts to talk, really talk, that people are swept under. This is a woman who actually has read her Kierkegaard, her Schopenhauer, her John Maynard Keynes and Karl Marx, and she can quote from them. At Cambridge she studied economics and was president of the university's storied debating society, the Cambridge Union—which has made her a master sophist, capable of cutting an issue 16 ways and winning the argument without revealing what she really believes. On television, that has made her extraordinarily persuasive, a talk-show guest who "really knows her shit," says Bill Maher, "and never stumbles." In society, among the wealthy and influential, the sheer force of her mind has won her countless friends and admirers. "I see why she pulls everyone in," says her friend the socialite and author Sugar Rautbord. "Arianna is probably one of the most intellectually seductive human beings on the face of the planet. She has such a powerful brain and she exudes an intellectuality that is almost sexual."

Which is not to say that Arianna Huffington is insincere. On the contrary, she brings great passion to everything she does, especially her politics. Laurie David, an environmental activist and the wife of *Curb Your Enthusiasm* star Larry David, remembers how distressed she was two years ago when she showed up at Huffington's for a hike and saw Arianna's Lincoln Navigator in the driveway. David, who had spent months talking to Huffington about the environmental toll of gas-guzzling S.U.V.'s and about the foreign-policy implications of U.S. oil consumption, told Huffington, "If *you* aren't connecting the dots, who will?" In a matter of weeks, Davis says, Huffington had sold her Navigator and bought a little hybrid Prius. And soon after that, she organized the Detroit Project, a group of environmentalists and Hollywood producers that designed and financed the anti-S.U.V. ad campaign. One spot showed S.U.V. owners saying, "I like to sit up high" and "I sent our soldiers off to war." "You talk to her about an idea and within an hour and two phone calls it happens," David says. "Arianna is definitely someone you want on your side. And she is a true believer."

What Huffington believes right now is that we must "change the way we are doing things in America," she says, "because I believe that the status quo is very destructive for many people at this moment in the country. The war [in Iraq], poverty, inequality, the war on drugs—which is decimating minorities, filling our jails with nonviolent drug offenders—the spinelessness of politicians in both political parties, but the spinelessness of Democrats, especially, in responding to the assaults of the Republicans . . ." She keeps going, her indignation rising. "I mean *look* at them. There are almost 60 percent of Americans against the war and there is no Democratic leader articulating that position. It is astounding. And the way the system is rigged, with lobbyists and money, towards perpetuating inequalities and unfairness, and how we have stopped being shocked by what's going on. The passage of the energy bill is shocking, *shocking,* in the middle of a war and rising gas prices. But

le are not shocked. That is why I am so onate about the blogosphere.... Cov- something relentlessly, day in and day s the only thing you can hope will pen- and help to change things."

is the desire to "change things," friends , that makes Huffington work as hard e does, so hard that one Hollywood l says she is sometimes afraid "that Ar- is going to have a breakdown. Except er children, there is nothing in her life than her work." No one who knows ına well doubts her passion. It's just in the words of one political journalist nas known her for more than a decade, e's always a small degree of amnesia re- d with Arianna."

hard to imagine that a woman whom s *Angeles* magazine once described as Sir Edmund Hillary of social climbers" have been a reclusive child, but Huf- n insists that as a young girl in Athens ad to be "pushed to be social, to have ds." The older of Elli and Constantine inopoulos's two daughters, she spent of her time alone, reading. She was en- ged in that endeavor by her mother, encouraged almost everything she did. li Stassinopoulos barely finished high ol, but she taught herself five languages ead all the great philosophers. A fol- of the Indian guru Krishnamurti, she ed a profound lack of interest in social ntions. For many years, until her death, 00, Elli lived with Arianna, and promi- New Yorkers and Hollywood moguls mber Elli pattering around barefoot at laughter's dinner parties, smoking a To Elli, everyone was fascinating, and ad no compunction about inviting her ber to dinner with the prime minister, e did once in London, in the 70s, when ına was dating John Selwyn Gummer, minent Conservative member of Par- nt. Today, Huffington remembers her er as "the biggest influence in my life. vas absolutely fearless, and a complete al."

r mother, Arianna says, taught her that hould never accept limits in life. "There lways that combination of making me ve I could do anything and that if I she wouldn't love me any less. It was ute, unconditional love," she says, her velling with tears. "You could try any- because failure was not a problem."

ianna's father, too, had a disregard for , but his influence was less benign. A paper publisher, he spent two years in rman concentration camp during the nd World War, and his life "was very ed" by that experience. "He had the or's mentality," Huffington says. "In his it was 'I can do whatever. The rules apply to me.'" He would start newspapers and then go bankrupt, throwing the family into chaos. He had "endless affairs, and it wasn't even an issue. My favorite line," Arianna remembers with a mirthless laugh, "was when he told my mother that she should not interfere with his private life. I can still feel her pain, because, you know, that was the big love of her life. She never had another man." Arianna was nine when she confronted her mother and persuaded her, after a long argument, to leave her husband. According to her sister, Agapi Stassinopoulos, Arianna has always needed "to tell the truth, as she sees it. When she sees things that outrage her, she needs to be heard."

It was her mother who encouraged her to go to Cambridge, after Arianna saw a picture of the university in a magazine and "dreamed" of going there. "Everyone else told me I was ridiculous," she recalls. She barely spoke English, but she began to study the language, and when Cambridge accepted her Elli paid the tuition by borrowing from her brothers and selling her jewelry and, one by one, the family carpets.

From the day Arianna heard her first debate at the Cambridge Union, she says, she was addicted. "It was this extraordinary experience of seeing people, including myself, moved by words. It was orgasmic for me." The Union, she says, "dominated my life," but her first forays into debating were unimpressive. With her thick accent and overly aggressive and dramatic manner, she was "painful to listen to," one fellow student recalls. But Arianna practiced "prolifically," her sister says, and she got her reward when she became the third woman to be named president of the Cambridge Union. In a picture taken in 1971, she's seated in a throne-like chair above a scrum of boys in white shirts and thick-rimmed glasses. She's dressed like a Christmas tree, in an evening gown covered in glittering sequins and slit to the thigh. Her shyness had evidently been cured.

Arianna was 22 and just a year out of Cambridge when she wrote her first best-seller. *The Female Woman* was commissioned after Germaine Greer's publisher heard Arianna, in 1971, debate a topic she had proposed herself: that the women's movement denigrated marriage and motherhood. Today, Huffington says the book was a call to feminists "not to throw the baby out with the bath water," but in fact it was an all-out assault on early feminism—a movement, she wrote, that "would destroy Western civilization." A huge hit in Europe, the book was translated into 11 languages, and it not only brought Arianna enormous publicity but also made her financially secure for the first time in her life.

Success at such an early age, she recalls, brought on feelings of anxiety and emptiness. "Certain there was something else," Arianna embarked on a period of spiritual searching. She read the writings of psychoanalysts Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung, and of Yogi Sri Aurobindo and various mystical philosophers. She did dream analysis, explored the New Age programs est and Lifespring, walked on hot coals with the life coach Tony Robbins, and got involved with a mystic who claimed to be channeling a 3,000-year-old man. "I began to see," Huffington says, "how basically for people to find themselves spiritually there had to be an element of service, a dedication to something more than ourselves." The result of this was her second book, *After Reason,* a densely written treatise that argued for the need to integrate spirituality into modern politics. Attacking the "bankruptcy of Western political leadership," and describing politics as "our hypnotized acquiescence in this organized sham," the book called for a "spiritual revolution" in Western democracies. Nothing less, she wrote, could save "individual freedom" in a culture where "the 'pursuit of happiness' has been reduced today to the pursuit of comfort."

Published in 1978, *After Reason* won some respectful reviews but sold poorly. For Arianna, that meant pursuing work that paid—articles for the British editions of *Vogue* and *Cosmopolitan,* a column in the *Daily Mail,* book reviews for *The Spectator.* She also threw herself into London's social swirl, attending every party of any distinction on the arm of equally distinctive men, most notably Bernard Levin, the lionized English intellectual-journalist who was the leading columnist at the London *Times.* He was, somebody once said, "half her size and twice her age," but nevertheless he was the great passion of Huffington's life. The two remained close until long after she had married Michael Huffington. Things might have gone differently on that front but for Levin, who was a zealous bachelor. "You see," says Huffington, with a small laugh, "part of it was that the man I wanted to marry didn't want to marry me."

In 1980, Huffington came to New York to promote her third book, a biography of Maria Callas. A well-written, gossipy account of the opera diva's tormented life, it made the best-seller lists in the U.S., as it had in England—and its success led to what would politely be called Arianna's "remarkable" launch in American society. It happened so fast that it took a while for people to figure out how she'd done it. Just 30, brand-new in New York, and without benefit of wealth or a title, Arianna was throwing dinner parties at her East Side duplex for her new friends Marietta Tree, Barbara Walters, Henry Kissinger, Mercedes Bass, Lucky Roosevelt, Ann Getty, Dr. Jonas Salk, Lane Kirkland, and Bill Paley. There were dinners at the Reagan White House, lunches at Le Cirque, and charity balls, at which Arianna—in lavish

Arianna Huffington

designer gowns and Bulgari jewels—frequently earned a mention in the gossip columns. Those columns also printed the rumors (cleverly encouraged by Arianna, some said) of her relationships with well-known men such as Jerry Brown and the publisher and real-estate magnate Mortimer Zuckerman. "The Rise and Rise of Arianna Stassinopoulos" was the headline of a 1983 *New York* magazine article that chronicled Arianna's social climb, noting in particular her knack for establishing "instant intimacy" with prominent figures and her willingness to send invitations to people she barely knew.

While there were those who disliked Arianna, most were dazzled by her intelligence, her charm, and her flattery. And they would have been even if she "hadn't come with credentials," as one socialite put it—namely her friendship with her British publisher, Lord George Weidenfeld, whose name she used to open doors. Her "total self-confidence" made her "completely unembarrassable," says another socialite, who remembers Arianna withdrawing invitations—"Daaahling, would you mind so much not coming to dinner?"—because she'd found a Henry Kissinger or a Barbara Walters to fill the seat. Indeed, while some people felt "badly used" by Arianna, they were rarely the ones with real influence. "It is ridiculous to call her a social climber," says one prominent New Yorker. "She was in society, but she wasn't climbing. Social climbing is a very serious affair, and that wasn't her interest. She wanted power and influence. Society just happened to be there."

Huffington won't say much today about this phase of her life. "My Icarus phase," she calls it, quoting from one of the snickering articles written about her at the time. As she tells it now, New York society nearly suffocated her. Going to parties, spending on clothes, and meeting fascinating people was fun, she says, but it was something that just sort of happened to her. "You know, when you arrive with a big best-seller, you have an accent, you're Greek, a little exotic—suddenly you're the new thing in New York." Her flaw, she says, was that she was "too weak" to resist the attention. And so, in 1984, Arianna, with her mother in tow, suddenly left New York and moved to Los Angeles, to join her sister and to finish writing her fifth book, on Picasso.

It was the heiress Ann Getty who, the following year, introduced Arianna to Roy Michael Huffington Jr. At 35, Arianna was desperate to have children, and she remembers that Getty sat her down one day and said, "We've got to find you a husband." Then Getty took out a legal pad and made a list of eligible men. Huffington was not on the list, but several months later, on the day Getty met him, she called Arianna and said, "I've found him!" The son of the Texas oilman Roy Huffington, Michael was 38 years old, tall, very handsome, and so reclusive that only five people in the world had his home telephone number. They met at a weekend party organized by Getty, and, says Arianna, "there is no question that, for me, it was love at first sight." They were married in New York six months later, in April 1986, in a spectacular $110,000 wedding that Getty paid for. Arianna's dress alone was rumored to have cost $15,000, but that extravagance paled in comparison with the guest list of 500—the icing of New York and Los Angeles society—and the bridesmaids. "Only Arianna," says Sugar Rautbord, "could have convinced Barbara Walters, Lucky Roosevelt, and Ann Getty to walk down the aisle in little matching dresses."

Thirteen years later, in 1999, Michael Huffington outed himself in an interview with *Esquire* magazine. He spoke of his homosexual encounters, his years of despair about his sexual identity, and how he'd turned to prayer hoping to be healed. He also said that Arianna had known about his sexual crisis when they married, and that she had told him it only made her love him more. Today Arianna denies she knew her husband was gay—"Absolutely not," she says. At least one friend believes her; on a conscious level, he suspects, Arianna refused to acknowledge what seemed pretty obvious to others. Another friend, however, is less convinced: "Honey, when they fixed me up with him in Houston, I knew he was gay at shrimp cocktails, and Arianna's smarter than I am. But so what? What's wrong with marrying a gay millionaire? It's very practical. She got her two children and the financial wherewithal to be what she really wanted to be, which was this high-grade Cassandra."

Arianna made her entrance onto the American political stage in 1992, the year Michael Huffington was elected to Congress. By then she'd published two more books, her best-selling biography of Picasso—which created a small, but much-publicized, scandal when she was accused of plagiarizing parts of it—and a coffee-table book on the Greek gods. Flush with his $70 million share of the $600 million sale in 1990 of his father's oil company, Huffco, Michael decided that he wanted to be a politician. A conservative Republican, he ran for the congressional seat representing Santa Barbara, and spent $5.2 million on a bitter, slash-and-burn campaign to defeat first the popular nine-term Republican incumbent in the primary and then his Democratic challenger.

After he won, however, it was Arianna who attracted all the attention. She handled many of his press interviews and approved all of his public statements, and it was said he couldn't make a decision without c... Arianna to ask for guidance. But if Mic... Huffington was considered something ... joke in Washington, Arianna was not. So ... after her husband took office, she attra... the attention of Newt Gingrich, the rab... rousing congressman from Georgia, wi... speech she gave challenging the Repub... Party to rise to what she called "the cor... true conservatism," and commit itself to fi... ing poverty and inequality. Within weeks, ... had become part of Gingrich's informal b... trust and co-founder of his Center for E... tive Compassion, which was supposed to ... ways to develop a conservative anti-pov... agenda.

Everyone makes mistakes—or "loses ... spective," as Arianna puts it—and, witho... doubt, Arianna's biggest misstep was ... suading her husband to run for the Se... in 1994 against Dianne Feinstein. He al... won—after spending a record $30 millio... his fortune on vicious attack ads and ex... sive advisers—but Arianna's reputation ... savaged in the process. "The most ruth... unscrupulous, and ambitious person I've ... in thirty years in national politics," her ... band's campaign manager, the well-kn... Republican strategist Ed Rollins, would ... write about Arianna in his memoirs. ... book alleged, among other things, that, as ... husband was taking a tough stand on ill... immigrants, Arianna lied to Rollins about ... nanny's undocumented status. He also clai... that she had hired investigators to collect ... on Feinstein and on *Vanity Fair*'s Maur... Orth, when she was writing what turned ... to be a corrosive profile of the Huffingt... It's an allegation Arianna strenuously de... although today some supporters of Tim R... sert question whether Arianna's tough c... age of Russert, who is married to Orth, ... been influenced by Orth's 1994 article.

Arianna had just published her sixth b... *The Fourth Instinct*, whose thesis was that ... manity's hunger for spirituality was as fun... mental as its drives for sex, survival, and p... er, and that poverty and inequality could ... overcome if people volunteered more. Her ... gument that the whole social-welfare net co... be eliminated if people gave part of their ... comes to charity had become a central the... of her husband's campaign—which was ... helped when the staff at two Santa Barb... charities Arianna claimed to be sponso... told the press they'd seen her only once or tw... when she'd shown up with television cre...

And then there was John-Roger. The p... went wild with the allegation that Ari... na had been, since the late 1970s, a minist... in the guru's Church of the Movement ... Spiritual Inner Awareness (MSIA). A Ne... Age spiritualist whose seminars and boo... advance a regimen of therapy, positive thin... ing, and rigorous self-improvement, Jo...

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er was also believed by his followers to ody the "Mystical Traveler Conscious-" which inhabits God's chosen one on n. It was never clear whether Arianna ved, as many of John-Roger's adherents that he was the personification of God that he could read her mind, heal her sses, and even endow her with the pow- change the weather. Over and over, she scated as the press dogged her with tions about John-Roger, whom ex- wers accused in the press of mind con- electronic eavesdropping, and sexually cing his male acolytes. Several former rents also said that John-Roger had al- t completely controlled Arianna, fi- cing her lavish lifestyle in York in return for intro- ons to her powerful friends, ng her through her court- with Huffington (she al- dly called him after each "to see what God would ext"), and instructing her to y Huffington for his money. n asked about John-Roger, nna denied these allegations claimed that he was just a d, and that she knew very about his teachings. "I have spent many years in his ing," she told *Vanity Fair* in . "Nobody's been a guru to

Looking back, some of my vers were so *stupid,*" Ari- a says now. The press, she , was out to play "gotch- " and she was confused, says, by her husband's cam- n advisers' attempts to si- e her on the subject—a move wasn't surprising, given that was appearing on Christian ision shows promoting her and's support of school prayer. Of John- er she now says that he "remains a very d friend of mine. He's had dinner here recently, [and] I got so much value and inue to get so much value from his teach- , and that's the story. There was never attempt to proselytize." She still won't whether she was or is a minister in John- er's MSIA, or if she believes that he is embodiment of God. But she says she inues to be inspired by his books, tapes, seminars, and particularly by "his em- is on forgiveness. . . . He talks a lot about forgiveness starts with self-forgiveness, as somebody who is incredibly self- mental, I learned to forgive myself, to ve my mistakes."

Her behavior on the campaign was defi- y one of those mistakes. It was something wanted too much, she says, and she was stated by her husband's loss at the polls. But John-Roger "talks a lot about [life] as a spiral," says Arianna. "It's not a linear progression. You have things that take you down, in order to take you up. In the spiral, [the campaign] was definitely downward, personally and professionally. But I don't think we're given anything we can't learn from."

Not one to give up in the face of defeat, Arianna returned to Washington in the fall of 1994 and threw herself into promoting the Gingrich Revolution. Night after night, in the heady aftermath of the Republican takeover of Congress and Gingrich's ascension to Speaker of the House, she threw parties in her vast, $4 million home, in Wes-



STAGE WIFE?
At the House of Blues club in L.A., Arianna looks on as her husband, Michael Huffington, gives a speech during his run for the U.S. Senate, October 17, 1994—five years before he told *Esquire* he was gay.

ley Heights, gathering the city's leading intellectuals, journalists, and politicians. She called her evenings "critical mass" dinners, and billed them as an attempt at finding nonpartisan solutions to the country's social problems. Arianna also reportedly taped these dinners—although she says it happened only once—and used the recordings, along with copious notes she would take at other social events, as fodder for a political column she began to write. Glib and provocative, Arianna's column, which was nationally syndicated beginning in 1995, cleverly articulated the anti-Clinton sentiments that animated the right wing in the 90s. "If Hillary is indicted," she asked in 1996, "can Al Gore become First Lady?" In time, after Arianna hired a voice coach to mute her accent, she became an in-demand conservative television pundit. By 1996 she was co-hosting "Strange Bedfellows," Comedy Central's coverage of the political conventions, sitting in bed, in a nightgown, with Al Franken.

By then, says Franken, there were signs that Arianna wasn't comfortable toeing the Republican line. "It was during the 1996 Republican convention, and we're sitting in bed, and her job is to be a Republican, and she's having the hardest time trying to defend [Republican presidential candidate] Bob Dole. Her heart just wasn't in it." Arianna now says that Franken "sped up my pulling away" from the Republican Party. Franken was writing his book *Rush Limbaugh Is a Big Fat Idiot,* and he would "say to me, 'Here's what Limbaugh said,' and I'd say, 'Oh, come on, he didn't say that.'" So Franken would play her the tapes of Limbaugh's remarks and of Gingrich's speeches as well—"and that," she recalls, "opened my eyes to what Gingrich and Limbaugh were really saying."

In the early days of her association with Gingrich, Arianna says, she believed that he was committed to developing a conservative program to fight poverty and inequality. But she grew more and more disturbed by the Republican focus on cutting the budget, particularly for social programs. "I was bamboozled," she says. "My focus has always been 'How do you make a more equal society and take care of those in need?' I've always been pro-choice, pro–gay rights, pro–gun control; there has been no change there. The very fundamental change has been in one area, which is the role for government."

Her spiritual search had led her to the Republican Party, she says. Guided by the "huge biblical admonition that you shall be judged by what you do for the least among us," Arianna says, she came to believe that "it had to be done by all of us . . . because if we would simply delegate to government, and pay our taxes, and go on with our narcissistic lives, it would not be the point of life." But then she saw that, while people were giving away millions to fashionable charities, they were not giving enough to social programs. "I'm a big believer to this day that you also cannot solve the problems of

Arianna Huffington

this country without people stepping up to the plate and contributing time and money," she says. "I mean, can you imagine what would happen if everyone tithed 10 percent of their income or their time? The effect would be amazing." But her swing to the left came when she saw that that was "unrealistic" and "that the problems were so huge that you needed the raw power of government appropriations to address them."

Today, Arianna has no friends left from her Republican days. "To them, I had to be wrong," she says. Tony Blankley, Gingrich's former press secretary, is one of the few people from that time she still sees; she debates him every week on public radio's *Left, Right & Center*. "I guess I've been around long enough that it doesn't surprise me when people start joining on with a rising cause," Blankley says. "I don't necessarily assume it's a lifelong commitment. So it didn't crush me when she crossed." As for the final break between Gingrich and Arianna—which, she has written, occurred in 1997, when he sent her a sharp note chiding her for criticizing Republican policy on the drug war—Blankley says he never heard Gingrich mention it. Arianna, he says, was "not a close or important adviser to Newt. If she hadn't been the wife of a congressman—a wealthy congressman—she wouldn't have had that much face time."

Even in Hollywood, some still wonder whether Arianna's leftward move was mostly prompted by her 1997 divorce from Michael Huffington and her decision to return to Los Angeles—"where," says one friend, "she would not have gotten invited to a lot of parties if she were right-wing." Her first forays into Liberal Nation were met with suspicion. People would back away from her at parties or ask her outright, "What are you doing here?" A number of contributors to *The Nation* were wary when the liberal magazine accepted Arianna's offer to throw its annual—and now, with Arianna as hostess, star-studded—Los Angeles book-fair party at her home. "There are a lot of people who don't trust her and won't have anything to do with her," says one left-wing writer, but Arianna slowly won most people over. As in New York and Washington, her intelligence and charm went a long way toward smoothing her path. Asked at a party by one liberal columnist why she had crossed over to the left, Arianna leaned close and whispered in his ear, "It was the sex, of course."

To her friends, there is no question that Arianna is sincere in her latest political incarnation. Unlike many people, they say, she's had the courage to change. "People have gone from being liberal to conservative, and there's nothing wrong with that. People are entitled to learn and grow," says her close friend Sherry Lansing, the former chairman of Paramount Pictures. The hours Arianna has spent raising money and organizing for grassroots groups no one has ever heard of is proof, some say, of her commitment. During the 2000 political conventions, "spending thousands of dollars of her own money," according to her sister, Arianna organized two "shadow conventions." Held in L.A. and Philadelphia at the same time as the Democratic and Republican conventions, respectively, they featured speakers from a wide array of environmental, anti-poverty, and social-justice organizations. The shadow conventions were "grungy," panelists recall, their participants "disproportionately people who wore backpacks," but they got national press coverage because of the speakers Arianna had personally lined up—among them John McCain, Al Franken, and Jesse Jackson.

Friends say Arianna was under no illusion that the shadow conventions would make much of an impact on the national political dialogue. Nor, they say, did she believe that she would win when she ran for governor of California. Both were attempts, Arianna says, to draw attention to "the interests of millions of Americans who don't have lobbyists" and to issues that "are left out of the political calculations and decision-making" by political leaders. Looking back, however, Arianna says she'd never run for political office again, and it's easy to see why. A wacky political spectacle involving 135 candidates, ranging from movie actors to *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt and a former porn star, the recall campaign was not a high point in Arianna's career. There was the trip over the microphones, and then there was the vicious attack by syndicated columnist and former Clinton adviser Susan Estrich, accusing Arianna of being a neglectful mother. Soon after she launched her campaign, lambasting "corporate fat cats" who get away with not paying their fair share of taxes, the *Los Angeles Times* revealed that Arianna had paid zero state income tax and only $771 in federal taxes during the previous two years. Arianna said that her 2002 income of $183,000 was far exceeded by her business expenses and losses of $2.67 million and insisted that all the deductions she'd taken, while aggressive, were legitimate. The defense was a flop. "Do you have a problem with hypocrisy?" one reporter shouted at her during a press conference.

With her standing in the polls at a negligible 3 percent, Arianna dropped out of the race a week before Election Day. Politically speaking, the campaign was a disaster, but it had its upside on the publicity front. In the space of two months, Arianna had made herself a household name in California.

Still, the hardest thing for Huffington, says her sister, was "seeing how the world w ing sucked in by Schwarzenegger, n cause of his values but because of his wood celebrity and his money." To Ari it must have felt like watching herself l her own game. For if anything unites Arianna Huffington's incarnations, it understanding of the power of money, our, and fame to seduce—and her abil use that power. Those who have dism her as an intellectual performance arti not entirely wrong, but they underest her. "She is very strategically savvy," sa liberal author and Huffington fan Eric man. "Part of her effectiveness is her sh lessness. Being in bed with Al Frank saw that and at first I thought, Wha fuck? But it was a very effective way t your views across in this crazy, mixe country of ours."

Arianna's knack for getting attentio something Tony Blankley admires, de their political differences. It involves, he "the ability to do and say things that w ridiculed and to keep on doing them. It that way with Newt Gingrich. Someti you're vindicated, sometimes not. But t able to have people laugh at you and on takes a lot of courage. Arianna is a former, a promoter. She's usually promo ideas, though, and she's very good at it

And so, on this Friday afternoon, phones keep ringing. "Can you arra for a telephonic appointment?," Arianna the assistant who leans in to whisper a cal name. "Daaahling, can I call him back morrow?" she says minutes later, when th sistant reappears to report another call. ianna leans back on the couch sipping tea, and in the dim light of her study looks tired. In addition to the countless ner parties, TV appearances, and blog tries, she has immersed herself in the b ness side of the Huffington Post—pulling advertisers, persuading the *Chicago Trib* to syndicate the site's blogs, and negotiat the deals with AOL and Yahoo. While m blogs are low-cost affairs, the HuffPost, w its paid staff of seven in New York and Angeles, cost an estimated $2 million to up. The largest investment came from K neth Lerer and his family, but other back reportedly include Larry and Laurie Da With more advertisers, including MTV Sony, signing on, Lerer expects the Huff ton Post to break even by the end of year, but friends believe Arianna is hop for more: that her first entrepreneurial ture will end up turning a profit.

It is too soon to predict whether the will be a moneymaker, but "in terms of litical influence," says the former *USA To* columnist and HuffPost contributor Wa Shapiro, "this may be the biggest thing Arianna's done." The public disenchantm

the mainstream media, the growing dis-faction with the Republican leadership, burgeoning demand for 24-7 news, and exploding interest in the blogosphere all combined, media critics say, to cre- potentially huge audience for the Huf-on Post.

here are those who say that Arianna Huffington wants nothing more than er; others say that she's driven by an whelming need for attention. But Ari-a has also wanted influence—"to be a erstar" but also, says an old friend, "to nge the world." Never doctrinaire, even conservative, according to one press crit-she was more about vision." And it has always been a quirky vision, one that has made her a better sniper than a general. "Arianna's an advocate for her point of view," says Lerer. "She doesn't like the status quo, whatever the status quo may be at the moment, and when the dust settles, it's time to make the dust fly again."

With the Huffington Post, Arianna might finally have it all—attention, influence, and the chance to showcase her ideas and those of her interesting friends in the biggest dinner party she's ever thrown. But there's something more as well. "I honestly think," says Sugar Rautbord, "that Arianna believes she was put on this earth to make a difference. If she can't be president or senator, then she'll be part of this great Greek chorus trying to change people's opinions."

After a lifetime of spiritual searching, of trying to find a way to feel meaningful, Arianna may just have found her calling. "Sometimes you make a difference by helping to convince a few people," she says. "It doesn't have to be a difference at the national level. You help people articulate, and not doubt, what they already believe. I totally believe in the tipping point, or the critical mass. For me there are three different terms for the same thing: the tipping point, the critical mass, and also grace, the spiritual concept of grace. You do your 10 percent and then grace is extended—if this is what is to happen. If it is what is right." Or, these days, even if it's left. □

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oody Allen

TINUED FROM PAGE 327 back and fix The phone might ring, and it could be lawyer saying, 'Do you know that they that you smacked the kid on the top ne head with a ball-peen hammer? You 't, did you?' And I say, 'No, of course But I don't sit there and think, That n, she said I hit him on the head with a peen. I ignore it.

The height of compartmentalization was n I was making *Mighty Aphrodite,* right [in 1994]. We couldn't think of an ac-to play my wife. I needed someone who slightly older, like in her 30s, and so-ticated. [Casting director] Juliet Taylor saying, 'We'll have to use an English ess, because there's just no American ess available that's right for that.' And I to her, 'Let's get Mia.'"

According to Allen, the rest of the con-ation went like this:

aylor: "What are you, nuts?"

llen: "Why not? She's perfect for this."

aylor: "You must be kidding."

llen: "No. You know, it won't bother me ll. I mean, this is work. One thing has ing to do with the other.... She's a very d actress. She'll be very professional. ll know her lines and give a good per-nance, because she'll want to. I don't to socialize with her. I don't talk to the usually, anyhow."

aylor: "I would never let you do that. I n, that's the craziest thing—I wouldn't of that."

Needless to say, Farrow wasn't offered the (Helena Bonham Carter got it), but n still insists the notion had merits. "Now, ne, I want to get the best casting. The that Mia and I had been terribly con-ous and had a terrible experience—yes, s true. But, you know, that doesn't mean she shouldn't play the part. I'm just not the kind of person that thinks, Well, you did a terrible thing to me in my life, and so I'm not working with you. I'm not going to cut off my nose and spite my face. I mean, there's a line that you draw. I wouldn't put, you know, Hermann Göring in a part, but short of Nuremberg crimes ... "

It's hard to assess the impact that the Farrow scandal had on his subsequent fortunes. During the next few years he made some of his best films, including *Bullets over Broadway* (1994), written with Douglas McGrath, which earned him Oscar nominations for directing and screenwriting and won Dianne Wiest an Oscar for best supporting actress (her second under Allen's direction, after *Hannah and Her Sisters*). But it's safe to say the scandal didn't help Allen's career. His longtime co-producer Charles Joffe admits, "It hurt him." As Allen himself puts it, "There are people that just were never crazy about me. Then, when I hit the newspapers with all of that, they said, 'See? I was right.' So now, whatever I do is bad. I could make, you know, *Grand Illusion* or *The Bicycle Thief* and they'll find fault with the movie."

In the wake of the scandal, when *Husbands and Wives* and its follow-up, *Manhattan Murder Mystery,* didn't perform as well as hoped for by Tri-Star—the last link in the studio daisy chain that had financed his movies for more than two decades (Tri-Star head Mike Medavoy had been a co-founder at Orion)—Allen just shrugged and seamlessly moved on to Sweetland, an independent production company run by his old friend Jean Doumanian, best known for her disastrous one-year tenure at *Saturday Night Live* in the early 80s.

At the same time, Allen's cozy relationship with the critics took a hit. Back in 1993, just when the director needed him most, Canby moved to the theater beat of the *Times.* He was succeeded by Janet Maslin, who liked Allen's films and treated the filmmaker with respect. But when she left the film page in 1999, she was succeeded by a troika that included two younger men, A. O. Scott and Elvis Mitchell. While they didn't have any particular agendas, it seemed like a generation gap had opened between them and Allen; they were not about to give him the benefit of the doubt.

The relationship with Doumanian came apart in 2000 when she reportedly told Allen, only a month before the start date for *The Curse of the Jade Scorpion,* that she was pulling the plug, giving him 48 hours to find alternative financing. Allen sued Doumanian later for unpaid profits, and they eventually settled, reportedly for a substantial sum. (Doumanian's office referred my calls to her lawyer, who declined to comment because the settlement remains sealed.) Nevertheless, Allen's suit triggered yet another avalanche of bad press, including the page-one "Jaded Audience" smackdown in the *Times.* (That piece was so vitriolic that even some people at the paper blanched. "I thought at the time, This is outrageous," says Maslin. "It was an unusually spiteful and vindictive piece. All I could think about was that if Vincent Canby had been alive, he would have gone berserk.... There are people who'll never forgive Allen for the Farrow scandal, who won't even see his movies anymore.")

Allen's probably right in his oft stated conviction that drama has a gravitas that comedy, which comes more easily to him, doesn't. But the problem with his work, if there is one, may have more to do with the rate of his output than with the shallowness of his soul. Anyone who writes at the furious pace he does is bound to repeat himself, bound to get tired or stale. Which brings us to the sticky subject of his most recent group of films, the ones that have taken a drubbing from the critics, more or less starting with *Small Time Crooks,* in 2000, and followed by *The Curse of the Jade Scorpion, Hollywood Ending, Anything Else,* and *Melinda and Melinda.* He has had slumps before—every filmmaker has. The real prob-

Woody Allen

lem with the recent pictures is not that they're bad—they're not—it's that they're slight. His truly great films are dense dramas or social comedies, alive with anger and irony. Most of all, they are how-we-live-now films that give you a shock of recognition; in his characters you see your friends or people like your friends or, if you're unlucky, yourself. They jump off the screen—the anxious lovers in *Annie Hall,* the conflicted family members in *Hannah and Her Sisters,* the broken middle-aged spouses in *Husbands and Wives*—and you find yourself saying, "Yes, that's how it is, that's how we are!" By way of contrast, many of the more recent films feel like cerebral exercises, extended stand-up routines that play out ingenious premises—"what if" pictures such as *Melinda and Melinda* (the same story told twice, as comedy and tragedy) or, more successfully, the underrated *Hollywood Ending* (a film director struck by hysterical blindness and hiding it from his producer). By Allen's own admission, he has been avoiding the richly hued tapestries that made his reputation: "I have not been attempting to do that kind of film. It has not interested me that much." Why this is, he will not or cannot say. Marshall Brickman offers one guess: "It could be that he got exhausted emotionally from all the things that happened with Mia, the new marriage, and so on. I can't believe that that emotional roller coaster doesn't take its toll. You can't write a movie like *Crimes and Misdemeanors* or *Hannah* without really pulling stuff out of your gut. At a certain point you need a rest."

It could be true, too, that he's tired of people reading his serious films autobiographically, usually to his disadvantage. For example, he often portrays artists of one stripe or another wreaking havoc on the lives of those close to them, as in *Deconstructing Harry* (in which he played the title character, a narcissistic writer) and *Sweet and Lowdown* (starring Sean Penn and loosely inspired by the life of the jazz guitarist Django Reinhardt). Allen invariably denies that these characters have anything to do with himself. But, says Brickman, "it's inevitable that people are going to identify his characters in his movies, especially if he's playing them, as *à clef* in some way, because that's the way he made his mark initially, talking about himself as a stand-up comic. He can deny it, but it's certainly true."

One reason critics and audiences mine his movies for scraps of biographical detritus is that Allen is so private. He doesn't—or hardly ever—make the talk-show circuit, doesn't open his home to *Architectural Digest* or *InStyle.* Even those who have worked with him closely don't pretend to understand him. Says Richard Brick, who co-produced *Sweet and Lowdown, Deconstructing Harry,* and *Celebrity*, "He's the proverbial enigma wrapped in a mystique."

There's also the question, raised by some reviewers, of whether Allen has lost touch with contemporary life and culture. His own private life has always been circumscribed. Unlike most of his peers, for instance, he never did drugs, even in the days when joints were more common than cigarettes. "I was in the thick of it, in the 60s, because I was a nightclub comic who worked with jazz musicians," he says. "I worked with acts that couldn't walk onstage, they were so high. I remember being with Jack Benny, who was much older than me, and a very staid, Beverly Hills, Jewish comic. And he was saying to me, 'I've got to try marijuana—I'm just dying to try it.' I've never had a puff of marijuana. I've never had cocaine. I've never had speed. I've never had heroin. I've never in my life had a sleeping pill. I don't have drug curiosity. I don't have travel curiosity. I don't have any curiosity. That's part of my symptoms. It's kind of a low-level depression. It's not the kind of depression that sends you into the hospital, or makes you want to kill yourself, or something. It's kind of like part of or half a depression. Maybe it would be better for me if I did feel extremes a little more, and I was irate, or a letter writer, or broken up when I was treated unfairly, or experienced great joy and fun when—but this has just not been my personality. My shrink said to me, a long time ago, 'When you came here, I thought it was going to be extremely interesting and kind of fascinating, but it's like, you know, listening to an accountant or something.' My life has been very dull."

It's so dull that around the time he started seeing Soon-Yi he finally ended the on-again, off-again psychotherapy that had run like a thread through most of his adult life and served as fodder for countless jokes, although he never did get rid of his celebrated phobias. He is still claustrophobic and agoraphobic. He won't go through tunnels. He doesn't like the country after dark, or showers with drains in the center of the floor. ("Who knows what's down there? I've seen water bugs come out of drains.") The way he describes it, in a manner somewhere between serious and ironic, there's a ritualistic quality to his behavior: "I don't like to change the pants that I wear when I'm working on something. I do it with great trepidation, only if I spill something really nauseating on them. I have the same breakfast, every day: skim milk with Cheerios, raisins, banana. I always cut the banana into seven slices. And I count them and re-count them to make sure that there's seven. Because my life has gone well with seven slices, and I don't want to tempt fate and have six or eight."

There's an abstemious quality to Allen's life as well. As one close friend says, "He liv deny himself." If this is really true, it m his string of great films all the more rem able—they should give dullness a new ca But paring down his life is key to his pr natural focus on work. When he's not in duction, each day is the same: he's on treadmill first thing, takes his kids to sch writes much of the day in longhand ting on his bed until he doesn't feel li anymore, practices the clarinet, eats dinn home or sometimes out at Elaine's, wat a ball game, and goes to bed early. Th at once his greatest strength and his gr est weakness; the price he pays for his int focus—his ability to "compartmentalize perhaps its flip side: tunnel vision. "Yo clude things that might be helpful to yo tistically if you don't open that door to experiences," says Brickman. "There's no lunch. What happened with Woody is that needed to re-adjust his on-screen person stories and material that were age-appropri move on to the problems of middle and o age in the films he appears in as a charact

Despite the self-graded B, Allen defe his recent work, but he also ackn edges that there are themes he return again and again—like the paranoia ab anti-Semitism his characters give vent t *Annie Hall* and *Anything Else,* or the epi nies about the consolations of art or lov the face of existential despair that have maxed so many of his films—and that can pose a problem for some viewers.

"I've been around a long time, and so people may just get tired of me, which I understand," he says. "I've tried to keep films different over the years, but it's l they complain, 'We've eaten Chinese fo every day this week.' I want to say, 'Well, y but you had a shrimp meal and you ha pork meal and you had a chicken meal.' Th say, 'Yes, yes, but it's all Chinese food.' Th the way I feel about myself. I have a c tain amount of obsessive themes and a cert amount of things that I'm interested in a no matter how different the film is, whet it's *Small Time Crooks* here or *Zelig* the you find in the end that it's Chinese food you're not in the mood for my obsessio then you may not be in the mood for film. Now, hopefully, if I make enough fil some of them will come out fresh, but the no guarantee. It's a crapshoot every tim make one. It could come out interesting you might get the feeling that, God, I heard this kvetch before—I don't know."

Back in the U.S.A., a few weeks later, are sitting in Allen's screening room an apartment building on the Upper E Side. He is dressed much the same as was when I last saw him, in a pale-blue lo sleeved shirt and khaki pants. The room, do

nuted greens and browns, with heavy et drapes, and a half-dozen or so easy rs, settees, and couches scattered about, tad frayed around the edges, lending it a fortable but funky look, like the lobby of Algonquin Hotel before it was refurbished. t door is a small editing room, where edit- has begun on *Scoop.*

Allen, pleased to be back in Manhattan, pprehensive about the movie's first cut, ch he will look at in a day or so. "That's time the cold shower sets in," he says. at's when your heart says to you, My d, this thing is too long and too slow this joke doesn't work, and that perfor- ice doesn't hang together. Then you have o the real work, the real sweating."

We begin talking about finances, Holly- od's and his own. While Allen continues njoy a privileged, nearly unique place in erican film—he doesn't have to brook cre- e interference from the suits—he now has o what everyone else in the film business done from year zero: chase the money. In old days, his films may not have made a e dent at the American box office (his est grosser was 1986's *Hannah and Her rs,* which took in $40 million), but his au- ce was passionate and loyal and he could on foreign grosses, often as much as or e than his American box office, to make ny shortfall and even ice the cake. Plus, is longtime studio backers there was the us of being associated with a filmmaker uality. But since *Deconstructing Harry,* ch earned $10.6 million, Allen's grosses e dipped to about $5 million a picture, nst budgets that have averaged about $20 ion. Fox Searchlight, which had financed previous movie, *Melinda and Melinda,* did even bother to bid on distributing *Match t* because of *Melinda and Melinda*'s num- s: $3.8 million domestic gross and $16 ion foreign. Says another distributor who ed on the new film, "*Match Point* is won- ful, but they were asking $7 million for it , as I recall, a lot of the foreign rights been sold off." (Eventually, the film was ed up by DreamWorks.)

And so Allen has discovered that money, ast American money, now comes with eat many strings attached. "In recent s, the studios' attitude has changed," he ains. "It's 'Look, we're not just the bank. can't just come to us and say, "Give us money," and then we don't see it till it's shed. We'd like to have input.' I don't that they're qualified to give the input. y wouldn't know a good script from a blem script or how to cast a picture, not first thing about it. That's not the way I t to make films. It would've been tough me to go in and pitch *Match Point* to eone. They wouldn't make it, just as wouldn't make three-quarters of my ures." In England, on the other hand, the money, in this case furnished by a consortium of investors including the BBC, comes with no strings, or, more accurately, strings he can live with: a largely British cast and crew, and British locations. Allen likes working in the U.K. "The stars don't deem it any kind of a comedown to do a three-line part. I'm able to work on a low budget there and it doesn't look like a low budget. If I made *Match Point* in New York, it would have cost me more money."

Like *Match Point,* the cost of *Scoop* is about $15 million, a bit cheaper than most of his recent films. According to Allen, he's always been frugal where budgets are concerned. "I've worked cheaply so I could have my freedom. If I needed two weeks of reshooting, if I wanted to get this actress, if I wanted to have that expensive Cole Porter song—I had to pay half of the costs from my salary.... There were times where I ate my entire salary up. I've never gotten rich making movies."

I bring up the duplex penthouse he used to own on Fifth Avenue.

"When I bought my penthouse on Fifth Avenue, in the 1970s, I was a nightclub comic and just starting to make films. I paid a song for it. It was like $600,000." Twenty years later, when he sold it because it was small for a family with two young kids, he got $13 million. Then in 1999 he and Soon-Yi bought a town house for $17.9 million in the Upper East Side's Carnegie Hill neighborhood—a big town house, 20,000 square feet, because of his claustrophobia. They put in 29 telephones, he says. But it turned out to be way more space than they needed, so he turned around and sold that in 2004 for $24 million. The family is currently renting on the Upper East Side, pending the purchase of a new home.

"I made more money in real estate than I've ever made from movies," Allen continues. "Compared to my contemporaries, it's relatively nothing. Barbra Streisand could be in a movie, or someone could direct a movie, and make on one picture what I make in five. I wish I had more money. Take a look at my offices, for example, and take a look at Marty Scorsese's place up the block. I've got these two rooms, with rented editing equipment, and he's got—I'm not saying he doesn't deserve it, he does—he's got archives and screening rooms and conference rooms. It looks like an opulent law firm. It's beautiful.

"Now, I'm not crying poverty. By the standards of my sister, who worked for years as a teacher, or her husband, who worked as a principal, or my mother, who worked in a flower shop—forget it. Show-business salaries are so inflated that next to a normal salary it's like a pasha or something. It's unbelievable. But I'm not Hollywood wealthy. I've never taken advantage of the sellout opportunities I've had. I've never agreed to do *Annie Hall II.* I've never really cared that much about money." (He has in fact been approached "all the time" about doing an *Annie Hall* sequel.)

In recent years, Allen has become quite the family man, and he is uncharacteristically upbeat about it.

I ask him what it's like, at nearly 70, to be married to a woman as young as Soon-Yi?

"If somebody told me when I was younger, 'You're going to wind up married to a girl 35 years younger than you and a Korean, not in show business, not having any real interest in show business,' I would have said, 'You're completely crazy.' Because all the women that I went out with were basically my age. Two years younger. Ten years was the maximum. Now, here, it just works like magic. The very inequality of me being older and much more accomplished, much more experienced, takes away any real meaningful conflict. So when there's disagreement, it's never an adversarial thing. I don't ever feel that I'm with a hostile or threatening person. It's got a more paternal feeling to it. I love to do things to make her happy. She loves to do things to make me happy. It just works out great. It was just completely fortuitous. One of the truly lucky things that happened to me in my life."

"There must be a Pygmalion-esque dimension to it? The way Alvy forced books on Annie Hall and dragged her to *The Sorrow and the Pity*?"

"No. I do not mold Soon-Yi into anything. She's very self-possessed and she runs the house and the kids and our life. She runs it better than I could ever run it because she's interested in it. She will check the accountant's statements, and she will deal with health issues, and she will structure the kids' lessons after school and their playdates. And I am free to work and have a great time with her and have a great time with the kids. As I say, it was like two people that you would have thought, Are you kidding? Forget it—it's the craziest thing in the world. And just by sheer accident, it worked out just delightfully."

The conversation returns to *Match Point,* which is a departure from Allen's recent films in that it is a thriller with a whiff of *Fatal Attraction* as well as a good dose of the usual existential angst. The main character is an impecunious tennis pro at a posh club in London who insinuates himself into the heart of a wealthy family and is then forced to make desperate moral choices when his new position is threatened. Generating good buzz, the film has already been hailed by *The New York Times.* A. O. Scott, who has been tough on Allen in the past, reviewed the new film last May after its premiere at Cannes and called it "first-rate" and "both a departure and a return to form." Allen says it is just the kind of movie his fans have

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missed: "It's a serious picture and I haven't done a serious picture in a long time. To me, it is strictly about luck. Life is such a terrifying experience—it's very important to feel, 'I don't believe in luck. Well, I make my luck.' Well, the truth of the matter is, you don't make your luck. So I wanted to show that here was a guy—and I symbolically made him a tennis player—who's a pretty bad guy, and yet my feeling is, in life, if you get the breaks—if the luck bounces your way, you know—you can not only get by, you can flourish in the same way that I felt Marty Landau could in *Crimes and Misdemeanors,* where he killed that airline stewardess he was having the affair with, Anjelica Huston. If you can kill somebody—if you have no moral sense—there's no God out there that's suddenly going to hit you with lightning. Because I don't believe in God. So this is what was on my mind: the enormous unfairness of the world, the enormous injustice of the world, the sense that every day people get away with the worst kinds of crimes. So it's a pessimistic film, in that sense. But I've always been accused of being either cynical or pessimistic—misanthropic, that's another one—and I never felt I was misanthropic or cynical. But I am definitely pessimistic."

"Pessimism, cynicism, and misanthropy. The trifecta of Jewish misery, neurosis, or whatever."

"Yeah. The realists' trifecta. I feel a cynic is what they call a realist—you know what I mean? Mark Twain was pessimistic. Freud was pessimistic. So what? That's just a point of view of life."

Match Point is indeed a pessimistic movie, shocking even, for the violence that shatters the veneer of its upper-class world, but it doesn't feel like it, because of the pleasure that a well-made movie conveys. And for all its Englishness, it seems pleasantly familiar, like a homecoming; the irony, of course, is that Allen had to go away so that he could return. My guess is that the audiences will embrace this picture; they're ready for him to return. As Brickman puts it, "Americans are unforgiving, but it's also true for Americans there is nothing that is as delicious as the cycle of redemption."

And Allen? Despite himself, he can't help but pierce the darkness of advancing age with a frail ray of light. He admits, "I'm kind of, secretly, in the back of my mind, counting on living a long time. My father lived to a hundred. My mother lived to 95, almost 96. If there is anything to heredity, I should be able to make films for another 17 years." Maybe he'll join Kurosawa yet. But then he adds, "You never know. A piano could drop on my head." □

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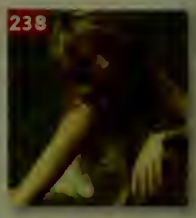
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BEAUTY AND GROOMING

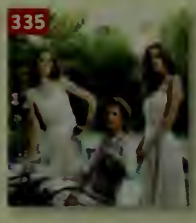
Cover: Kate Mass's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Styling Lotion, Styling Cream, and Does It All Spray, from Bumble and Bumble salons, N.Y.C.; Sam McKnight for Pantene. Makeup products by **MAC,** from MAC stores and major department stores nationwide, or go to maccosmetics.com; on her face, Foundation Select Tint S.P.F. 15 in NW20 and Select Sheer Loose Powder in NC20; on her eyes, Mineralized Eye Shadows in Aristocrat and Whim, and Zoom Lash Mascara in Zoom Black; on her cheeks, Creom Colour Base in Tint; on her lips, Tinted Lip Conditioner S.P.F. 15 in Plum Perfect.
Page 102: See credits for cover.
Page 118: Leslie Hertzog's hair and makeup by Noomi Worden far artistsbytimothyriana.com.
Page 168: **Bumble and Bumble** holiday box from Bumble and Bumble salons nationwide, or call 800-7-BUMBLE; **Battega Veneta** products from Bottega Veneta stores nationwide and L'Artison Parfumer, N.Y.C.; **Carnal Flawer** Editions de Parfums by Frédénc Molle from Barneys New York stores nationwide, or go to barneys.com; **Diar's** DiarPlay Star Product from Diar beauty counters nationwide; **Fresh** Memoirs of a Geisha beauty collection from Fresh, N.Y.C., or go to fresh.com; **La Mer's** The Essence by invitation only from Bergdorf Goodman, Neiman Marcus, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide; **L'Occitane** candle from L'Occitane boutiques nationwide; **Marc Jacabs** fragrance sets from Bloomingdale's, Marshall Field's, Neiman Marcus, and Saks Fifth Avenue stores nationwide, **Salon des Parfums by Henry Jacques** fragrances from Salon des Parfums Sa Francisca; **Shu Uemura** eyelash curler from Shu Uemuro, N.Y.C and San Francisca, and selected specialty stores; **Yves Saint Laurent** multi-usage palette from Saks Fifth Avenue sta nationwide. **Olivier Baussan's** grooming Davide Borello.



Pages 226–34: Pe Raughmont for Brun Shoran Ive far Era Monagement.
Page 238: Michelle Williams's hair styled with **Redken** In the Loop 02 Curl Booster; David for Redken/celestineagency.com. On her face **Laura Mercier** Foundation in Sunny Beige, and Secret Concealer in No. 2; on her eyes, **Shu Uemura** Pressed Eye Shadow in P Silver 940, a Fiber Xtension Mascara in Xtra Black; on her c Laura Mercier Cheek Colour in Nector; on he Laura Mercier Lip Colour in Pixie; Koro Yosh Buo for ovantgroupe.com.



Page 285: William Maseley's hair styled with **Bumble and Bumble** Thickening Spray; Lisa Eastwood far Premier.
Page 309: Laurie Schakasky for the Compbell Agency.
Pages 310–11 and 317: See credits far cover.
Page 332: Arianna Huffington's hair styled with **Aveda** Light Elements Smoothing Fluid. Makeup products by **Chanel;** on her face, Double Perfe Fluide Matte Reflecting Makeup S.P.F. 15 in Shell; on her eyes, Les Quatre Ombres de Chanel Quadra Eye Shadow in Influences, Écriture de Chanel Automatic Liquid Eyeliner in Noir, and Cils Mag Instant Lash Mascara in Black Black; on her cheeks Irréelle Blush Silky Cheek Colour in Mystery; on her lips, Infrarouge Whisperlight Lipstick in Avenue Sat
Page 335: On Arianna's cheeks, **Chanel** Irréelle Blush Silky Cheek Colour in Incognito; on her lips Infrarouge Whisperlight Lipstick in Matodor: for det on other hair and makeup products, see page 332.



Isabella Huffington's and **Christina Huffington's** styled with **Aveda** Be C Curl Enhancing Lotion. O their faces, Chanel Dou Perfection Fluide Matte Reflecting Makeup S.P.F 15 Nude; on their eyes, Les Quatre Ombres de Cha Quadra Eye Shadow in Influences, and Cils Mag Instant Lash Mascara in Black Black; on their cheeks Irréelle Blush Silky Cheek Colour in Tea Rose, on the lips, Infrarouge Whisperlight Lipstick in Goddess.
Page 370: Maureen Dawd's hair and makeup by Helene Macauley far artistsbytimothypnona.ca Hair and makeup products by **Clinique;** her ha styled with Hair Booster Mousse, and Healthy Shine Serum; on her face, Perfectly Real Makeup in Sha 02, Gentle Light Pressed Powder in Glow 2; on he eyes, Colour Surge Eye Shadow in Caffee Shop and Long Pretty Lashes Mascara in Black; on her lips, Colour Surge Lipstick in Vintage Red.

Where to find beauty products:
Aveda, Aveda stores nationwide.
Bumble and Bumble, Bumble and Bumble salons N.Y.C., or go to bumbleandbumble.com.
Chanel, Chanel boutiques and counters nationwide, or go to chanel.com or sephora.com
Clinique, Neiman Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue

all other major department stores nationwide.
C, MAC stores and department stores nationwide,
to maccosmetics.com.
a Mercier, Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and
eys New York and Saks Fifth Avenue stores
nwide.
en, Redken Gallerie, N.Y.C., or go to redken.com.
Uemura, Shu Uemura, N.Y.C. and San Francisco,
Sephora stores nationwide.

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e 148: Left center, from the Collection of Robert r.
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e 152: Courtesy of Como Hotels and Resorts hari), courtesy of Le Quartier Français (Le rtier Français), by Genivs Loci/Caruso Ravello tel Caruso), courtesy of NetJets (Citation X), tesy of One and Only Resorts (Reethi Rai), by ipong Panchee (Evason Hideaway), courtesy of tplus (Yachtplus).
e 154: Top three illustrations, from *Jazz ABZ: An Z Collection of Jazz Portroits;* illustration yright © 2005 by Paul Rogers; Condlewick Press, Bottom left and center, courtesy of Pixar; bottom t, Edna Mode (a.k.a. "E"), *The Incredibles;* all © isney/Pixar.
e 156: Top, both from *Surf Movie Tonite!* ronicle, 2005).
e 158: For **Burtan** custom snowboard, go to on.com; for **Chanel** mittens and hat, call 212-535-5, or go to chanel.com; for **Graeter's** ice cream, 800-727-7425, or go to graeters.com (photograph rtesy of Graeter's); for **Liberty Helicapter rter,** go to libertyhelicopters.com (photograph rtesy of Liberty Helicopters); for **Lauis Vuitton H,** go to vuitton.com; for information about Junior ciates of **MaMA,** go to moma.org/ja (photograph 005 by Timothy Hursley); for **Quiksilver** watch, go uiksilver.com; for **Daniela Scaramuzza's** albums, 310-281-7490, or go to studioscaramuzza.com; for **tterfly** photo albums, go to shutterfly.com; for **. Ski Team Gald Pass,** call 800-9PICABO notograph of skis from Getty Images).

Page 160: For **best baxed sets,** go to amazon.com; for **City Aquarium,** go to cityaquarium.com (photograph by Jason Brownrigg, courtesy of City Aquarium); for **Demner** glasses, go to demner-ny.com; for **Geneva** sound system, go to genevalob.com (photograph courtesy of Geneva); for **Jack Spade** games, go to jackspade.com; for **Jean Yu** hosiery and lingerie, call 212-226-0067; for **iPad** Nano, go to apple.com; for **Pedro Garcia** shoes, go to pedrogarcia.com; for **Shuga Buds** earphones, go to shugabuds.com; for **Temple St. Clair** jewelry, go to templestclair.com; for the **Phata-Me** photo booth, call B77-9NM-GIFT; for **the Wicket Man** croquet set, go to thewicketman.com; for **Vera Wang** ring, go to verawang.com; for **Vivier** clutch, go to rogervivier.com.
Page 164: For **Asprey** magnifying glass, passport holder, shoehorn, soap dish, and travel clock, go to asprey.com; for **Kate Spade** address book, go to katespade.com; for **Bluetaath** keyboard, go to thinkoutside.com; **Christian Laubautin** ballet flats from Barneys New York stores nationwide; **Carnelia Guest** candle from Bergdorf Goodman, N.Y.C., and Neiman Marcus stores nationwide; for **E. Braun & Ca.** accessories, go to ebraunandco.com; for **Ella Dish** dog bed, go to kirnazabete.com; for **Gucci** wallet, go to gucci.com; for **Hermès** domino game and watercolor box, go to hermes.com; for **iGa** adapter, go to igo.com; for **Lacaste** umbrella, go to lacoste.com; for **Louis Vuittan** bag, go to vuitton.com; for **Mala** travel set, call B77-SEE-MALO; for **Sandstarm** stool, go to sandstormbags.com; for **Trea 650,** go to palm.com (photograph courtesy of Palm); for **vintage baak,** go to bergdorfgoodman.com; for **Virginia Barn & Bred** soaps, go to virginiabornandbred.com.
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Page 198: Left to right: from Gamma, by Taylor Johnson/*Austin American-Statesmon*/Polaris, Steven Harris/Polaris, Matthew Cavanaugh/EPA/Landov; background photograph by William Manning/Corbis.
Page 204: Bottom right, copy work by David Lawrence.

Page 208: Left, from Contact Press Images.
Page 217: Left, from *The Woshington Times;* inset from UPI/Landov.
Page 218: From A.P. Wide World Photos (3, 6), from Bettmann Corbis (2), from Polaris (4), from UPI/Landov (5), from *The Woshington Times* (1).
Page 222: Left, from A.P. Wide World Photos; inset from Reuters.
Pages 226–34: Jane Alexander for Era Monagement.
Page 238: Production by Steve Bauerfeind; set design by Phillip Williams.
Page 266: Headshot from Getty Images.
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EDITOR'S NOTE:

On page 313 in the November issue, the fur wos incorrectly identified. Lil' Kim wos weoring o fur by Royol Chie.

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On what occasion do you lie?
On Proust Questionnaires.

What do you dislike most about your appearance?
The upkeep.

Which words or phrases do you most overuse?
"Chuckleheaded presidential cronies."

What is your greatest regret?
Lipstick traces.

What or who is the greatest love of your life?
You'll be the first to know.

If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?
My credit report.

What do you consider your greatest achievement?
Covering six presidential campaigns in heels.

If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?
Jane Greer in *Out of the Past.*

MAUREEN DOWD

For the last 10 years, Maureen Dowd has brought her audacity and acid wit to *The New York Times.* She has criticized almost every political figure in her path and still managed to win a Pulitzer Prize. All while wearing heels. Now that her second book, *Are Men Necessary?*, has hit stores, the girl with gall shares her thoughts on Jeb Bush, Jane Greer, and the mini-bar

What is your greatest fear?
Jeb Bush 2008.

Which historical figure do you most identify with?
Madame X.

What is your greatest extravagance?
Bringing unnecessary presents for unnecessary men.

What is your favorite journey?
Pago Pago (if only Dan Quayle hadn't been along).

What do you consider the most overrated virtue?
Gravitas.

If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?
A crisp, perfectly salted French fry.

What is your most treasured possession?
My sanity.

What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?
No mini-bar.

Where would you like to live?
Chateau Marmont, Room 64.

What is your favorite occupation?
Anything but the occupation of Iraq.

What is the quality you most like in a man?
Patience.

What is the quality you most like in a woman?
Impatience.

What do you most value in your friends?
Availability at deadline.

Who are your favorite writers?
Jean Rhys and Preston Sturges.

Who are your heroes in real life?
The personal assistants of famous people.

What are your favorite names?
Rummy, Wolfie, and Brownie.

How would you like to die?
After my enemies.

What is your motto?
"When blue, wear red."

FOR DETAILS, SEE CREDITS PAGE

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